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September 28, 1895, by Various**

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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI, VOL.
109, SEPTEMBER 28, 1895 ***

**PUNCH,
OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.**

Vol. 109.

September 28, 1895.

SCRAPS FROM CHAPS.

Aston-ishing!—The English Cup, won by the Aston Villa Football Club last year, has been stolen. Between boots and football a strong affinity exists; and it appears that a *cordonnier*, a member of the club, obtained a loan of the trophy, which he proudly placed in his shop window. On a pedestal, in the midst of all sorts and conditions and sizes of shoes, it stood in silvery splendour—a sovereign, as it were, o'er a kingdom of soles—and was the gaping admiration of the "idle progeny" of the neighbourhood, who, as is well known, evince ever an absorbing interest in all things appertaining to "the rolling circle's speed." And the knight of the Soccus and Cothurnus, the adept constructor of JESSAMY'S slipper and GILES'S "hobnailed," the owner of the store, lulled himself to sleep singing "Dear little Boot-ercup, Sweet little Footer-cup," and dreamed that the goal of his ambition had been reached, and that he had received the appointment of Soler and Heeler Extraordinary to all the Football Clubs of the United Kingdom. But, alas! he awoke one morn to find that a burglary had been committed, and that the Cup had vanished! "It would appear," says the *Liverpool Courier*, "that the thieves *wanted the cup for the value of its silver!*" Oh! impossible! Gentlemen who thus acquire valuable articles of gold or silver do so not for the coarse gratification of an *auri sacra fames*, but rather for the satisfaction of an artistic craving, a laudable desire to contemplate, in poetic solitude, the beauty of the objects.



THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE.

Tam. "SAE YE'VE GOTTEN BACK, SANDERS?"

Sanders. "'DEED, AYE. I'VE JUST GOTTEN BACK."

Jamie. "AN' HOO DID 'E LIKE LONDON?"

Sanders. "OD, IT'S AN OOTLANDISH PLACE YON! THEY TELL 'T ME THEY COULDNA UNNERSTAUN MA AWCCENT!"

John. "AWCCENT! I NEVER HEARD TELL THAT FIFE FOLK HAD *ONY* AWCCENT!"

"BY PROXY."

More lovely than the summer morn
That floods with light a southern shore
And smiles upon the yellow corn
Thy sister is, O sweet Lenore!

And yet, Lenore, dost thou not guess
What draws me now from her to *thee*,
What prompts me thus *thy* hand to press,
And from *thy* lips seek Fate's decree?

Call me not fickle; for I'll love
With fondness growing e'er more fond;
More tender be than gentle dove
Tow'rds her I prize all else beyond.

Dost thou not guess—or *wilt* thou not—
The thoughts that in my bosom dwell?—
Then "lend me all the ears you've got,"
And I'll the mystery dispel:

More lovely than the summer sky
Your sister is, whom I adore!
I would propose—but I'm too shy;
Pray *ask her for me*, kind Lenore!

"SERMONS."

SIR,—I have read some correspondence on this subject in the *Daily Telegraph*. Nothing very original. But, Sir, I must ask a question which I fancy will set clerics and laymen a thinking. This is it: *Why should not a successful sermon have a good long run?*

A play that makes a hit runs for weeks, for months, for years. Audiences come from all parts to hear and see it. They come, too, by night, a most inconvenient time, and not by day. Now, why should it not be the same with a sermon?

Let us suppose that the Rev. Mr. SILVERTRUMPET, of St. Simon's Within-and-Without, preaches a first-rate sermon. For years past, popular preachers have been regularly advertised in the newspapers, and church-goers have been accustomed to look out for announcements as to where Mr. SILVERTRUMPET, or any other popular preacher, is to appear and discourse. The actor, on tour, goes round *with one play* visiting different towns. *Why not the preacher with one sermon?*



Perhaps the actor has a *répertoire* acquired in course of time: *so might it be with the preacher*. That a good sermon, once delivered, should be lost, is as hard on the preacher as that a good play should be performed for one night only, and then, "be heard no more!"

My remedial suggestions are: *first*, let critic attend "first morning" or "first afternoon" of a new sermon. Let him praise, or condemn it.

Secondly. No critics: but simply an advertisement under a column headed "Churches," announcing that Mr. SILVERTRUMPET or Mr. DESKTHUMPER, or whoever it may be, with all his titles, Canon, Archdeacon, Bishop, Vicar, &c., &c., set out in full, will preach at such and such a time, at such and such a church. Also, I think *the title of the sermon should be given*. There is sometimes an attraction in a title. Then, that sermon being a success, let it be thus advertised:—

ST. SIMON'S WITHIN-AND-WITHOUT.—The Rev. Mr. SILVERTRUMPET'S Sermon, entitled *Charity; or, How We Live Now*, having achieved an ENORMOUS SUCCESS, will be repeated EVERY SUNDAY at 11.30 (*or whatever the hour may be*) until further notice.

I maintain that, as there are crowds attracted from all parts during two years to visit a theatre between the hours of seven and eleven nightly, in order to see an amusing or thrilling play, and a popular actor (likewise twice a week for *matinées*), so, in like manner, there would be crowds to come from all parts to hear a good sermon and see a popular preacher once, or even twice on Sunday.

I remain, Sir, yours,
A. LAMBKIN.



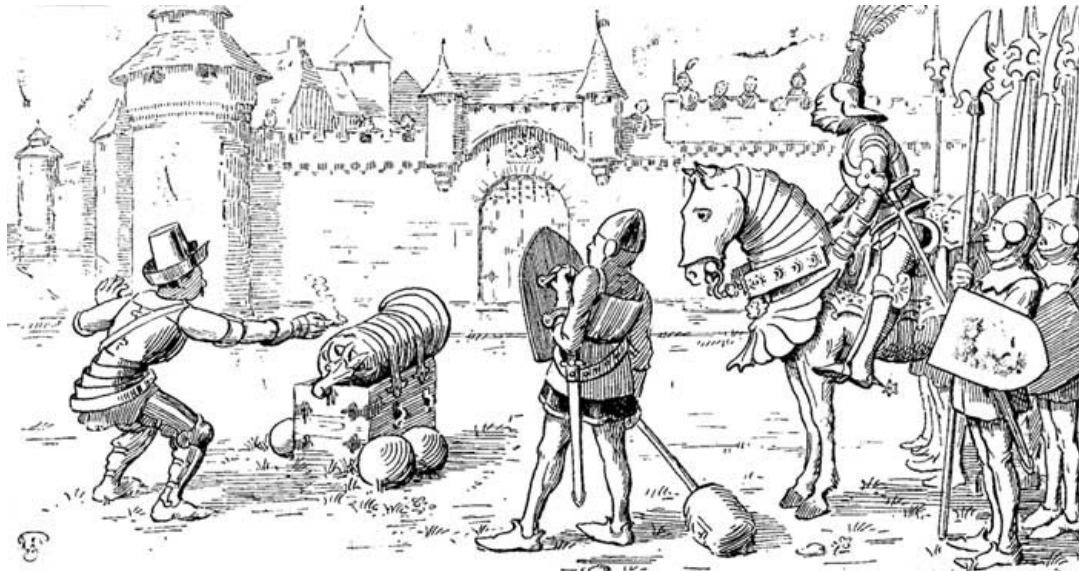
SIR,—About sermons I have this to say, or sing,—

A sermon for Sundays, oh! preach, preach to me!
Let those who don't like it complain!
But should it delight me, the seats being free,
I'm likely to hear it again.

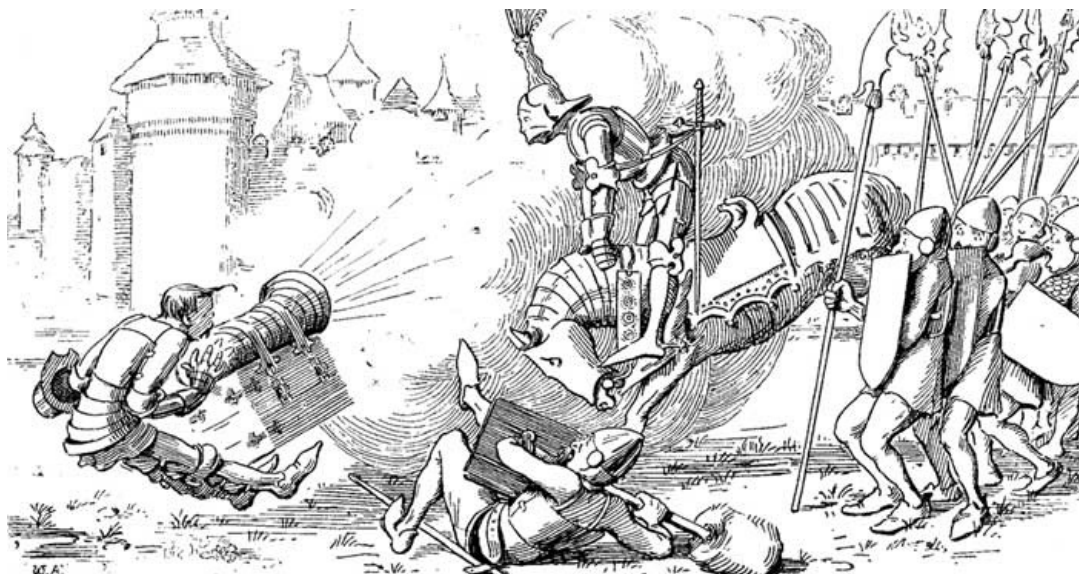
Yours,
KNOTT MOORE.

PITCH-ED OUT.—A motion for the introduction of tar-macadam, instead of granite, as pavement for the Aberdeen streets, was rejected by the Town Council after a lengthy and lively discussion upon the subject. What really gave the *coup de grâce* to the cause of the Tar-macadamites was a councillor's statement that "he had often got a wet foot in a tar-macadam street ('*Hear, hear!*')." This alarming assertion effectually "queered the pitch"—to use a slang expression—for the would-be innovators, and "granite and dry feet" won the day by fourteen votes to nine.

MEDIÆVAL GUNNERY PRACTICE.



THE FIRST SHOT.



THE RESULT.

POETIC LICENCE.

SIR LEWIS MORRIS describes the United States as:—

She
Who sits august and free,
A crownèd Commonwealth from sea to sea."

But why "crownèd"? America will surely resent the monarchical suggestion. Might not *this* be more appropriate, Sir LEWIS?:—

She
Who owns the Big Countree,
Where Niggers are, and Silver may be free,
A dollar'd despotism, under three
Great tyrants—"Boodle," "Lynch," and "Tammany."

How's *that* for high-falutin, mellifluous MORRIS?

Edith Mary Ledingham.

The young stewardess of the "Iona" who met with a terrible death on that ill-fated vessel in the heroic effort to rescue a child.

["She was such a good girl. She was so happy in her new work, and liked the sea."—*Her Mother.*]

Only "a Gateshead girl," whose name,
Though loved, was all unknown to fame,
Until that testing morn,
That moment fierce of sudden fear;
To-day to English hearts as dear
As English girl hath borne!

That awful instant set it fair
Among the records high and rare
 That glorify our State.
A girl's heart, simple, cheerful, fond,
To desperate duty could respond,
 In the great moment, great.

What more have History's heroes done?
Or with what readier valour won
 The golden meed of Fame?
Only charred ashes left to sight!
But on the immortal scroll we write
 Another gentle name.

Such a good girl! And loved the sea!
O white-cliff'd isle, while such as she
 Light a poor English home.
The Viking blood, the Nelson strain
No fateful hour shall seek in vain
 To serve thee on the foam.

AS THE LAW SHOULD BE.

(From "The Legal Intelligence" of the Future.)

Mr. Justice *Punch* then addressed the prisoner in the following words:—"Prisoner at the Bar, you have been rightly found guilty of committing the heinous crime of writing and causing to be published a pernicious form of composition known as a 'Penny Dreadful.' The jury who have tried you have had no trouble in coming to the conclusion that you are solely responsible for the fearful results that have followed the appearance of your latest contribution to criminal literature. Had not *Red-handed Rob* left the printers there is every reason for believing that the manor-house would have never been burnt down, and that poor Mrs. SMITH would have been still hale and hearty. Nay more, the twenty-seven burglaries and fifty-six other crimes of even a yet more serious character would in all human probabilities have never been committed. For all this terrible work you are primarily responsible. In days gone by you would have escaped the appropriate penalty of your wickedness. But now that the Pernicious Story Punishment Act has become the law of the land, I have the power, as I have long had the will, to treat you with becoming severity." His Lordship then passed sentence in the customary form. Later in the day the publishers and printers of *Red-Handed Rob* were convicted of being accessories both before and after the fact, and shared the fate of their colleague in iniquity.

VIRGINIBUS PUERISQUE.

(A Hint to the Purveyors of Tainted Literary Food for Youth)

The varlet who vends unwholesome victual
Is sharply punished, if caught in the act;
Why should the scoundrel expect acquittal
 Who sells bad books to our boys? Sad fact!
We know that youth loves not goody boring,
 That little pigs have no relish for pearls!
But where's the excuse for foul garbage pouring
 In innocent souls of our boys and girls?



"LOOK HERE, SCHLUMPENHAGEN, YOU MUST HELP US AT OUR SMOKING CONCERT. YOU PLAY THE FLUTE, DON'T YOU?"

"NOT VEN DERE ISH ANYPOTTY ABOUT."

"HOW'S THAT?"

"DEY VON'T LET ME!"

OBERLANDED A LA MODE.

OUR OWN TORRIST IN NORTH DEVON.



Up in railway; all Switzerland is now "up in railway." Revisiting simple spot opposite Jungfrau; here twenty years ago. "Simple!" Electric light; shops; telescopes; tourists everywhere! They sprawl on hillocks like Bank-holiday-Virginia-Waterers! Just heard one ask waiter, "Ow many feet are we 'ere above the sea?" "One tousing eight 'undred mètres." "What's the good of meters?" What indeed? Electric light everywhere. Everybody telescoping chamois, and buying photographs; photographs chiefly of *other* places; all the same when you return home. Men attired like golfers; women in gaiters; exercise, principally shopping. Simple Switzeresses outside toy-booths, talk excellent English, but all in national costume. N.B. National costume can be purchased.

There *used* to be only half an inn here; there are *now* five hotels, with a beer-garden, and inevitable casino. Dancing every night. Like to watch fair, fat, sentimental German waltzing solemnly. Elderly Darby of Albion, too, capering the newest shuffles and reverses, would surprise his wife Joan at home. "Darby is devoted to climbing, and I was glad to let him return to the primitive little place I remember on our honeymoon." That is what *she* thinks. *Climbing!* Not a bit of it! Most here, when fagged out with shopping, take guide and porter up the "Shamhorn." There's a "Shamhorn" album now wherein proud mountaineers exhibit flights of fancy in their records that one could never guess from their countenances. At *table d'hôte* not a few of SVENGALI's opinion, that "only the dirty want to wash." But the water is superb! so are the Alps. Yet am I Oberlanded, and must go lower to feel higher.

Mem. at Ilfracombe.—Capital boating and fishing here. Likewise plenty of steaming. Lovely scenery everywhere about in this neighbourhood for pedestrians, equestrians, "carriage-folk," and donkey-chaise people. *Special mem. for equestrians and drivers;*—"Hire on the spot," which sounds like some direction at billiards, but is meant for advice to riders and drivers. Picturesque caves on coast to visit in rowing-boat, or in canoe which you can paddle yourself. With fair weather, and good waterproof, you can't be dull at Ilfracombe.



* * *

Mem.—"For outward application only." Before starting for a long and genuinely country walk, put in your pocket a waterproof sponge wrapper. It occupies no space, and, like an objectionable person in a small party, *is always there to be sat upon*. Strong crook-handled stick with pointed ferrule indispensable.

* * *

Were Ilfracombe a French watering-place, how delightful it could be made. Imagine the restaurants, the *déjeuners à la fourchette*, under cover in bad weather, out in the open air in fine; the good bands; the casino; the *établissement*, with excellent reading and writing-rooms, billiard tables, library, first-rate concerts and fair dramatic performances; *petits chevaux*, *petits soupers al fresco*, and every possible opportunity afforded for enjoying life *en pleine air*.

* * *

À propos of restaurants, there is a splendid chance for starting a first-rate French hotel in Ilfracombe, with well-devised gardens, and at such a superb height, that while it would be open to all the most refreshing breezes—for it is impossible to feel the full benefit of these in the valley—yet would it be warm and cosy during the coldest months, of which, in an ordinary year with well-regulated seasons, there cannot be many.

* * *

Ilfracomers boast that the snow does not lie in these parts. I hope the Ilfracomers who gave me this information are, so far, like the snow.

* * *



Of course there are golf links. The links-eye'd golf man looks out for these at once, and though he has got to go some little distance for them, there they are—at last. Equally of course there is lawn tennis, and plenty of it close at hand. A shilling an hour; "*net profits*."

* * *

Per steamboat to Tenby.—Tenby is described on some of the excursionist handbills as "*The Naples of Wales*." If Tenby is the Naples of Wales, then Margate is the Monte Carlo of Kent.

* * *

Tenby Pier being in process of construction, there is no landing except in small boats, of which there appears to be a better supply than is usual on such excursions. But as even these boats cannot be run ashore with their cargoes, there are the stalwart arms of boatmen extended to carry ladies, and boatmen's broad shoulders on which gentlemen, unable to wade, can ride pick-a-back. *Anyone over fifteen stone had better remain on board*.

* * *

A guide-book, written by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. HALL—names held in grateful remembrance as authorities on Irish legends—describes climate of Tenby as being "for the greater portion of the year warm, dry, and bracing." May be; was not there "for the greater portion of the year." She "Halls by the Sea," further declare, when comparing Tenby with Hastings, Ventnor, and Torquay, that it, though "equally mild, is nevertheless invigorating." Shouldn't have thought it. But—very glad to hear it.

* * *

Oysters in plenty at Tenby. This being the first month with an "r" in it after the off-oyster season, we saw an ogre-like gourmand devouring a dozen or so of the natives of Tenby, with the magic aid of vinegar, pepper, and—and—*whisky!!* Of such grand constitutions (should he be none the worse afterwards) are heroes made!

* * *

From Ilfracombe to Lynton.—Pass Watermouth Castle. Lucky person the proprietor of this charming place. Lovely position this Watermouth; quite enough to make one's mouth water.

* * *

Near Coombe-Martin is Hangman's Hill, where a sheep hanged a man for stealing him.

* * *

In the character of *Mr. P.'s Own Inn-spector* I venture to pronounce the Valley of Rocks Hotel at Lynton delightful. Here everything is unpretentiously English, and even the waiters are not all foreigners. The supply of certain articles of food may on occasion run short (which ought not to happen), and consequently you can only complain of what you *don't* get, very rarely of what you do. The other hostelries may be equally good, but of these *Mr. P.'s Own Inn-spector*, being ubiquitous, cannot speak from experience.

* * *

The Valley of Rocks Hotel is so-called because it is *not* in the valley but high up, and thence you can go down by the easiest possible descent, *i.e.* *per* water-worked tram-way to Lynmouth, and so remount. Here we go up up up, and here we go down down down O, all day at threepence a head per journey, reduction on taking a quantity of tickets, not persons.

* * *

And here comes in my complaint. I do not know what numbers this "*ascenseur*" will carry with safety, but that it can *not* carry more than twenty, all told, inside and out, with anything like comfort, I, not being "Your Fat Contributor," will honestly affirm. Whether the proprietorship is in the hands of a company, or in those of Sir TIT BIT NEWNES is of no importance. If Sir T. B. N. has the sole management, he may be trusted in future to look after this "*facilis descensus*" well and wisely.

* * *

The drivers of the Ilfracombe four-horsed coaches are all good whips; not showy, but careful. Pretty sight to see COPP's mail, the Defiance brought at a trot between the two gate-posts, and tooled round the small lawn up to the Valley of Rocks Hotel, Lynton. N.B. Put your name down early for box-seat in Cobby-book.

* * *

Notice that the Defiance guard is a master of horn blowing. He tootles most of the popular tunes of the day with windy variations, humourously causing deep bellowing bass notes to issue from the instrument whenever the coach is passing by a field of cattle. The guard takes an unfair advantage of these animals, as their peculiarity being to have no horns, *they are unable to return the blow!*

* * *

Plenty of bathing; well managed; might be much better. *Advice gratis for "bain de luxe"*:—Take a boat, towels, spirit lamp, can of fresh water, &c., &c., discover natural bathing place on coast, snugly fixed up among the rocks,—and *there you are*. Don't forget to have with you refreshments for after bath.

* * *

It grieves me to be compelled to quit Ilfracombe just as the real sport is beginning. I do not allude to the North Devon Stag Hounds, but to the arrival of September wasps, and very fine autumn gnats. This morning had a glorious run over tables and chairs, killing the wily wasp in the open, that is, on the window pane, with a slipper. Luckily "*pane forte et dure*." or there would have been smashery. Cut off his sting, if possible, with purpose of presenting it to youngest lady of party. Killed a second, but less wily wasp. Ran him to earth in jam pot. A third, which entered by the door, after a rapid burst through the hall, showed some fine sport, and after getting away in the open (window), went to ground somewhere in the rose bushes, when the pursuers, armed with napkins, slippers, and paper-knives, gave up the pursuit, and returned to breakfast.



A Bathing Cove.

Later in the day killed a splendid gnat with very big head and large wings. Quite a pantomime gnat. Send him: as specimen to Sir AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS. Useful as model for "property gnat" at Christmas. Or, nailed him to wall, as warning to other gnats.

* * *

Final Note.:—Ilfracombe ought simply to be perfect. Spare friendly criticism, and you help to spoil the place. But I say to the I. I. C., in all friendliness, addressing them in French, "knowing the language," like *Jeames*, "*Messieurs, j'ai raison, moi; vous,—vous avez Torrs.*" And now, I am off to Cromer.

"ITERUM CRISPINUS!"—Bravo SIMS REEVES! SIMMUM to the front again, the evening shirt-front, inviting MAUD for a stroll with him in the garden, as fresh as ever! Glad to hear that in addition to "*Tom Bowling*," and out of compliment to the modern *furor* for cricket, SIMMUM is going to produce, from his chest, a new song entitled "*Will Batting*," which is to be dedicated to "W. G." But SIMMUM, our prime tenor, will make it a duet, and sing it with Grace. Trust soon to hear that SIMMUM will give us "*The Lost Ball*," as a companion to the "*The Lost Chord*."

CABBY; OR, REMINISCENCES OF THE RANK AND THE ROAD.

(By "*Hansom Jack*.")

No. V.—"GOING DOWN"—THE RACES—UPS AND DOWNS.

"*Going down?*" Not this year. Bin laid up with the Flu, like my betters, and still feel a little bit squiffy,
But when I *am* fit and 'ave just arf a charnce of a run down to Epsom, I'm on in a jiffy.
Lor! 'ow many times 'ave I druv to the Derby, in all sorts o' cumpny, 'igh, low, and jest mejum;
And seen some queer games, too! Well, say wot yer like, it's a 'oliday bust, and it breaks the year's tejum.

Tejum's the doose, if you arsk me; and dulness does hoceans more 'arm than the pious ones reckon.
It's jest when mernotony gives yer the 'ump that you're open to any bad biz as may beckon.
Grey flattin' constant will set you a longing to paint the town red, jest by way o' variety;
Leastways, it's so with a Cabby, *I* know, and no doubt it's the same in more toppin' Socierty.

Ah! I remember old Kennington toll-gate afore 'twos removed Oh! the jams and the crushes!
Once tooled down a fine F. O. clerk, young and smart, with the pootiest parcel o' blue silk and blushes,
'Amper O. K., Larrynargers *had libbitum*, fizz up to Dick, and a somethink *poetic*,
Like laylocks, laburnums and mayblossom in it, as made me—a mere nipper then—symperthetic.

To see 'im a whisking the dust from 'er bonnet, arf tender, arf sorcy, an' 'er a-purtending,
To bridle up proud and becoming, was pooty. Whose money, thought I, my young nabs are *you* spending.
'E parted like water, and backed 'em a buster; and blowed if *I* shouldn't with them heyes upon me.
Dunno if 'e spotted a winner. *I* didn't! But 'ow they enjoyed it! 'Er smile reglar won me.

When young 'uns is sweet 'uns, and sweet 'uns high-bred 'uns, it fetches me, somehow, to see 'em philander,
They do it so dainty, an' sorter respekful. Bill Boger, 'e says I'm a cackling old gander.
All right, bilious Billy! You've druv lovey-doveys of all sorts and ranks till you're verjuice an' sorrel,
But these weren't no Monday Bank 'Ooliday Mashers, or shop-sweet-hearts out on the scoop, *that's* a moral.

Well, close to the Stand a old heagle-beaked buffer was doing the nice to a dragful of toppers,
And one 'awk-nosed duchess, as yaller as mustard, with hoptics suggestive of bile or 'ot coppers,
Dropped lamps on *our* little turn-out. Oh, Jemimer! I'm sure red-'ot needles was simply not in it,
A savage old Pater, a jealous Miss Goldbags, and—hus! Oh! I twigged the whole game in a minnit.

Quite spiled my smart cab as a dove-cote that day. Druv 'ome rather late, and a trifle less cheerful,
Him wondrous perlite, but,—well, wandering-eyed, an' 'er with the least little touch of the tearful.
For me, I'd the 'ump, though 'e paid like a prince. Didn't see them again not till twenty year after;
And then—well it gave me the doldrums somehow, though Bill Boger

declared that it moved 'im to laughter.

'E druv me and Bill to the Derby! We'd clubbed for a friendly drag down,
Bill an' me, and some others,
And poor young F. O. was our whip! 'E'd gone badgery slightly, along not of
years but of bothers.
I knew 'im at once, and I think 'e twigged *me*; but 'e made ne'er a sign, only
looked grave and civil.
And when Billy stood 'im a drink, 'e bowed low, just to 'ide what I guess was
a flash o' the devil.

I never let on, but addressed 'im respekful, and jest touched my 'at when we
parted. Says Billy,
"You're mighty perlite on the suddent, young Snapshotter!" Well, I may be
sentimental or silly,
But I often spekylate 'ow them two fare, and if I'll ever see them again; if
they're married.
I've tooled lots o' pairs to the Derby since then, and I tell you some curious
couples I've carried.

A brace o' young Sheenies as slep all the way, a' Eathen Chinee with a
helderly lydy
Distributin' tracks; two hevangelist singers, as plump as Jem Smith, and as
black as *Man Friday*;
But if I possessed this 'ere *clarevoyong* power I'd try it upon *Cremorne's*
year and *that* couple.
Wich makes Billy say I'm as young as I was then, at 'art—though I mayn't be
so nimble and supple.

LETTERS TO A FIANCÉE.

DEAR GLADYS,—I am so glad that in spite of your many engagements—one of them being an engagement to be married—you found time to write to me again at last. You say little about your *fiancé*, but that, after all, is of small importance. I approve of engagements in the abstract; I know of no amusement more harmless nor more agreeable for a young girl; and from my own experience I shall be delighted to assist you, with any little hints in my power, towards making the course of true love run as smoothly as possible.

You have not described ARTHUR very clearly—(I am supposing, for the sake of argument, that his name is ARTHUR; in your agitation you did not tell me his name, but I think you are the sort of girl who would be in love with the sort of man who would be called ARTHUR)—you have not, I say, told me much about him; but from your letter I gather the following suggestive facts:—

I. *You were made for each other.*

A simple and self-evident proposition—it needs no comment.

II. *He never loved anyone but you! Except once, many years ago; and he has told you all about it quite frankly. She was unworthy of him; and married Another.*

Now I have no doubt whatever, GLADYS, that you are quite jealous of this person of whom he has told you, quite frankly and who was unworthy of him, and married Another. I wish I could convince you of the fact that there is no one in the world so little dangerous to you as the person to whom he has grown indifferent. Fear rather the girls he *doesn't* know, the women he *will* meet, the charming people to whom he has just been introduced, the cousins he has never made love to! The past can not be the rival of the present: the future may. But this is a subject on which argument is of no avail. Reason retires, snubbed: and retrospective sensitiveness remains. Now come his faults:—

III. *He does not like the way you do your hair, and he has a book of dried flowers with their names written above them in Latin and violet ink, and he shows them to you when he comes to tea.*

These appear to be his only defects. I can understand that they cause you some anxiety, but with care I trust in time they may wear off. Like BUFFON the naturalist (*is it BUFFON?*) or somebody, I have, from stray bones, so to speak, to reconstruct, in imagination, the entire animal. My impression of him is somewhat vague, but on the whole satisfactory. It is charming of him to go home and write to you the instant he has left you—I think it only right, of course—when people meet every day they have a great deal more to write about than if they saw each other occasionally. One thing in your letter puzzled me. He has been called to the Bar, but he did not go, because he had once been thinking of being a clergyman and he had conscientious scruples about the law. What *can* you mean? I am quite at a loss, but since you say it was very noble of



him and you love him all the more, I suppose it is all right. You say his father has a maddening way of taking you aside and asking you in general to "use your influence" with ARTHUR. He never says what about, but gives forth irritating platitudes about "a woman's tact" and "gentle feminine persuasion." You are quite right to agree at once and not ask for an explanation, as it would keep you away from ARTHUR longer, and it doesn't matter in the least.

It is very curious about the day ARTHUR went shooting and told you he had shot two brace of grouse, and you found out afterwards it was not true, he had shot thirteen. You ask me "how you should act," and say you have as yet "taken no steps in the matter."

Of course, if you find him out in a little fib and let him know it, he will think you have a horribly suspicious nature and be rather disgusted at your want of trustfulness; on the other hand, if you don't show it, he will think you extraordinarily stupid and easily duped. I think if I were you, I should whenever the subject is alluded to, pin on an enigmatic smile and be silent. This will be quite sufficient punishment for the boastfulness of his modesty. Write soon again. I am glad ARTHUR is so good to his sister's husband. A good brother-in-law always makes an excellent *fiancé*.

With congratulations and every good wish,

Your affectionate friend,
MARJORIE.



Q. E. D.

"HOW VAIN YOU ARE, EFFIE! LOOKING AT YOURSELF IN THE GLASS!"

"VAIN, AUNT EMMA? ME VAIN! WHY I DON'T THINK MYSELF HALF AS GOOD-LOOKING AS I REALLY AM!"

NOT THE CHEESE!

(By an Old-fashioned Fellow)

["I would buy 'Cheshire,' if I could get it; but I cannot. For years I have been doing business in most parts of the country ... and I have hardly ever seen a Cheshire cheese."—*"Fromage," in the correspondence on "English Cheese" in the "Daily News."*]

So they've found it out at last, the other fellows,
The mystery that for years I have bewailed!
The cheese that with long keeping merely mellows,
The good "Old Cheshire" from our marts has failed!
You *cannot* get it now for love or money,
That fair, and fine, and flavoursome old stuff,
With its amber glow as warm as virgin honey—
So different from the Yankee's soapy buff!
Don't talk to me of fine Canadian Cheddar,
Of Gloster, or of Dutch, or shams like these;
They may be cheaper, greasier, yellower, redder,
But they're none of 'em a patch on Cheshire Cheese!

Why, I used to munch it every day at luncheon;—
'Twas lovely with a glass of amber ale!
Now a chunk as hard as any Bobby's truncheon,
As dry as yellow soap, and just as pale,
They give me when I ask 'em for Old Cheshire,

Or a clammy stuff called Gruyere—all in holes.
Ah! "a crust of bread-and-cheese" was once a pleasure
To honest appetites and English souls.
I can do with Wiltshire, Dorset, Double Gloster,
Or even good old Stilton at a pinch,
But the modern "Cheshire" Cheese is an impostor,
From whose muckiness malodorous I flinch.

What the dickens have they been and gone and done with it?
The foreigner has mucked *our* market up,
And it seems to me he's simply having fun with it.
Cheese hard as any steel shot from a Krupp,
Or soft and green and oozy as a swamp is,
They give me, with some comic crackjaw name.
But these foreign frauds—like Cæsars and like Pompeys—
In nastiness seem pretty much the same.
The smell of 'em—sometimes—is something horrid.
They are limp, and locomotive, and—oh, there!
The *thought* of 'em makes me go chill or torrid,
Whether Gruyere, or Roquefort, or Camembert!

Then the Yankee with his tendencies Titanic
Has sacrificed prime cheese to speed and bulk.
Now they say that in our markets there is panic;
That luckless dairy farmers shake and sulk.
Well upon my Alfred David *I* don't wonder
If "Cheddar" cheese *is* rotting by the ton;
For our worship of mere bigness is a blunder
And I only hope the reign of it is done.
But why should boyhood's "Cheshire Cheese" delicious—
Like good old Ribstone pippins—fail and cease?
Of modern "Cheshire" I am most suspicious,
And whatever it *may* be, it's not "the cheese"!

AN ASININE PERFORMANCE.—A certain gallant and deservedly popular colonel, whose love of politics is, perhaps, not quite so fervent as his fondness for race-horses and greyhounds, has recently turned his attention to another and comparatively novel form of sport. This takes the shape of an *asinus doctus*—a learned, or accomplished, donkey—"who can be matched at jumping, eating, and drinking, or all three, against any other member of his tribe in the world," and the erudite animal gave, for the colonel's behoof, a private exhibition of his attainments in the grounds attached to an hotel in Norton. First, *Ned* jumped a 5ft. 6in. bar "without any apparent effort:" then he devoured an ounce of twist tobacco and half-a-pound of bacon with equal ease, but the thirst provoked by the latter comestible had to be assuaged by a quart of champagne which he "put away" with great promptitude and gusto. Refreshed with wine he further proceeded to show a clean pair of heels to a pony in a steeplechase, winning easily—"ears down" in fact. Finally, with a fox-terrier dog as his jockey, he galloped round an orchard. The colonel was much pleased with the entertainment, and well he might be. There is a brilliant career in store for that donkey on the variety stage; or even in Parliament, where he might "command the applause of list'ning senates," while adorning the Hibernian benches as, of course, Member "for Bray."

Bedad! here's a leader, ye sons o' Killarney
Begorra! ye'll not find a better I'll lay.
Thin hould all yer braggin' and blusterin' blarney,
And take a few hints from the Mimer for Bray!



VIVA ITALIA!

BRITANNIA (to Italia). "HEARTILY I WISH YOU WELL! BE 'LESS VISIONARY,' AND 'MORE PRACTICAL!'"

["The financial condition of Italy in the last degree unsatisfactory and unsound, the Roman question ever looming in the horizon, and the certainty of internal dissension continuing to develop, must necessarily blast all fair prospects for peace and prosperity in the young nation, towards which England has been inclined to look with sympathetic regard and almost maternal anxiety."—*Vide Daily Telegraph, Sept. 16, "The Ransom of Rome."*]

"An enormous debt has been run up, and the financial position of Italy has been damaged by the magnificent aims of her rulers."—*Times, Sept. 21.*

L'ILE DE WIGHT.

À Monsieur Punch.

DEAR MISTER,—After to have assisted at the Congress of Geographers at London I come of to make a little *voyage d'agrément*—a voyage of agreement—to the Island of Wight. I am gone to render visit to one of my english friends who inhabits Sandown. I go not to tell you his name, that would be to outrage the privacy of your "Home, sweet home." I shall call him "SMITH." *Ah, le brave garçon?*—the brave boy! Eh well, this good SMITH he invites me at him—*chez lui*, how say you?—and I part from London by a beautiful morning of August, and I arrive to Portsmouth. See there the Island of Wight in face! I traverse the sea in packet-boat, I arrive to Ride, and, in fine, to Sandown. *Tiens*, see there the brave SMITH on the quay of the station! I would wish to embrace him. But no! We are in England. I go to give him a shake-hands. *Voilà tout*. And he conducts me to his house, and I see there Madame, who is charming, and his childs. Ah, the dear little childs. But I speak not of them, because all that is the "Home, sweet home," and, as one says in english, the castle of the Englishman is in his house.

Sandown is a little town, enough coquette, very well placed at the border of the sea. In effect, there is a *plage*, a *promenade*, a *jetée*. It is not precisely the *plage* of Trouville, the *promenade* of Ostende; but it is enough agreeable. Only, at place of the pretty little cabins, the tents, so charming, so coquette, there is some drolls of things, some boxes on wheels, which one calls "bathings machines." Oh, *la, la!* I mock myself of them. And of more! The ladys and the gentlemen can not to bathe themselves together. They are there, all near the one of the other,

but not together. *Ah ça, c'est épatant!* Me I march all gaily in the water towards the ladys; I am in my costume of bath, all that there is of most as he must—*de plus comme il faut*, how say you? When a man in a little boat agitates the arms, and cries himself, "Hi there!" that is to say, "*Hé là-bas!*"—and still of more which I comprehend not. And my friend SMITH he cries to me also, and he agitates the arms, and, in fine, I comprehend that it is defended. What droll of idea!

One day there is the *régates*—the regattas. We go all on the little pier, and I see the Duckunt, the Watter-polo, the Greasepol. Ah, it is of the most amusings! On the promenade there is the musicians, who play of the organ, of the banjo; also the singers that you call "nigers." They are there all together, and one hears the valse, the hymn, the song of the Coffee Concert, all at the time. There is also a man who walks himself on some stilts. He is very droll, and the assistance—*l'assistance*—laughs much. Me I laugh as the other spectators. The evening there is a fire of artifice, and the little town is of the most gay. There is some "set-pieces," as one calls them, and I read "Welcome to our Visitors." That is very polite; I offer my thanks to Misters the Municipal Councillors of Sandown. And there is one other which I see hardly, I see but "Success to ——" My friend SMITH tells to me that it is "Success to our Saloon Bar." That may be. But he is *blagueur* this SMITH, he pleasants—*plaisante*, how say you?—sometimes.

A vrai dire—to true to say—Sandown is well agreeable, above all when he makes fine. *Et il faisait un temps superbe*—he was making a superb time. As to the other parts of the Island of Wight, I go to speak you of them in one other letter.

Agree, &c.,
AUGUSTE.

The Bechuanaland potentate visiting our shores is voted by all "a jolly good fellow," and is generally admitted to be what, in Parisian parlance, is known as a *bon Khama-rade*.

"JEWELL'S APOLOGY."—Paste.

PUNCH TO THE RUGBY UNION.

["Professionalism is illegal."—*First "New Law" adopted by the Rugby Union for the control of Rugby Football.*]

Rowland Hill, and gentlemen all,
Thanks for your efforts to "keep up the ball"
Out of the Moneygrub's sordid slime!
"Professionalism" and "Broken Time"
Wanted the touch of a vigorous hand
To keep the Amateur Football Band
From the greedy clutch of the spirit of trade
And speculation, alas! arrayed
In spoil-sport fashion against true sport,
On turf and river, in course and court.
Keep it up, gentlemen! Let not the shame
Of money-greed mar one more grand English game!

"THE NEW WOMAN" AT THE LYCEUM, *i.e.*, MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL as *Romeo-Robertson's Juliet*. Heartily can we "pat CAMPBELL" on her delicate shoulder for her rendering of her share in the "Balcony Scene." That "The CAMPBELLS are coming" we all know; but whether this particular CAMPBELL, "of that ilk," has yet "arrived" is the question on which we shall have more to say "in our next." Scenically, satisfactory. Dramatically, doubtful.

UGLY.

(*A Pendant to a pretty little "pome" called "Pretty," by "Janet."*)

An ugly little artist had an ugly little dream,
Of an ugly little world built on an ugly little scheme;
He took up his little pencil and incontinently tried
To make ugly little pictures of that world so uglified.

He drew ugly little figures just like evil little imps,
With ugly little bodies of the hue of parboiled shrimps,



"DADDY'S
WAISTCOAT!"

(*Sketched from Life in
Drury Lane.*)

["A hint as to the manner you look at people, when delineating them for your own purpose, so that they should not be cognisant you are taking mental notes. Never stare at anyone straight in the face; and if whilst looking you should catch your subject's eye, quickly avert your gaze without moving to something about them that they may be wearing, or to the next person; you may for the moment appear to be looking into vacancy, or making a mental calculation, without staring at anything in particular."—*Professor O., in a weekly journal.*]

To be a successful delineator you should cultivate the art of squinting. Do this readily and naturally, without any apparent effort. This completely baffles the subject, for even if you catch *his* eye, you may safely defy him to catch yours. Beside, it economises time. In a crowd you can often thus kill two birds with one stone, or stony stare. If, however, nature has denied you this accomplishment, instead of squinting, you may wink the other eye. But this is sometimes misconstrued, as it has a rather challenging effect. You may find yourself (if the subject is a lady) head over ears in a flirtation—or in a somersault down the stairs—according to circumstances, before you know where you are.

Acquire the habit of taking physiognomical snap-shots. Practise this until, by merely glancing at a person in a good light for, say the twentieth of a second, you can secure a mental picture of his or her character, habits, and hobbies. You can develop and intensify, if necessary, these useful little views at home, bringing out further details as to the subject's bank-balance, latest *affaire de cœur*, or number of first-cousins-once-removed. All these points can be elucidated with a little patience and imagination.

Always, in conversing with a chance acquaintance you may meet in the street, gaze steadily at the brim of his hat, or study his necktie with a fixed and critical stare. This will make him think there is something wrong. He will fidget, and become nervous, revealing the inmost secrets of his soul. You then easily bag your instantaneous view, and depart abruptly with triumph. He will cut you dead next time, but that doesn't matter. You have added him to your collection, and can sail in quest of fresh specimens.

Some ladies rather like their new bonnets being examined. Learn, therefore, to do this with respectful admiration, and be prepared with an instant and favourable criticism. It is as well to master a few technical terms, so as to avoid, for example, confusing an *aigrette* with a *toque*.

If, on the other hand, your lady victims resent their head-gear or hair-dye being too closely examined, you must fall back on mental arithmetic. Calculate how many barleycorns it would take to go round the equator, or how many white beans there are in five black ones. If these sums are too hard to be done on the spur of the moment, work them out at home, and learn the results by heart, before sallying forth on your head-hunting expeditions.

Never ask a policeman without scanning narrowly his features, nor, if sitting behind a 'bus-driver, omit to secure his profile. Interview every crossing-sweeper you pass. Organ-grinders, also, are fairly inexpensive material to work upon. All these common objects are readily accessible, and frequently prove perfect mines of character, if you only dig deep enough below the surface. But the earnest explorer will find the countenances of cabmen to be the most remunerative phrenopsiognomical studies. Never mind their remarks if you can enrich your note-book with some hitherto undiscovered trait of human nature, with the inner meaning of some mysterious wrinkle, or with the true poetry of a wayward wart. Return home happy if the day's achievements include the decipherment of a mole on a flower-girl's cheek, or the translation of some rare tint of colour-music on the nose of some loafer near a pub.

Do not be content with the stores of face-reading lore that have been already acquired. Each day fresh secrets should be revealed. For instance, it has only recently been ascertained that one freckle on the tip of the nose means a disposition to borrow money without returning it; that three pimples in a row across the forehead indicate unpunctuality and insubordination; or that a droop of the left eyelid signifies habitual impecuniosity. It is still a moot point whether a nose can be both Quixotic and witty, and how to read a promiscuous eyebrow when combined with a constant upper lip. These, and many other mysteries, are waiting to be laid bare by the amateur but ardent face delineator.

THE WHY AND THE WHEREFORE.

Porter (to passenger). Where for? *Passenger.* Wye.

And Porter does not reply, "Cos I want to know," but puts a label on passenger's portmanteau accordingly.



PROTESTING TOO MUCH.

"AND I HOPE YOU'RE A MEMBER OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND?"
Applicant for Situation as Pace boy. "OH YES, MA'AM—VERY HIGH!"

TOM THE GOLFER.

[A Stanza on behalf of the testimonial now set on foot, and promoted by Mr. A. J. BALFOUR, to TOM MORRIS, the Grand Old Man of Golf.]

AIR—"Tom the Tinker."

Tom the Golfer's a wonderful man,
 For though seventy-five, up to now, is his span,
 At hitting a ball or at laying a plan,
 He's a clipper is Tom the Golfer!
 He can play the game, when not laying new links.
 The Golf-world of a brave testimonial thinks,
 And *Punch* inquires, with his choicest of winks,
 "Now, Golfing-world, what offer?"

"Cheer, Boys, Cheer!"

(*Ad Druriolanum, equitem gratias agens ad magistrum antiquum Henricum Russellum.*)

"Cheer, boys, cheer! No more of idle sorrow.
 Courage, brave hearts, will bear us on our way!"
 Tickets I've got for Drury Lane to-morrow.
 Cheer, boys, cheer! I am going to see that play!



"What cheer, my hearties!"

Ladies desirous of "trying their luck" in the matter of marrying a title, had better turn their attention towards St. Petersburg, where a French Count has made the novel proposal of starting a lottery—with himself as the prize. A million tickets are to be issued at one rouble each. The winner is to receive, in addition to an aristocratic husband, the sum of 250,000 roubles; the Count himself will pocket a quarter of a million; and the remaining half of the money is to be divided between charity and the promoters of the "raffle." In the Parisian parlance of the

boulevards, this enterprising nobleman is decidedly a "roublard."

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

I learn from *The Freeman's Journal* that "Lord WINDSOR, who presided at the Librarians' Congress, is an all-round man. In addition to his interest in libraries and the support which he has given to struggling Tory papers, he is a first-class lawn-tennis player who has narrowly escaped playing for the amateur finals, and a cricketer who carries about with him still the marks of a blow which he received on the nose in the playing fields of Eton College." I assume, though the fact is not expressly stated, that the blow was inflicted by a cricket ball, and not by the hostile fist of a fellow Etonian. It appears, then, that in his early youth there was about Lord WINDSOR'S nose a something, a bridge, an angle, *que sçais-je*, which forbad the idea of complete roundness. The providential arrival of a sort of homœopathic cricket ball removed the protuberance, and now Lord WINDSOR is *totus teres atque rotundus*. And, what is more, he still carries the marks about with him. Gallant President of the Librarians' Congress!

* * *

As a small boy at Eton Lord Windsor, I hear,
Played a good game of cricket, but failed as a sphere.
But behold, he grows rounder, the older he grows,
With a ball to each eye *plus* a ball on his nose.

* * *

West Bromwich has my profound sympathy. I read in a Birmingham paper that "there is a complete deadlock with regard to the mayoralty of West Bromwich for the coming year. The deputation appointed at the meeting in August have waited upon several eligible gentlemen to try and induce them to accept office, but without any success up to the present. Alderman ROLLASON has declined, and Councillor BUSHELL will not undertake the duties, and the committee are now doing their best to induce Councillor SLATER to take the position a second time." By this time, let us hope, the difficulty may have been removed, for imagination boggles at the idea of a town without a mayor.



* * *

West Bromwich's Committee-men, they fairly tore their hair. In all West Bromwich's expanse they could not find a Mayor. Each deputy with anguish notes his prematurely shed lock, But, dash it, what are men to do confronted by a deadlock? Each portly Alderman his Aldermanic self excuses, In vain they try the Councillors, for every one refuses. Declined with thanks by ROLLASON, the honour next they proffer To BUSHELL, who, in turn, declines their most obliging offer. Next, moving on, they tempt again their ex-Mayor, Mr. SLATER, "Be thou," they cry, with emphasis, "our mayoral dictator. With badge and chain and gown of fur it's not a paltry billet; The breach is ready-made," they say; "step into it and fill it. A vacuum a nuisance is, we ask thee to abate it; Our edifice is roofless now, climb up and promptly slate it."

* * *

If Mr. SLATER should ultimately decline the proffered mayoralty, the only suggestion I can make is that somebody should be pricked for the office. I don't quite know what it means, but I know that every year some forty estimable gentlemen are pricked for the shrievalty of their respective counties. One after another they arise in the Court of Justice in which this terrible ceremony takes place and declare that there are circumstances which absolutely forbid them to accept the post of High Sheriff. One pleads a reduced rental, another asks to be excused on the ground of failing health, but the plea is allowed in very few cases, and in the end most of them are reluctantly pricked. The new cook on board ship in CHARLES DICKENS'S *American Notes* was boxed up with the Captain standing over him, and was forced to roll out pastry which he protested, being of a highly bilious nature, it was death to him merely to look at. But he had to roll it out all the same. So it ought to be with an unwilling candidate for a mayoralty.

* * *

Let us be just to our American cousins in spite of boat-racing and yacht-racing *fiascos*. There are certain things that they obviously order much better than we do. For instance, when the silly season presses they just mark out one of their prominent literary men and have him attacked by highwaymen. At least this is what lately happened to Mr. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, for I read in *Harper's Weekly* that "a considerable number of daily journals of average veracity in New York and Boston published accounts of Mr. DAVIS'S encounter, differing to such a degree in details that each paper seemed to derive its information from an independent source. The very variation of the reports was an indication of a basis to the original tale: but after all, the despatch which carried most conviction was one only four lines long, in which Mr. DAVIS was quoted as intimating that some industrious writer had lied about him."

* * *

Notice again how magnificently they manage an earthquake. Little more than a week ago a

telegram, emanating from Tegucigalpa in Honduras, was published in the *New York Herald*. In this it was stated that "mail advices from Yetapan announced that a terrible earthquake had occurred in that section of the country." There were elaborate details. Three hundred persons perished. Four thousand people from the outlying villages flocked into the city. During the night "sheets of flame appeared at different points in the north-west rising to immense heights. A church tower crashed down, carrying with it the roofs of three houses. Just before daylight a prolonged shock rocked the entire town as though it were a cradle, and on the mountain side quantities of grazing cattle were engulfed by lava. At Covajunca thirty-seven houses were laid in ruins: at Cayuscat twenty-nine houses collapsed. A later despatch states that 353 bodies have already been recovered." In short, this earthquake was carried out in a style of lavish completeness, and no expense was spared to make it a record convulsion. It is unnecessary to add that it never happened. There wasn't a single quake in the whole of Honduras. Like *Falstaff's* assailants, and like the highwaymen that waylaid Mr. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, it wore a suit of buckram. And of all qualities of buckram the American is unquestionably the best.

* * *

It appears, moreover, that CAIN and ABEL lived in Central America, and that the mausoleum of ABEL is still to be seen in Yucatan, with all the inscriptions complete. Somehow or other a migration to Egypt then took place, and the Sphinx was erected by ABEL'S widow as a monument to her murdered husband. All this has been discovered by M. LE PLONGEON; and, to confirm the truth of the story, Mr. W. T. STEAD is to publish it, bound in buckram, of course. "JULIA'S" share in this discovery is not stated, but there can be no doubt that she must have been hovering round.

* * *

I am told that Cheshire cheese is in a bad way; that the price of it has fallen so much as to make the total disappearance of Cheshire cheese extremely likely. At the same time it is said that Cheshire cheese is going down because the farmers wilfully produce an inferior article. It may be so, though I hope it is not. But if it is, why delay the punishment? To produce inferior cheese is as bad as robbery with violence; and a dozen or so with a Cheshire cat ought to prove an effective deterrent to the most hardened offender.

TRAVELLER'S CONVERSATION BOOK.

(*For English Tourists visiting Sebastopol.*) I can assure you that I had no idea of treating Russia with disrespect. I was not born at the time of the Crimean War, and know nothing whatever of the battles of the Alma, Inkermann, and Balaclava. I really only require breakfast, and have no intention of sketching the walls of that fortress. I was asking the waiter to clean my boots, and not for information concerning the strength of the garrison. I was not aware that the place had been declared a naval port, and was therefore sacred from foreign invasion.

As a matter of fact, I was not searching for torpedoes, but only taking a sea bath.

I was as innocent in thought and intention as a *baigneuse* at Margate.



I am sorry that it has been necessary to confiscate my Gladstone bag, as it contains my linen and toilet requisites.

Certainly my bath sponge is not an explosive.

The programme of *Cheer, Boys, Cheer*, which is said to have been found in my bag, is of no political significance.

It certainly was not intended to create a riot at Moscow.

It surely is unnecessary to cover me with chains.

I really must protest against being detained in a dungeon three feet square, in lieu of occupying a comfortable room in the hotel *au troisième*.

It seems to me harsh treatment to deprive me of all my goods and chattels, and then refuse to allow me to communicate with the British Ambassador.

Well, of course, if I must go I must, and I suppose I ought to thank you for securing my ticket.

But surely you have made a mistake. I wished a ticket for Hampstead.

Very sorry that you should tell me that *you* are right—from this I gather I am booked (without appeal) to Siberia!

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