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February 23, 1895, by Various and F. C. Burnand**

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# **PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.**

**Volume 108, FEBRUARY 23, 1895.**

*edited by Sir Francis Burnand*

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## **THE O. W. VADE MECUM.**

*Question.* Is it easy to become a dramatist?

*Answer.* As easy as anything else.

*Q.* What are the requisites?

*A.* A West-end theatre, a first-rate troupe of artists, a trained audience, and a personality.

*Q.* What do you mean by a trained audience?

*A.* An assembly accustomed to accept everything as wit, and to laugh at anything.

*Q.* Would such a gathering consider it amusing for someone to say "Flirting with one's husband is quite indelicate: it is like washing one's clean linen in public"?

*A.* Certainly; and would find much to admire in a dialogue given over for something like ten minutes to an exhaustive consideration of muffins.

*Q.* And what do you mean by a personality?

*A.* More or less—an *insouciant* manner, and a rather startling button-hole.

*Q.* Does the personality require a speech or a cigarette?

*A.* Neither now, as both have ceased to be the fashion.

*Q.* Given the requisites you have specified for creating a dramatist, what is the product?

*A.* A trivial comedy for serious people.

*Q.* Why give a play such a title?

*A.* Why not?

*Q.* Can a comedy occupying two or three hours in representation be entirely trivial?

A. Not to the members of the audience.

Q. And are they serious people?

A. That depends upon the condition of their brains and their capacity of enjoyment.

Q. Does the trivial comedy require a plot?

A. Nothing to speak of.

Q. Or characterisation?

A. No, for the same kind of dialogue will do for all the company—for London ladies, country girls, justices of the peace, doctors of divinity, maid-servants, and confidential butlers.

Q. What sort of dialogue?

A. Inverted proverbs and renovated paradoxes.

Q. Is this kind of dialogue entirely new?

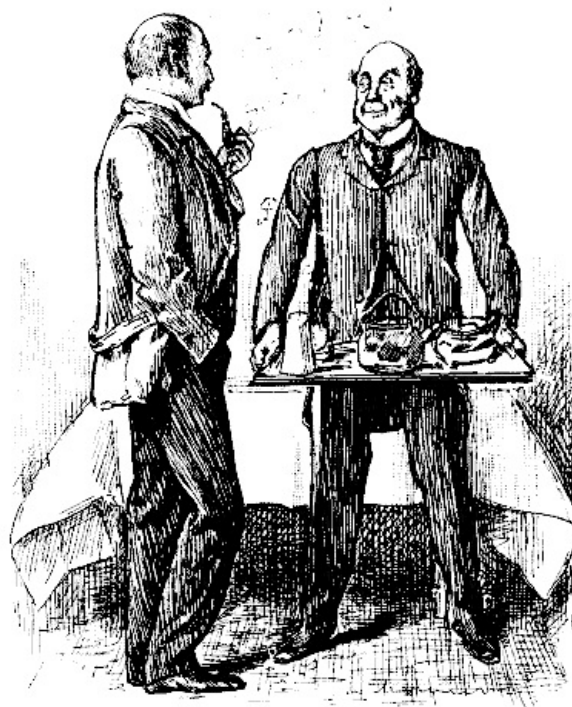
A. Not entirely, as something rather like it has been heard at the Savoy for the last ten or twenty years.

Q. But is it good enough for a British Public?

A. Quite good enough. They will laugh when a London lady expresses surprise at finding flowers growing in the country, and roar when they hear the retort, that plants are as common in the provinces as people in town.

Q. But surely this vein of sarcasm, satire, or whatever it is, will some day be worked out. What can the dramatist then do?

A. Act upon precedent, and try something else.



#### **A PURIST IN ENGLISH.**

"YOU CALLED ME VERY *LATE* THIS MORNING, JENKINSON!"

"YES, SIR, I'M SORRY TO SAY I *OVERLAID* MYSELF!"

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### **TONING IT DOWN.**

(See the Daily Papers of Last Week.)

#### **JAPANESE VERSION.**

Early on Tuesday a severe engagement took place between the Japanese Fleet and the

#### **CHINESE VERSION.**

The Chinese Fleet gave a good account of the Japanese Squadron on Tuesday. The

Chinese Flotilla, in which the Chinese ironclads *Wi Ho Wi*, *Bang Tel Bang*, and *Bosh Lu Rot* were sunk. The loss on the Japanese side was a cabin-boy wounded. The Chinese prisoners amounted to 180,000 men.

On Wednesday morning the Japanese landed and took all the forts, and garrisoned the city, which is now completely in the hands of the troops of the Taicoon.

On Thursday the Japanese commenced a general bombardment of the island, and blew up all the forts and sixty-seven powder magazines. The Chinese loss is estimated at 36,000 men. The Japanese escaped unscathed.

On Friday the Japanese made their grand attack and took the island by assault, and destroyed all the enemy's fleet, with the exception of a gun-boat.

The Chinese Fleet on Saturday was entirely at the mercy of the Japanese, and the Admiral is soliciting for terms. A flag of truce is floating from the remaining Chinese ironclad.

On Sunday the Japanese consented to permit the Chinese Admiral and sailors to unconditionally surrender, and have arranged to protect them from the fury of the Chinese Government.

slaughter of the Japs was enormous, amounting to at least 40,000 sailors and 50,000 marines. There was no loss on the Chinese side. Owing to a mistake the *Wi Ho Wi* lost a rope, the *Bang Tel Bang* had her figure-head slightly damaged, and the *Bosh Lu Rot* re-entered port just to have her deck repainted. The Japanese lost several ironclads and all their torpedo-boats.

On Wednesday an attack of 70,000 Japanese troops was repulsed with great slaughter by the Chinese, and the invaders are now in active retreat. The Chinese have not pursued them, from motives of an entirely philanthropic character.

An artillery duel took place on Thursday between the Chinese troops and the Japanese, in which the latter lost all their war materiel and seventy-nine general officers. The casualty on the Chinese side was one drummer-boy slightly wounded—sprain of the left little toe.

For a few minutes the Japanese secured a footing on the island, but were soon induced to retreat. Many of the Chinese ironclads have seen much service, but are still able to dispose of the enemy.

The Chinese Admiral during Saturday has wired to his Government—"The Japanese, after one slight reverse, having lost all heart, are now suing for peace. We shall be careful to guard the best interests of the empire."

The Chinese Admiral (under Sunday's date) has wired to Pekin—"Have come to arrangement with Japanese authorities. Shall not return to Pekin. Good-bye. Those who have no other engagements are going home to tea."

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## HARD LINES.

(By a Mathematical Bard.)

Ah, spooks of EUCLID, NEWTON, weep for me,  
For I'm a miserably blighted biped!  
And here's the cause—I wrote an ode, you see,  
Alluding to a parallelepiped.

I'd spelt my polysyllable all right,  
The blessed word I hoped would make me famous;  
The vulgar error I'd avoided quite,  
And thought no one *could* call me "ignoramus."

It safely passed in proof through each "revise";  
But didn't I *rave*, when I my book inspected,  
And found it by some printer over-wise  
To "parallelepiped" miscorrected!

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MR. PUNCH'S CRITICISM ON JOHN DAVIDSON'S LATEST PRODUCTION.—"It ain't all Lavender."

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### THE UNEMPLOYED.

*Plumber Joe.* "IF THESE 'ERE PIPES 'UD ONLY BUST, THERE'D BE A CHARNCE OF A JOB FOR ME!"

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### THROUGH STRESS OF WEATHER.

*Tommy (after contemplating the Horses in front of him).* "I SHALL HUNT ON CAWIDGE HORSES WHEN I'S A MAN, JOHN! *THEY* HASN'T EAT ANY OF THEIR HEADS OFF, LIKE WHAT HUNTERS ALWAYS DOES IN FROSTY WEATHER, HAS THEY?"

---

### THE UNEMPLOYED.

*Plumber Joe loquitur.—*

Oh, bust it! Or, rayther, bust *them!* I've my eye on the pipes o' this House,  
As might give me the chanst as *I* wants, but, by gob, it's a regular chouse.  
Nary bust in 'em yet, as I sees! I ain't none o' yer ornary hands,  
There isn't a task in my trade but wot smart Plumber JOE understands,  
And at making a jint I'm daisy. Our trade is a topper, it is,

But one arf of the potters called plumbers ain't nothink like up to  
 their biz—  
 Mere poor paltryfoggers, most on 'em, as boggle, and bungle, and  
 botch.  
 'Tain't *business* the beggars are arter, but more speshul Irish—or  
 Scotch!  
 A copper-bit jint is their utmost, but wot they like most is a splodge  
 Of canvas and white-lead or putty; *their* work is all fakement and  
 dodge,  
 As won't last a fortnit, not watertight. As to a blow-jint, well did,  
 They jest couldn't take it on nohow—no, not if you tipped 'em a quid.  
 But I'm a certified plumber, a master of shave-hook and solder,  
 Of turn-pin, and mallet, and fire-devil. Plumber who's smarter and  
 bolder  
 With blow-pipe, and lamp-black, and size, you won't find London  
 through if yer try;  
 And at "wiping a jint"—ah!—a pickter—there's none as can wipe JOEY'S  
 eye.  
 Then at sanitory work! Bless yer buttons, yer dashed County Council  
 ain't in it;  
 And as to that there WALLACE BRUCE, wy, I'll jist wipe him up in a minit,  
 Though he *has* a good fighting name on 'im. Calls me a quack, too,  
 does BILL,  
 And 'ints I dunno my own trade! Wait a bit, and I'll give *him* a pill.  
 Insanitory aireys, indeed! As a judge of a rookery or slum  
 There ain't ne'er a Cockney C. C. as can sideup with JOEY the Brum;  
 Wot 'e doesn't know 'aint *wuth* knowing. I'll set 'em all right, though,  
 —in time.  
 When England's *all* Brummagemised, and I'm boss of it, *won't* it be  
 prime?  
 Meanwhile, I'm a bit out-of-work. Unemployed, so to speak, like a lot,  
 Although I ain't no "Unskilled Labourer." HARDIE talks thunderin' rot,  
 But I thought 'e might make me a hopening. Somehow the fakement  
 was lost.  
 And yet I *should* be flush o' work, for we've had a unusual frost,  
 As this House, like the rest, must have felt. Wy, I thought they'd ha'  
 bust long ago,  
 Them Guverment pipes, and be blowed to 'em. 'Ere in the sludge and  
 the snow  
 I've bin waiting a tidy long spell, till my toes 'ave like icicles grown.  
 I've bin journeyman quite long enough, and I want to set up "on my  
 own."  
 Pal ARTHUR is all very well, but at bossing a bit of a slob.  
 And when these big pipes do a bust, well—I see a rare charnce of a  
 job!

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FIN DE SIÈCLE.—"New men, new manners." "New women—no manners."

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## AN ARTISTIC "FROST."

[According to the *Daily Telegraph*, the Saffron Hill street-musicians are complaining that their barrel-organs are frozen.]

*Macaroni Carlo sings:—*

*Ah, che la morte ognora—  
 Basta! no more can I play!  
 So ai nostri monti ancora  
 Ritornere* to-day!

*Ebbene, il mio padrone—  
 I bid 'im an' Londra good-bye!  
 'E may grind out 'imself 'is canzone  
 For never again will I try!*

*E troppo!* my barrel—'e's frosty,  
 An' round I can not make 'im turn!  
 The music of VERDI and TOSTI  
 No longer a *soldo* can earn!

"My *Honey!*" won't thaw, and there's  
 "*Daisy*"  
 An *icicle* frozen right through!

So addi, Inghilterra, paese  
Where artists have no more to do!

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RETURN TO THE CLASSICS.—There is a talk of reviving Olympian Games. Athens or Paris to begin. The competitors to be cosmopolitan. England will send her prize boxer or wrestler, and if crowned victor, let him, after the manner of the ancient Greeks, be free of taxes and rates for the remainder of his life. How the competition will grow. The Smiths, the Browns, all the patres familias will be urged by the matres to go forth and take part in the contest.

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## IN THE CAUSE OF CHARITY.

SCENE—*Mona House, the Town Mansion of the Marquis of MANX, which has been lent for a Sale of Work in aid of the "Fund for Superannuated Skirt-dancers," under the patronage of Royalty and other distinguished personages.*

IN THE ENTRANCE HALL.

*Mrs. Wylie Dedhead (attempting to insinuate herself between the barriers).* Excuse me; I only want to pop in for a moment, just to see if a lady friend of mine is in there, that's *all!*

*The Lady Money-taker (blandly).* If you will let me know your friend's name—?

*Mrs. W. D. (splendide mendax).* She's assisting the dear Duchess. *Now*, perhaps, you will allow me to pass!

*The L. M.* Afraid I can't, really. But if you mean Lady HONOR HYNDLEGGES—*she* is the only lady at the Duchess's stall—I could send *in* for her. Or of course, if you like to pay half-a-crown—

*Mrs. W. D. (hastily).* Thank you, I—I won't disturb her ladyship. I had no *idea* there was any charge for admission, and—(*bristling*)—allow me to say I consider such regulations *most* absurd.

*The L. M. (sweetly, with a half glance at the bowl of coins on the table).* Quite *too* ridiculous, ain't they? *Good* afternoon!

*Mrs. W. D. (audibly, as she flounces out).* If they suppose *I'm* going to pay half-a-crown for the privilege of being *fleeced*—!

*Footman (on steps, sotto voce, to confrère).* "Fleeced"! that's a good 'un, eh? *She* ain't brought much wool in with *her!*

*His Confrère.* On'y what's stuffed inside of her ear.

[*They resume their former impassive dignity.*]

IN THE VENETIAN GALLERY—*where the Bazaar is being held.*

*A Loyal Old Lady (at the top of her voice—to Stall-keeper).* Which of 'em's the Princess, my dear, eh? It's her I paid my money to see.

*The Stall-keeper (in a dismayed whisper).* Ssh! Not *quite* so loud! There—just opposite—petunia bow in her bonnet—selling kittens.

*The L. O. L. (planting herself on a chair).* So *that's* her! Well, she *is* dressed plain—for a Royalty—but looks *pleasant* enough. I wouldn't mind taking one o' them kittings off her Royal 'Ighness myself, if they was going at all reasonable. But there, I expect, the cats 'ere is meat for my masters, so to speak; and you see, my dear, 'aving the promise of a tortoise-shell tom from the lady as keeps the Dairy next door, whenever—

[*She finds, with surprise, that her confidences are not encouraged.*]

*Miss St. Leger de Mayne (persuasively, to Mrs. NIBBLER).* Do let me show you some of this exquisite work, all embroidered entirely by hand, you see!

*Mrs. Nibbler (edging away).* Lovely—*quite* lovely; but I think—a—I'll just take a look round before I—

*Miss de M.* If there is any *particular* thing you were looking for, perhaps *I* could—

*Mrs. N. (becoming confidential).* Well, I *did* think if I could come across a nice *sideboard-cloth*—

*Miss de M. (to herself).* What on earth's a sideboard-cloth? (*Aloud.*) Why, I've the very *thing!* See—all worked in Russian stitch!

*Mrs. N. (dubiously).* I thought they were always quite plain. And what's that queer sort of flap-thing for?

Miss de M. Oh, *that?* That's—a—to cover up the spoons, and forks, and things; quite the latest fashion, *now*, you know.

Mrs. N. (*with self-assertion*). I *have* noticed it at several dinner-parties I've been to in society lately, certainly. Still, I'm not sure that—

Miss de M. I always have them on my *own* sideboard now—my husband won't *hear* of any others.... Then, I *may* put this one in paper for you? fifteen-and-sixpence—thanks *so* much! (*To her colleague, as Mrs. N. departs.*) CONNIE, I've got rid of that awful nightgown case at *last!*

Mrs. Maycup. A—you *don't* happen to have a small bag to hold a powder-puff, and so on, you know?

Miss de M. I *had* some very pretty ones; but I'm afraid they're all—oh, no, there's just *one* left—crimson velvet and real *passementerie*. (*She produces a bag.*) Too trotty for words, isn't it?

Mrs. Maycup (*tacitly admitting its trottiness*).

But then—that sort of purse-shape— Could I get a small pair of folding curling-irons into it, should you think, at a pinch?

Miss de M. You could get *anything* into it—at a pinch. I've one myself which will hold—well, I can't tell you what it *won't* hold! Half-a-guinea—so *many* thanks! (*To herself, as Mrs. MAYCUP carries off her bag.*) What *would* the Vicar's wife say if she knew I'd sold her church collection bag for *that!* But it's all in a good cause! (*An Elderly Lady comes up.*) May I show you some of these—?

The Elderly Lady. Well, I was wondering if you had such a thing as a good warm pair of sleeping socks: because, these bitter nights, I do find I suffer so from cold in my feet.

Miss de M. (*with effusion*). Ah, then I can *feel* for you—so do *I!* At least, I *used* to before I tried— (*To herself.*) Where *is* that pair of thick woollen driving-gloves? Ah, *I* know. (*Aloud.*)—these. I've found them *such* a comfort!

The E. L. (*suspiciously*). They have rather a queer— And then they're divided at the ends, too.

Miss de M. Oh, haven't you seen *those* before? Doctors consider them so much healthier, don't you know.

The E. L. I daresay they are, my dear. But aren't the—(*with delicate embarrassment*)—the separated parts rather long?

Miss de M. Do you *think* so? They allow so much more freedom, you see; and then, of course they'll shrink.

The E. L. That's true, my dear. Well, I'll take a pair, as you recommend them so strongly.

Miss de M. I'm quite *sure* you'll never regret it! (*To herself, as the E. L. retires, charmed.*) I'd give *anything* to see the poor old thing trying to put them on!

Miss Mimosa Tendrill (*to herself*). I do so *hate* hawking this horrid old thing about! (*Forlornly, to Mrs. ALLBUTT-INNETT.*) I—I beg your pardon; but *will* you give me ten and sixpence for this lovely work-basket?

Mrs. Allbutt-Innett. My good girl, let me tell you I've been pestered to buy that identical basket at every bazaar I've set foot in for the last twelvemonth, and how you can have the face to ask ten and six for it—you must think I've more money than wit!

Miss Tendr. (*abashed*). Well—*eighteenpence* then? (*To herself, as Mrs. A.-I. closes promptly.*) There, I've sold *something*, anyhow!

The Hon. Diana D'Autenbas (*to herself*). It's rather fun selling at a Bazaar; one can let oneself *go* so much more! (*To the first man she meets.*) I'm sure you'll buy one of my buttonholes—now *won't* you? If I fasten it in for you myself?

Mr. Cadney Rowser. A button'ole, eh? Think I'm not classy enough as I am?

Miss D'Aut. I don't think *anyone* could accuse you of not being "*classy*"; still, a flower would just



"You have lofty ambitions and the artistic temperament."

give the finishing-touch.

*Mr. C. R. (modestly).* Rats!—if you'll pass the freedom. But you've such a way with you that—there—'ow much?

*Miss D'Aut.* Only five shillings. Nothing—to *you!*

*Mr. C. R.* Five bob? You're a artful girl, *you* are! "*Fang de Seakale*," and no error! But I'm *on* it; it's worth the money to 'ave a flower fastened in by such fair 'ands. I won't 'owl—not even if you *do* run a pin into me.... What? You ain't done a'ready! No 'urry, yer know.... 'Ere, won't you come along to the refreshment-stall, and 'ave a little something at my expense. Do!

*Miss D'Aut.* I think you must imagine you are talking to a barmaid!

*Mr. C. R. (with gallantry).* I on'y wish barmaids was 'alf as pleasant and sociable as *you*, Miss. But they're a precious stuck-up lot, *I* can assure you!

*Miss D'Aut. (to herself, as she escapes).* I suppose one ought to put up with this sort of thing—for a charity!

*Mrs. Babbicombe (at the Toy Stall, to the Belle of the Bazaar, aged three-and-a-half).* You *perfect* duck! You're simply too *sweet!* I *must* find you something. (*She tempers generosity with discretion by presenting her with a small pair of knitted doll's socks.*) There, darling!

*The Belle's Mother.* What do you say to the kind lady now, MARJORY?

*Marjory (a practical young person, to the donor).* Now div me a dolly to put ve socks on.

[*Mrs. B. finds herself obliged to repair this omission.*

*A Young Lady Raffer (to a Young Man).* Do take a ticket for this charmin' *sachet*. Only half-a-crown!

*The Young Man.* Delighted! If you'll put in for this *splendid* cigar cabinet. Two shillin's!

[*The Young Lady realises that she has encountered an Augur, and passes on.*

*Miss de M. (to Mr. ISTHMIAN GATWICK).* Can't I tempt you with this tea-cosy? It's so absurdly cheap!

*Mr. Isthmian Gatwick (with dignity).* A-thanks; I think not. Never *take* tea, don't you know.

*Miss de M. (with her characteristic adaptability).* Really? No more do *I*. But you could use it as a *smoking-cap*, you know. I always—

[*Recollects herself, and breaks off in confusion.*

*Miss Ophelia Palmer (in the "Wizard's Care"—to Mr. CADNEY ROWSER).* Yes, your hand indicates an intensely refined and spiritual nature; you are perhaps a *little* too indifferent to your personal comfort where that of others is concerned; sensitive—too much so for your own happiness, perhaps—you feel things keenly when you *do* feel them. You have lofty ambitions and the artistic temperament—seven and sixpence, please.

*Mr. C. R. (impressed).* Well, Miss, if you can read all that for seven and six on the palm of my 'and, I wonder what you *wouldn't* see for 'alf a quid on the sole o' my boot!

[*Miss P.'s belief in Chiromancy sustains a severe shock.*

*Bobbie Patterson (outside tent, as Showman).* This way to the Marvellous Jumping Bean from Mexico! Threepence!

*Voice from Tent.* BOBBIE! Stop! The Bean's *lost!* Lady HONOR's horrid Thought-reading Poodle has just stepped in and swallowed it.

*Bobbie.* Ladies and Gentlemen, owing to sudden domestic calamity, the Bean has been unavoidably compelled to retire, and will be unable to appear till further notice.

*Miss Smylie (to Mr. OTIS BARLEYWATER, who—in his own set—is considered "almost equal to CORNEY GRAIN").* I thought you were giving your entertainment in the library? Why *aren't* you?

*Mr. Otis Barleywater (in a tone of injury).* Why? Because I can't give my imitations of ARTHUR ROBERTS and YVETTE GUILBERT with anything *like* the requisite "go," unless I get a better audience than three programme-sellers, all under ten, and the cloak-room maid—*that's* why!

*Mrs. Allbutt-Innett (as she leaves, fur the benefit of bystanders).* I must say, the house is *most* disappointing—not at *all* what I should expect a *Marquis* to live in. Why, my *own* reception-rooms are very nearly as large, and decorated in a much more modern style!

*Bobbie Patterson (to a "Doosid Good-natured Fellow, who doesn't care what he does," and whom he has just discovered inside a case got up to represent an automatic sweetmeat machine).* Why,



my dear old *chap!* No idea it was *you* inside that thing! Enjoying yourself in there, eh?

*The Doosid Good-natured Fellow (fluffily, from the interior).* Enjoying myself! With the beastly pennies droppin' down into my boots, and the kids howlin' because all the confounded chocolates have worked up between my shoulder-blades, and I can't shake 'em out of the slit in my arm? I'd like to see *you* tryin' it!

*The L. O. L. (to a stranger, who is approaching the Princess's stall).* 'Ere, Mister, where are your manners? 'Ats off in the presence o' Royalty!

[*She pokes him in the back with her umbrella: the stranger turns, smiles slightly, and passes on.*]

*A Well-informed Bystander.* You are evidently unaware, Madam, that the gentleman you have just addressed is His Serene Highness the Prince of POTSDAM!

*The L. O. L. (aghast).* Her 'usban!' And me a jobbin' of 'im with my umberella! 'Ere, let me get out! [*She staggers out, in dead terror of being sent to the Tower on the spot.*]



#### A POOR ADVERTISEMENT.

*Tourist.* "I SUPPOSE YOU FEEL PROUD TO HAVE SUCH A DISTINGUISHED MAN STAYING IN YOUR HOUSE?"

*Host of the "Drumdonnachie Arms."* "'DEED NO! A BODY LIKE THAT DOES US MAIR HAIRM THAN GUID; HIS APPEARANCE IS NAE CREDIT TAE OOR COMMISSARIAT!"



#### COMPENSATION.

*He.* "THAT'S MRS. GRIMSHAW, WHO LECTURES ON BIMETALLISM. I'VE HEARD HER. HOW EXASPERATINGLY CLEVER SHE SEEMS TO BE!"

*She.* "YES—BUT HOW CONSOLINGLY UGLY!"

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## THE LEARNED WELSH GOAT.

*Dame Ap-Asq-th loquitur:—*

*Not* the Learned Pig, ladies and gentlemen, this time. Oh dear no! I should think the public had had about enough of him for some time to come, and— Oh, I forgot! (*Aside: He'll have to be trotted out again presently, so I'd better shut up, and not spoil the market for Mистер O'MORLEY.*) As I was saying, ladies and gentlemen, not the Learned Irish Pig, but the Learned Welsh Goat!

A goat, you know, is a nimble creature, which, in a state of nature, mounts pinnacles, and leaps from rock to rock, like the poor gentleman in the *Contrabandista*. This one could climb a church steeple, and balance itself on the weathercock—if permitted to do so. Couldn't you, TAFFY? (*Aside: I hope the blessed brute won't butt me. He's been a bit restive of late.*)

No, ladies and gentlemen, *Esmeralda's* goat was really not in it with mine, for nimbleness and *nous*, much less the goat in *Dinorah*. As to *Robinson Crusoe's* much talked of animal— Here, I say, TAFFY! *Crwych llnwyddfohw ychonbompthyy kckonobommthygy!* That means, "Mind your 'p's' and 'q's'," ladies and gentlemen, or, in Welsh, "Mind your 'l's' and 'y's.'" But *my* goat understands English quite well, as you'll see presently, and, moreover, is not, as Lord ROSEBERRY says most *other* members of the Liberal Party are, floored by words of two syllables. TAFFY is equal to *five*—at least! Most Welsh words, you know, are in about twenty. At least, they *look* so, to non-Welshers—I mean, non-Welshmen. (*Aside: Hope they won't ask me what is the Welsh for "Ploughing the Sands"!*)

Now, you see, ladies and gentlemen, here are sixteen letters, scattered, "in pie," as it were, forming a word of five syllables, which has been familiar in our mouths as "All the Year Round"—I mean household words—of late. (*Aside: Indeed it has! And if they knew what a bore it has become in Cabinet Councils and other places where they squabble— Well, no matter!*) Behold the letters, ladies and gentlemen!

M. B. L. E. A. T. I. S. H. D. I. S. S. E. N. T

Now, TAFFY, what can you make of *that*? Watch him, ladies and gentlemen! Mark his sagacity! And remember, it is all done by kindness! (*Aside: Yes, "by CADWALLADER and all his goats," it wouldn't do to try anything else with this animal, or we should all be sprawling in no time!*)

Plbymbch y llrnwtclfly, TAFFY! See, he starts with "a big, big D." No profanity intended, I assure you. This is a Noncomformist goat, and carries a conscience! D. I. S. Ah! that, too, hath an ominous sound, TAFFY! But you're not through yet. E. S. T. A. B! How carefully, yet how confidently, he picks them out. No hesitation, no indecision. Ah! Gallant Little TAFFY knows his book! D. I. S. E. S. T. A. B— Well, and what's the *next* letter, TAFFY?

[*Left spelling it out.*

---

## HARD TO (L. C.) C.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I crave your advice and sympathy under the following circumstances. I have been of late considerably perplexed as to which side I ought to support in the forthcoming London County Council Election. Sometimes I have felt drawn to the banner of Progressivism, at other times I have yearned to embrace Moderateness, I do not say the Moderate Programme, because there are so many. In my difficulty I saw an announcement that the *Daily Chronicle* was about to become an illustrated paper in the interest of the Progressives. Accordingly, last Monday I eagerly bought the first copy of the newly-pictured paper, and found a delightful feast for my eyes in a reproduction of a drawing by Sir EDWARD BURNE-JONES. It was without doubt a charming piece of work, and the printing was marvellously good. That decided me—I threw in my lot with the Progressives without more ado.

But, unfortunately, that was only the commencement of the difficulty. That very afternoon I met a friend who happened to be a "Moderate" candidate. "I suppose I can reckon on your assistance, old fellow?" was his greeting as he patted me familiarly on the back. I explained to him that I had determined to vote Progressive. He asked me why. For some time I tried to think of some reason which should appear, on the face of it, conclusive. It ended in my being truthful, and playing Sir EDWARD BURNE-JONES. Then came the questions which have been ringing in my ears ever since. "What on earth has that delightful picture to do with the question? Why, I've got it myself and am having it framed for our drawing-room. But why should it make you vote Progressive?" And that's just it—I didn't know, and I don't know. Please can anyone tell me?

Yours, Burne-Jonesing to know,  
MUCHPURP LEXT.

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CHILLY NOTION.—The gentleman who had "nothing on his mind" was reduced to "a bare idea." He has not survived it.

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### THE LEARNED WELSH GOAT.

DAME AP-ASQ-TH. "NOW, TAFFY, WHAT'S THE NEXT LETTER?"

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### TO MY DOCTOR IN BED.

With much regret I hear it said  
That you, dear doctor, are in bed,  
Quite invalided.  
For you the uninviting fare—  
The broth, the gruel, made with care,  
The milk—is needed.

I mourn, yet grimly chuckle, too,  
When thinking that not I, but you,  
Should be a fixture;  
Not I, but you, must sadly sip,  
With utterly unwilling lip,  
Some awful mixture.

Not I, but you, must now obey  
What dictatorial doctors say,  
So interfering!  
I might perhaps be less averse  
To some attractive youthful nurse,  
And find her cheering.

In weather such as we have had,  
Your fate may not have been so bad;  
In bed one lingers  
When blizzards bite the bluish nose,  
When cold half numbs the tortured toes,  
The frozen fingers.

So I perhaps should envy you,

With nothing in the world to do  
But, idly dozy,  
And disregarding snow and storm,  
To just be comfortably warm,  
And snugly cosy.

To pass the time, your pulse you feel,  
And dream of charms all ills to heal,  
Like some magician;  
In mirrors you may see your tongue;  
You cannot listen to your lung,  
My poor physician.

You read the *Lancet*, I should say,  
Or books on your complaint, all day,  
Stiff-bound or limp tomes,  
And when you put the volumes by,  
You lie and sigh and try and di-  
-agnose your symptoms.

---

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Messrs. CHATTO AND WINDUS have omitted one thing that would have contributed to the full success of their publication of *The Memoirs of the Duchesse de Gontaut*, done out of the French by Mrs. W. DAVIS. They ought to have engaged the services of our E. T. R., who would have been quite at home in illustrating the prehistoric peeps here opened. The Duchesse was *gouvernante* to those she fondly styles the "children of France" during the Restoration. Of her charges one was "The Child of Miracle," born to the DUCHESS DE BERRY after the murder of her husband. He was subsequently known to French Royalists as HENRI THE FIFTH, and to the rest of the world as the Comte DE CHAMBORD. What is amazing, in a sense fascinating, to readers at this end of the century, is to find a state of things existing in which such a poor, common-place, fatuous creature as CHARLES THE TENTH could be regarded with reverence, almost worship, by his fellow-creatures. Madame DE GONTAUT, a high-minded, well-educated, sensible woman, almost weeps over the king as in the days of July, 1830, he sat on the balcony at the Palace of St. Cloud playing whist, the game interrupted from time to time by the sound of the tocsin, and the flashing forth of fresh fires in the streets of revolted Paris. On the 28th of July overtures were made from the revolutionary committee in Paris, which might, temporarily at least, have saved the throne had the king accepted their moderate conditions. "I think," he said, for all response, "it is a great impertinence to bring me such propositions." Three days later, at two o'clock in the morning, the king was roused out of his peaceful sleep, and packed off to Dieppe by friends, anxious to save him from the fate of LOUIS THE SIXTEENTH.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.



*Importunate Street Urchin (for the tenth time).*  
"GI' US A COPPER, SIR! GI' US A COPPER!"

*Testy Individual (losing patience).* "OH, GO TO"—

(*substitutes a milder form*)—"BLAZES!"

*Street Urchin.* "SURE THIN AN' I WOULD IN THIS BASTLY  
COULD WEATHER, IF I WAS ONLY CERTAIN O' COMIN' BACK  
AGAIN!"

[*Individual's testiness overcome and Urchin  
rewarded.*

---

## Seasonable Conundrum.

Q. What is the difference between laying down the Golden Rule (Do to others, &c.) and *acting* upon it?

A. One is a truism, the other an altruism.

[Mr. Punch *advises the well-to-do readers to work this out practically among the poor this inclement season.*

---

## THRIFT!

(*To "Unsplendid Paupers, in Workhouses and other places where they wish to enjoy themselves" on the cheap.*)

If you'd really learn and practice Thrift  
(As the frozen poor have needed lately)  
Get the great Elizabethan gift  
Of (*economically*) being "stately."  
(Mr. STEAD that dower will explain.)  
You must have a castle to begin with;  
Then give a *Bal Poudré*. You will gain!  
(Having nothing else to do your "tin"  
with.)  
The true way to save is—spend your  
money  
On a splendid pageant! Ain't it funny?  
SALISBURY FOR HODGE advised a circus,  
I a *Bal Poudré* for every "Vorkuss"!



### IMPROVEMENTS IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

IT IS PROPOSED TO ADD A REAL ICE RINK (WET OR SHINE, SUMMER OR WINTER) FOR THE USE OF MEMBERS.

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## A VALEDICTION TO ST. VALENTINE.

(*By an Old-fashioned Fellow.*)

Old friend of the lass and the lover,  
They say you are moribund now,

Your rule—it was gentle—is over,  
Because—it is "vulgar" to vow,  
"No class" to be vassal to Cupid,  
"Bad form" to go wooing in verse!  
Well, Saint, your old rhymings *were*  
stupid  
But new ones seem worse.

Your hearts and your darts were as  
healthy  
As daffodils, larks or Spring lamb.  
But now we're so wise, and so wealthy,  
Simplicity strikes us as sham;  
Your empire was kind, if despotic,  
And blent of the smile and the tear.  
But now we're all "new" and "neurotic,"  
And slaves to the queer.

A Beardsley design, now, would shock  
you.  
And so would a verse by VERLAINE.  
Our Art, modern Art, would but mock  
you,  
Our poetry give you much pain.  
Oh Woman, New Woman, thou clamorest  
Loudly for right to revolt.  
But oh! from our latter-day Amorist  
S. V. would *bolt!*

'Tis well, good Saint Valentine, truly,  
That you have got notice to quit,  
For, faith! you must find us unduly  
Devoted to cynical wit.  
The poor dear conventional passions,  
You voiced, with bird-pipings, in  
Spring,  
Are not "up to date." Love's new fashions  
*You* never could sing!

Good gracious! LE GALLIENNE's lyrics,  
And DAVIDSON's Lavender-scent,  
Would certainly give you hysterics.  
Song now, just like wine, must  
*ferment.*  
The dewdroppy old dithyrambics  
You loved, in our day don't go down.  
Our maidens like brisk galliambics  
On which you would frown.

Indeed ithyphallics—but, bless us!  
Our poesy, Saint, unto you  
Would be like a new shirt of Nessus.  
Our art is all yellow—or blue.  
And so, poor old boy, 'tis a blessing  
You're off, with a tear in your eye.  
Like soft hearts and simple caressing,  
You're vulgar! Good-bye!

---

STRANGE OMEN.—Sir FRANK LOCKWOOD, Solicitor-General, was "entertained," says the *Daily Telegraph*, "to dinner"—(observe, not "entertained *at* dinner"; perhaps he had to do the entertaining, then)—"at the House of Commons, his host, Mr. JOHN AIRD" (always a host in himself), "being a Conservative," while the other guests were either Conservatives or Unionists. DANIEL in the lions' den is the parallel that arises to everyone's mind; but in this instance DANIEL actually dined with the lions, and probably felt none the worse for the "feast of reason and the flow of soul."

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We haven't as yet seen *An Artist's Model* at Daly's, but as the piece seems to depend for its "go" mainly on the music composed for it by Mr. OWEN HALL (to clever lyrics by Mr. GREENBANK), it would not be unfair to say that it is to its music it is OWEN HALL its success.

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ANTICIPATORY.—Should HENRY IRVING, as the acknowledged leading representative of the Histrionic side of Dramatic Art in this country, receive the honour of knighthood, the Lyceum bill might be headed, "Great Success! First Knight!"



"AD ANY BREAKFUS' 'S MORNIN'?"

"NOT A DROP!"

---

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday Night, February 11.*—The other day rumour about that TIM HEALY, weary of strife, finding how sharper than a serpent's tooth is the enmity of parted friends, had resolved to retire from political life. That news, if true, would eclipse the gaiety of Parliament. TIM's manner may not be precisely described as gay. It is, in truth, somewhat saturnine; rather raspy, occasionally vitriolic. If there is any instruction to be conveyed, TIM approves the fashion of the ancient Israelitish captain, who "taught the men of Succoth with thorns of the wilderness and briars." TIM's former colleagues, now ranged under modest leadership of JOHN REDMOND, are, he conscientiously believes, much in need of instruction. So to-night TIM "taught them" with thorns of the wilderness and briars.

A brisk debate, falling into most attractive sequence. This in measure accidental; looked like admirable stage management. First JOHN REDMOND, with his neatly-moulded phrases, his assumption of profound statecraft, his assertion that Tories please him not, nor Liberals either; his conclusion that since Government are on friendly terms with the major Irish Party, the minor (nine strong) will march into lobby with PRINCE ARTHUR, whom they used to hate, and JOSEPH of Birmingham, whom they scarcely love. Next JOHN MORLEY, stirred to unusually profound depths, his speech glowing above the unwonted fire. Then PRINCE ARTHUR, gracefully skating on exceedingly thin ice, incidentally dropping into imagery on successive phases of the married state, which House, ever alert for personal references, listened to with quickened interest. A scholar's current speech or writing is insensibly tinctured with flavour of his latest study. Odd that just now PRINCE ARTHUR should display this curiously minute knowledge and appreciation of various phases of married life as it is to be studied in books of reference.

Finally, TIM, his truculence tempered by humour of the situation. JOHN REDMOND protested he had made no bargain with Opposition in transferring to them his handful of votes. PRINCE ARTHUR had confirmed disclaimer. Too much for tender-hearted TIM. Tears glistened in his eyes; his voice trembled; his hand shook; his body seemed to grow limp, as he lamented this last degeneration of ancient Irish spirit.

"I have," he said, "been in alliance with the Tory Party before now, and may be again; but I know of no occasion when any Irish party gave their votes unless they got something for them."

That only TIM's fun. Overcoming his emotion, he, with ruthless force, pitiless logic, laid bare position of the new Party of the Muses.

*Business done.*—Parnellite Amendment, supported by Unionists, negatived by 256 against 236.

*Tuesday.*—If you want to make your flesh creep, you should have heard the SPEAKER just now challenging the Lord Mayor of Dublin, whom he discovered standing at Bar; and, as Sir WILFRID

LAWSON adds, "not drinking." Lord Mayor got up in gorgeous apparel; scarlet gown, ermine-tipped, with gold chain gleaming across manly chest. Recalls days of yesteryear when DAWSON was Lord Mayor of Dublin. Being also Member for an Irish constituency, no autocratic SPEAKER might challenge his right to cross the Bar, whether in civilian dress, or in robes of office. On occasions when he had a petition to deliver he came down, cloaked, in a four-wheeler. Made the heart of Mr. COVE in Members' cloak-room stand still, when he suddenly threw back his wraps, and disclosed glittering garb beneath. Sat on front bench below gangway with inadequate legs partially crossed, his chain mysteriously clanking, motion understood at time to serve double purpose of calling attention to Lord Mayor's presence, and of hinting at the kind of bond that held Ireland to Great Britain.

Present Lord Mayor of Dublin, not being a Member had to sue for admission at door of House. Word passed to Sergeant-at-Arms; gallant officer, having heard something of Irish habits, observed precaution of shouldering mace before he went out to confront the strangers. If they had shillelaghs, the mace, twirled about by lusty arms, might be reckoned on to keep the gate. The messengers not behind in military precaution; hauled out the bar—the veritable Bar of House of Commons of which we hear so much and see so little.

"Now," said the oldest Messenger, folding his arms and clenching his teeth, "let them do their worst."

Sergeant-at-Arms marched in, mace on shoulder, escorting Lord Mayor and two sheriffs. If they had meant mischief they thought better of it on looking round. Lord Mayor might, it is true, if he were in good condition have vaulted over bar or ducked beneath it, and run amuck up floor. But then the sheriffs, before they could have imitated him, would have been awfully mauled with the mace.

Any piratical mention that may have lurked in minds of the insurgents was finally crushed by really awful tone in which the SPEAKER, fixing glittering eye on group at bar, said, "My Lord Mayor of Dublin, what have you there?"

Members expected trembling culprit would produce from under his cloak the horse-pistol, dagger, cup of poison, or whatever he may have brought with him with felonious intent. But he meekly answered, "A petition." This he unfolded, and as he showed a disposition to read it through, Members went off.

*Business done.*—Another day passed talking round Address. NAOROJI moved Amendment raising question of financial relations between England and India. Read a paper of prodigious length; beat the tom-tom for nearly an hour. "In churches," said the (almost) Reverend JEMMY LOWTHER, "an incumbent sometimes reads himself in. NAOROJI reads his congregation out. Mayn't be quite so black as the MARKISS painted him, but he's quite as long-winded as could have been expected."

*Thursday.*—New Session not quite a fortnight old, and lo! a strange thing has happened. Electric bells struck—I mean they won't strike. When, just now, House cleared for division on Amnesty motion electric knobs touched as usual. Thereupon should have followed tintinnabulation of the bells in all the rooms and corridors outside the Chamber. Only little tinkle heard; sort of weird mocking laugh, "Ha! ha!" and then silence.



Labby's Share.

Consequences might have been serious. Last thing well-trained Member regards as absolute preliminary to voting is to sit throughout the debate. Scattered far and wide, in library, tea-room, dining-room, or smoking-room, when they hear the bell they rush in to vote. If they don't hear it they stop where they are. Difficulty temporarily overcome by sending policemen and messengers bawling along all the passages, "Division! division!" This all very well for the moment; but what is to be done about the bells?

ALBERT ROLLIT, steeped in parliamentary usages, says, "If the bells won't obey the SPEAKER'S order, send them to the Clock Tower."

STUART promptly places at disposal of SPEAKER a squadron of Star boys, to run about premises on given signal and proclaim division. "They'd do it much better



than the policemen and messengers," he says.

True; but as Colonel LEGGE apprehends, they would be certain in excitement of moment, instead of calling out "Division," to lapse into more familiar cry, "Hextra Speshul!" That would never do. Simplest plan is to stop this interminable talk round the Address and get to work. When the electric bells shut up in sheer disgust at waste of time, grown-up men of business may be expected to reconsider the position.

*Business done.*—TIM HARRINGTON talked for two hours and five minute about ancient history of Maamtrasna.

*Friday.*—Much murmuring below Gangway just now because to programme of Session already overloaded Government decline to add Bill providing for payment of Members. SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE been observed to regard this topic with smiling equanimity. Secret of his content now disclosed. Papers report how Spanish merchant, resident in Barcelona, having studied SAGE'S public Parliamentary career, begs leave, as trifling indication of his esteem and admiration, to be permitted to pay SAGE'S election expenses whenever incurred.

"'Tis a pretty variation on Spanish devotional habit," says PLUNKET, who has followed BORROW'S footsteps in Spain, "More especially in rural districts, pious men approach the shrine of favourite saint and hang upon it an offering, peradventure poor in intrinsic value, but rich in proportion to their revenues. Expect by-and-by the SAGE will be canonised, and straying by the banks of the Guadalquivir, you shall here and there come upon shrines to Saint LABBY, rich with votive offerings."

"That may be so," said GORST. "You're always ready to take the poetic view of a thing. But I'd like to wait and see the colour of the money. You know the SAGE has long been firing away at enterprising traders in Spain who, usually dating their missives from a State prison, offer for a slight consideration to disclose fabulous stores of hidden wealth. The SAGE has spoiled their little game. Should like to be quite sure they've not broken out in a new place, and are trying it on first with the SAGE."

*Business done.*—Set-to between the Birmingham Cock and the Yorkshire-cum-Fifeshire Bantam. Odds at first in favour of the veteran. Admitted on both sides the young 'un beat him hollow.

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## QUIET RUBBERS.

Off to Olympia—greatest show on earth—with wife; also with BOB and *his* wife. Find the two ladies wearing goloshes—"rubbers" they call them—say "they've just read in the paper that they are universal in America in winter." Annoyed. Never knew my wife's feet were as large as they seem now. BOB defends goloshes—hypocrite! Says "nothing wets feet like snow, and at any moment we may be in for the greatest *snow* on earth." Stupid joke, considering that a good boot will keep out anything. Why shouldn't the ladies leave their rubbers *outside* show, in cloak-room—as people do in mosques in the East? Would be quite in keeping with the "Orient." Ladies say they'll be lost—a good job if they were! Getting quite sulky, when BOB suggests dinner. Good dinner! Excellent wines! Wife's feet don't look as large now. Why doesn't everybody wear g'loshes? Old Greeks must have worn 'em—don't we read of the "Goloshus of Rhodes?" Old Romans, too, or why did they call *their* Olympia the Golosheum? BOB says they didn't. I say they did! Disturbance. Wonder who's making it? Turn 'em out! They're turning *me* out! Won't go—send for KIRALFY—GOLOSHY KIRALFY—there's the word again! GOLOSHY *must* wear rubbers. People trying to pacify me. Won't let 'em. Back home. Wife crying. What for? Says she will never go out in rubbers again! Yes, she shall. So will I. Put 'em on now!—To bed in rubbers.

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\*\*\* END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI,  
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