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April 6, 1895, by Various and F. C. Burnand**

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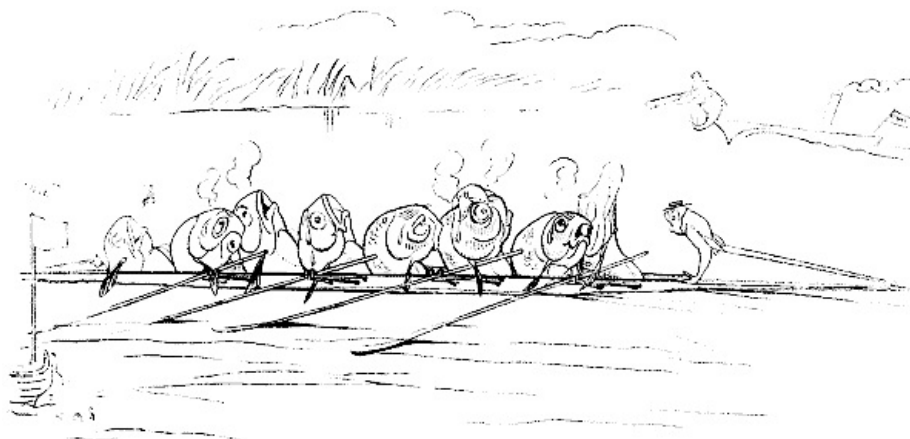
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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI,
VOL. 108, APRIL 6, 1895 ***

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

Volume 108, APRIL 6, 1895.

edited by Sir Francis Burnand



"ANIMAL SPIRITS."

NO. X.—"EASY ALL!" PUMPED OUT

THE STUDIO SEEKER'S VADE MECUM.

Question. On what occasions do you particularly seek the studios?

Answer. On two Sundays in the year—the consecutive sabbaths devoted to the exhibition of proposed academy pictures by "Outsiders," and "A.'s," and "R.A.'s."

Q. Do you haunt the abodes of artists at other times?

A. Never; or, to cover all possibilities, hardly ever.

Q. Then you are not a lover of paintings for their own sake?

A. Certainly not; on the contrary, I am, as a rule, a better judge of frames than canvases.

Q. Then why do you go to St. John's Wood, Chelsea and West Kensington?

A. To see and be seen.

Q. Is it necessary to know the artist whose pictures are "on view"?

A. Certainly not. You can usually single him out by the absence of an overcoat, and can generally spot his wife and daughter by the non-appearance of promenading head-gear.

Q. What have you to do when you have discovered your involuntary host and hostess?

A. To shake hands with them with condescension, and partake of their refreshments with gusto.

Q. Will this invasion of the domestic circle be resented?

A. No; because it is highly probable that you will be mistaken for a newspaper Art critic, and respect for the Press in Art circles is universal.

Q. Are not artists, as a body, a community of highly accomplished gentlemen?

A. Certainly; and, consequently, on ordinary occasions entitled to well-merited respect.

Q. Then why should that "well-merited respect" be refused to them a month before the May opening of Burlington House?

A. Because it is the fashion.

Q. Surely this fashion does not exist amongst the better classes of the community?

A. To some extent; although it certainly is in greatest favour with cads and snobs, to say nothing of their female relations.

Q. Has any effort been made to stem this tide of unauthorised and unwelcome invasion?

A. In isolated cases the master of the studio has sought the protection of the police to keep his studio free of the unknown and the unknowable.

Q. But could not the scandal be removed with the assistance of the leaders of Society?

A. Assuredly. It would only have to become unfashionable to visit studios on the Show Sundays for the painter to be left at peace.

Q. Would that be pleasing to the artists?

A. That is the published opinion, but the matter has not been put absolutely to the test. However, the pleasure of the artists is not to be considered when the recreations of Brixton and Tooting are at stake.

APRIL FOOLOSOPHY.

(By One of Them.)

Fools rush in where angels fear to tread. Well, this only shows our valiant disregard of danger, our readiness of initiative, our championship of forlorn hopes. We are the heaven-sent leaders of all "New" enterprises, whether literary, theatrical, or artistic. It is we who penetrate the mysteries of Bodleyosophy, Beardsleyotechny, and Yellow Astrology. We are the real and only Mahatmaniaks, Sexomaniaks, Miasmaniaks. Among our ranks you will find the Women who Did, the anticonjuGallias, the shedonKeynotes, and all their attendant and Discordant tribe of Jack-asses. We are the elect and proper bell-wethers of mankind. Come to us, then, for guidance.

Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise. Folly is therefore the true wisdom. However, this is an Oscanian paradox, which the Divine WILLIAMS has previously plagiarised, and enlarged on at some length, so we will pass on.

Fools build houses, but wise men live in them. Exactly so; we are the architects of this generation. The wise man depends on us for his roof and lodging; and without us he would be homeless. We have built "Snookson's Folly" and "Babel Mansions"—half of London, in fact. The jerry-builders have done the rest.

A fool and his money are soon parted. A compliment to our open-handed and indiscriminate generosity. It is we who swell the subscription list for the last new gold mine or building society; who subsidise insolvent South American Republics; who support the mendicant tramp and the deserving blackmailer.

There is no fool like an old fool. That is, the quality of folly improves with keeping, like that of wine. The seniors of our class are thoroughly reliable old fools, and Past Grand Masters in the art of ineptitude. We, fools as we are, know how to pay the proper respect that is due to senility and

second-childishness.

A fool at forty is a fool indeed. This is a corollary of the preceding aphorism, for it is only at the age of two-score that we attain to years of full indiscretion. We develop later than the rest of humanity; we undergo a severe probation before our claim to the title of complete nincompoop is recognised. Before forty there is yet a chance that the budding ninny may desert, and degenerate into a prig, a Philistine, or a physician. After that age he is safe, and can be depended on for unwisdom, whereas your ordinary wiseacre cuts his back teeth and graduates in common-sense at twenty-one.

Lastly, *Fools stand in slippery places*—where wise men tumble down; but this needs no further illustration than that provided years ago by C. K., in *Mr. Punch's* pages.

NOT FOR THEIR "BEN."—Judging from some of the evidence at the recent trial of *Tillett v. "The Morning" (Limited)*, it probably occurred to the unemployed dockers that they might have been well employed in "docking" B. T.'s salary.



BISMARCK'S EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY: A TARDY TRIBUTE.

[Last week the Emperor of GERMANY presented Prince BISMARCK with a sword sheathed in gold as a birthday present.—*Vide Daily Papers.*]

A HISTORICAL PARALLEL.—"The notice you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it."—*Extract from Dr. Johnson's Letter to Lord Chesterfield, February 1755.*



AN INNOCENT.

Sportsman (who has been training a "Dark 'Un" of his own for the "Grand National").
 "THERE, MY BOY, THERE'S A FIFTY TO ONE CHANCE FOR YOU! NOW, JUST YOU TAKE MY ADVICE, AND GET ON AT ONCE!"

Little Greensmith. "GET ON, EH? THANKY! PREFER TO SEE THE LAD ON HIM, THANKY!"

BISMARCK'S BIRTHDAY;

Or, a Tardy Tribute.

["In the presence of this band I now come to hand my gift to your Serene Highness. I could find no better present than a sword, the noblest weapon of the Germans, a symbol of that weapon which your Highness, with my blessed grandfather, helped to forge, to sharpen, and also to wield—a symbol of that great building-time during which the mortar was blood and iron, a remedy which never fails."—*The German Emperor, in presenting a Sword of Honour to Prince Bismarck, in celebration of his eightieth birthday.*]

["The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it."—*Doctor Johnson to the Earl of Chesterfield.*]

Not the Dropped Pilot now!* The circling
 years
 Bring their revenges, and to-day he stands,
 Age-bowed but firm, amidst the ringing cheers
 Of the young Monarch's mailed Germanic
 bands;
 And with proud patience takes, from lesser
 hands,
 The proffered Symbol-sword!
 Grim face, with years and labours scarred and
 scored,
 What marvel should those lines relax awhile
 To a Saturnian smile?

Splendid old Sword-smith, WIELAND of our day,
 Bestwielder of the matchless steel you made,
 This "Sword of Honour" is but baby play
 Compared with that tremendous Balsung-
 blade
 Forged by the mightiest master of his trade
 Since the great Norseman wrought,
 For the fierce battle-field where Titans fought.
 What may the shouting young AMILIAS know
 Of its great swashing blow?

He prates of Brandenburg, Iron and Blood,
 In swelling royal rhetoric, but *you* hear
 The clash of squadrons in war's sternest mood

In that "great building-time"; and the boy-
cheer
Of him who, eager the State-bark to steer,
Snatched from your hands the helm,
Impetuous Palinurus of the realm,—
That cheer seems bitter and belated now,
Hollow, all sound and show!

You forged the blade he flourishes with pride,
That new Excalibur, "Unity"; you gave
That mighty weapon to Germania's side,
You and the iron comrades, silent, brave,
Who fought beneath the flag he loves to
wave.

The man of scanty speech,
Who smote and shouted not, in war's dread
breach,
The valiant Emperor, and his noble son,—
By these the work was done.

And he, the inheritor of fulfilled renown,
Set the survivor of the Splendid Four
Coldly aside; wearing the iron crown,
Won for his wearing 'midst red battle's roar,
Jauntily, and the blade you sharpened bore
With cool complacent pride
As though his own hands bound it to his side.
And now he comes like Mars amidst his ranks,
And brings—belated thanks!

What thinks the ancient Sword-smith in his
soul?

Like the old scholar, sick with long neglect,
And help delayed till he had reached the goal,
Fame-crowned but solitary, self-respect

Might tempt him, old and weary,[‡] to reject,
The tardy tribute. Raise
"Hochs," Emperor-fugled! Shout hurrahs of
praise!

Render such honour as it may afford;
That glittering Symbol-sword!

All well-deserved, all worthily received!
But think they cold ingratitude's slug-trail
Dims not that blade? All generous spirits
grieved
That grudging party malice so should fail
Of patriot magnanimity, and rail
At the great chief who gave
The sword they turned against him. Let the
brave
Join in one voice in shouting loud, "Well done!"
To one who made *them* One!

Footnote *: See Cartoon, "Dropping the Pilot," pp. 50-51, Vol. 98, March 29, 1890.

Footnote ‡: "I am a weary old man."—*Prince Bismarck's speech in reply to his birthday congratulations.*

Mrs. R.'s ABSTINENCE.—The good lady says, "My dear, I always like to strictly observe our Church's audiences, and so every Friday morning during Lent I invariably have a broiled skipper for breakfast."

CONCENTRATION.—Mightn't the verdicts of separation or divorce be reported in the papers under the ordinary business heading of "Partnerships Dissolved"?

DOING A CATHEDRAL.

(A Sketch from the Provinces.)

SCENE—*The interior of Dulchester Cathedral.* TIME—*About 12.30. The March sunshine*

slants in pale shafts through the clerestory windows, leaving the aisles in shadow. From without, the cawing of rooks and shouts of children at play are faintly audible. By the West Door, a party of Intending Sightseers have collected, and the several groups, feeling that it would be a waste of time to observe anything in the building until officially instructed to do so, are engaged in eyeing one another with all the genial antipathy and suspicion of true-born Britons.

A Stodgy Sightseer (to his friend). Disgraceful, keeping us standing about like this! If I'd only known, I'd have told the headwaiter at the "Mitre" to keep back those chops till---

[He breaks off abruptly, finding that the chops are reverberating from column to column with disproportionate solemnity; a white-haired and apple-faced verger rustles down from the choir and beckons the party forward benignantly, whereupon they advance with a secret satisfaction at the prospect of "getting the cathedral 'done' and having the rest of the day to themselves;" they are conducted to a desk and requested, as a preliminary, to put sixpence apiece in the Restoration Fund box and inscribe their names in a book.

Confused Murmurs. Would you put "Portico Lodge, Camden Road, or only London?"... Here, I'd better sign for the lot of you, eh?... They *might* provide a better pen—in a *cathedral*, I *do* think!... He might have given all our names in full instead of just "And party"!... Oh, I've been and made a blot—will it *matter*, should you think?... I never *can* write my name with people looking on, can *you*?... I'm sure you've done it beautifully, dear!... Just hold my umbrella while I take off my glove, MARIA.... Oh, why *don't* they make haste? &c., &c.

[The Stodgy Sightseer fumes, feeling that, while they are fiddling, his chops are burning.

The Verger. Now, ladies and gentlemen, if you will please to follow me, the portion of the building where we now are is part of the original hedifice founded by EALFRYTHA, wife of Earl BALDRIC, in the year height 'undred heighty-height, though we 'ave reason to believe that an even hearlier church was in existence 'ere so far back as the Roman occupation, as is proved by a hancient stone receptacle recently discovered under the crypt and hevidently used for baptismal purposes.

A Spectacled S. (who feels it due to herself to put an intelligent question at intervals). What was the method of baptism among the Early Christians?

The Verger. We believe it to 'ave been by total immersion, Ma'am.

The Spect. S. Oh? *Baptists!*

[She sets down the Early Christians as Dissenters, and takes no further interest in them.

The Verger. At the back of the choir, and immediately in front of you, is the shrine, formerly containing the bones of St. Chasuble, with relics of St. Alb. (*An Evangelical Sightseer snorts in disapproval.*) The 'ollow depressions in the steps leading up to the shrine, which are still visible, were worn away, as you see, by the pilgrims ascending on their knees. (*The party verify the depressions conscientiously, and click their tongues to express indulgent contempt.*) The spaces between the harches of the shrine were originally enriched by valuable gems and mosaics, all of which 'ave now long since disappeared, 'aving been removed by the more devout parties who came 'ere on pilgrimages. In the chapel to your left a monument with recumbent heffigies of Bishop *Buttress* and Dean *Gurgoyle*, represented laying side by side with clasped 'ands, in token of the lifelong affection between them. The late Bishop used to make a rather facetious remark about this tomb. He was in the 'abit of observing that it was the honly instance in *his* experience of a Bishop being on friendly terms with his Dean. (*He glances round for appreciation of this instance of episcopal humour, but is pained to find that it has produced a general gloom; the Evangelical Sightseer, indeed, conveys by another, and a louder snort, his sense that a Bishop ought to set a better example.*) In the harched recess to your right, a monument in painted halibarster to Sir RALPH RINGDOVE and his lady, erected immediately after her decease by the disconsolate widower, with a touching inscription in Latin, stating that their ashes would shortly be commingled in the tomb. (*He pauses, to allow the ladies of the party to express a becoming sympathy—which they do, by clicks.*) Sir RALPH himself, however, is interred in Ficklebury Parish Church, forty mile from this spot, along with his third wife, who survived him.

[The ladies regard the image of Sir RALPH with indignation, and pass on; the Verger chuckles faintly at having produced his effect.

The Evangelical S. (snuffing the air suspiciously). I'm sorry to perceive that you are in the habit of burning *incense* here!

[He looks sternly at the Verger, as though to imply that it is useless to impose upon him.

The Verger. No, Sir, what you smell ain't incense—on'y the vaults after the damp weather we've

bin 'aving.

[*The Evangelical Sightseer drops behind, divided between relief and disappointment.*

A Plastic S. (to the Verger). What a perfectly *exquisite* rose-window that is! For all the world like a kaleidoscope. I suppose it dates from the Norman period, at *least*?

The Verger (coldly). No. ma'am, it was on'y put up about thirty year ago. *We* consider it the poorest glass we 'ave.

The Plast. S. Oh, the glass, yes; *that's* hideous, certainly. I meant the—the other part.

The Verger. The tracery, ma'am? That was restored at the same time by a local man—and a shocking job he made of it, too!

The Plast. S. Yes, it *quite* spoils the cathedral, *doesn't* it? Couldn't it be taken down?

The Verger (in answer to another Inquirer). Crowborough Cathedral finer than this, Sir? Oh, *dear* me, no. I went over a-purpose to 'ave a look at it the last 'oliday I took, and I was quite surprised to find 'ow very inferior it was. The spire? I don't say that mayn't be 'igher as a mere matter of feet, but our lantern-tower is so 'appily proportioned as to give the effect of being by far the 'ighest in existence.

A Travelled S. Ah, you should see the *continental* cathedrals. Why, *our* towers would hardly come up to the top of the naves of some of them!

The Verger (loftily). I don't take no notice of foreign cathedrals, Ma'am. If foreigners like to build so ostentatious, all I can say is, I'm sorry *for* them.

A Lady (who has provided herself with a "Manual of Architecture" and an unsympathetic Companion). Do notice the excessive use of the ball-flower as a decoration, dear. PARKER says it is especially characteristic of this cathedral.

Unsympathetic Companion. I don't see *any* flowers myself. And if they like to decorate for festivals and that, where's the harm?

[*The Lady with the Manual perceives that it is hopeless to explain.*

The Verger. The dog-tooth mouldings round the triforium harches is considered to belong to the best period of Norman work—

The Lady with the Manual. Surely not *Norman*? Dog-tooth is Saxon, I always understood.

The Verger (indulgently). You'll excuse *me*, Ma'am, but I fancy it's 'erringbone as is running in *your* 'ed.

The Lady with the M. (after consulting "Parker" for corroboration, in vain). Well, I'm sure dog-tooth is quite *Early English*, anyway. (*To her companion.*) Did you know it was the interlacing of the round arches that gave the first idea of the pointed arch, dear?

Her Comp. No. But I shouldn't have thought there was so very much in the *idea*.

The Lady with the M. I do *wish* you took more *interest*, dear. Look at those two young men who have just come in. They don't *look* as if they'd care for carving; but they've been studying every one of the Miserere seats in the choir-stalls. That's what *I* like to see!

The Verger. That concludes my dooties, ladies and gentlemen. You can go out by the South Transep door, and that'll take you through the Cloisters. (*The Party go out, with the exception of the two 'Arries, who linger, expectantly, and cough in embarrassment.*) Was there anything you wished to know?

First 'Arry. Well, Mister, it's on'y—er—'aven't you got some old carving or other 'ere of a rather—well, *funny* kind—sorter thing you on'y show to *gentlemen*, if you know what I mean?

The Verger (austerely). There's nothing in *this* Cathedral for gentlemen o' *your* sort, and I'm surprised at your expecting of it.



"What did 'e want to go and git the fair 'ump about?"

[*He turns on his heel.*

First 'Arry (to Second). I spoke civil enough to *'im*, didn't I? What did 'e want to go and git the fair 'ump about?

Second 'Arry. Oh, *I dunno*. But you don't ketch *me* comin' over to no more cathedrils, and wastin' time and money all for nuthink—that's all!

[*They tramp out, feeling that their confidence has been imposed upon.*

TO A GREEK AT "THE ORIENT."

At your dress I marvel mutely—
Green and white, with gold
about;
Grandly gay, you absolutely,
Cut me out.

Like a lamp-shade is that nether
Garment, yet, without a doubt,
You look fine, and altogether
Cut me out.

I, dull Englishman, am neatly
Clothed in black and grey,
without
Any colours. You completely
Cut me out.

She, whose smile is sweetly
dimply,
Pretty, even though she pout,
Seems entranced. With *her* you
simply
Cut me out.

She admires you, and she barely
Looks at me, a sombre lout.
Hang you, in that dress you fairly
Cut me out.

GENTLE AND SOOTHING OCCUPATION FOR AN OARSMAN.—"Stroking an eight."



BOTANY; OR, A DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

"SAY, BILLIE, SHALL WE GAVER MUSHROOMS?"

"YUS. I'M A BEGGAR TO CLIMB!"

MEETING A VERY OLD FRIEND.

(A Postscript to a Well-known Work.)

ALICE was delighted with all she saw. Statesmen, generals, celebrities of every kind. Then there were marvellous animals—some ferocious, others satirical, every one of them as true to nature as could be.

"Where am I?" asked ALICE.

"In the gallery of the Fine Arts Society, 148, New Bond Street."

"And, please, who has done all these wonderful things?"

"The great J. T.," was the reply.

And then she fell to admiring them. She had some difficulty in getting to the drawings, for every picture was surrounded by a little crowd of worshippers. And she was not in the least surprised, because the devotion had been justly earned. Before her she found a specimen of the labours of nearly half a century. Everything good and beautiful.

"Dear me!" she murmured, as she approached No. 160 in the Catalogue. "Why here I am myself! I am so glad I am like that. What should I have been had I not had so kind an artist to sketch me?"

And the possibility opened out such a vista of disasters that ALICE was almost moved to tears. But she soon regained her gaiety when she had glanced at "*Winding 'em up*" (No. 161), "*A Bicycle built for Two*" (No. 148), and "*The Mask of Momus*" (No. 99).

"But shall I meet the Knights?" she asked, after a while. "I should, because I certainly am living in Wonderland."

Then there was a chorus crying, "This is the work of the Black and White Knight, the greatest of all the Knights—good Sir JOHN."

And ALICE agreed in an opinion held by all the world.

ANOTHER TESTIMONIAL TO THE G. O. M.—In recognition of his most recent contribution to sacred literature. Mr. G. is to be presented with the freedom of the Dry-Psalter's company.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

She. "I'M SURPRISED TO SEE YOUR WIFE IN SUCH A VERY LOW GOWN THIS COLD EVENING, BARON! I HEARD SHE WAS DELICATE."

He. "ACH, NO! SHE VOS. BUT NOW, SANK HEAFEN, SHE IS KVITE INDELICATE AGAIN!"

"QUOUSQUE TANDEM?" OR, ONE AT A TIME.

Duologue in a Dog-cart.

Driver. Tc-c-c-h-k! Tc-c-c-h-k!!

Officious Friend. Steady there! Wo-o-o-a!!

Driver (aside). Confound the fellow! I wish he wouldn't fidget so.

Officious Friend (aside). He drive tandem? Wish he'd hand the ribbons to *me!*

Driver (aloud). Leader steps along, doesn't he?

Officious Friend (aloud). Ya-a-s. Bit *too* fast, I fancy. Forgets that the wheeler has to do the work.

Driver. Humph! Not so sure of that, in this case. Rather weedy, you know, and just a bit of a slug, if you ask me. *I* think they'd do better reversed—this journey, anyhow.

Officious Friend (testily). Nonsense! You never *have* done that wheeler justice. Fact is you don't understand the horse's character, or how to get the best out of him. Now I—

Driver (adapting old Trin. Coll., Cam., Recitation).

"Fact is, he understood computing
The odds at any bye-election;
Was a dead hand at elocuting,
Satire, and candidate-selection;
But, like his parallel, Lord RANDOM,
He couldn't, somehow, drive a tandem."

Officious Friend. What *are* you muttering about? You know I'm not up in poetry. As to poor Lord RANDOM, he was a smart whip, anyhow, and though I don't agree with "Z" in his impertinent comparisons, still—

Driver. Still? Well, I wish you'd *sit* still, old fellow, and not fidget with the reins. You're fretting that leader awfully.

Officious Friend. Confound the leader! Leaders, equine or—otherwise—(*sotto voce*: I was *going* to say asinine!)—are so apt to give themselves airs, and fancy they're pulling all the weight. Old G., for example!

Driver. Ah! and he's not the *only* instance.

[*Sighs.*]

Officious Friend. If G. had taken my tip, he'd never have upset the coach as he did. But handlers of the ribbons are always so obstinate. Look out! Mind that finger-post! Why, the leader nearly ran into it.

Driver. Not at all, dear boy. But we'll run into *something*, and be both spilt if you don't leave off twitching at the reins.

Officious Friend (reading finger-post). Leamington! Hythe! Aha! Now I think—as I know these roads well—if you'd just let *me*—

Driver (decisively). Look here, old man! You remember our Compact?

Officious Friend (impatiently). Oh, of course, of course. But—I don't quite understand it as you seem to do.

Driver. Humph! (*Again adapting.*)

"Your Rule of the Road seems a paradox,
quite;
For, in tooling our dog-cart along,
If *you're* left with the reins you are sure
to be right,
If the reins are *my* right, it's all
wrong."

Officious Friend. Oh, more poetry! What a chap you are for Metaphysics and the Muses! Now the foundations of *my* belief are facts and figures.

Driver (meditatively). It's a fact that the Tory total figures out much larger than the Liberal Unionist.

Officious Friend. Oh, bother! What's that got to do with it! Our Compact—

Driver. Is ours—not Leamington's it seems.

[*Hums.*]

"There was a man at Leamington,
Who thought it would be nice
To jump into a Tory seat

By help of Tory "ayes."
But if those "ayes" should be "put out,"
It *may* prove no great gain
Jumping into a Tory seat
To please J. CH-MB-RL-N!"

Officious Friend (grabbing reins). Here, I say! Whilst droning out your doggerel you're forgetting your driving. Where *are* you going? Look at that dashed leader!

[*Leader faces sharp round and fidgets.*]

Driver (sharply). No wonder! Woa, lad, woa! Why on earth did you tug at the reins like that. I tell you that horse won't stand much more of it. Do you want a spill as well as a split?

Officious Friend. Why, no! But according to our Compact, the wheeler—

Driver. According to our Compact it's *my* turn at the ribbons to-day. One at a time, if you please. Do you call *this* driving tandem? We shall never get on like this! Are you driving this dog-cart, or am I?

[*Left settling it.*]



"QUOUSQUE TANDEM?" OR, ONE AT A TIME.

ARTH-R B-LF-R (*driver, to officious friend, JOE CH-MB-RL-N*). "WE SHALL NEVER GET ON LIKE THIS! AM I DRIVING OR ARE YOU?"



Mrs. Smith. "I THINK IT DREADFUL THAT YOUR DIVORCE LAWS IN AMERICA SHOULD BE SO MUCH MORE LENIENT THAN THEY ARE IN ENGLAND."

Mr. Van Rensselaer. "WELL, YOU SEE, MY DEAR MADAM, IN ENGLAND DIVORCE IS A LUXURY—WHILE WITH US IT IS—ER—A NECESSITY!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MARCO POLO ULYSSES HENRY NORMAN, having returned from a comprehensive tour in foreign parts, has set forth his experience in a handsome volume published by FISHER UNWIN. *The Far East* is its alluring and well-sustained title. But why drag in ULYSSES and MARCO POLO? Their journeyings were on the scale of a jaunt to Switzerland as compared with Mr. NORMAN'S. He has travelled through British, French, Spanish and Portuguese Colonies; has visited Siberia, China, Japan, Corea, Siam and Malaya. Whether in his study of political problems, his pictures of people, or his sketches of scenery, he is equally keen and habile. Anything that relates to China is peculiarly interesting just now, and Mr. NORMAN throws a flood of light on the state of the unwieldy empire. The description of the examination halls is instructive. The Government of China, Mr. NORMAN testifies, is a vast system of competitive examination tempered by bribery. Those who come out successfully in examinations—the subject-matter of which is knowledge of the works of CONFUCIUS, the history of China, and the art of writing as practised by the old masters—have berths found them under the Government. They are sent all over the country to be magistrates, generals, ship captains, engineers, without having the slightest acquaintance with details or systems over which they are put in a position of command. This fully accounts for what has taken place in recent campaigns by land and sea in the Far East. We can't all undertake Mr. NORMAN'S monumental journey. But, adapting SHERIDAN'S advice to his son on a certain occasion, my Baronite counsels the public to read *The Far East* and say they've been there.

The immortal FLACCUS (writes one of the Baron's assistants) has, it appears, been sojourning in Cambridge, having gone into residence there some time before he stayed at Hawarden, either for translation or perversion. I make this statement after reading a delightful little book of light verse entitled *Horace at Cambridge*, by OWEN SEAMAN (London, A. D. INNES & CO.). To every University man, and particularly, of course, to Cambridge men, this book will be a rare treat. But in virtue of its humour, its extreme and felicitous dexterity of workmanship both in rhyme and metre, and the aptness of its allusions, it will appeal to a far wider public. I pledge Mr. SEAMAN in a bumper of College Audit! and beg him to give us more of his work.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

THE OLYMPIANS THREATEN.—A real ice rink, "said to be the largest in the world," is in course of construction at Olympia. Does "Niagara" realise, or, as in this conjunction it might be written, "real-ice," the fact that its own nice invention may, by its rival, be beaten all to shivers?

FROM "LOVE'S LABOUR."—What our Sir FREDERIC, P.R.A. (quoting the Divine WILLIAMS), will

A COCK AND BULL STORY.

AIR—"Casabianca."

["European navies were like fighting-cocks, armed to the teeth; a single spark might cause an explosion."]

Dr. MacGregor on the Navy Estimates.]

The fighting-cock stood on the
deck,
His eye was rolling red,
His feathers whiffled round his
neck,
His crest was on his head.

He wore his spur above his heel,
His claws were underneath,
He also had a mass of steel
Plate-armour on his teeth.

Meanwhile the House was
haggling on
In one of those debates
When Little England jumps upon
The Navy Estimates.

There CLEOPHAS, of many wiles,
Brought up his little lot,
And Mr. BYLES, with wreathèd
smiles,
Was deadly on the spot.

And LABBY said the bootless pay
Of navies should be stamped on;
"There is no boot!" as strikers say
In LABBY'S OWN Northampton.

"Then came a burst of thunder-
sound"
That shook the very street,
And lo! MACGREGOR'S form was
found
To be upon its feet.

He called the rates a great
expense,
He was a peaceful Scot,
And said the talk about "defense"
Was simply Tommy-rot.

Far better for his country's good,
So long allowed to bleed,
If only half the money could
Be spent across the Tweed.

Then with a petrifying shout,
Like some *clamantis vox*,
He fetched a trumpet-note about
The teeth of fighting-cocks.

A simile of crew and crew
All ripe for any ruction;
(Refer to verses one and two,
Or else the introduction).

A spark might fall from out the
sea,
Completely unforeboded,
And then the birds—where would
they be?
Why, they would be exploded.

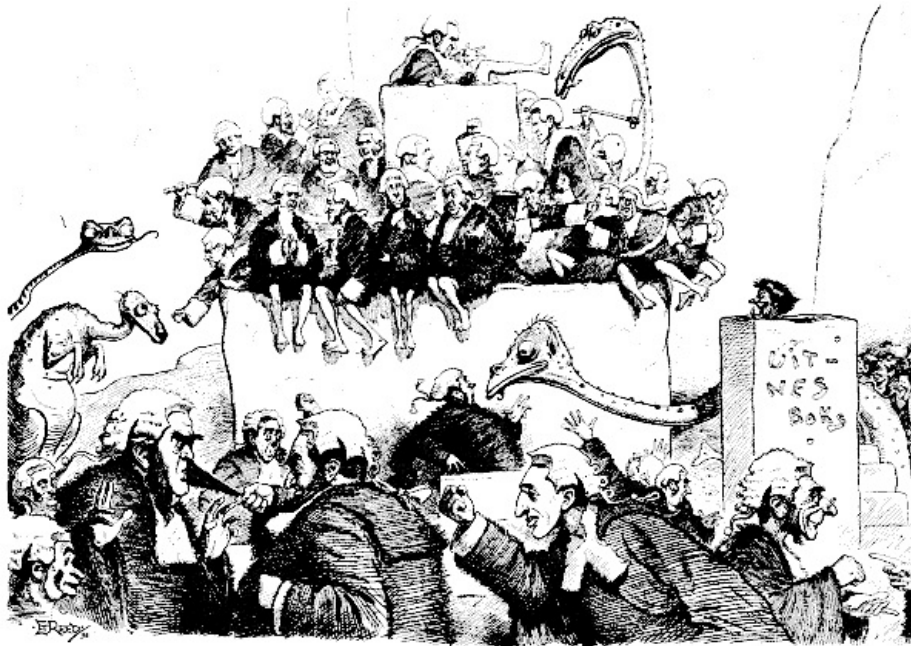
He looked around for some
applause

From front or side or rear;
They never said a word, because
They hadn't strength to cheer.

With many an accidental jest
The hearts of men were full,
But O! the thing they liked the best
Was bold MACGREGOR's bull!

"SUR LE TAPIS" DE BRUXELLES.

However clever as a dramatic author he, M. MAURICE MAETERLINCK of Brussels, may be, it is rather handicapping him to be dubbed by enthusiastic but injudicious admirers "The Belgian SHAKSPEARE," though, of course, "Belgian" does qualify the SHAKSPEARE, just as Brussels prefixed to sprout decides the character of that favourite and useful vegetable. M. MAETERLINCK may be the "coming on," or sprouting, dramatist of the future. Up to the present time there has not been much in any way to connect Belgian and English drama, so MAETERLINCK may be the missing link destined to electrically illuminate "all the world," which "is," as the Divine WILLIAMS remarks, "a stage."



PREHISTORIC PEEPS.

THE PROCEDURE IN THE LAW COURTS HAD MANY POINTS OF RESEMBLANCE TO OUR OWN BUT AT TIMES IT WAS EXTREMELY DIFFICULT TO GIVE UNDIVIDED ATTENTION TO THE EVIDENCE!

PROPOSED RULES FOR THE LADIES' UNIVERSAL ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

(Compiled by One thoroughly Conversant with the Necessities of the Situation.)

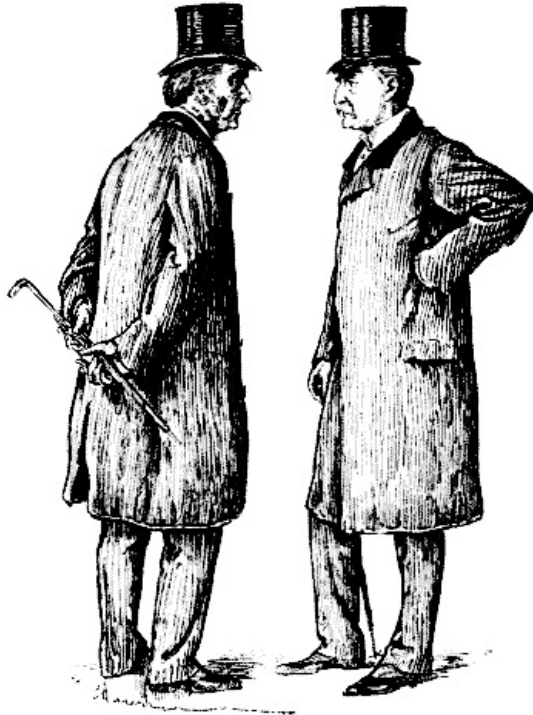
1. The costume of every member of the Club shall be of the most elegant description. The design shall not be governed by the requirements of the game for which the uniform is required, but rather by the characteristics of the wearer.
2. Red and blue shall be worn according to the complexion of the player, and the choice of teams shall depend not upon prowess or locality, but the colour of the hair and eyes and the formation of the noses.
3. Patent leather shoes shall invariably form a part of the *grande tenue* of the Club, with high heels at discretion.
4. Football shall be played with a light india-rubber globe, and "pushing" shall be strictly forbidden. However, it shall be permissible for one player to hold an opponent tightly by the hands if the former thinks the latter is about to give it "quite a hard kick" with her toe.
5. No angry language will be allowed, but one member may tell another, in the height of an exciting contest, that she is "a spiteful, disagreeable old thing." On very special occasions the word "There!" may be added with emphasis.

6. Cricket shall never be allowed to last for more than half an hour, and cups of tea shall be served to the strikers between the overs.

7. Only ladies shall be permitted to watch the game of the members, as a rule. However, at times when everyone is looking her best, individuals of the inferior sex shall be admitted to the football ground or cricket field, on the condition that they "promise not to laugh."

8. Players at football, cricket, and other games sanctioned by the Association, shall have full liberty to make their own rules and keep their own appointments. They will be usually expected to wait until a match is finished, unless called away to take a drive in the Park, or do a little shopping.

9 and Lastly. As women are as excellent as men at field sports, the members of the Club shall be entitled to the franchise.



SEQUELÆ!

The General. "You've HAD IT, I SUPPOSE?"

The Judge. "I SHOULD THINK SO. I'M AS WEAK AS A RAT!"

The General. "THAT'S NOTHING. I'M AS WEAK AS TWO RATS!"

The Judge. "BUT TWO RATS ARE STRONGER THAN ONE RAT!"

The General. "IF YOU ARGUE, I SHALL CRY!"

THE LATEST FROM SOL.

SCENE—*The Sun. First Solarist discovered reading local journal to Second Solarist.*

First Solarist. I say, have you seen what this century's *Earth* says?

Second Solarist. No; it's much too hot for reading newspapers.

First S. Why, the idiotic people on that ridiculous little planet have just discovered the existence of Helium!

Second S. Dear me! How long have they taken about that?

First S. About six thousand years (according to mundane measure), or thereabouts.

Second S. They seem to have plenty of leisure on their hands! And now that they *have* found out Helium, of what use will it be to them?

First S. Oh, that they will probably discover in another fix thousand years! Let's liquor!

[*Exeunt. Scene closes in upon an eclipse.*]

BALLAD OF THE UNSURPRISED JUDGE.

["Mr. Justice HAWKINS observed, 'I am surprised at nothing.'"—*Pitts v. Joseph*, "Times" Report, March 27.]

All hail to Sir HENRY, whom nothing surprises;
Ye Judges and suitors, regard him with awe,
As he sits up aloft on the Bench and applies his
Swift mind to the shifts and the tricks of the Law.
Many years has he lived, and has always seen clear
things
That Nox seemed to hide from our average eyes:
But still, though encompassed with all sorts of queer
things,
He never, no never gives way to surprise.

When a rogue, for example, a company-monger,
Grows fat on the gain of the shares he has sold,
While the public gets lean, winning nothing but
hunger
And a few scraps of scrip for its masses of gold;
When the fat man goes further and takes to religion,
A rascal in hymn-books and bibles disguised,
"It's a case," says Sir HENRY, "of rook *versus* pigeon,
And the pigeon gets left—well, I'm hardly
surprised."

There's a Heath at Newmarket, and horses that run
there,
There are owners and jockeys, and sharpers and
flats;
There are some who do nicely, and some who are
done there,
There are loud men with pencils and satchels and
hats.
But the Stewards see nothing of betting or money,
As they stand in the blinkers for Stewards devised;
Their blindness may strike HENRY HAWKINS as funny,
But he only smiles softly, he isn't surprised.

So, here's to Sir HENRY, the terror of tricksters,
Of Law he's a master, and likewise a limb:
His mind never once, when its purpose is fixed, errs;
For cuteness there's none holds a candle to him.
Let them try to deceive him, why, bless you, he's
been there,
And can track his way straight through a tangle of
lies;
And, though some might grow grey at the things he
has seen there,
He never, no never, gives way to surprise.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, March 25.—Impossible to avoid noticing depression of the MARKISS when he entered House to-night. At first thought feelings of a father had overcome him. CRANBORNE, immediately after eloquent and energetic attack in other House of Welsh Disestablishment Bill, was struck down by indisposition, reported to be measles. That all very well. Do not wish to suggest anything wrong; but coincidence at least remarkable. Measles, the Member for SARK tells me, can be conveyed in various apparently innoxious guises. In a controversy so acrid that GEORGE OSBORNE MORGAN has been publicly accused of profligacy, men will, it is too obvious, go any lengths. At present there is nothing that can be called evidence to connect CRANBORNE'S sudden indisposition with current controversy. But if this mysterious attack is followed by symptoms of croup, rickets, teething, or any other complaint usually associated with happy days in the nursery, the public will know what to think.

Happily it turned out that the depression of the MARKISS had nothing to do with the condition of the heir of Hatfield. His sympathetic heart been touched by difficulties that environ a worthy class of men whom LORD CHANCELLOR, conscious that COBB'S eye is upon him, has recently been making magistrates. "Excellent persons," says the MARKISS; "self-made men. But unfortunately the process of self-manufacture does not include knowledge of the statutes at large." There is the Parish Councils Act, for example; one of those pieces of legislation with which a reckless Radical

majority has embarrassed an ancient State. This law has to be administered by people unlearned in Acts of Parliament. They cannot take a step without having sixteen volumes of the statutes at large tucked under their arms. What the benevolent and thoughtful MARKISS suggested was, that in all future legislation there shall be reprinted sections of Acts of Parliament referred to in text of Bill.

House listened with admiration to statesman who, his mind engrossed by imperial cares, could find time to think out schemes for easing the pathway of working-men magistrates, and assisting operation of Parish Councils Act. Only, somehow, there was left on minds of hearers a strong impression that working-men magistrates are a mistake, and the Parish Councils Act a public injury, of which the Government ought to be more than ordinarily ashamed.

Business done.—More speech-making round Welsh Disestablishment Bill in Commons. Direfully dull.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—"Speakers may come, and Speakers may go," said the Member for SARK, "but as long as the House of Commons produces men like VICARY GIBBS the institution is safe, and the State rocks safely on its everlasting foundations. It was, you will remember, VICARY who directly, though undesignedly, led to the row on that famous night in June when Home-Rule Committee was closed. VICARY shares with Heaven the peculiarity that order is his first law. On that particular night somebody had said something, and VICARY wanted to have his words taken down. Amid growing uproar his observations were inaudible to the Chair, and his presence undistinguishable. Some men would thereupon have resumed their seat. VICARY, his soul athirst to have something 'taken down,' moved on to the Front Opposition Bench, and shouted his desire in MELLOR'S left ear. Then LOGAN suddenly loomed large on the scene. HAYES FISHER reached forth a red right hand and shook him by the collar. Next an anonymous Irish Member fell over the bench on to SAUNDERSON'S knee, and was there incontinently but heartily pummelled. After that chaos; all arising out of VICARY GIBBS'S insatiable, uncontrollable desire to have something 'taken down' in the sacred name of order."

These musings on the mighty past were occasioned by VICARY once more unexpectedly, but sternly and effectively, interposing as the custodian of order. WEIR broken out in epidemic of questions; puts down eleven on the paper; runs them up to the full score by supplementary questions, invariably prefaced by the formula "Is the right hon. gentleman A. WEIR that—?" A poor joke, its only flash of humour being in the subtly varied tone with which the SPEAKER eleven times pronounced the words, "Mr. WEIR." Also grotesquely funny to hear the reverberation of the deep chest notes, in which WEIR, with tragic sweep of *pince-nez* on to his nose, said in succession, "Ques-ti-on one," "Ques-ti-on two," and so on.

Touch of tragedy came in when VICARY, managing to throw into tone and form of question conviction that SQUIRE OF MALWOOD was secretly at bottom of the whole business, asked him whether this was not abuse of forms of the House, calculated to lead to curtailment of valuable privilege. No use SQUIRE assuming air of innocence. House knew all about it. Refreshed and revived by VICARY'S timely vindication of law and order, proceeded to business.

Business done.—Fourth night's Debate on Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill. The still prevalent dulness varied by speech from PLUNKET; witched the House by music of stately though simple eloquence.

Thursday.—Desperate dulness of week further relieved by discovery of new game. TOMMY BOWLES, *Inv.* House just got into Committee of Supply; Vote on Account under discussion; this covers multitudinous items; every spending department of State concerned. When Committee of Supply deals with Army Estimates, CAWMELL-BANNERMAN and the WINSOME WOODALL in their places. The rest of Ministers may go away, knowing that everything is well. The same when Navy Estimates are on, or when particular votes in the Civil Service Estimates are to the fore. Ministers of particular departments affected in their place; the rest at liberty.

To-night, as no one knew who might be called on next, all agreed to stop away—all but the faithful HIBBERT. Cap'en TOMMY, as usual, aloft in the Crow's Nest, perceived this weak point. Hauling on the bowline, and making all taut, he bore down swiftly on the Treasury Bench, and hailed it for the President of the Board of Trade. Wanted to talk to BRYCE, he said, about lighthouses. No one knew better than TOMMY that BRYCE wasn't aboard. According to regulations, he ought to have been. Search made for him. Presently brought in with hands in pockets, trying to whistle, and otherwise present appearance of indifference. But a poor show.

Encouraged by this success, Private HANBURY, observing ROBERTSON was among absentees, addressed question to Civil Lord of Admiralty about Peterhead Harbour. HIBBERT'S agony of mind at this juncture would have softened harder hearts. An elderly hen, that has counted its brood seven times, on each occasion finding one or two missing, not more perturbed. Looked up and down Treasury Bench. ROBERTSON, not within sight; might be below the Gangway. Vain hope. For Members opposite interest in Peterhead Harbour growing keener and more urgent. FRANCIS POWELL, usually mild-mannered man, went so far as to move to report progress. MELLOR declined to put question.

"Very well," said the Blameless BARTLEY, with air of martyr. "We must go on talking about Peterhead Harbour till the Minister comes in."



Sir John Leng strongly objects to Lion-taming Exhibitions.

So he did, and when he ran dry TOMLINSON (having meanwhile ascertained where Peterhead Harbour is) took up the wondrous tale. Talking when HIBBERT reappeared, his breast now swelling with maternal pride and satisfaction. He had found the lost chick, and clucked low notes of supreme content as he brought him back to the roost. Pretty to see how, Civil Lord in his place, all interest in Peterhead Harbour subsided, Busy B's turning their attention to alleged felonious underrating of Government property.

Business done.—Vote on Account through Committee. Sir JOHN LENG calls ASQUITH'S attention to dangerous occupation of lion-tamers. "All very well," he says, "for doughty knight like me. But these poor fellows with families shouldn't be allowed to run risks."

Friday Night.—"What's the business at to-night's sitting?" asked SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, looking over Orders of the Day. "Home Rule all round? Very well. Shall give practical proof of adherence to principle by stopping at home."

JOHN MORLEY did same, most other Ministers following suit. CAWMEL-BANNERMAN sacrificed himself on altar of country. But insisted that he might at least dine out in interval between

morning and evening sitting that made last day of Parliamentary week. His snowy shirt front gave air of almost reckless joviality to desolate Treasury Bench. PRINCE ARTHUR, not to be outdone in chivalry, also looked in after dinner, brightening up Front Bench opposite Minister for War. But two swallows don't make a summer, nor two gentlemen in evening dress a festive party. TREVELYAN only man in earnest, and he terribly so.

Business done.—Home Rule all round decreed by majority of 26 in House of 230.

THE NEW CHIVALRY.

["In a case heard before Judge FRENCH at Shoreditch, the Judge remarked that the plea of infancy was not a very meritorious one. 'No,' replied the defendant, 'but it's jolly convenient.'"—*The Globe.*]

When, toddling along with a swell, I pretend
Not to notice a shabby (though excellent)
friend,—

Well, it is *not* lofty, to that I assent,
But then, "it's so jolly con-ve-ni-ent!"

When a tenant has built up a business with
care,
And saved to his landlord all cost of repair,
It may not be kind just to double his rent,
Yet somehow "it's jolly con-ve-ni-ent!"

If you've suffered, in polling, a "moral defeat,"
Then to grab each Committee and every paid
seat
Some might say was the act of a "cad," not a
"gent";
But, you see, "it's so jolly con-ve-ni-ent!"

Then your house is for sale, and, if gifted with
brains,
You, of course, do not mention the damp, rats,
and drains
Which is not what the ancients by "honesty"
meant,
But, still, it *is* "jolly con-ve-ni-ent!"

Page 168: 'prograss' corrected to 'progress'.

"FRANCIS POWELL, usually mild-mannered man, went so far as to move to report progress."

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI, VOL.
108, APRIL 6, 1895 ***

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