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May 18th, 1895, by Various and F. C. Burnand**

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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI,
VOL. 108, MAY 18TH, 1895 ***

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

Volume 108, MAY 18TH, 1895.

edited by Sir Francis Burnand



HOP PROSPECTS.

SAID PULEX THE SKIPPER TO MISS CICADA, "DO YOU EXPECT A GOOD HOPPING SEASON THIS YEAR?"

ODE TO A (LONDON) "LARK."

(Some Way after Quisquis.)

Oh, "lark," which all the "Comiques"
sing,
And every drunken rowdy pup, too;
Sure you're a vicious, vulgar thing

As ever toper swigged a cup to.

Hints of the boozy and the blue
Surround you; sodden brains you
soften;
Yet rhymsters make a song of you,
And rowdies sing it—far too often.

The aim of every loose-lipped lout
Appears to be to "lark" divinely;
When from his haunts he gets chucked
out,
He deems his "spree" has ended finely.

He tracks the "lark"—aye, "like a bird,"
Upon the turf, among its "daisies";
But, by sweet SHELLEY, 'tis absurd,
Foul bird of prey, to pipe your *praises!*

A KIND OFFER.—A lady who is not well up in Parliamentary matters writes to us saying that she has seen mentioned in the papers "Mr. Speaker's Retirement Bill," and would very much like to know what the amount is. Her admiration for the late SPEAKER is so great that, our fair correspondent goes on to say, she would willingly defray the whole amount herself, or if the total be too much for her pocket, then would she cheerfully head a subscription list. She is perfectly certain that Mr. PEEL was a very moderate man, and therefore the entire sum cannot be very startling.

RATHER "BOLD ADVERTISEMENT."

["Advertisements for some time past have been inserted in Government publications."—*Daily Paper.*]

SCENE—*Room of a Secretary of State. Present* Right Hon. Gentleman *attended by his* Private Secretary.

Right Hon. Gentleman. Well, TENTERFORE, anything for me this morning?

Private Secretary. I think not. You will find that I have worked out the answers to to-day's questions—the list is not a very heavy one, only a couple of dozen queries or thereabouts.

Rt. Hon. Gent. That's right. Such a lot of time is wasted in that sort of thing. And has anyone come for me?

Priv. Sec. No one of importance. A fellow with a new invention or something of that sort. Said you were extremely busy just now, but that if he would write, his letter would receive the attention of the department.

Rt. Hon. Gent. Was he satisfied?

Priv. Sec. (smiling). Well, I fear not entirely. I think he must have had some experience of Government offices. He said he preferred to see you personally.

Rt. Hon. Gent. (amused). I daresay he would. Anyone else?

Priv. Sec. Only a man about advertisements.

Rt. Hon. Gent. (aghast). You did not send *him* away?

Priv. Sec. Well, no. I believe he is still in the waiting-room. But surely you don't want to see him?

Rt. Hon. Gent. Of course I do. A most important person. Send a messenger for him at once. (*Exit* Private Secretary.) That's the worst of TENTERFORE—so impulsive! Means well, but so very impulsive! (*Knock.*) Ah, here comes my visitor. (*Enter stranger.*) My very dear Sir, I am delighted to see you. (*He shakes hands warmly and provides him with an arm-chair.*) I am sorry you should have been detained—quite a mistake.

Stranger (surprised). You are most kind. I come about some advertisements.

Rt. Hon. Gent. I know, my dear Sir, I know. Now what can I tempt you with? You arrive at a most fortunate moment. We are thinking of letting the sides of our cruisers for posters. The Mediterranean fleet will be a most excellent medium. We can do sixteen double crowns at a very reasonable rate; of course the Admiral's flag-ship would be a trifle extra. Is your leading article soap, pickles, or hair-dye?

Stranger. I am afraid you do not understand me.

Rt. Hon. Gent. Oh yes, I do; but, if you object to marine advertisements, I think we can suit you on land. We have several commanding positions on the colours of some of the most popular regiments in the service vacant. (*Showing plans.*) You see we can insert type—we object to blocks—on the material without interfering with the badges or the victories. A most admirable medium, I assure you.

Stranger. You really are in error. I wish to say——

Rt. Hon. Gent. (interrupting). Yes, I know. You think that something would be better. Well, we can put advertisements on the backs of all petitions presented to Parliament, and let you out hoardings in front of the more prominent of the Government offices. How would that suit you?

Stranger. Really, you must allow me to explain. Advertisements of matters interesting to mariners—such as notices of wrecks—are inserted solely in the *London Gazette* and——

Rt. Hon. Gent. Ah, you are thinking of the sky signs. Well, of course, we might utilise the lighthouses, but we have not quite made up our minds whether such a course might not cause confusion in misty weather.

Stranger. I was going to propose that the Government might feel inclined to insert the advertisements to which I have referred in a paper with which I am connected, and which is extensively circulated amongst seafaring men.

Rt. Hon. Gent. (astounded). You want *me* to give *you* an advertisement! No, Sir; now that we have taken up advertisements we insert them and don't give them out. (*Enter Private Secretary.*) Mr. TENTERFORE, be so good as to explain to this gentleman that my time is valuable.

[*Scene closes in upon the Secretary of State performing the now rather miscellaneous duties appertaining to his office.*]

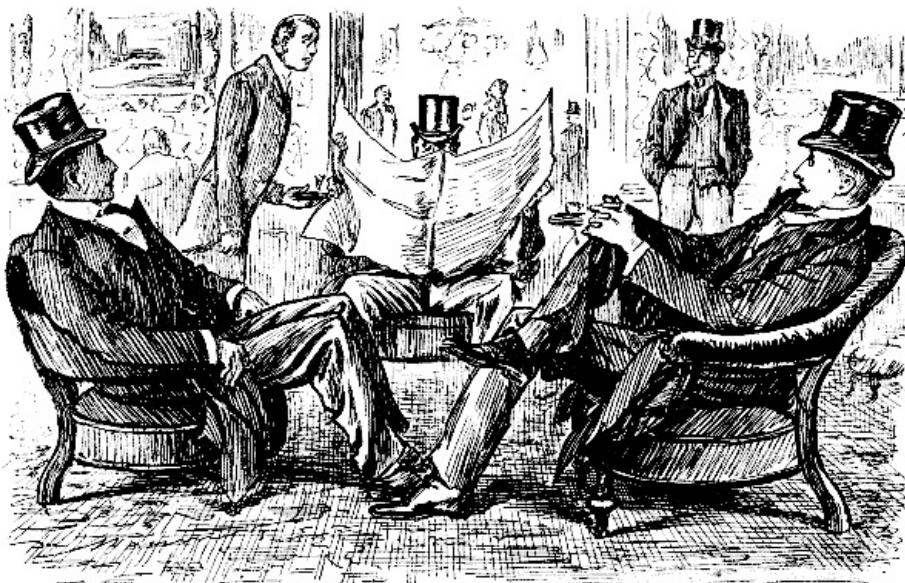
BRIEF STAY IN LONDON OF THE EMINENT FRENCH NOVELIST.—He has not quite mastered our idioms, but he has made a pun in English, when saying, "*J'y suis, moi, Daudet; je pars demain,*" *i.e.*, "I am here *Do-day*, and gone to-morrow."

SUGGESTION.—"*The Attaree Khat Tea Co.*" is a nice name. Why not follow with the "*Attaree Khat and Kitten Milk Co.*"? Very attaree-active to some pussons.

MOTTO (ADDRESSED TO FLUTES, HAUTOBOYS, &C.) FOR CONDUCTOR OF THE STRAUSS ORCHESTRA.—"STRAUSS shows how the wind is to blow."

"INFANT PHENOMENON!"—At Drury Lane, the arduous part of *Don Cæsar* in the opera of *Maritana* was last Friday played by a CHILD!

WORD OF COMMAND FOR HOSPITAL SUNDAY.—"Present Alms!"



SOCIAL AGONIES.

Algy. "COME AND DINE WITH ME WITH ME TO-NIGHT, SNOBBINGTON?"

Snobbington. "SORRY TO SAY I CAN'T, OLD CHAPPIE. AFRAID I'VE GO TO GO AND DINE WITH THAT OLD FOOL, LORD BOREHAM, FOR MY SINS!"

Lord Boreham (from behind his Newspaper). "PRAY CONSIDER YOURSELF EXCUSED THIS EVENING, MR.—MR.—A—I FIND I DON'T EVEN KNOW YOU BY SIGHT!"

[Which is quite true!]

'ARRY AND THE NEW WOMAN.



Dear CHARLIE,—'Ow are you, old shipmate? *I've bin layin' low for a time.*

'Ard years these 'ere Nineties, my nibs, yus, and bizness 'as bin fur from prime.

All grind and no gay galoot, CHARLIE, of late 'as bin *my* little lot; An' between you and me *and* the post, I think most things is going to pot!

It's Newness wot's doing it, CHARLIE! "Lor! *that's* a rum gospel," sez you.

Well, p'raps in your green tooral-looral you don't hear so much of the New;

But in town with New Art, and New Women, New Drammer, New Humour, and such,

There seems nothink *old* left in creation, save four-arf, and DANNEL'S old Dutch.

She's old, and no hapricots, CHARLIE. But DANNEL'S a decentish sort, And the way as *she* lays down the law about up-to-date woman *is* sport.

'Er nutcrackers clitter and clatter; and when she is fair on the shout, Concernin' fresh feminine fashions, you bet it's a reglar knock-out!

I took LIL, DANNEL'S youngest, larst week to the play, with some tickets I'd got.

Well, paperers mustn't be choosers. But oh, mate, of all the dashed rot They ever chucked over the footlights, this 'ere Problem Play was the wust!

It left me with brain discumfuddled, the blues, and a thundering thust.

It gave poor LIL 'ARRIS the 'orrors. "Lor, 'ARRY," she sez, coming out, "They've styged it, no doubt, tol-lol-poppish, but wot *is* the 'ole thing about?"

I feel just as creepy and 'oller, along o' these 'ere warmed-up ghosts, As if I'd bin dining on spiders. Eugh! Let's 'ave a glarss at 'The Posts.'"

It took two 'ot tiddleys to warm 'er. An' when I was blowin' a cloud A-top o' the tram going 'ome, she sez, "'ARRY," sez she, "*I ain't* proud, But don't tyke me never no more to no New Woman nonsense," sez she.

"It's narsty; and not one good snivel *or* larf in the whole jamboree.

"I don't call them *people*, I don't." "No; they're problems, *Lil*, that's wot *they* are.

She-problem a tearin' 'er 'air, whilst the he-problem sucks 'is cigar; Two gurl-problems sniffing at Marriage, that played-out old farce—at sixteen!—

I thought we was fair up-to-date, *Lil*, but, bless yer, we're simply pea-green!"

And when we arrived at Lamb's Conduit Street, old DANNEL 'ARRIS'S shop,

His old Dutch got fair on the grind, and when started she's orkud to stop.

"New Woman?" sez she. "*She's* no clarss, LIL, and don't know a mite where she are.

Yah! *We* used to call 'em Old Cats; and a sootabler name, too, by far.

"There ain't nothink new in *their* Newness; it's only old garbige warmed up.

Mere bubble-and-squeak. The stale taters and greens on which poor people sup

Is 'olesome compared with sich offal. Yah! Weddings'll outlast *that* lot; And while gals is gals the old Eve'll jest make the new evil seem rot."

The jawsome old guffin was right, *Charlie*; leastways, she wasn't fur out.

Yer female footballers and bikers, as swagger and go on the shout, And spile a good sport *and* their hancles, are not more complete off the track

Than them as "revolt"—agin Nature, and cock their she-bokos—at fack!

All splutter-sludge, CHARLIE! On styge or on cinder-path, sillypop things As want to play Man and *be* Woman are trying to fly without wings, Or fight without fistes. Are Men, the world's masters—like you, mate, and Me—

To be knocked out by problebms in petticoats? Wot bloomin' fiddle-de-dee!

The Old Dutch, and young LIL, and myself are all much of a mind on this job.

Old 'ARRIS sez men are not in it. *He* don't mean it, I'll bet a bob.

It ain't very likely, not now, that Yours Scrumptiously ever *will* marry;

But *if* I should tyke a Old Woman, it won't be no New Woman!

'ARRY.



Edith. "I DON'T BELIEVE JACK WILL EVER LEARN TO DANCE!"

Alice (whose dress has suffered). "WORSE THAN THAT—HE WILL NEVER LEARN NOT TO ATTEMPT IT!"

FAIR CHILDREN IN GRAFTON STREET.

A splendid show, though some of the children are neither fair nor beautiful. Note No. 114, "*The Chinese Boy*," by Sir JOSHUA. He is a boy, certainly, but his complexion has a mahogany tinge not usually associated with loveliness. CATHERINE DE MEDICIS, if we may judge by No. 67, was a plain, decent, housewifely body, with a family of four horrors, three male and one female, all of whom, eventually, wore a crown. Can it be possible that *La Reine Margot* ever looked like *that*? If so, the great DUMAS is convicted of gross deceit. For a screaming farce in oil, let the visitor look at No. 155, "*The Infant Johnson*," by Sir JOSHUA. Some one has evidently suggested to the baby lexicographer that he should have a bath. Naturally enough he is furious at the idea. "Sir," he seems to say, "let us take a perambulator down Fleet Street, or anywhere else, but let us not bathe." Can there not be found a companion picture of the mighty infant in a cheerful mood, prattling out a "What, nurse, are you for a frolic? Then I'm with you." In a case labelled No. 454 are to be seen toys, dolls, and playthings found in Children's Tombs in Egypt. Here, too, is the "*Mummy of a Baby*." "I see the baby," observed an intelligent child-visitor; "but where is its Mummy? My Mummy never ties baby up like that."

NOT DUE NORTH.—The *North British Daily Mail*, referring to the rumour that the Prince of WALES may go to New York in the autumn to see the contest for the America Cup, says: "There will be better racing on the Clyde than there was last year. Let the PRINCE come north at midsummer this year." Very likely the race on the Clyde will be a good one. But our Scottish contemporary forgets that a visit to the United States on the part of H.R.H.

would be to the advantage of two races—the American and the British. It would be sure to cause good feeling on either side of the Atlantic. Why should not Caledonia wait?

BY OUR OWN CRICKET ON THE HEARTH.—For any ordinary English team to attempt tackling the Australian Eleven coming over here next season, would show not so much the merit of the team, but its team-erity.

THE PRIVILEGE OF THE PRESS.

SCENE—*Anywhere. Present, BROWN and JONES.*

Brown (perusing paper). Capital speech of ARTHUR J. BALFOUR at the Newspaper Society's Dinner the other evening. His compliments to the Press were in every way deserved.

Jones (also reading a journal). Quite so. I am glad to see that the admirable publication I am now devouring objects to gambling in all its branches.

Brown. So does this. There is an excellent leader on the fourth page exposing the scandals of the Stock Exchange.

Jones. And here I find on page two a most earnest attack upon the abuses of the turf.

Brown. Such intelligent comments should do a world of good.

Jones. I am sure of it. I know, speaking for myself, I feel much better after perusing a column that might have supplied the pabulum of a sermon.

Brown. Just my case. It really strengthens one's moral perceptions to come across such noble sentiments. Well, as we have both read the leaders, let us exchange papers.

Jones. With pleasure, only I want just to glance at the latest odds. This journal gives the latest information on all matters connected with racing and the turf generally.

Brown. Just so, that is why I wanted to read it. Well, I must fill up the time by looking at the money article. Commend me to the city editor of this favourite production when you want to have a gentle flutter!

"KEY-NOTES."—In anticipation of H.R.H. the Prince of WALES visiting the Isle of Man later in the year, though at present

The Prince of WALES declines, with
thanks,
The invitation sent from Manx,

the House of Keys has put every quay on the bunch at His Royal Highness's disposal for landing.

FLOWER SHOWS AND CITY BUSINESS.—"Preference Stocks. Chatham Seconds *Rose*." What a sweet combination of colour and scent per scent!

EXPECTEDNESS.

"Inevitable" is the new cant phrase, and certain phrases *are* inevitable, it would seem.

It is inevitable, if you should happen to beg the pardon of one of the lower middle class, that he (or more generally *she*) will reply with "Granted!"

It is inevitable, if you converse with a young Oxonian of immature intellect, that he will murder the QUEEN'S, or (as he would call it) Quagger's, English by some such expression as "What a beastly sensagger!" or invite you to "stagger for the dagger" (*i.e.* stay for the day). But competent authorities are inclined to think that this laborious form of undergraduate wit, or "wagger," is doomed to speedy "extigger."

It is inevitable that the would-be smart business person, when inditing a circular or club notice, will say, "Forward *same*," or, "I inclose *same*," instead of "*it*," whatever it may happen to be.

It is inevitable that, when 'ARRY wishes to be familiarly polite at parting, he will take his leave with "So long."

It is inevitable that, when a young City man desires to express his disapproval of any individual or thing, he will dismiss it as "no class."

It is inevitable, if you make any surprising or absurd statement to a Yankee, that his comment thereon will be, "Is that so!"

It is inevitable, if you meet an actor "resting" in the Strand, that he will ask you to "Name it," and you will proceed to do so (possibly at your own expense) at one or more of the excellent drinking-bars in that locality.



A YORKSHIRE GOSSIP.

First Gossip. "SO YOU WAS NIVVER AXED TUT FUNERAL?"

Second Gossip. "NIVVER AS MUCH AS INSIDE T'HOUSE. BUT NOBBUT WAIT TILL WE HEV' A FUNERAL OF US OWN, AN' WE'LL SHOW 'EM!"

A-DRESS BY MR. SPEAKER.

["Certain Members object to attending the SPEAKER'S dinner or *levées* in full dress."]

Mr. Speaker.

"Oh, ye must walk in silk attire,
And swords and buckles wear,
Gin ye wad come to dine wi' me,
Or tend my *levées* mair."

The Members.

"Oh, what's to us your silken show,
And swords and buckles smart?

—
And if you still insist upon 't,
Then you and we must part!"

Mr. Speaker.

"Then ye shall come in what attire
It suits ye best to wear,
Gin ye 'll consent to mind the
Whip,
Nor plague the Party mair."

WORTHY OBJECT.—It is encouraging to hear of a "*Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen.*" The deeper the sea-fishermen are, the more necessary is the mission. These Deep Sea-Fishermen are generally supposed to be able to look after their own soles; but now they will receive aid in their work. As the Bishop of LIVERPOOL is a prominent patron of

this good work, it may be taken for granted that most of these deep 'uns are fishermen in his Lordship's See.

AN ACQUITTAL.—With what a sense of relief does a *bon vivant* who has been brought up by Corporal AILMENT before the Doctor's Court Martial hear the verdict of "Not Gouty!"

LAW IN BLANK.

(A Natural Development of the Modern System of Suppression.)

SCENE—*Interior of one of the Royal Courts. Customary occupants and surroundings. Witness in the box undergoing cross-examination.*

First Counsel. And now will you give me the name of the person you met on that occasion?

Second Counsel. I do not wish to interfere without reason; but surely it is unnecessary to introduce third parties into this inquiry.

Witness. Perhaps I might follow the plan I adopted in my examination-in-chief and write the name on a piece of paper?

The Judge. That seems a reasonable course to pursue.

First Counsel. As your Lordship pleases. Then be so good as to give me the name as suggested. (*Witness complies.*) Thank you. (*After reading the paper.*) Do you spell the name with a final "e"?

Second Counsel. Really, my learned friend is carrying matters too far. If the anonymity of third parties is to be preserved, such a leading question would reveal the identity at once.

The Judge. I suppose you mean that the query about the final "e" would indicate that the veiled name was "BROWNE."

Second Counsel. Quite so, my lord; that is a conclusion that would be accepted by persons of the most ordinary intelligence.

First Counsel. But as a matter of fact, the name to which I refer is certainly neither BROWN nor BROWNE. I will submit the paper to your lordship.

The Judge (after perusing the slip which has been handed to him by an usher). Dear me! I am greatly surprised!

Foreman of the Jury. May we, my lord, learn the name?

First Counsel. So far as I am concerned, I shall be only too pleased to allow the Gentlemen of the Jury to have the fullest information on the point.

Second Counsel. If I object, it is not because I have not the greatest confidence in the Jury's discretion, but simply as a matter of principle.

First Counsel. I do not see how the affair is a matter of principle, but if my learned friend objects I have no wish to push the point further. (*Turning to Witness.*) And now, where did you meet this person whose name we have arranged to leave undiscovered?

Witness. Perhaps you will allow me to write the locality on a piece of paper and pass it round?

The Judge. I think we may do that.

First Counsel. As your Lordship pleases. (*Course suggested pursued.*) And now, have you ever seen any one else on the subject?

Witness. Certainly. (*Produces a scroll.*) Here is a list. I have purposely written their names in shorthand, so that they may only be recognised by those who have a knowledge of PITMAN'S method.

The Judge. Certainly.

First Counsel. And that, my Lord, is my case.

[*Sits down.*]

The Judge. And now, Gentlemen, before we proceed further, I would like to make a suggestion. When we commenced this trial we arranged that the names of the Plaintiff and Defendant should not be made public. Since then it seems to me that we should learn them. What do you say, Gentlemen?

Foreman of the Jury. We share your Lordship's curiosity.

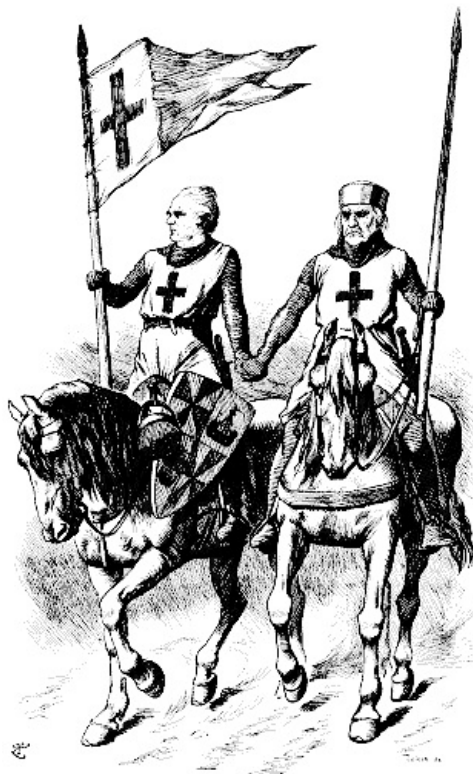
The Judge (addressing Counsel). You hear.

First Counsel (after consultation with his opponent). My Lord, I need scarcely say that both my friend and myself are most anxious to meet the wishes of your Lordship. But as this is a point of great importance to our clients, we should like to have an opportunity of consulting them. No doubt the names asked for might only have a limited circulation—be known only to your Lordship and the Gentlemen of the Jury. Still there are objections to even so partial a publication as I have shadowed forth which make it most desirable that we should have an opportunity of giving the matter our fullest consideration. Perhaps we might adjourn until to-morrow morning?

The Judge. Oh, certainly, certainly.

[*Court consequently adjourns to meet the necessities of the situation.*]

MOTTO FOR THE VINEYARD PROPRIETORS IN A CERTAIN CHAMPAGNE DISTRICT.—"Make Ay while the sun shines."



THE OLD CRUSADERS!

THE DUKE OF ARG-LL AND MR. GL-DST-NE "BROTHERS IN ARMS" AGAIN!

BULGARIA, 1876.

ARMENIA, 1895.

NEURALGIA.

What do I care if sunny Spring
Come now at last with balmy weather?
What do I care for anything?
I hate existence altogether.
It makes me almost mad, in truth,
This awful aching in my tooth.

What do I care for wealth or fame,
Or woman's charms the most

entrancing?
Despised or loved, it's all the same.
You would not catch me even glancing
At any face you ever saw;
I'm only thinking of my jaw.

What do I care if Trunks are low,
Argentines flat, Home Rails neglected?
Though mines may come and mines may
go,
I'm indescribably dejected.
They may be, I am, "dull" and "weak."
Confound my throbbing, swollen cheek!

What do I care which party's in,
To take more pennies from my income,
Or, if from tax on beer or gin,
Or milk and water extra "tin" come?
My thoughts are "in another place";
This aching spreads throughout my face.

What do I care for any play,
For dance or dinner, song or supper?
With pangs like these I can't be gay.
They spread from lower jaw to upper,
Across my face, as I have said,
And now attack my hapless head.

What do I even care if She
May frown upon her wretched lover,
And like another more than me?
Such pangs I might in time recover.
I do not care, I do not know;
I'm aching now from top to toe.



A LEFT-HANDED COMPLIMENT.

"BACK AGAIN, DOCTOR? I'VE BEEN SO MUCH BETTER
SINCE YOU WENT AWAY!"

Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING has written another Barrack-room Ballad (see *Pall Mall Gazette* of Thursday last). It is called *The Men that fought at Minden*, and is perhaps the most coarse and unattractive specimen of verse that this great young man has put forth yet—a jumble of words without a trace of swing or music. All this Tommy Atkins business, with its "Rookies" and its "Johnny Raws," and its affectation of intimate knowledge of the common soldier's inmost feelings, is about played out, and the interest in it is not likely to be revived by such jargon as *The Men that fought at Minden*. Besides, didn't Lord GEORGE SACKVILLE fight(?) at Minden?

EXPLAINED AT LAST.—The (Zoo-) logical excuse given for the boa-constrictor when he swallowed his companion, was that "he only wanted a snack for luncheon." It had been hinted that he found "the other one" such a "boa" at meal times that he was determined to put him down. But this is not the fact.

A LITTLE CHANGE.

Hang it all! They have blocked the street and are laying it with asphalt; just in May, as usual. From early morning the quiet of my rooms is disturbed by the noise of the work, when I go out I scramble over heaps of rubbish, past smoking cauldrons of pitch, and when I come home at night my cab drops me nearly a quarter of a mile away. Moreover, one neighbouring house is being painted, and the other is being rebuilt. I fly from falling dust and brickbats, only to run against ladders and paint-pots. It is awful. And now my Aunt JANE is coming up from Bath, and has invited herself to tea at my chambers. Her rheumatism prevents her from walking more than a yard or two, she cannot bear any noise, and the smell of paint makes her ill. She is very rich, and could leave all she has to the poor. Accurately speaking, that class includes me, but in my aunt's opinion it does not. She is very suspicious, and, if I made excuses and invited her to tea anywhere else, she would feel convinced that I was hiding some guilty secret in my dull, quiet, respectable rooms. She is very prim, and the mere suggestion of such a thing would alienate her from me for ever. Why on earth can't she stop in Bath? And I shall have to go with her to May meetings! It is impossible; I must fly. But where? She has a horror and suspicion of all foreign nations, except perhaps the steady, industrious Swiss. Good idea—Switzerland. But what reason can I give for rushing off just now? Someone must send me. I have it. She knows I try to write a little, so I will say my editor requires me to go at once to Geneva to write a series of articles in the *Jardin Alpin d'Acclimatation* on Alpine botany. Botany, how respectable! Geneva, how sedate! Makes one think at once of CALVIN and Geneva bands. These sound rather frivolous, something like German bands, but they are not really so, only, I believe, a sort of clerical cravat. Then I will start off to Paris, the direct way to Geneva.

Perhaps I shall never reach Geneva. Paris will do well enough. No streets there taken up in the Spring. No painting on the clean stone houses. No rebuilding on the Boulevards. No aunt of mine anywhere near. I shall escape all my troubles. I shall be able to smoke my cigarette lazily in the pleasant courtyard of the Grand Hôtel, and try to imagine that I see some of the people in *Trilby*—*Little Billee*, or *Taffy*, or the *Laird*—amongst the animated, cosmopolitan crowd. And the stately giant in the gilt chain will solemnly arrange the newspapers in all languages, and will supply me with note-paper. I must be careful not to write to my aunt a long description of the *Jardin Alpin d'Acclimatation de Geneve* on paper stamped "Grand Hôtel, Paris." And the attentive JOSEPH, with those long grey whiskers, sacred to the elderly French waiter and the elderly French lawyer, will exclaim, "*V'là, M'sieu!*" in all those varied tones which make the two syllables mean "Yessir!" "Coming, Sir!" "Here is your coffee, Sir!" "In a minute, Sir!" and so many things besides. And I shall be able to watch, assembled from all parts of the world, some younger and prettier faces than my Aunt JANE'S. That settles it. A regretful letter to my aunt. And to-morrow *en route!*

CHANGE OF SPELLING?—Our dramatic friend known to the public through *Mr. Punch* as ENRY HAUTHOR JONES appears to have recently altered the spelling of his name. He has left the JONES and the HENRY alone, but in the *Times* of Friday he appears as "HENRY ARTHUR JONES," "U" out of it; and what was "E" doing there?

PRESENTATION TO THE REV. GUINNESS ROGERS.—Last week this worthy minister was presented by his Congregationalists with an address and a cheque for a thousand guineas, Mr. GLADSTONE, ex-minister, being among the subscribers. In future the *bénéficiaire* will be remembered as the "Reverend Thousand GUINNESS ROGERS."

MUSIC NOTE (*after hearing Mr. J. M. Coward's performance on the Orchestral Harmonium*).—It would be high praise to say of any organist that "he attacks his instrument in a Cowardly manner."

"VERY APPROPRIATE."—Last Wednesday the Right Hon. A. W. PEEL became a "*Skinner*."

A COMING CHARGE.

(*Prematurely Communicated by our Prophetic Reporter.*)

Gentlemen of the Jury, for the last couple of years or so you have no doubt read any number of denunciations of the conduct of the man whose actions you are now about to investigate. You have heard him abused right and left. You have seen pictures of him, in which he has been held up to scorn and public ridicule. You have heard it announced in all quarters that he is a scoundrel and a thief. And as this has been the case, Gentlemen of the Jury, it is my duty to tell you that you

must put aside the recollection of these attacks. You must treat the prisoner before you as if he were immaculate. In fact you must lay aside all prejudice, and give the man a fair trial; and, Gentlemen, it is my duty (sanctioned by precedent) to have the pleasure of informing you that I am sure you will! Yes, Gentlemen of the Jury, having regard to all the circumstances of the case, I repeat, I am sure you will!

At the National Liberal Club, on Wednesday, Lord ROSEBERY told the company they were not dancing on a volcano. That may be true, but it is equally true that the Government, in proposing to remit the sixpenny duty on whisky, are riding for a fall in (or, shall we say, a drop of) the "crater."



A WELLINGTON (STREET) MEMORIAL.

GENERAL OPINION (MR. PUNCH) PRESENTS THE MEDAL OF THE HIGHEST ORDER OF HISTRIONIC MERIT TO HENRY IRVING IN RECOGNITION OF DISTINGUISHED SERVICE AS *CORPORAL GREGORY BREWSTER* IN THE ACTION OF CONAN DOYLE'S "STORY OF WATERLOO."

ON THE NEW STATUE.

["Her Majesty's Government are about to entrust to one of our first sculptors a great historical statue, which has too long been wanting to the series of those who have governed England."—Lord Rosebery at the Royal Academy Banquet.]

Our "Uncrowned King" at last to stand
Midst the legitimate Lord's Anointed?
How will they shrink, that sacred band,
Dismayed, disgusted, disappointed!
The *parvenu* Protector thrust
Amidst the true Porphyrogeniti?
How will it stir right royal dust!
The mutton-eating king's amenity
Were hardly proof against this slur.
WILLIAM the thief, RUFUS the bully,
The traitor JOHN, and JAMES the cur,—
Their royal purple how 'twill sully
To rub against the brewer's buff!
HARRY, old Mother Church's glory
Meet this Conventicler?—Enough!
The Butcher dimmed not England's
story
But rather brightened her renown.
In camp and court it must be said,
And if he did not win a crown,
At least he never *lost his head!*

A MAY MEETING.

They met in a cake-shop hard by the Strand,
He in black broadcloth, and she in silk.
She had a glass of "fizz" in her hand,
He had a bun and a cup of milk.
She had a sunshade of burnished crimson,
He had a broolly imperfectly furled,
And a pair of *pince-nez* with tortoiseshell rims
on.
He looked the Church, and she seemed the
World.

They sat on each side of a marble table,
His legs were curled round the legs of his
chair.
Around them babbled a miniature Babel;
The sunlight gleamed on her coppery hair.
She held a crumpled Academy Guide,
Scored with crosses in bold blacklead;
A pile of leaflets lay at his side,
And he grasped a Report, which he gravely
read.

His shaven lip was pendulous, long,
Her mouth was a cherry-hued *moue mutine*,
His complacent, uncomely, strong,
Hers soft appetite sharpened with spleen.
Her eyes scale-glitter, his oyster-dim,
His huge mouth hardened, her small lips
curled
As he gazed at her and she glanced at him;
He looked the Church, and she seemed the
World.

"A holy spouter from Exeter Hall!"
(So she mused as she sipped her wine.)
"A butterfly in the Belial thrall
Of Vanity Fair, all tinkle and shine!"
So thought he as he crumbled his bun
With clumsy fingers in loose black cloth;
And the impish spirit of genial fun
Hovered about them and mocked them both.

Mutual ignorance, mutual scorn,
Revealed in glances aflame though fleeting;
Such, in the glow of this glad May morn,
The inhuman spirit of mortal meeting.
The worm must disparage the butterfly,
The butterfly must despise the worm;
And Scorn, the purblind, will ne'er descry
A common bond, or a middle term.

Modish folly, factitious Art?
True, grave homilist, sadly true!
But *Boanerges* truculent, tart,
What of the part that is played by you?
You denouncing the "Snare of Beauty,"
She affecting to feel its spell,—
Which falls shortest of human duty?
Shallow censor, can *you* quite tell?

Meanwhile the lilac is blithely budding,
And sweetly breatheth the nutty May,
The golden sunshine the earth is flooding,
And you—you echo the old, old bray
Of *Boanerges*. A broader greeting
Of brotherhood full, warm hearts, wide eyes
Might lend a meaning to your "May Meeting"
To gladden the gentle and win the wise.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME? A ROSSA, &C."—Before being ejected from the House of Commons on Wednesday last, O'DONOVAN ROSSA shouted out that "A stain had been put upon his name." Where is the ingenious craftsman who did it? He might try his hand next time at gilding refined gold.

QUERY.—Can a champagne wine from the vintage of "Ay" be invariably and fairly described as "Ay 1"?

MODES AND METALS.

["Neckties made of aluminium have just been invented in Germany."—*Evening Paper.*]

Visited my tailor's puddling works to-day. He has some really neat new pig-iron fabrics for the season. I am thinking of trying his Bessemer steel indestructible evening-dress suits.

Really this new plan of mineral clothing comes in very usefully when one is attacked by roughs on a dark night. Floored an assailant most satisfactorily with a touch of my lead handkerchief.

The only objection I can find to my aluminium summer suiting is its tendency to get red hot if I stand in the sun for five minutes.

I think I can now safely defy my laundress to injure my patent safety ironclad steel shirts.

I find, however, that there is no need of a laundress at all. When one's linen is soiled, sand-paper and a mop will clean it in no time.

My frock-coat has got a nasty kink in it; must send it to be repaired at the smelting furnace.

ONCE CUT DON'T COME AGAIN!—It was said by *The Figaro* last week that Japan would demand "an extra payment of one hundred millions of taels by China." But surely a hundred million Chinamen would evince a pig-headed obstinacy in parting with, or being parted from, their "tails" on any consideration.

"A LIGHTSHIP SUNK."—Impossible! couldn't have been a lightship, it must have been a very heavy ship.



Daughter (enthusiastically). "OH, MAMMA! I *MUST* LEARN BICYCLING! SO DELIGHTFUL TO GO AT SUCH A PACE!"

Mamma (severely). "NO THANK YOU, MY DEAR; YOU ARE *QUITE* 'FAST' ENOUGH ALREADY!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



The Joys of Office.
"Speaker! Hats off,
Strangers!"

House of Commons, Monday, May 6.—Welsh Disestablishment Bill on. So is The Man from Shropshire. STANLEY LEIGHTON, as GEORGE TREVELYAN pointed out long ago, is irresistibly like the ruined Chancery Suitor of *Bleak House*. Always dashing into debate as The Man from Shropshire broke in on the business of the Court of Chancery. "Mr. Chairman!" he shouts, and waves his arms, as The Man from Shropshire cried aloud, "My lord! My lord!" and tried to seize the Lord Chancellor by wig or neck. After first ebullition, our Man from Shropshire quietens down. Argues with gravity of tone and manner that seem to imply he has something to say. Turns out he hasn't; but, on the Welsh Disestablishment Bill, that no matter.



The Cares of Office.
Mr. Cawmel-Bannerman
crosses the Lobby.

Curious how this Church Bill brings to the front men who, if heard at all, certainly do not speak in chorus on any other question. After The Man from Shropshire comes TOMLINSON, who, early in proceedings, displays irresistible tendency to discuss points of order with SPEAKER.

New SPEAKER has, however, already got hand in, and, before TOMLINSON, who remembers being on his feet addressing Chair, quite knows where he is, he finds himself sitting down again, CRANBORNE also on warpath, his very hair bristling with indignation at this fresh attack on the Church. GLIB GRIFFITH-BOSCAWEN has a field-night; makes long speech on moving Instruction standing in his own name. His obvious, unaffected enjoyment of his own oratory should be infectious; but isn't.

Colonel LOCKWOOD, that pillar of the Church, was the first called on in Committee to move amendment. Colonel not in his place. Report has it the devout man is in library reading THOMAS À KEMPIS, or DRELINCOURT on Death. Here is opportunity for GLIB-GRIFFITH to make another speech. Dashes in; starting off with promise of good half-hour; desire for LOCKWOOD's appearance irresistible. As ADDISON says, with hereditary disposition to drop into poetry, and the belief that he is quoting TENNYSON,

Better fifty words from LOCKWOOD
Than a thousand from BOSCAWEN.

Scouts sent out in all directions. The Colonel discovered in sort of oratory he has contrived in far recess of library. Brought back to House; found BOSCAWEN bowling along. "This is my show," said the Colonel as he passed BOSCAWEN on his way to his seat. More fierceness in his eye than befit the man or the occasion. BOSCAWEN stared over his head, and went on with his speech. Opportunity too precious to be lost. If LOCKWOOD meant to move his amendment he should have been there when called upon. He wasn't: BOSCAWEN found it, so to speak, by roadside. Now it was his; would make the most of it; pegged along whilst the Colonel muttered remarks as he glared upon him. Some who sat by said it was a prayer. Others, catching a word here and there, said it was a quotation from THOMAS À KEMPIS. Whatever it might have been, Colonel seemed much moved. Hardly pacified when, at end of twenty minutes, GLIB-GRIFFITH sat down, and LOCKWOOD, finding himself in peculiar position of seconding his own amendment, delivered the speech he had prepared for moving it.

Business done.—Got into Committee on Welsh Disestablishment Bill.

Tuesday.—Pretty to see PRINCE ARTHUR drop down on GEORGE RUSSELL just now for speaking disrespectfully of SILOMIO. That eminent patriot, having in his newly-assumed character of Patron Saint of Japan, CROSS-examined EDWARD GREY upon latest Treaty negotiations, accused ASQUITH of nothing less than stealing a county. "Filching" was precise word, which has its equivalent in Slang Dictionary in sneaking. Idea of HOME SECRETARY hovering over the Marches in dead of night, and, when he thought no one was looking, picking up Monmouthshire, and putting it in his coat-tail pocket, amused scanty audience. But SILOMIO really wrath. "Always Anti-English this Government," he exclaimed, with scornful sweep of red right hand along line of smiling faces on Treasury Bench. "A stirring burst of British patriotism," GEORGE RUSSELL characterised it. JOHN BULL *in excelsis*. The more notable since, on reference to official record, he found the Knight from Sheffield was born in the United States, and descended from the Pilgrim Fathers.

"Which one?" inquired voice from back bench, an inquiry very properly disregarded. (A new phrase this, SARK notes, for use by retired tradesmen, setting up to spend rest of useful lives in retirement at Clapham or Camberwell. To trace their family tree back to transplantation at period of Conquest, played out. Instead of "Came over with the Conqueror," newer, more picturesque, equally historical to say, "Came over with the Pilgrim Fathers.")

PRINCE ARTHUR not in mood for speculation of this kind. Cut to the heart by remarks he suspected

of slighting intent towards his friend and colleague. In SILOMIO PRINCE ARTHUR has long learned to recognise all the graces and all the talents. Apart from personal consideration, he feels how much the Party owe to him for having raised within its ranks the standard of culture and conduct. To have him attacked, even in fun, by an Under Secretary, was more than he could stand. So, in gravest tone, with no flicker of a smile on his expressive countenance, he declared that a more unfortunate speech he had never heard. "If the hon. gentleman intends," he added, "to take a considerable part in debate, I would earnestly recommend him either to change the character of his humour, or entirely to repress the exhibition."

Beautiful! In its way, all things considered, best thing PRINCE ARTHUR has done this Session. House grinned; but two big hot tears coursed down cheek of SILOMIO, making deep furrows in the war paint.

"That's tit for tat with GEORGIE RUSSELL," said HERBERT GARDNER to SOLICITOR-GENERAL, with vague recollection of a historic phrase.

"Quite perfect," said LOCKWOOD. "But what a loss the stage has sustained by PRINCE ARTHUR taking to politics? Tried both myself and know something about it." *Business done.*—An eight hours day with Welsh Disestablishment Bill.



Piling Peeler upon Rossa!

Thursday.—TANNER's curiosity inconveniently uncontrollable. At end of sitting given up to Scotland no one thinking about COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF or TANNER either. Successive divisions had carried sitting far beyond midnight, that blessed hour at which, in ordinary circumstances, debate stands adjourned. Quarter of an hour occupied in dividing on question whether they should divide on amendment. Proposal affirmed; another quarter of an hour spent in fresh division. Nothing possible further to be done, Members streamed forth, scrambling for cabs in Palace Yard. CONYBEARE in charge of a Bill dealing with false alarms of fire, managed to get it through Committee unopposed. Members little recked how near they were to real alarm of worse than fire.

Twenty minutes earlier, when last division taken, over 330 Members filled House. Now the tide ebbed; only the thirty odd Members in their places jealously watching SPEAKER running through Orders of the Day. TANNER bobbing up and down on bench like parched pea. Heard it somewhere whispered that Duke of CAMBRIDGE, worn out with long campaign, about to unhelm, unbuckle his sword, hang up his dented armour. TANNER feels he can't go to bed leaving unsettled the problem of truth or phantasy. Not a moment to be lost. SPEAKER risen to put question "That this House do now adjourn." Then TANNER blurts out the inquiry, "Is it true?" "Order! order!" says the SPEAKER. Well, if they didn't like the question in the form he had first put it, he would try again.

"I would ask," he said, adopting conditional mood as least likely to hurt anyone's feelings, "whether a member of the Royal Family who has really" (most desirous of not putting it too strongly, but really you know) "been drawing public money too long is going to retire?"

"Order! order!" roared the few Members present.

"I would ask that question," repeated TANNER, still in the conditional mood, but nodding

confidentially all round.

The Blameless BARTLEY happily at post of duty. Broke in with protest. SPEAKER ruled question out of order. But the good TANNER came back like a bad sixpence.

"Is his Royal Highness going to retire?" he insisted, getting redder than ever in the face. "Order! order!" shouted Members in chorus. Thus encouraged, TANNER sang out the solo again, "Is his Royal Highness going to retire?"

That was his question. The SPEAKER, distinctly differing, affirmed "The question is that the House do now adjourn;" which it did straightway, leaving Dr. TANNER to go to a sleepless bed haunted by an unanswered question.

"What I should like," said Lieut.-General Sir FREDERICK WELLINGTON FITZ WYGRAM, who served in the Crimea with H.R.H., has been in command of the Cavalry Brigade at Aldershot, and in other positions come in personal contact with the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, "What I should like," he repeated reflectively, stroking his chin, "would be the opportunity, enjoyed from a safe distance, of hearing the Dook personally reply to TANNER'S interrogation."

Business done.—Wrangle all night round Scotch Committee.

Friday.—SQUIRE sat through dull morning sitting listening with air of pathetic resignation to Members talking round Budget. QUILTER led off with prodigiously long paper on the Art of Brewing Beer. Seems they fill up the cup with all kinds of mysterious ingredients. BROOKFIELD, looking round and observing both JOSEPH and JESSE absent, whispered in ear of sympathetic Chairman that Birmingham has reputation in the Trade of making and drinking beer containing minimum of malt, maximum of sugar, and warranted to do the greatest damage to the system. SQUIRE, momentarily waking up from mournful mood, observed that Birmingham is also headquarters of Liberal Unionism. Might be nothing in coincidence, but there it was. RASCH posed as the distressed agriculturist. JOKIM tried to walk on both sides of road at same time, and Government got majority of 24. *Business done.*—Budget Resolutions agreed to.

TO YVETTE GUILBERT AT THE EMPIRE.

YVETTE! your praise resounds on every
hand.
And those laugh loudest who least
understand.

Transcriber's Note

Page 229: 'visistor' corrected to 'visitor'.

(*Knock.*) Ah, here comes my visitor. (*Enter stranger.*)

The illustration for 'The Old Crusaders' originally covered 2 pages, pp. 234 and 235 (centrefold/centerfold), with a blank page on either side.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI, VOL. 108, MAY 18TH, 1895 ***

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