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August 3, 1895, by Various and F. C. Burnand**

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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI,
VOL. 109, AUGUST 3, 1895 ***

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PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

Vol. 109. AUGUST 3, 1895.

edited by Sir Francis Burnand

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

(By our Special Expert, who has been accorded the customary courtesy extended to the Press.)

*On board H.M.S. ——. ———
---- the —th, 1895.*

Forgive me for the vagueness of my address, but it is the desire of those in command that the greatest secrecy should be observed as to our movements.

"Are we the Blue Fleet or the Red?" I asked only a few moments ago of one of the chief commanders.

"As you are the guest of the Government," was the immediate reply, "you will not be allowed to pay your money—except indirectly to the collector of Revenue; but there is nothing to prevent you from taking your choice!"

From this response you will see that there is a strong inclination on the part of the authorities that are to remain reticent. However, it is only fair to say that the food is excellent. Nothing could be better than the wine; and the view on the quarter deck is capital. Still, this is scarcely an account of naval manœuvring—now is it?

Well, I think I may reveal this much. There are two fleets—a Red Fleet and a Blue Fleet. The Red Fleet has a number of ships—so has the Blue. Then the Red Fleet tries to out-manœuvre the Blue Fleet, and the Blue Fleet returns the compliment. All this takes place on the sea. No ship is allowed to run on shore—unless of course by force of circumstances outside the control of the commander. And when I had got as far as this, I thought I would make a further inquiry.

"I presume," said I, to one of the chief officials, "that our object is to——"

At this point I was interrupted.

"Pray ask no more," was the prompt reply of the veteran I had questioned. "Take my advice. If you wish a question answered, answer it for yourself. Arrange in your own mind that 'Heads'

shall mean 'Yes,' and the reverse a negative. Then toss."

And so now I am taking the advice I have received. I have spun my sixpence in the air. I am to write no more to you. All refuse to send my communications for me. So I place this document in a bottle and throw it into the sea. You desired the fullest information about the naval manoeuvres. Well—I wish you may get it!



NOTHING LIKE BEING READY WITH AN EXCUSE.

Elderly Skittish Cousin, "OH, HOW UNKIND OF YOU TO HAVE LEFT ME OUT OF YOUR BEAUTIFUL PARTY! YOU SEEM TO HAVE FORGOTTEN I'M YOUR FIRST COUSIN!"

He (with no end of near but not very dear relatives). "SO VERY SORRY! FIRST COUSIN—AH, YES." (*Recovering himself*) "SO LONG AGO, YOU KNOW.... HAD YOU BEEN MY LAST COUSIN, THIS NEVER COULD HAVE OCCURRED!"

COINS OF 'VANTAGE.—The *Dundee Advertiser* calls attention to Mr. "ROBERT WALLACE, M.P. Edin.'s," complaint that the Imperial Parliament contains, in himself and another Mr. ROBERT WALLACE, two Members with the same surnames and identical Christian names. Mr. "ROBERT WALLACE, M.P. Edin.," suggests that he may get his namesake's Christmas bills, while "the other fellow" receives his (Mr. "R. W., M.P. E.'s") invitations to dinner. Could not the little difficulty be overcome with the aid of a coin of the realm? Let the first Mr. ROBERT call himself "BOB," and the second Mr. ROBERT "half a florin." This should settle the matter amicably; although both, no doubt, are worth considerably more than a shilling.

A SEVERE CRITIC.—"SLATIN' PASHA."

RE-INCARNATION.

Monday.—Have just been reading in the *Pall Mall Magazine* a wonderful story called "A Re-Incarnation," by the author of "A Green Carnation." He seems fond of carnations. Re-Incarnation and Gre-Encarnation. Should have been in the exhibition of the National Carnation Society at the Crystal Palace. His story tells how a man murdered a white cat, and afterwards married its soul, re-incarnated in the body of a young woman with "china-blue" eyes and a large fortune. Marvellous! Must carefully avoid marrying young women with "china-blue" eyes and large fortunes, though the latter might not be so harmful.

Tuesday.—That theory of re-incarnation impresses me wonderfully. Think about it all night. In the silent darkness remember that I once stamped on a black beetle. My nurse called it "a black beadle." Think of this with horror. Will it come back to murder me? Terrible! Get up still nervous.

Must go out into the air and sunlight, to dispel my gloomy thoughts. Stroll along Piccadilly. To avoid a shower step into the Burlington Arcade. Heavens, what is that by the entrance? It is a man in black—a black beadle! Gaze at him aghast. It has come back, the soul of that harmless crawling thing which I crushed in my boyhood, and now—Fly while there is yet time! Ha! I am safe at home at last.

Wednesday.—Have now no doubt of this marvellous theory. It is probable that re-incarnation may sometimes go the other way. Will investigate at the Zoological Gardens. Directly I see the largest elephant I recognise my late mother-in-law. The large, heavy form, the habit of trampling obstacles under foot—obstacles such as myself—the very cap-strings, now become ears flapping in the wind, all are there. She always poked her nose into everything, and she does it now. What a proboscis she has! Must tell the keeper the real truth to prevent mishaps. Tell him confidentially. He grins. Assure him that I am quite serious. He leads me gently by the arm to the exit, where the turnstile only turns one way, and advises me to go home at once.

Thursday.—Fresh proofs every hour. Have just seen an omnibus horse, with the long face, the great yellow teeth and the general expression of my uncle's second wife. Greatly overcome, seek rest and refreshment in my club. What is that having lunch over there? Don't tell me it is an old gentleman with white hair and mild eyes. No! It is my first rabbit, which died of starvation through my carelessness. See, he is hungrily munching a lettuce! That is conclusive.

Friday.—My great work on *Re-Incarnation* begun to-day. It will astonish the world, for it is all true. By why have my friends asked those two doctors to call? There is nothing the matter with me. The two fools say I ought to give up all writing and keep quite quiet in the country. Explain that it is impossible. They insist with gentle firmness. Tell them I have no doubt they are the two leeches I once took from the bowl at the chemists and put on my little sister's neck, whence they were removed by the nurse and ruthlessly slaughtered.

Monday.—My diary has been interrupted, for I have been moving to this hydropathic establishment, as those doctors called it, at Colney Hatch. I don't like the place. Most of the visitors seem mad. But probably many of these water-drinkers are mad. Wouldn't they be surprised if they knew who I really am? Ha, ha! It will make a nice summer correspondence for the *Daily Telegraph*. To-morrow I will write to that paper stating the actual facts. I also am re-incarnated. I am, or rather I was, the Great Sea Serpent.

MRS. R. was very sorry that the clergyman of her parish had been compelled to leave. "You see," she said, "the poor man fell off his bicycle, and his doctor has told him that for some time he must try an incumbent position. So he has gone away for another cure."

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DEFEATED!

Napoleon R-s-b-ry (meditating). "Um!—BLESS HARCOURT!"

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ODE TO A WATER COMPANY.

(By a Poor Sufferer who "Owes it One.")

Oh, Company, scourge, tyrant, tease!
"Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,"
 (Like woman,)
And variable—in supply—
As your excuses (all my eye!).
 Inhuman,
Brutal, and bumptious (corporate) beast!
Harsh as the wind when in the east!
 Were water
"Supplied" to Wealth as 'tis to me,
Short is the shrift that you would see!
 Last quarter
You "froze me out," you "cut me off,"
And at my plaintive cries would scoff,
 (Confuse you all!)
Claiming for what I did not have,
And treating me like a mere slave,
 (As usual.)
And now, in Summer, just to suit
Your interests, you (corporate) brute,
 You slacken
My poor, inadequate supply.
Yah! I should like your (corporate) eye
 To blacken!
When care and heat bedew my brow,
A ministering *demon* thou!
 My fickle
Supply, upon a day quite torrid,
You slacken to a thread-like, horrid,
 Slow trickle.
I cannot wash, I dare not drink,
And fever lurks in pipe and sink.
 You, scorning
My needs, my health, may turn the screw,
In mercy, for an hour or two
 Each morning,—
Or you may *not!* Or when my throat is
Heat-parched you come and—without notice—
 Dissever
Me from the main for a whole day,
As is your little funny way;
 And never
Do I complain, with visage meek,
But you administer more cheek,
 You Tartar!
And for redress I've little chance
Unless I've stumped up in advance;
 Your "charter"
Always exonerating *you*,
Whether for "putting on the screw"
 Or turning
The service off. Oh, Company!
There are, ah! thousands like poor me,
 Who're burning
With indignation at the capers
You play with laundresses, and drapers,
 And poor fishmongers.
Beware! The public yet, you bet,
On you that dire revenge will get
 For which it hungers!!



AWKWARDLY PUT.

She. "BY THE WAY, GEORGE, HAVE YOU GOT ANYTHING ON THIS EVENING?"

He. "NOTHING WHATEVER."

She. "THEN COME AND DINE WITH US—AND DON'T DRESS!"

ON THE SENIOR SCULLS.

(By our *Water Wagtail*.)

[The Hon. R. GUINNESS won the Senior Sculls at the Metropolitan Amateur Regatta, beating the redoubtable brothers GUY and VIVIAN NICKALLS, believed to be almost invincible.]

The rank is but the "Guinness" stamp,
But scullers of the stamp of GUINNESS
Are not too common. What a damp
To GUY and VIVIAN this win is!
The Honourable R. has found
How fickle fortune gives hope pickles;
But in this last—aquatic—round
True Guinness gold has beaten Nickalls.
They'll meet, perchance, again, to settle
The game—for all are men of mettle.

THE GLASS HOUSE OF COMMONS.—Some fine "Pairs" already on view.

ELECTION NOTES FROM THE WEST.

This is how the *Western Daily Mercury* describes "the fight"—before it began. "The electoral battle continues, but it is a most unequal contest. The Tories have been out-generalled, outmanœuvred, and outclassed. They are like the Chinese fleet at Yalu, stolid and uncertain, whilst the Liberals are sailing round them, pouring into them a withering fire from quick-firing guns, sweeping away masts and signal-yards, and scattering their crews in confusion. The fire from the Tories is intermittent, insufficient, and badly directed. It is doing very little harm."

This is quite a gem of nautical description. Such as might justly be expected from a great naval port like Plymouth, which is the home of the *Mercury*. The chief beauty of it, moreover, is that it will serve again to describe the battle—when it is finished ("after the poll"), the only alteration necessary being a transposition of the two words Tories and Liberals.

Cornwall.—Excellent programme, including Two MACS. As usual, when one "scores," the other doesn't. McDUGALL beaten, while McARTHUR of course held whip-hand in St. Austell's division.

SCRAPS FROM CHAPS.

ANOTHER IRISH PARTY!—The snakes are coming back to Ireland! In a Cork paper we read the following:—

Mr. CORNELIUS DONOVAN, while crossing a grass field near Blarney, encountered a snake, which at first he believed to be an eel, and struck it with his walking stick. Having killed the reptile, he discovered it was a snake, measuring 3 feet 9 inches.

Evidently a political omen of some kind, this return of the emigrants to Erin. What does it portend? Mr. M-RL-Y, on being consulted, is "inclined to fancy that the Cork snake is a herald of Coercion, and shows that the venom of Dublin Castle will soon be at work." Mr. G. B-LF-R, on the other hand, says that "the return of general confidence at the advent of a Unionist Government, and a really capable Irish Secretary, has never been better exemplified. Even the reptiles are not afraid now to try Ireland as a place of residence!" And Mr. J-ST-N M'C-RTHY has no doubt at all that "the incident is another sign of the growing Irish spirit of disunion. Did not St. Patrick banish snakes from Ireland? And ought not snakes, if they are worthy of the name of patriots, to obey St. P., and stay away? Well, they are returning, and defying St. P.—just as R-DM-ND defies *me!* And," added the eminent leader, meditatively, "I've often thought there was a good deal of the eel about him, too."

"PEERS ARE CHEAP TO-DAY."—From the *North British Daily Mail*:—

Bailie WRIGHT, in supporting the motion, said that if he had the power he would make every man in that meeting a peer, so that they should go to the Lords and resolve upon their abolition.

Prodigious! But how is the Bailie going to proceed? Bring in a "Bill of Wright's" when he has got his new nobility ensconced in the Gilded Chamber? And suppose the Bailie's peers decline to commit suicide?

AIR—"Waly, Waly."

O, Bailie, Bailie, your peers be bonnie
A little time while they are new!
But when they're auld, they'll wax *most* cauld,
And vote in a way to astonish *you!*

DELIGHTFUL DISCOVERIE.

(A Dialogue at the Service of the "I. G. C.")

Visitor. As I am a stranger in London, can you please tell me how to get to Holly Lodge?

Native. Make for Holloway, and you will get into its neighbourhood.

Visitor. Thanks, very much; and where is the Institute of the Painters in Water Colours?

Native. Why, in Piccadilly, of course; next door to St. James's Church.

Visitor. I am infinitely obliged to you; and now perhaps you will direct me to Carlton House Terrace, Kew Gardens, Greenwich, and the Docks?

Native. First, behind the Athenæum; and the others you can get to by train after consulting Bradshaw. But why this thirst for geographical knowledge?

Visitor. Because I am a member of the International Geographical Congress.

Native. Indeed! And what are you going to do at these places?

Visitor. I am going to be "entertained." In fact, my duty will be to see and be seen.

Native. And how about geographical research?



OFF!

Mature Damsel (as they pass the Conservatory). "DEAR ME! WHAT A DELICIOUS SMELL OF"—(archly)—"ORANGE-BLOSSOMS!"

Little Mr. Tipkins (alarmed). "OH, NO—REALLY—I ASSURE YOU, NOTHING OF THE SORT!"

Visitor. That will be satisfied to a considerable extent by a hunt for sandwiches, and a quest for strawberries and cream!

[*Bolts.*

THE AGE OF CULTURE.

["It is a good omen for the future of agriculture that the upper classes are beginning to take a practical interest in it."—*A Morning Paper.*]

Extracts from the "World," June, 1900.

Despite the unfavourable weather, Lady TIPTON's garden-party on Wednesday was a great success. Strawberry-picking was the principal amusement, and some well-known performers were present. Miss DE MURE, as usual, beat all her rivals, but the Bishop of PULBOROUGH was only half-a-basket behind. Like most of her friends, Lady TIPTON has now converted all her croquet and tennis lawns into fruit-beds.

LORD GRAYSON is entertaining a large party of friends for bird-scaring this week. Starlings are somewhat scarce this year, but sparrows are very plentiful and strong on the wing. Some capital sport was enjoyed over these well-known fields last week, and the host (who used a blunderbuss manufactured by Messrs. MURDEY) is credited with having frightened away about 5000 brace in a single day.

Truth is quite wrong in stating that the Marquis of COOMBE intends to sell his well-known potato-patch in Hammersmith. On the contrary, he has just laid down two dozen new plants. It is true, however, that several of the smartest people are growing onions instead of potatoes this year.

As the show-season will soon be with us again, it may be well to remark that the committees should make certain of the genuine character of the exhibits. It would be disgraceful were there to be any repetition of such a scandal as occurred last autumn at a leading exhibition, when it was discovered that the apples belonging to a certain lady of title, to which the prize already had been awarded, owed their brilliant appearance to the fact that her Grace had tinted them with water-colours.

The Inter-'Varsity ploughing competition takes place at Lord's on Friday. The Cambridge men are perhaps the favourites at present, but, though they have undoubtedly done some fast times, their furrows are apt to be very erratic. Still, under Farmer HODGE's able coaching, they may be expected to improve greatly in the next few days.

Some of the papers have been making merry over the attempts to start butter-making clubs among the poorer classes. It is true that butter-making has been considered hitherto almost exclusively a rich man's recreation; but I do not see why the hard-working labourer, who has been toiling at golf or polo all day, should not be allowed to amuse himself with this healthy pastime in the evening, just as much as his superiors in social station.

À propos of butter-making, I hear that a testimonial is to be presented to Mr. AYLESBURY, who has now captained his county team for some years. Of his all-round skill it is needless to speak; he is a useful change churner, and he had far the highest patting average last season.

HOW TO SPEND A HAPPY DAY!—Luncheon, dinner, and breakfast baskets provided for travellers by the Great Wheel at Earl's Court. Also all requisites for making up fairly comfortable beds in any one of the compartments. Address Wheel and Woa Co., E. C. S. W.

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"MR. SPEAKER!"

"Hats off, strangers!"—*Policemen passim.*

Now the new House of Commons is complete, and Members are preparing to meet for their first Session, the question of who is to be Speaker comes to the front. *Mr. Punch* is pleased to observe the growing conviction in both political camps that there really is no question on the subject. Had Mr. GULLY performed the duties of Speaker with merely average capacity, the House of Commons, mindful of its highest traditions, would have been slow to celebrate a party victory at the polls by dispossessing him in favour of a nominee of the new majority. His marked success happily makes such action more than ever improbable.

His position was made exceptionally difficult by the circumstances of the day. Elected by a narrow majority, he succeeded the greatest Speaker of modern times. The fierce light that beats on the Speaker's chair was intensified by the inevitable contrast between the new occupant and

the stately figure long familiar to the House. From the first Mr. GULLY wisely refrained from even approach to imitation of the manner of Mr. PEEL. That was a thing apart, like the bow of Ulysses. The new Speaker was simply himself; and the House of Commons, the keenest, swiftest, fairest judge of character in the world, was delighted to find in him perfect equanimity of temper, a judicial mind, unfailing readiness in emergency, and a quite surprising knowledge of the intricacies of procedure.

During his brief tenure of office Mr. GULLY was more than once suddenly faced by a knotty point that might reasonably have been expected to baffle a 'prentice hand. Never on these occasions has he failed. Such rare aptitude displayed at the outset of a career promises the fullness of perfection when, strengthened and sustained by the unanimous vote of a new Parliament, the Speaker resumes his work.

NEW WORK.—Messrs. MACMILLAN have just published *The Theory and Practice of Counter-Irritation*, by H. C. GILLIES. One example of this could easily be given by anyone in a hurry, who couldn't get attended to at the Stores, or *vice versâ* by a counter-jumper at a linendraper's, whose temper was more than ordinarily tried by some extra-shilly-shallying customer.



Mr. Speaker Gully.

OUR THESPIANS.

SIR HENRY IRVING'S Saturday night at home previous to his departure for America was brilliant. House so crowded in every part, that the like of it has rarely been seen even at the Lyceum. Our ELLEN, as charming *Nance Oldfield*, was cheered to the Echo, or would have been had there been any place left for an Echo in the house. Sir HENRY admirable as the old soldier in *A Story of Waterloo*, and both he and Miss TERRY at their best in the one scene from grand old WILLY SHAKESPEARE'S *Much Ado about Nothing*. The "Much Adoo," as Mr. WELLER senior would have pronounced and spelt it, came after the curtain had fallen, and on both sides the "Adoo" was changed into a hearty "*Au revoir!*"

To mention "HENRY" is to remember "JOHNNIE," the Johnnie yclept J. L. TOOLE, who, *Mr. Punch* was delighted to see, looking "fit as a fiddle," having Toole'd up to town from Margate evidently on the high road to perfect recovery.

CONCERNING A PUBLIC NUISANCE.

By One who lives Next Door.

[The Salvationists of Warwickshire have lately been restrained by the new county by-law, which provides that no person shall play any musical instrument within fifty yards of a dwelling-house.]

Bravo, good men of Warwick! you'd rejoice
 JOHN LEECH'S soul and all whose nerves are shattered
 By blatant street musician's raucous voice
 Or braying trombone—these at last you've scattered!

Ah! would that London followed now your lead,
 And kept a tight hand o'er the rude fanatics
 Who blare away her Sunday peace, whose creed
 Is uproar, "fire and blood," and acrobatics!

If they'd a grain of humour's saving grace,
 Enough to hear themselves as *others* hear them,
 They'd straight retire to some far desert place
 And bang and clang and howl where none come near them!

Ev'n as I write, some strain like "*Daisy Bell*"
 With would-be sacred words and tuneless jar racks
 My tortured ear—hard fate has made me dwell
 Next door, alas! to what they call their "barracks."

Their ranting, roaring may be heav'nly joys,
 But *me* they fill with bile and ire plethoric;

When, I would ask, shall we put down such noise,
As have the worthy citizens of Warwick?

AU REVOIR TO OPERA.

End of operatic season, and a fine season too. The PATTI nights exceptionally brilliant. DE RESZKE *frères*, the accomplished Bicycling Brothers, did not appear, but Sir DRURIOLANUS sang the old song "*We're going to do without them*" and did so, uncommonly well. MAUREL, ANCONA, PLANÇON, were bright particular stars; while MELBA suddenly shone forth as Comet with magnificent tail, *i.e.* a great following. CALVÉ held her own against all comers: and, as *Santuzza*, it was a case of "honours divided" with Mdme. BELLINCIONI, who, it must not be forgotten, was the original of the part. The Beneficent BAUERMEISTER, of talent unlimited, has shown that "woman," like man, "in *her* time can play many parts." Mlle. BAUERMEISTER has played them; and all equally well.



So farewell Operatics till next year, when DRURIOLANUS need fear no storms, if still provided with his lightning Conductors BEVIGNANI, MANCINELLI & Co. Nor need the Liberal-Conservative DRURIOLANUS OPERATICUS think of having to reckon with any formidable rivalry, should the utterly improbable happen and a new Opposition Opera be started. Why two Opera Houses cannot succeed in London may be a problem, but hitherto it is one which dissolution of the weaker was the only solution. The strong company went to Covent Garden, and the weak went—to the wall.

REPORT FROM A MINOR CANON.—Archdeacon FARRAR, hitherto performing "Archi-diaconal functions" at Westminster, has just been "installed" Dean of CANTERBURY. There are, clearly, only two notable installations, one of the Electric Light, and the other of a Dean. Canterbury has now the chance of being thoroughly enlightened and electrified.

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A CORRECT EYE.

MRS. BROWN HAS BOUGHT HER HUSBAND TWENTY YARDS OF NATIVE SCOTCH HOMESPUN, AND HAS SENT FOR THE TAILOR OF THE GLEN TO MAKE HIM A SUIT THEREOF. THE TAILOR TAKES THE MATERIAL, GIVES A GLANCE AT BROWN, AND IS ABOUT TO DEPART.

"BUT LOOK HERE," SAYS BROWN; "YOU'VE NOT TAKEN MY MEASURE!"

Tailor. "HOOT, MAN, YE'RE NOT DEFORM'D!"

YOUNG PRIMROSE'S PARTY.

A PLAINT OF THE POLLS.

AIR—"Hans Breitmann's Party."

Young PRIMROSE had a Party,
He led it—like a lamb.
It fell in love with a motley thing
They called the Rad Pro-gramme.

They swore that plan to fight for,
Aye, fight till all was Blue;
But when it came unto the Polls,
That Party split in two.

Young PRIMROSE had a Party,
For Progress it was bound;
But all the progress that it made
Was staggering round and round.
The liveliest shindies in the House,
And mockery out-o'-door,
Was all that Party caused, and so
It dwindled more and more.

Young PRIMROSE had a Party.
I tell you it cost him dear.
The Rads he led "rolled into" him
Because he was a Peer:
They tried to knock Bung's spigot in,
The Caineites raised a cheer.
I think that so fine a Party
Never went bust on beer.

Young PRIMROSE had a Party,
They were all "*Souse undt Brouse*,"^[1]
A more divided company
Ne'er wrangled in the House:
They talked of "filling up the cup,"
Vetoing the Vitler's guilt;
But soon they found the pot was full,
And that the cup was spilt.

Young PRIMROSE had a Party,
Although it was not big,
It tried to break the power of beer,
And check the sway of swig!
But soon they found 'twas all in vain,
The brewer they did "cop";
And the company scattered like fighting crowds
When the constable bids them stop.

Young PRIMROSE *had* a Party,
Where is that Party now?
Where are the lovely golden dreams
Of the Newcastle pow-wow?
Where are the Democratic plans,
The L. C. C.'s delight?
All floated away on a flood of beer
Away—in the *Ewigkeit!*^[2]

EAST NORFOLK ELECTION.—When women are stoned by cowardly ruffians, of any party, or, more probably, of no party, it is not a time for jokes. But *Mr. Punch* wishes he had been there, with a few of his young men and a few revolvers, and then some persons more deserving to be hit might have been hit, and with something sharper than stones. In East Norfolk, during the excitement of an election, it is evidently almost as necessary to carry firearms for self-defence as in any quite uncivilised and savage country—such as Bulgaria, under the government of the brave FERDINAND.

METEOROLOGICAL MISGIVINGS.

Saturday.—How warm it is! Shall go for my holiday somewhere on the sea. A month's cruise on the coast of Norway, perhaps.

Sunday.—What a tremendous gale! Imagine a month of this on the sea. Shall go inland, quite in the country—say to a cottage on Dartmoor.

Monday.—What a dull day! Couldn't stand the country in this gloom. Try Paris.

Tuesday.—A glorious day. Very hot and sunny in Paris now. Shall go to the Lakes.

Wednesday.—Steady rain. Don't like the idea of the Lakes. Always damp and depressing. In this sort of weather better be at Scarborough or Brighton.

Thursday.—Drizzle and mist. No doubt sea fog on coast. Hate sea fog. Better go to a dry place abroad. How about North Italy?

Friday.—What beastly dust everywhere! No good going to a dry, sunny climate. Try Cornwall.

Saturday.—Damp, close day. Couldn't stand much of this. Too enervating. Shall go to the Alps—anywhere up high in the mountain air.

Sunday.—Chilly for the time of year. Probably snowing on the Alps. Very dismal, cowering over a stove in a Swiss inn. What a difficulty this holiday is! Good idea! Will postpone it till the settled weather in the winter.

NEW ADAPTATION OF ANCIENT CHAFF TO THE DEFEATED CANDIDATES.—"Does your mother know you're 'Out'?" [N.B.—What view "mother" will take of it depends on "mother's" politics.]

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AFTER THE BATTLE.
THE MEETING OF WELLINGTON-S-L-SB-RY AND BLUCHER-CH-MB-RL-N.

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TO JULIA, KNIGHT-ERRANT.

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["After the noble lord's dinner-party, at which the ladies appeared in their cycling costumes, consisting of ..., the company set off at half-past ten on their bikes for the region between St Paul's and the Tower, where at that hour, except an occasional policeman, hardly a soul is to be seen. Their example is now being generally imitated." *People of To-Day.*]

When night her sable pall doth spread
Above the city's sleeping head
So as it seemeth to be dead;

And labour hath a short surcease,
And burglars taste a halcyon peace,
Save where the vigilant police,

All fearless on their darkling beat,
With sound of heavy-sandalled feet
Wake awesome echoes in the street;

When weary chapmen go their ways
To halls of song or sit at gaze
In front of elevating plays;

Or haply drop into the club,
And pausing for a friendly rub
Defy the deadly nuptial snub;

Or watch in fond paternal mood
The slumber of their infant brood
In some suburban neighbourhood:—

Then, JULIA, then, at such an hour

I gather that you quit your bower
And seek the purlieu of the Tower;

Encased in wanton breeks and wide,
A solid regiment, you ride
With swains revolving at your side;

By stilly thoroughfares you strike
Th' astonied silence with your bike;
Earth never yet hath seen the like!

Not she, that fair of whom they sing,
Who wrought her city's ransoming,
GODIVA dared so bold a thing.

High Heaven alone sees such a sight
When Dian wheels her orb by night
With many a starry satellite.

But, JULIA, though the mode decree,
By all the rites of Battersea,
That you career in company,

The conscious object of remark,
Whenas the lusty-throated lark
Disporteth o'er the People's Park;

Yet certes it were more discreet,
When Hesper from his vantage-seat
Illuminateth Cannon Street,

To ride with none but me to know
Just how th' enamoured breezes blow
Round your ineffable *trousseau!*

How say you, sweet? To-morrow, then,
We assignate for half-past ten
Upon the punctual stroke of Ben?

On Cupid's chaste commission bent
We twain will meet, with your consent,
10.30, by the Monument.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

To recommend *Lyre and Lancet* to readers of *Punch* is to preach to the converted, and, as Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT said when he opened his election campaign in Derby, that is a work of supererogation. There is, however, this new thing to be said, that SMITH, ELDER & Co., including the work in their Novel Series, have presented it in dainty form, and have preserved Mr. PARTRIDGE'S illustrations. My Baronite has read it through again with increased admiration for the perilous audacity of the plot, the skill with which it is worked out, and the many felicities of the phrasing. It would be so easy to spoil it by a coarse or slovenly touch. In no scene of the breathless drama does Mr. ANSTEY'S hand forget its cunning.

The larger number of the verses that make up the little volume SMITH, ELDER & Co. publish under the title *Tillers of the Sand* have, Mr. OWEN SEAMAN states in his preface, appeared in the *National Observer*. Whilst they are above the average of the cleverness of that really smart journal, they are tainted by its besetting sin. Purporting to present "a fitful record of the ROSEBERY Administration," the recorder finds it all



Workman (politely, to old Lady, who has accidentally got into a Smoking Compartment). "YOU DON'T OBJECT TO MY PIPE, I 'OPE, MUM?"

Old Lady. "YES, I DO OBJECT, VERY STRONGLY!"

Workman. "OH! THEN OUT YOU GET!!"

very bad. This is hard on the late Government, but it is harder still on the clever versifier. True art requires light and shade, and here is none. Appearing week by week the pungent admixtures were passable, were even titillating. But the monotony of vituperation, however cleverly compounded, grows a little wearisome, even in a volume that does not much exceed a hundred pages. My Baronite likes best "The Lament of the Macgregor," not because its literary style is more masterly than that of its companion verse, but because its fun is less acrid. The rest, with significant exception of two pieces that appeared in these pages, is too hotly spiced with ASHMEAD-BARTLETTISM to please one who looks to Mr. SEAMAN for the wine of scholarly verse and finds the vinegar of election squibs.

The Baron de B.-W.

Shakspeare on the recent R. A. Elections.

ONSLow FORD, Sculptor, R. A.
W. B. RICHMOND, Painter, R. A.

"Good Master FORD, be contented."

Merry Wives of Windsor, Act III., Scene 3.

"For RICHMOND's good."

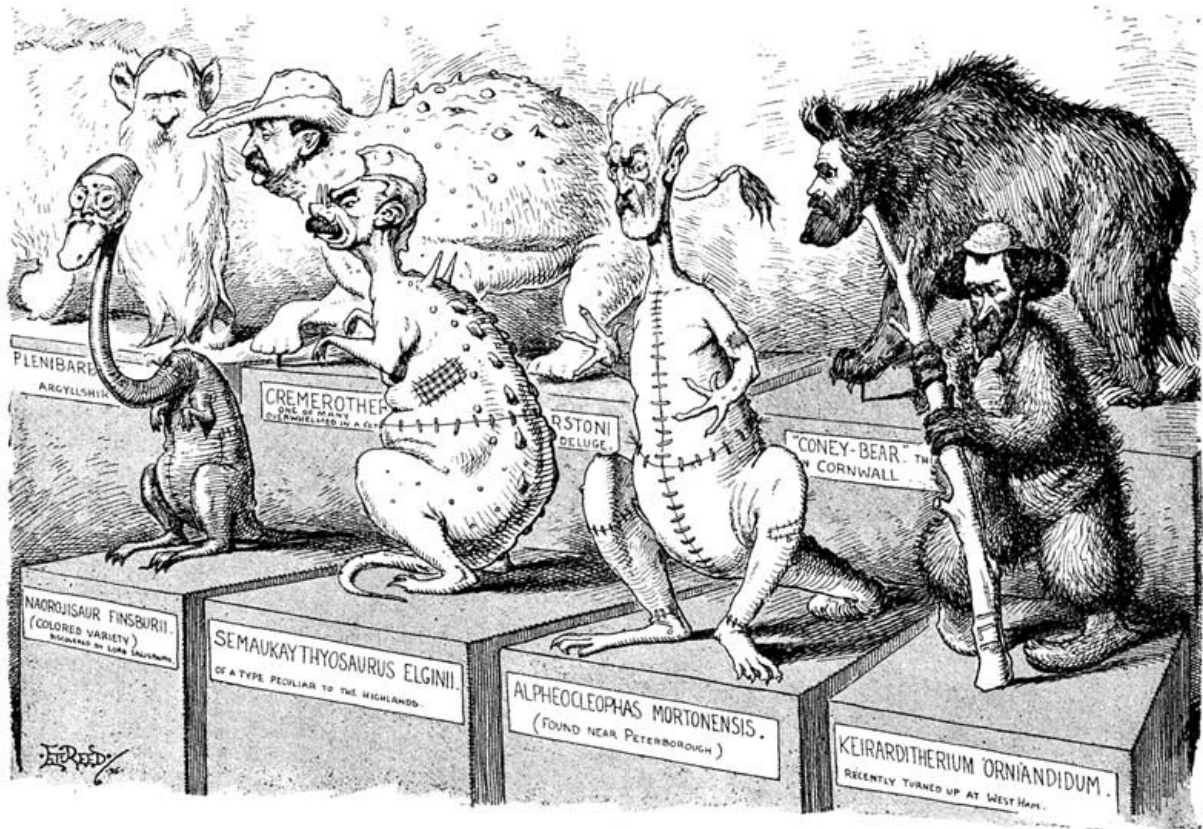
Richard the Third, Act V., Scene 3.

MRS. GAMP ON "LOCAL OPTION."—"I never could have kep myself up but for a little drain of spirits, which I seldom touches, but could always wish to know where to find, if so disposed."—*Martin Chuzzlewit*, c. xlvi.

The case of slandering Major RASCH, M.P., was dismissed on defendant TURP tendering apology and paying costs. Rash on the part of TURP, but the case was settled in a Rashional way.

TO MR. A. F. MUMMERY.—The Recollections of his foreign *Climbs in the Alps and Caucasus* might suggest to the author a new work to be entitled "*Pleasant Mummeries*." Of course nothing to do with amateur acting, or with Miss MILN's *Strolling Players in the East*.

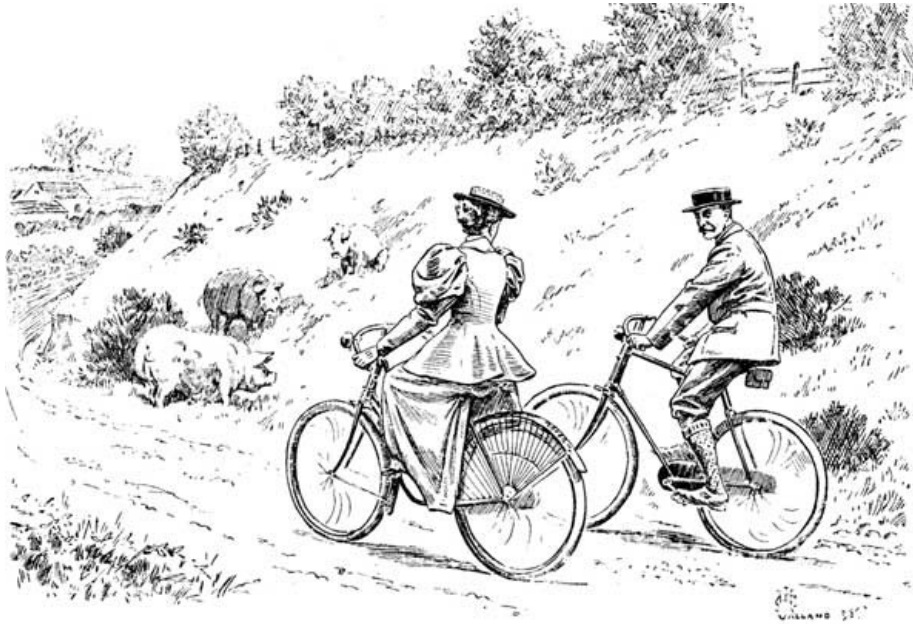
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EXTINCT!!

SOME INTERESTING SPECIMENS RECENTLY ADDED TO THE PARLIAMENTARY MUSEUM OF THE PAST!
(By Mr. Punch's Own Prehistoric Artist.)

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THE FORCE OF HABIT.

Miss Diana (a novice). "OH, JACK, I'M CERTAIN THIS THING IS GOING TO SHY AT THOSE HORRID PIGS! DO YOU MIND LEADING IT PAST?"

THE LAST PAGE OF SOMEBODY'S DIARY.

(Picked up in the neighbourhood of Dorchester House)

Before leaving England I finish this book. I have seen much and would have liked to see more. It was a great disappointment to me that the Polytechnic had changed its character. It was the dream of my childhood to be present at a lecture "Illustrated with brilliant experiments." Still the British Museum was a very good substitute. Then I was pleased with the Imperial Institute, and appreciated STRAUSS'S band. Although I have yet to learn what the latter had to do with the spread of the British Dominion. And I was delighted with the State Balls and the Ascot races. I was pleased, too, with my visit to the Board School. And there seemed to be much doing in the Houses of Parliament. But what struck me most of all was the great prosperity I noticed everywhere. There is no poverty in England. All is rich. Everyone is great. There are none who are not powerful; it is marvellous, but true. I should like to return to this great country to learn a little more. I have not yet seen a paper printed. I have not dined at the table of those who are responsible for the gaiety of nations. I have not watched the manufacture of a clock. I have not examined waxworks. I have not risen in the air in a balloon, nor sunk below the level of the sea in a diving-bell. But all this pleasure can wait till I pay England a second visit. And I am pleased to find that certain places are myths, the more especially as these places were said to be "disgraces to civilization." There is no East End. There are no prisons. Poverty is a word that has become obsolete. Everyone is satisfied. A strike never happens because all Englishmen are contented. This is the lesson that I have learned at the hands of the great British Government. It is strange, but undoubtedly true, that the English nation has no "seamy side." So I leave the country of prosperous content with a salaam of heart-felt respect. And now for Paris, with its wicked distractions. I hope I may survive. In the meanwhile Britannia, Brave, Brilliant, Beautiful and Beneficial, farewell!

P.S.—Always supposing I can overcome my terror of *malade de mer*.

HIGHLY PROBABLE.—FOR a draught of a new Irish policy the present Government is pretty sure to return to the Old Butt.

THE ELECTION PLEASANT PHRASE BOOK.

(For the use of Unpopular Candidates expected to accept attacks "good-naturedly.")

I am much obliged to you for the unsavoury egg.

Pray do not apologise for breaking my arm with a stone three inches in diameter.

Thanks for that pail of mud emptied over my head and hat.

It is really capital fun being pelted with gravel.

Never mind having smashed my dog-cart and killed the horse attached to it.

Really, dodging this storm of bludgeons is the most amusing occupation imaginable.

Never mind having crushed my skull, as I really wanted a chance to give a good turn to the local doctor.

Finally, I would willingly acknowledge all these little humours of a contested election in a spirit of genial amiability had you not unfortunately broken my jaw and reduced me to a condition of semi-insensibility.

GOOD NEWS, AND STRANGE TOO!

The Northern Railway Company of France, as the *Daily Telegraph* informs us, has decided to spend four millions of francs in improving its rolling-stock. This move ought to send up all its "stock" in the market. Also there is to be a train of an entirely new pattern, replete with every convenience, running in correspondence with the London Chatham and Dover Company's most convenient continental service. This is first-class (and second also) news for persons about to travel. The *D. T.* further says that "the adoption of bogies will make the running easy." Good gracious! The cutting and running would come quite naturally to most of the passengers on beholding only one "bogey"; but when it comes to "bogies," there would be a general stampede! Very kind of the Northern to "adopt" bogies. Some poor little orphan bogies, left at the door of a Bogey-Foundling Hospital, deserted by their ghostly and unnatural parents, but "adopted" by the spirited Great Northern of France! "Hush! Hush, Hush, it is the Bogey Train!" But no tricks on travellers, spirited Great Northern of France.

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ROUNABOUT READINGS.

I spoke last week of the General Election, more particularly with regard to its influence on the speakers who take part in it. A treatise on this aspect of the matter has yet to be written. One of the main points to be determined will be the amount of influence exercised by the speech, not on its hearers, but on the speaker himself.

Nothing is more remarkable than the rapidity and definiteness with which a speaker's opinions crystallise during the course of a speech. Let us assume, for example, that a Radical candidate has been approached on the subject of an Eight Hours Bill, and, in order to gain time, has promised to deal with it in his next speech, at the same time giving an assurance of general sympathy. Probably he has not thought much about the question before. In the evening he will speak upon it; and suddenly, to his own intense surprise, he will find himself declaring that all legislation will be vain, all social effort fruitless, until the load of toil that presses on the mass of his fellow-countrymen is lightened, and a universal Eight Hours Bill is carried through both Houses.

Or again, a Conservative is confronted with the question of old-age pensions. Precisely the same process takes place, and under the necessity of convincing himself, while endeavouring to convince and to please his audience, he will vow never to cease his efforts in support of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN until a general system of State pensions for the aged is established throughout the United Kingdom.

So it is with votes of thanks and laudatory speeches of all kinds. If you have to move a vote of thanks to A., a politician whom you do not specially admire, the odds are about ten to one that you will describe him as a great statesman, a profound thinker, an eloquent orator, and the man of the future. All this may be due to your having embarked on a rhetorical period which required more words than you had prepared yourself to supply; and in the agitation of filling up the gap, and rounding off the period, you say what you had not the remotest intention of saying when you got on to your legs. Hence come in after years parallel columns, and aggravating charges of inconsistency.



Sir William cultivates the "Celtic Fringe."

It was roses, roses all the way. But that was some time ago in the case of Mr. ISAAC HOYLE, late Liberal Member for the Heywood Division of Lancashire. He was asked to support Mr. SNAPE the Liberal Candidate at this election, but he refused to "take any part in sending Mr. SNAPE to Parliament, charged with duties for which, as I think, his votes show he has no qualification." The receipt of this letter caused the greatest excitement in the Division, and at the Heywood Reform Club Mr. HOYLE'S portrait has been smashed to pieces and thrown out of the building. It is stated also that his subscriptions are being returned. Clearly a case of adding Hoyle to the flames of controversy.

Mr. THOMAS MILVAIN, the Conservative who vainly endeavoured to oust Sir WILFRID LAWSON from the Cockermonth Division, was once a great boxer—a heavy-weight champion amongst amateurs, if my memory serves me. In the course of his late contest he addressed a hostile meeting at Dearham. Many questions were put to him. One was, "What weight was ta when thoo was a boxer?" Mr. MILVAIN'S answer was, "I was 13 st. 8 lb. That was twenty-eight years ago, and I have not had the gloves on since." (*Laughter and cheers, and a Voice: "Would you like to have them on now?"*) "I am quite prepared to give any of you a turn, if you want one." (*Great laughter and cheers.*)

When a Candidate, heckled by enemies, finds
All his efforts to keep the place still vain,
Let him try one resource ere he pulls down the blinds,
And conform to the model of MILVAIN.

For when politics palled he referred to the years
When his skill as a boxer was lauded;
An allusion to gloves won him laughter and cheers,
Which was more than the "point of his jaw" did.

In a provincial contemporary I find the following startling information, under the heading, "Mothers of Great Men." SCHUMANN'S mother was gifted in music; CHOPIN'S mother, like himself, was very delicate; WORDSWORTH'S mother had a character as peculiar as that of her gifted son; RALEIGH said that he owed all his politeness of deportment to his mother. There are other statements about other mothers, but those I have quoted may suffice in the meantime. What I want to know is why any reasonable human being should care, or be supposed to care, about these ridiculous scraps of information collected from a rubbish-heap of useless knowledge. Here is another that I cannot leave out: HAYDN dedicated one of his most important instrumental compositions to his mother. Amazing.

In the parish of Swaffham Bulbeck (Phœbus, what a name!) there are apparently two bridges. At the adjourned quarterly meeting of the Parish Council the other day, Mr. C. P. FYSON in the chair, "it was reported that Bridge No. 1 required to be re-built.... The Chairman reported Bridge No. 2 required the same treatment, and eventually the whole matter was adjourned"—presumably in the hope that in the interval the bridges would rebuild themselves.

HOW I LOST MY POLL.

MR. PUNCH, HONOURED SIR,—By way of supplementing efforts of *Daily Chroncile* to obtain authorised statements showing cause for defeat of certain distinguished candidates, have secured following satisfactory explanations, for authenticity of which I have pleasure in vouching. Have suppressed names of men and places, thus sacrificing verisimilitude on altar of discretion.

A. explains:—Opponent started with every natural advantage, having only appeared in constituency three weeks and two days ago, and being entirely unknown. (*Omne ignotum pro benefico.*) I, on other hand, had been on spot for five-and-twenty years, and was *only two well known*.

B. explains:—Attribute my defeat (by exactly 4529 votes) to over-confidence on part of my supporters. Seems that recollection of ample margin of two (one voting-paper disputed) by which I was returned to late Parliament produced reckless and culpable apathy.

C. explains:—Mistake to suppose that Local or any other Veto had appreciable bearing on result of election. Fact is that opposition chartered every available traction-engine to bring up rural electorate. All other traffic practically suspended. Terrorised owners refused to risk their stables in unequal struggle. Was reduced to average of one horse a piece for my four-in-hands. Also other man's wife prettier than mine.

D. explains:—Am author of many standard works of blood-curdling adventure, largely among blacks. Found myself besieged one day in headquarters by what I took to be murderous contingent of enemy. In all my books of fiction, hero would have hacked his way through midst, if only with open penknife. Stern reality quite a different matter. Fell back upon services of local fire-brigade. Turned out afterwards that crowd actually consisted of admiring readers and political friends all eager to draw me, by pardonable ruse, into display of heroic qualities as depicted in my popular writings. Disillusioned by me, and damped by fire-brigade, mob went off and voted for other side.

E. explains:—Had Women's Suffrage existed, am confident should have been returned by handsome majority, being single and bit of an Adonis. As it was, fatal gift for attracting feminine attention alienated younger male electors. Other candidate solid family man without physical charm. Has been said that beauty is a curse. In own case must unhesitatingly admit soft impeachment.

F. explains:—It arose in this way. Had arranged beforehand that pole of carriage should snap in two during ascent of heavy incline in very heart of borough, idea being that partisans would be compelled to un-horse vehicle and personally propel it along in semi-triumphal progress. All went well till it came to pushing. Then was seen that weight of fellow-passengers (three obese stump-orators sent down by Caucus) overtaxed strength of small body of supporters, men remarkable for intellectual perspicuity rather than brute force. Notwithstanding laudable efforts, carriage receded, slowly at first, then, gaining impetus, rushed with incredible speed full into plate-glass window of MAYOR's grocery-store. Self and all three orators bled profusely. Should add that MAYOR was exceedingly popular politician of heterodox views. Cause of my Party completely ruined by shocking fiasco.

Kindly observe, dear *Mr. Punch*, how insignificant a part seems to have been played in above elections by great and vital questions of day. Let me hear if you want any more of these explanations. Cost me nothing.

Yours,
SPLENDIDE MENDAX.

FOOTNOTES

[1] "Saus und Braus": *Ger.* Riot and bustle.

[2] "Ewigkrit": *Ger.* Eternity: "gone for ever".

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109, AUGUST 3, 1895 ***

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