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

**Volume 108, FEBRUARY 2, 1895.**

*Edited by Sir Francis Burnand*

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## **TALL TALES OF SPORT AND ADVENTURE.**

*(By Mr. Punch's own Short Story-teller.)*

### **I.—THE PINK HIPPOPOTAMUS. (CONTINUED.)**

On the opposite side of the room, with his brave old back against the wall, stood my dear father, his arms tightly bound to his sides, and a cummerbund tied firmly over that mouth which had never, save in moments of thoughtless, but pardonable anger, spoken any but words of kindness to his son. In front of him was couched a huge man-eating tiger—I recognised his hominivorous propensities at once by the peculiar striping of his left shoulder, an infallible sign to a sportsman's eye—licking his chops in joyous anticipation of the unresisting feast which Providence had thus thrown in his way. I could see the great red tongue darting out now on one side of his mouth, now on the other, while his immense tail lashed the floor in dazzling curves. This spectacle would have been sufficient to shake the nerves of an ordinarily courageous man—but this was not all. On one side of the gigantic cat lay coiled an immense python, of the deadliest kind, and on the other one of the tallest and most powerful elephants I have ever seen was squatting on its haunches, blinking at my poor father with its wicked little eyes. I knew at once what had happened. My father's only weakness was a fondness amounting to mania for conjuring tricks of all kinds. The latest mail had brought us some English papers containing descriptions of the Cabinet Trick of the DAVENPORT Brothers, who were at that time (this may help to fix the date, a point on which I have never cared to trouble myself) astounding all London by their dexterity in untying themselves from ropes lashed securely round them. As soon as he had read the accounts my father determined that he would practise the trick, and for a week past he had spent hours in our little room with coils of rope wound round every part of his body in the effort, which had hitherto proved vain, to release himself. Every day the heroic old fellow, still panting from his intolerable exertions, had murmured "I am all but undone," but never—if the expression may be pardoned—had he been so near his utter undoing as he was at this awful moment. Of course I knew what had happened. The dastardly Chamberlain, whose discomfiture I have already

narrated, must have got wind of my father's daily practice, and, taking advantage of his state of bondage, must have introduced into our room its present horrible occupants. The room was not a large one, and the stairs leading to it were steep, and I have never yet been able to explain to myself satisfactorily by what masterpiece of diabolical ingenuity the scoundrel was able to carry out his stratagem.



However, this was no moment for discovering explanations. The situation required instant action. Fortunately, my father's eyes were unbandaged, and for the space of half-an-hour, as it afterwards turned out, he had been able to control his zoological invaders by the mere magnetism of his unwavering glance. One wink, however, was bound to prove fatal, and I saw from the beads of perspiration standing upon the old man's rugged forehead that he must be very near the limit of his power of keeping both eyes open. If a drop of perspiration should happen to roll into one of his eyes there could be, I knew, but one end to the business.

As good luck would have it, the animals had not noticed my entrance. I immediately decided what to do. Addressing my father silently in the deaf and dumb language, of which I am a master, I adjured him to stand firm for another moment or two. I could see from the expression of trustful thankfulness, which stealing over his face, robbed it of every vestige of anxiety, that he had understood my appeal. Then creeping cautiously to a cupboard, I opened it without the slightest noise and found, as I expected, a small coil of rope and a dish of Sallûns, a very tasty kind of native cake. Taking two of these, I tied one to each end of the rope, and threw it deftly so that one cake dropped under the elephant's trunk, while the other, by a stroke of good fortune, fell right into the wide open jaws of the python. The slack, as I intended, alighted gently in a running noose round the tiger's throat. What I anticipated happened. The snake, without troubling itself to discover whence the gift had come, swallowed the Sallûn with which fate had so unexpectedly provided it. In doing so it pulled the dainty at the other end slightly away from the mammoth, who, seeing it moving from him, lost no time in seizing it with his trunk and placing it, as is the wont of these animals, in his mouth. The rope was immediately pulled taut, and began to choke the tiger. His roars were awful but unavailing. Neither elephant nor python would release his hold, and in just seventy-four seconds—I took the time by my stop-watch—the beautiful striped brute was a corpse. This, however, was not all. So hard did the two living beasts struggle in their fearful tug of war that the tiger's head gradually became detached from his body and rolled away to my immovable father's feet. What would be the result of the contest? The agony of watching was frightful. In my suspense I tried to breathe a prayer, but at the time all I could remember was the fifth proposition of the first book of Euclid, which I repeated twice over without a single mistake. Meanwhile, the two combatants, as the Sallûns went further and further down their throats and into their stomachs, approached closer and closer to one another. At last only a yard, then a foot, then six inches, then an inch separated them, until at last—Great heaven! my hair, even as I write, stands on end with unutterable horror—I saw the python open its enormous jaws to their fullest extent and swallow, yes, literally swallow the trunk, the tusks, and the vast head of the elephant. Slowly the immense pachyderm disappeared. I heard his great bones crack and shiver as inch after inch of him was remorselessly engulfed until, after three minutes and fourteen seconds, all that visibly remained of him was a little tail, which for a space waggled feebly out of the snake's mouth. Then this, too, was still. Another gulp and it was gone, and all was over.

To dispatch the python in its distended condition was the work of a moment. I at once released the old man who had been the delighted spectator of my successful cunning. His joy, as may be imagined, was great, but his pride in his son was even greater than his joy. I exacted from him a promise (which, I regret to say, he broke only a few days afterwards) never again to practise the Cabinet Trick. Then, having rung the bell and ordered my servant to carry away the remains of the three beasts, I proceeded to make my preparations for starting without delay in quest of the Pink Hippopotamus.

(To be continued.)

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## A REVISED CODE.

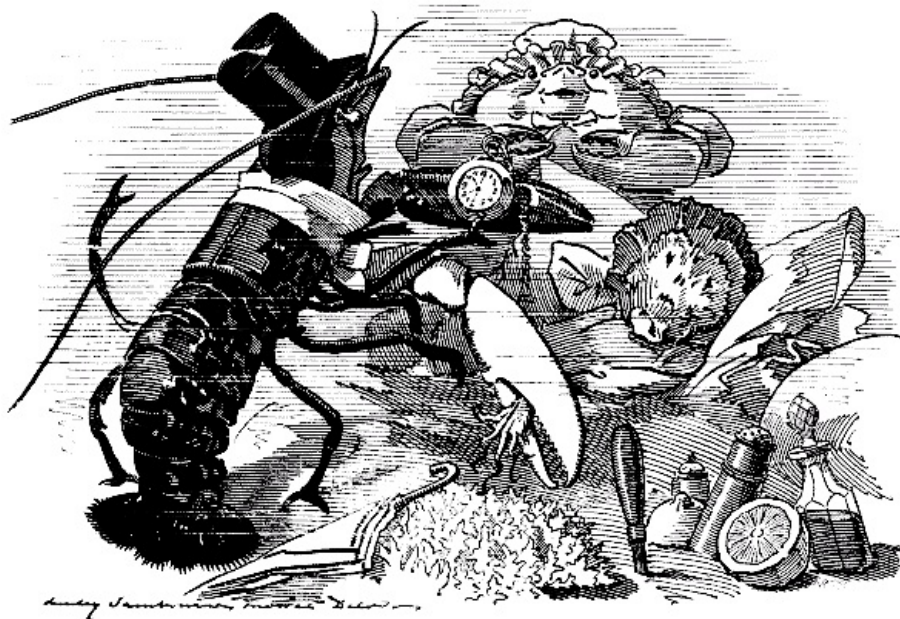
["The Ladies' Football Club have been defeated—we make haste to add by the weather. They are said to have shown of late a disinclination, with which it is easy to sympathise, to practice in the cold, to say nothing of the mud.... A wit has suggested that football matches should be settled "by arbitration."—*Daily Graphic.*]

### RULES OF THE L. F. C.

1. Only the Association game shall be permitted, with the following modifications.
2. Matches shall under no circumstances be played between the months of September and May.
3. The sides shall consist of any number of young ladies (not "new"), good-looking, and well-dressed, to be captained by a good hostess.
4. These are not to run, walk, or scuffle about with, after, or away from, any ball whatever, nor

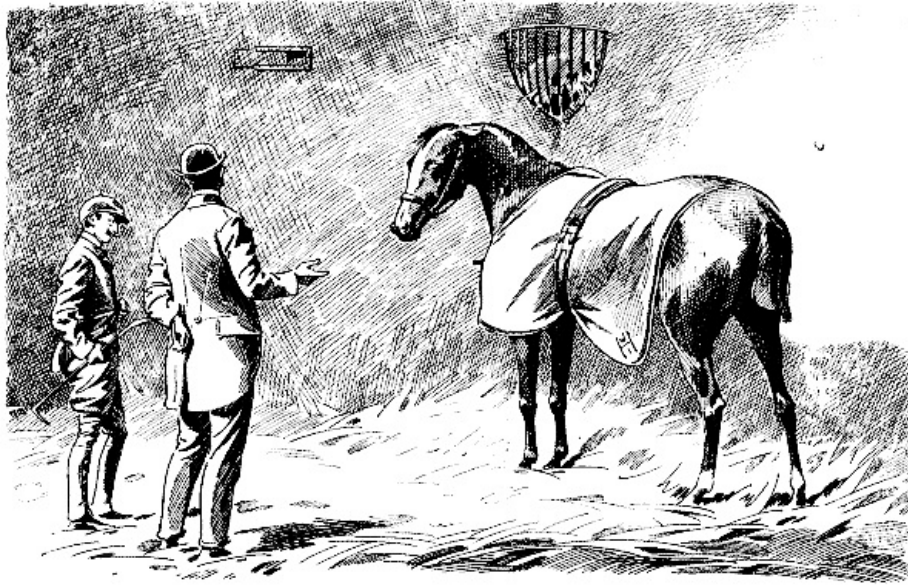
to tumble about under any pretence, nor to perform any evolution which may be calculated to disarrange their toilet.

5. The play shall be conducted by the umpires, who are to be of the male sex.
6. There shall be eleven umpires on each side.
7. In all cases where possible, the match shall be settled without resorting to brute force, or needless waste of time and breath, by appealing immediately before "kick-off" to the arbitration of the referee.
8. The referee shall be the most intelligent and elderly foreign count whose services are obtainable, or, failing that, the least athletic cabinet minister or archbishop in the neighbourhood.
9. The goals shall consist of two large marquees, in which the respective captains, assisted by the other lady-members, shall preside over afternoon tea and ices.
10. In the event of the ball travelling anywhere near the goals, or in any way endangering the tea-things, the referee shall at once stop all further play.
11. It shall be permissible, and, indeed, recommended, that any, or all, the umpires shall leave the football alone at any stage of the game, and attend to the lady-players, and no umpire shall be ruled "off-side" for so doing.
12. No cry of "hands" or other invidious comment shall be raised when any umpire is caught asking any lady-player for her hand, or else what would be the blessed good of the club's existence?
13. As many "corners" as possible shall be allowed. These are to be in shady parts of the field or in the marquees, and are to be used solely for flirtation.
14. A "free kick" shall be given to any umpire who fools about after the ball, when he ought to be in the marquee.
15. If there be insufficient space, the game may be omitted entirely, and tea given in the nearest and best-laid-out private gardens, where there are shrubberies and summer-houses; or the match may be converted, in the event of doubtful weather, into a dance.
16. 16. No match shall be declared "off" after the banns have been read.



### THE INTERESTING INVALID.

*Dr. Lobster (to Nurse Crab).* "CAN'T MAKE OUT WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM! EXPECT HE'S SHAMMING!"



### ONE TOO MANY ALL ROUND

*Sportsman (showing his horses to friend who has ridden over to see him).* "Now THAT'S THE CLEVEREST LITTLE BEGGAR I EVER HAD IN MY LIFE—OBLIGED TO SELL HER THOUGH—GOT TOO MANY."  
(*Insinuatingly.*) "By THE WAY, SHE WOULD CARRY YOU!"

*Friend.* "By JOVE! WHY THAT'S THE MARE CRASHER SOLD TO BOLTER—HAD TOO MANY, I REMEMBER—ODD, AIN'T IT? BOLTER MUST HA' HAD TOO MANY AND SOLD HER TO YOU!"

## THE INTERESTING INVALID.

### *An Alice-in-Wonderlandish Sea-Dream.*

["An inquiry into the circumstances under which the cultivation and storage of oysters and other shell-fish around our coast are carried out, which it is stated Mr. BRYCE is about to institute, will serve a useful purpose, especially in the case of 'other shell-fish,'"—*Daily Chronicle.*]

'Twas the voice of the Lobster, I heard him  
declare,  
'Doctors frighten our Dandos, and that isn't  
fair.  
'Inquiry on Shell-fish'? Oh! blow Mr. BRYCE!  
You will soon be all right if you take *my*  
advice!"

"Well, I hope so, I'm sure," said the Walrus to the Carpenter.

"Or else what is to become of our pleasant little picnics on the sea-shore?" said the Carpenter to the Walrus.

The Walrus and the Carpenter  
Were hovering round the bed;  
They wept like anything to see  
Each Oyster hang his head;  
"If they go on like this," they cried,  
"They'll very soon be dead!"

"Drat 'em!" grumbled Nurse Crab. "They've been taking a *drain* too much, I feel *sewer*."

"You're another, *Mrs. Gamp*," murmured a Native, lifting his head limply from his brown-sand bolster, and dropping it back again with a disconsolate dab.

"If you make bad puns to 'em in their present low state I won't answer for the consequences," said Dr. Lobster, pulling Nurse Crab's shelly apron in professional remonstrance.

Nurse Crab squared her claws like Amazonian elbows, and rolled her protuberant eyes scornfully.

"Feel their pulses," suggested the Carpenter.

"They haven't got any," snapped Dr. Lobster. "Besides my claws are not suited for pulse-feeling."

"Make 'em put their tongues out," hinted the Walrus.

"Tongues?" sneered Dr. Lobster, derisively. "Don't you know that, like CHARLES READE'S nigger, oysters are 'darned anomalies,'—

'Because they have beards without any  
chin,  
And get out of bed to be tucked in.'"

"Old riddles are more painful than bad puns," protested the bed-ridden bivalve. "Tucked in, indeed. Well, *I* shall never get out of bed again, that's one thing," he continued, with a spitefully triumphant look at the Walrus and the Carpenter.

"Oh, *don't* say that!" said the Carpenter, tearfully.

The Artful Oyster looked at him,  
But no word more he said;  
The Artful Oyster winked his eye,  
And shook his fevered head;  
As who should say "'Tis not for  
*you*,  
I'll leave the oyster-bed."

"*Silence* in the sick-room, or I'll turn you all out of it," snapped Dr. Lobster, making his claws click like infuriated castanets in the Walrus's ears.

As a duck in a thunderstorm, quite thunder-  
struck,  
Each sixpenny bivalve looks "down on his  
luck."  
Fancy six bob a dozen! You *ought* to be nice,  
You dear little darlings, *most* dear—at the  
price!  
What *have* you been doing to make yourself  
sick  
Like a lot of slum-dwellers? Come, answer me  
quick!

"Spect they're shamming," said Nurse Crab, crabbily.

"I'd like to poison the lot of you!" muttered the irascible invalid.

"Just what you've been trying to do, you murderous mossels!" retorted Nurse Crab.

"*Mussels?* No! Come now! we're not as bad as *they* are," protested the better-class bivalve, indignantly. "*Mussels*, indeed! Mussels are low things, cheap and nasty shams, sold by costers at a penny a plateful, and eaten by the ravenous rabble with black pepper *and their fingers!* Eugh!" The superior mollusk's soul-shaking, upper-class, high-toned shudder shook it into a sharp attack of syncope, from which it was with difficulty that Dr. Lobster's ministrations rallied it.

"Call yourself a *nurse?*" said the Doctor to Mrs. Crab. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself. How would *you* like to be compared to a whelk or a winkle? You and your mussels! Consider the gentleman's feelings!"

"I *didn't* say *mussels*—I said *mossels*," muttered Nurse Crab, sullenly.

"Well, well," quoth the Lobster. "You take my  
advice,  
And I fancy we'll do without HUXLEY or BRYCE.  
Mere mussels or mackerel, lower-class grub,  
That flounder in baskets, or flop in a tub,  
At six for a shilling, or tuppence a pound,  
May go sick if they like, but we *must* bring *you*  
round!"

[*And Mr. PUNCH hopes they will.*]

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## LITTLE MOPSĒMAN.

(*The very newest Dramatic Allegory from Norway.*)

### PERSONS.

ALFRED FRÜYSECK (*Man of Letters*).

Mrs. SPRETA FRÜYSECK (*his wife*).

Little MOPSĒMAN (*their Püdelachs, six years and nine months old*).

MOPSA BROVIK (*a little less than kin to ALFRED*).  
Sanitary Engineer BLOCHDRÄHN.  
The VARMINT-BLÖK.

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.—The word "*blök*," like the analogous Norwegian "*gëyser*," implies merely an individual—not necessarily a shady one. Cf. ELEN and CHEVALIER, *passim*.

## THE FIRST ACT.

*A richly-upholstered garden-room, full of art-pots and other furniture. MRS. SPRETA FRÜYSECK stands beside the table, unpacking the traditional bag. Shortly after, Miss MOPSA BROVIK enters by the door; she carries a pink parasol and a rather portly portfolio with a patent lock.*

*Mopsa (as she enters).* Good morning, my dear SPRETA! (*Sees the bag.*) Why, you are unpacking a travelling-bag on the drawing-room table! Then ALFRED has actually come home?

[*Takes off her things.*]

*Spreta (turns and nods with a teasing smile).* As if you didn't *know*! When you have never been down in these parts all the time he has been away! (*Unpacking a flannel vest and a respirator.*) Yes. He turned up last night, quite unexpectedly.

*Mopsa.* Then it was *that* that drew me out here! I felt I *must*. My poor dear mother, KAIA,—she that was a Miss FOSLI, you know,—was like that. She always felt *she* must. It's heredity. Surely you can understand *that*?

*Spreta (takes out a bottle of cough mixture, and closes the bag with a snap).* I am not quite a fool, my dear. But really, when you have such a firm admirer in Mr. BLOCHDRÄHN—!

*Mopsa.* He is such a mere bachelor. I never could feel really attracted to any unmarried man. All that seems to me so utterly unmaidenly. (*Changing the subject.*) How *is* dear ALFRED?

*Spreta.* Dear ALFRED is tired, but perfectly transfigured by his trip. He has never once been away from me all these years. Only think!

*Mopsa.* That would account for it certainly. And I really think he deserved some little outing. (*With an outburst of joy.*) Why, I shouldn't wonder if he has positively finished his great big book while he has been away!

*Spreta (with a half smile).* Shouldn't you? *I* should. But he has not mentioned it—perhaps he was too tired. And he has been trying to teach that miserable Little MOPSĚMAN tricks ever since he came back. I never *did* care about dogs myself, and really ALFRED is so perfectly absurd about him. Oh, here he is.

ALFRED FRÜYSECK *enters, followed by Little MOPSĚMAN on his hind legs. ALFRED is a weedy, thin-haired man of about thirty-five (or thirty-six) with tinted spectacles and limp side-whiskers. MOPSĚMAN wears a military tunic and a shako very much over one eye, and is shouldering a small toy musket. He is bandy-legged, with a broad black snout and beautiful intelligent eyes. His tail is drooping and has lost all its hair.*

*Alfred (beaming).* Just see what really wonderful progress Little MOPSĚMAN has made already with his drill. Why, my dearest MOPSA! (*Goes up and kisses her with marked pleasure.*) You have come here the very morning after my return? Fancy *that*.

*Mopsa (gazes fixedly at him).* I couldn't keep away. You are looking quite splendid! And how have you got on with your wonderful large book, ALFRED? I felt so sure it would go so easily when once you had got away from dear SPRETA.

*Alfred (shrugging his shoulders).* It *did*—wonderfully easily. The truth is my thick fat book on *Canine Idiosyncrasy*—h'm—has gone—entirely out of my head. I have been trying thinking for a change. It's easier than writing.

*Spreta.* Yes, ALFRED, I can understand that. And then, when you had never really got farther than the title—!

*Alfred (smiling at her).* No farther than *that*. Somehow, none of the FRÜYSECKS ever *do*. My family is a thing apart. And now I have determined to devote my whole time to Little MOPSĚMAN. I am going to foster all the noble germs in him, create a conscious happiness in his mind. (*With enthusiasm.*) That is my true vocation.

*Spreta.* You shouldn't have dressed the poor dog up like that. It does make him look so utterly ridiculous!

*Alfred (speaking lower and seriously).* Only in the eyes of the Philistines who couldn't see any pathos in poor Mrs. SOLNESS and her nine dolls. The truly reverent have no sense whatever of the ridiculous. Still, it would certainly be better in future to keep Little MOPSĚMAN indoors, because if

the dogs in the streets saw him in those clothes—(*clenching his hands*)—and after he has had that unfortunate accident to his tail, too!

*Spreta.* ALFRED, I won't *have* you bringing up that again! There's someone knocking. Come in.

*The Varmint-Blök* (*enters softly and noiselessly. He is a slouching, sinister figure, in a fur cap and a flowered comforter. He has a large green gingham in one hand, and in the other a bag which writhes unpleasantly.*) Humbly beg pardon, your worships, but you don't happen to feel in the humour to see how this little wounded warrior here (*points to MOPSEMAN*) would polish off the lovely little ratikins, do you?

*Alfred* (*with suppressed indignation*). We most certainly do *not*. He is intended for higher things. Get out, you have frightened him under the sofa.

*The Varm.-B.* He'll come round right enough.... There, didn't I *tell* you! See how he sniffs at my legs. It's wonderful what a fancy dawgs *do* seem to take to me—follow me *anywhere*, they will. (*With a chuckling laugh.*) Seems as if they'd *got* to.



"He backs out cringingly.... Mopsēman slips out after him."

*Spreta.* There is certainly no accounting— And what becomes of them when they do?

*The Varm.-B.* (*with glittering eyes*). Oh, *they're* safe enough, the sweet little creatures, lady. I'm very kind to 'em. And if I could only induce you to let your lovely poodlekin tackle a dozen rats, which 'ud be a holiday to a game little sportin' dawg like him— *Not* this mornin'? then here's a loving good-day to you all, and thank ye kindly for nothing.

[*He backs out cringingly, as SPRETA retires to the verandah, fanning herself elegantly with her pocket-handkerchief; MOPSEMAN slips out after him, unnoticed by all. ALFRED sees MOPSA'S portfolio.*

*Alfred* (*to MOPSA*). And have you positively lugged this thing all the way out here. Wasn't it heavy?

*Mopsa* (*nods*). It *had* to be. It contains all the letters written to my poor dear Mother—by Master-builder SOLNESS, you know. My Mother had such a rich, beautiful past. I thought, ALFRED, we might look them through together quietly some evening, when SPRETA is out of the way.

[*Looks attentively at him.*]

*Alfred* (*uneasily, to himself*). Oh, my good gracious! (*Aloud.*) It would certainly *have* to be some evening when— But on the whole, perhaps, I—I really almost think we had better— It isn't as if you were *really* my second cousin!

*Spreta* (*re-entering from verandah*). Has that horrible person with the rats gone? He has given me almost a kind of turn.

*Alfred.* He is a sort of itinerant Trope, I suppose. Talking of turns, did I tell you that I, too, have experienced a kind of inward revolution away up there among the peaks?... I *have*.

*Spreta.* Oh, heavens! ALFRED, was it the cookery at those high mountain hotels?

*Alfred* (*soothingly, patting her head*). Not altogether—be very sure of *that*. But it is rather a long story. I should recommend you to sit down. (*They sit down expectantly.*) I will try to tell you. (*Gazing straight before him.*) When I look back into the vague mists that enshroud my earliest infancy, I seem almost to—

*Spreta* (*slaps him*). Oh, for goodness' sake, ALFRED, do skip the introduction!

*Alfred* (*disappointed*). It was the most interesting part! But the long and the short of it is that I have resolved to renounce writing my wonderful work on *Canine Idiosyncrasy!* I am going to act it out instead—on Little MOPSEMAN. (*With shining eyes.*) I intend to perfect the rich possibilities that lie hidden in that rather unprepossessing poodle. *There!*

*Spreta* (*holding aloof from him*). And is that *all*?

*Alfred.* H'm, yes, *that's* all. But you never *did* properly appreciate poor Little MOPSEMAN!

*Mopsa* (*pressing his hand*). She never did, ALFRED. But *I* do. And we will teach him the loveliest

new tricks together. (*Fixes her eyes on him.*) Just you and I.

*Spreta.* ALFRED, I won't have the dog taught any tomfoolery. You shall not divide yourself up like that. Do you hear?

*Sanitary Engineer Blochdrähn (enters by door).* Aha, so you've got your husband thoroughly in hand, as usual, eh, Mrs. FRÜYSECK? (*To the others.*) I bring glorious news. I have just been called in to see to the Schoolhouse drains *again!* I only laid them last Autumn; but there seems to be a leakage somewhere. Quite a big piece of new work, really!

*Mopsa.* And you are beaming with joy over *that?*

*San. Eng. Bloch.* I am indeed. And afterwards I have several important drains to disconnect at the great new hotel in Christiania, and the most tremendous scientific safeguards to grapple with and overthrow. What a glorious thing it is to be a plumber and make a little extra work for oneself in the world! Miss MOPSA, can I persuade you to take a little turn in the garden? Do!

[*Offers his arm.*

*Mopsa (takes it).* Oh, I don't mind—provided you don't talk either shop or sentiment.

[*They go out together.*

*Spreta (looks after them).* What a pity it is that MOPSA can't take more to that Mr. BLOCHDRÄHN, isn't it, ALFRED?

[*Looks searchingly at him.*

*Alfred (wiggles).* Oh—er—I don't know. For then we should see so much less of her.

*Spreta (vehemently).* Oh, come! So much the better! (*Clutching him round the neck.*) I want you all to myself, ALFRED. I love you so much I could throttle you. I've a good mind to, as it is!

*Alfred (choking).* You *are!* My loyal, proud, true-hearted SPRETA, d-don't!

[*Gently releases himself.*

*Spreta.* You have ceased to care for me. Don't deny it, ALFRED!

[*Bursts into convulsive weeping.*

*Alfred.* I will frankly admit that, like most married Norwegians, I am—h'm—subject to the Law of Change.

*Spreta (with increasing excitement).* I saw that so plainly last night. I sent out for some champagne, ALFRED, expressly for *you.* And you didn't drink a drop of it!

[*Looks bitterly at him.*

*Alfred.* I knew the brand. (*With a gesture of repulsion.*) Gooseberry, my dear, gooseberry!

*Spreta.* You never even kissed me, either. But you can kiss MOPSA! ALFRED, if you imagine *I* am the kind of person to play gooseberry—

*Alfred.* Need dramatic dialogue descend to these sordid details? Really this is verging on a mere vulgar row! And when you know, too, how I have always regarded MOPSA almost as a sort of sister!

*Spreta.* I know that sort of sister, ALFRED. She comes from Norway! But I am none of your fish-blooded Mrs. SOLNESSES, or half-witted BEATA ROSMERS, and I'm not going to *stand* it! I decline to share you with anything or anybody—whether it's a thick fat book that never gets even begun, or a designing minx that helps you in your precious "vocation," or a gorging little mongrel, with his evil red and green eyes, that I'm often tempted to wish at the bottom of the fiord!

[*Confused cries and barks are heard outside.*

*Alfred (shocked).* SPRETA! When I am going to bring all his desires into harmony with his digestion! *How* unkind of you! (*Looks out for a moment.*) What in the world are all the dogs barking at down there?

*San. Eng. Bloch. (re-entering with MOPSA, by glass door).* Only some organ-grinder's monkey. They have just frightened it into the fiord. *Such* fun!

*Alfred (in an agony of dread).* Can it be our Little—? But he is burying bones in the back garden. And he is not a *monkey*, either. And if he were, monkeys can all swim.... What are they saying now?... Hush!

*San. Eng. Bloch. (leans over verandah railings).* They say, "He is still shouldering the little musket!"



*Alfred (almost paralysed).* The little—it is MOPSEMAN! I taught him to do it so thoroughly! (*With outstretched arms.*) He cannot shoulder a musket and swim too! (*Glancing darkly at SPRETA.*) Woman, you have your wish! Henceforth my life will be one long rankle of remorse!

[*Sinks down in the armchair.*]

*Mopsa (with an affectionate expression in her eyes).* Not alone, ALFRED! We will rankle together—just you and I.

*Alfred (rises, half distracted).* Oh, my gracious goodness!

[*He rushes down into the garden*]

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## THE BATTLE OF EVESHAM.

### WHO WON IT?

DEAR SIR,—The answer to this question is simplicity itself—my League did it. We got the Labourers Allotments and we gained our *quid pro quo* (this phrase has kindly been supplied by a distinguished patron of ours) in votes. All efforts to prove that IMPEY's the friend, not LONG, were in vain. But the credit that it was not so is ours.

THE SECRETARY OF THE TRULY RURAL LABOURERS' LEAGUE.



DEAR SIR,—From careful inquiries made in London, I'm convinced that the principles underlying our League resulted in Colonel LONG's return. Englishmen are, after all, sportsmen; and Worcestershire is an integral portion of England. If more proof is wanted, I need only mention that only one day before the polling we received an application from Evesham for the formation of a local branch.

THE SEC. OF THE SPORTIVE LEAGUE.

DEAR SIR,—We did the trick. We had five canvassers per man in the division, and during the contest we paid 53,219 visits, leaving 2,159,549 leaflets. We've learnt our tactics from organ-grinders who are paid to go into the next street. Rather than keep us with them, the electors promise us their votes. Next please!

THE SECRETARY OF THE IRISH ULSTERICAL BRIGADE.

DEAR SIR,—I believe some were foolish enough to imagine that South Worcestershire men were going to abandon their COLLINGS to follow Home Rule. But, as I knew, it *could* not be, and it was not. The agricultural labourer knows his friend when he sees him; and Colonel LONG is M.P. to-day because of the unceasing efforts of the Labourers' Friend,

J-SSE C-LL-NGS.

DEAR SIR,—It is very good of you to ask me my opinion. I think that the Evesham contest ended in the way it did because of (a) the Register, (b) the Floods, (c) the Out Voters, and (d) the Independent Labour Party. The connection with the last named may not be obvious. In point of fact, it isn't. But, as a true Liberal, I feel bound to allege it.

THE MAN WHO DID NOT GET IN.

DEAR SIR,—I gladly find time to answer the question,—"How did I win Evesham?" I won it because, whilst my opponent got only 3,585 votes, I polled 4,760. As 3,585 is, even to the naked eye, distinctly less than 4,760, I was declared elected. In my humble judgment—though I freely admit that I am an interested party—the Returning Officer took the only course that was open to him.

THE MAN WHO DID GET IN.

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## DERBY AND JOAN.

MODERN MIDLAND VERSION.

(*As Sung by Sir W-ll-am H-rc-urt.*)

DERBY, dear, I am old and grey,  
Fifteen years since our wedding day!  
Shadow and shine for every one,  
As the years roll on.

DERBY, dear, 'tis in vain they try  
To chill your heart, or to lure your eye.  
Ah! dear, we stick, now as then,  
The tenderest wife to the best of men.  
Always the same, DERBY my own.

Always the same to your old Wife  
JOAN!

DERBY, dear, but I did feel riled  
When the Party on PRIMROSE smiled  
Until men whispered, the young  
Scotch lord,  
Has he greatly scored?  
DERBY, dear, I to Malwood went,  
My ain fireside, with a heart content.  
Ah! dear! though the Cause look queer,  
I feel so much better when you I'm near.  
Always the same, DERBY my own,  
Always the same to your old Wife,  
JOAN

Hand-in-hand we still go to-day,  
Hand-in-hand, spite what JOE can say.  
There comes a chance for every one,  
As the years roll on.  
Hand-in-hand, though the *Times* may  
sneer.  
(Once to its columns my pen was dear.)  
Ah! dear! I'm sure of you,  
Though Scots go wrong, or the Welsh  
look blue.  
Always the same, DERBY my own,  
Always the same to your old Wife,  
JOAN!  
*Always the same to devoted JOAN!*



#### A HOME TRUTH.

*Host (sotto voce).* "IS THIS THE BEST CLARET, MARY?"

*Mary (audibly).* "IT'S THE BEST YOU'VE GOT, SIR!"

#### "MEAT! MEAT!"

["We do not profess to assault every fortress and monopoly at the same moment. If we did we should get well thrashed for our pains. We take them one by one.... It must be left to those who have the responsibility of determining what is to be done, when it is to be done, and how it is to be done."—*Sir William Harcourt at Derby.*]

*Much-worried Cat's-meat Merchant loquitur:—*

Confound the cats and drat the dogs! *Sc-a-a-t, Mungo! Down,  
Grimalkin!*  
Ye jest carn't be all sarved at onst, an' so 'taint no use talkin'.  
I've lots o' stuff, ah! quite enough to give ye all yer dinners,  
If ye'll but kindly bide yer time, ye scurry-funging sinners!  
But not a mite! It's bark, yelp, bite; it's flurry, scurry, worry.  
Carn't use my knife upon my life! *Where's* yer infarnal 'urry?  
At the big lump ye'd like to jump, each one o' ye, full gobble.

If ye don't stop I'll shut up shop, and leave ye in a 'obble!

No time, I'm sure to slice and skewer. Ye're greedy, fierce, and narrer.

Each wants fust glut, *and* the best cut. Who'd keep a cat's-meat barrer?

Bah! cat or dog, they're all agog, a-squabble and a-quiver  
For the best paunch, fust cut of haunch, or slice of shin or liver.  
Ye greedy brutes, beware my boots! Your yelping and your yow-  
ing,

You scrub-haired pup, won't hurry me up; nor yet your shrill  
mol-rowing,

You wild Welsh cat. What *are* you at, you lurcher? Think you  
Labour

Will benefit when you have bit or worried every neighbour?

Bless my old bones! your snarling tones, my angry Irish tarrier,  
Between you and the grub you'd grab will only raise a barrier.  
Your quarrelsome temper is your cuss, if you could only know it.  
You snap all round like some mad 'ound. Bite *your own tail*—ah!  
*go* it!

All cat-and-dog arter the prog, all savage, snappy, yappy,  
Upset the lot, and then I 'ope you'll all be bloomin' 'appy!

Yah! bust the pack o' ye, I says. Your shindy gives me dizziness.  
I'm arf inclined to chuck my "round," or else retire from  
bizziness.

It's aggrawacious, that it is, arter such long years sarving ye,  
Picking ye out the chicest lumps, the primest slices carving ye,  
To be a-chivvied like this here! Here's lot o' fust-rate wittles,  
And with your chance of a blow-out you're jest a-playing skittles.  
Won't even give me time to carve, much less a chance to  
skewer.

More 'aste less speed! You will not find a maxim wot's much  
truer,

For dog, or cat. JACK, SANDY, PAT, *or* TAFFY—whose first turn it is  
To-day by rights—your spitfire fights may go on for eternities,  
And bring no good, nor yet no food. *Wait*, and ye'll all 'ave  
suthink,

But if you will *not* take your turns, you'll none o' you get  
nothink!

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"ABBEY THOUGHT!"—"The Quest of the Holy Grail". These pictures are being exhibited just at the right time, when the Arthurian legend is attracting at the Lyceum. Mr. EDWIN A. ABBEY has been five years at work upon this most striking series. Their beauties are many: their faults very few, and when these are pointed out to the Anglo-American artist, he gaily replies, "What's the odds as long as I'm Abbey!" Which is true; as none but himself can be his parallel.

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### A WILDE "IDEAL HUSBAND."

Mr. OSCAR WILDE'S *Ideal Husband*, at the Haymarket, is an interesting play up to the end of the Third Act; and if this climax had been contrived more artistically, and less conventionally, the situation at the fall of the curtain in this act would have been a very powerful one. As it is it is frittered away in conventional dialogue, and the Fourth Act is decidedly weak. It is throughout excellently played by Miss JULIA NEILSON and Mr. WALLER in the two principal characters. Mr. HAWTREY'S performance, in spite of his curious habit of raising his voice to such a pitch as to suggest his playing to the cab-rank outside, is admirable. There are here and there sharp bits of dialogue in it, though scarcely a line in the lighter vein that rises above farcical comedy.

Mr. BISHOP'S *Earl of Caversham* is a thoroughly natural piece of acting, and Mr. BROOKFIELD'S *Phipps*, the Butler, a bit of character so perfectly rendered that, like *Sam Weller's* Valentine, it makes you "wish as there was more in it." Miss FANNY BROUGH, having plenty to say, but not much worth listening to, does her best with a poor part. Miss MAUDE MILLETT is nice, and Miss FLORENCE WEST as unsympathetic as her part was intended to be. That when *Sir Robert Chiltern* proposed to retire from Parliamentary life no one suggested to him that he should take "the Chiltern Hundreds" is evidently an oversight of the author's, which no doubt he now deeply regrets. The play, though in sharp dialogue not up to Mr. WILDE'S high spirits-and-water mark, is an unmistakable success.

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"MEAT! MEAT!"

H-RC-URT. "NOW LOOK 'ERE—YOU JUST WAIT YOUR TURNS—OR YOU'LL NONE OF YOU GET NOTHINK!"

## COY CLIENTS.

*In the new Commercial Court. A thin sprinkling of Juniors, one or two Q.C.'s, Ushers, and the usual contingent of people from the street who are glad of shelter and a seat, and who do not even pretend to take any interest in the proceedings.*



*The Judge.* Odd, that the mercantile community does not even now seem attracted to this Court. You are sure, Mr. REDBAGGE, that the inducements which we offer to litigants are widely known?

*Mr. Redbagge, Q.C.* The officer of the Court tells me, m'lud, that he has sent round circulars to every mercantile establishment in the City.

*The Judge.* Our scale of commissions is surely generous enough! By the new Rules of Court which I have made, a bonus of £500 is offered to any merchant who swears, on affidavit, that he was about to resort to arbitration but decided to come here instead. Then I think the plan of giving his head clerk one year's rent of his dwelling and a free fortnight at Yarmouth for himself and his family, as a reward for influencing his principal to resort to us, was rather adroit—eh, Mr. REDBAGGE?

*Mr. Redbagge, Q.C.* Excellent! And the boxes of chocolate to his door-keeper, and free tickets to the music-halls for other subordinate members of his establishment, *ought* to have brought a plethora of business to this court.

*The Judge.* Quite so. Not to mention the fact that we pay counsel's and solicitor's fees out of public funds, instead of looking to the litigants themselves to provide them. If *that* isn't cheap justice, I should be glad to know what is.

*Mr. Redbagge (deferentially).* And the mercantile classes must surely be aware that no Judge on the Bench has a greater knowledge of the law than your ludship.

*The Judge (ignoring the flattery).* Unfortunately the mercantile classes seem also to have a knowledge of the law, and not to like what they know of it. So they resort to the ruinous—I repeat, the thoroughly ruinous—practice of arbitration.

*Mr. Redbagge.* It is really a serious state of things, m'lud—for us, not for your ludship. "Those who live to plead, must plead to live"—and it's a little difficult to plead when—(*breaking down*)—there are no clients.

*The Judge (soothingly).* We must think of some other plan of attracting them, I suppose. How would it be if, instead of troubling them to come here, the Court offered to go to their offices and sit *there*? Or perhaps a few baronetcies scattered about among them might have the desired effect. Well (*rising*) as there are no cases on our list, and no prospect of any, the Court is forced to adjourn!

[*Does so.*]

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## LINES IN PLEASANT PLACES.

### ON THE ICE.

When the sun was shining brightly,  
When the world was gleaming whitely,  
And Jack Frost held Nature tightly  
    In a vice,  
It was joy supreme, though fleeting,  
Fair AMANDA to be greeting,  
When the country side was meeting  
    On the ice!

Happy he whom smile the Fates on,  
Whom they shower *tête-à-têtes* on,  
How I used to whip her skates on  
    In a trice!  
And, as off we'd skim cross-handed,  
Leaving all my rivals stranded,  
I was glad, to be quite candid,  
    On the ice!

How we gave evasive answers,  
When they praised our skill as dancers,  
And to skate a set of lancers  
    Would entice;  
How we thought them crude and  
    "crocky"  
Loving pairs to try and jockey  
Into wild delights of hockey  
    On the ice!

To the figure-skating shilling  
Snug inclosure we were willing  
To subscribe—'twas cheap but thrilling  
    At the price:  
Yet the busy scandal-riggers  
With sarcastic little sniggers  
Talked of people "cutting figures"  
    On the ice!



All my heart, as I would hold her  
Little hands in mine, a-smoulder—  
'Twas a fact I nearly told her  
Once or twice:  
But, each time, what put a stopper  
On my declaration proper  
Was a sweet and timely cropper  
On the ice!

Then the thaw came. Oh, the bother!  
Oh, the words we had to smother!  
Ne'er again we'll find each other  
Half so nice:  
Now AMANDA'S always seizing  
Opportunities of teasing;  
Oh, she wasn't half so "freezing"  
On the ice!

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Mrs. R. wants to know where that old quotation comes from, so applicable now—

"And Freedom shrieked when PADEREWSKI played!"

Of course Freedom went into the free seats (if any) and shrieked with delight.

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## ROBERT ON COUNTY COUNSELLERS.

Me and BROWN, and sum two or three of our most intimet frends, has had a most liberal offer made to us, rite in the werry art of Sent Pancras, to go out a canwassing for the County Counsellors when the elections begins shortly.

I need scarcely say as they havent made much effect upon me, as I knows em too well from what I hear about em at our own Gildall and the Manshun House, but the terrem is suttently werry liberal, both in refreshments and in promisses, but they all depends upon their suckcess, and from what I hears that aint likely to be werry great. Of course in the grand old City that wont be not nothink, but ewen in Sent Pancras I hears as it wont be any think werry grate. I've bin up to their own Gildall at Charing Cross again, but they does make sitch dredful long speeches that they quite tires me out, and they are all about such dredful tiresome subjekts that I soon gits weary on em.

I was told down at Gildall that one of our most poplar aldermen had quite made up his mind to try and turn out the Prime Minister, Lord ROSEBERRY, I think his name is, from representing a County Council, but there must have been sum mistake sum where, for Prime Ministers aint exactly the sort of gents as is ginerally selected to represent her most gracious Majesty the QUEEN, as I spose as the PRIME MINISTER does, and to be a County Counsellor as well. No, no, them sort of things dont exacly go together. Our Gildall people dont seem werry much alarmed about the fuss



has has been made about their Unyfecation, as I think they calls it, which is supposed to mean that they are all to be turned out of Gildall, and all London to be created into one great body of Common Counsellmen! And what is to become of all our numerous Aldermen and Deppertys, and settera, not none of us knows a bit! But of course that's all nothink but mere nonsense, that helps to keep our reel gentlemen in good humer. They dont seem in werry bad sperrits, for sum of the most importentest of em all had a grand meeting on Tuesday last, and laid the werry fust stone of a butiful new Manshun, werry close to Gildall, which I am told is to cost about thirty-five thowsand pounds, and will take a hole year to bild, so that didn't look as if they were quite fritened out of their wits; and just to show the principle gents among em as there wasn't not nothink to fear, the nobel Gent as took the chair inwited amost a hundred of em to dine with him in the most scrumpsheous way possible, and drunk their helths all round! There was only just about harf a dozen of County Counsellers present, and they was just about as quiet as they ginerally is when reel gents is with em.

BROWN tells me as how as he hears that the Prince of WALES is most strongly oposed to the Old City being interfered with, and that amost all the great House of Lords agrees with him, so there aint much fear of much being done, after all.

ROBERT.

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AN APPROPRIATE QUOTATION TO BE PLACED ON THE URN OF THE ASHES OF ONE CREMATED.—"Well done!"

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## FROM THE QUEER AND YELLOW BOOK.

I.—1894

(By Max Mereboom.)

"Linger longer, Lucy,  
Linger longer, Loo.  
How I'd like to linger longer,  
Linger longer, Loo!"—*Old  
Ballad.*



Picture by Our Own Yellow-Booky Daubaway Weirdsley, intended as a Puzzle Picture to preface of Juvenile Poems, or as nothing in particular.

I suppose there is no one that has not wished, from Time to Time, that someone else had lived in another Age than his own. I myself have often felt that it would have been nice to live in 1894; to have seen the "Living Pictures" at the old *Empire*, to have strained my Eyes for a glimpse of *Mrs. Patrick Campbell*, broken my Cane applauding *May Yohé*, and listened to the *Blue Hungarians* while dining, on a Sunday, at that quaint old Tavern *the Savoy*. At that time the Beauties from New York had not quite lost their Vogue. CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, who discovered the United States, left it to the Prince of WALES to invent their inhabitants: personally, I am more implected with their Botany; and am, indeed, at this moment, engaged in a study of the Trees in America. Much of this remote Period must remain mobled in the Mists of Antiquity, but we know that

about then flourished the Sect that was to win for itself the Title of the "*Decadents*." What exactly this Title signified I suppose no two entomologists will agree. But we may learn from the Caricatures of the day what the *Decadents* were in outward semblance; from the Lampoons what was their mode of life. Nightly they gathered at any of the Theatres where the plays of Mr. WILDE were being given. Nightly, the stalls were fulfilled by Row upon Row of neatly-curled Fringes surmounting Button-holes of monstrous size. The contrasts in the social Condition of the time fascinate me. I used to know a boy whose mother was actually present at the "first night" of *Charley's Aunt*, and became enamoured of *Mr. Penley*. By such links is one Age joined to another!

I should like to have been at a Private View of the "*New English Art Club*." There was *Crotchet*, the young Author of the *Mauve Camellia*; there were *Walter Sickert*, the veteran R.A.; *George Moore*, the romanticist; *Charles Hawtrey*, the tragedian, and many another good fellow. The period of 1894 must have been delicious.

Perhaps in my Study I have fallen so deeply beneath the Spell of the Age, that I have tended to underrate its unimportance. I fancy it was a Sketch of a Lady with a Mask on, playing the piano in a Cornfield, in a low dress, with two lighted Candles, and signed "*Aubrey Weirdsley*," that first impelled me to research.

But to give an accurate account of the Period would need a far less brilliant Pen than mine; and I look to JEROME K. JEROME and to Mr. CLEMENT SCOTT.

## II.—TOORALOORA. A FRAGMENT.

(*By Charing Cross.*)

"My hair?" she said. "It touches the ground."

As she spoke, she seized her fringe by the roots and flung it on the floor.

"A marvellous feat for a European," I murmured with some difficulty. "Will you have another drink?"

"Yes," said *Tooraloora*; "I make it a rule always to get intoxicated in a public-house."

I did not offer her a chair, I flung one at her head. That impulse towards some physical demonstration, that craving for physical contact which attacks us so suddenly with its terrific impulse, and chokes and stifles us, ourselves, beneath it, blinding us to all except itself, rushed upon *Tooraloora* then: and she landed me one in the eye. Now, this was the moment I had been expecting and dreading, practically, ever since her hand had left my ear the night before—this moment when it should strike me again. I do not mean consciously, but there are a million slight, vague, physical experiences and sensations within us of which the mind remains almost unconscious; and I have no pretensions to physical courage. For a second I felt the colour rise to my face. Every expletive that should have been forgotten, I remembered. My pulses seemed beating as they do in fever, my ears seemed full of sounds, and I felt the cold touch of the policeman's grasp like ice upon my shoulder as a voice murmured, "This means forty shillings or a month."... When we reached the station I flung myself upon the floor, leaning my head upon my hand, the white powder upon my coat still lingered. I seemed to hear *Tooraloora* murmur, "'E don't know where 'E are!"

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## AT THE OLD MASTERS.

The following selections may assist the Art-student visiting Burlington House:—

No. 3. By GEORGE ROMNEY. Not so much a "Rum Knee" as a queer left arm. Gout apparently, skilfully depicted.

No. 5. By Sir HENRY RAEBURN, R.A. *Lorenzo and Jessica*, at 50 and 40 respectively.

No. 9. By Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A. Selected from *Reynolds' Miscellany*. Portrait of a gentleman in full uniform, out for a walk, on a stormy day, on the sea-shore. He is evidently saying, "Here's a nice predicament! I've powder on my hair, no hat, and it's coming on to pour cats and dogs."

No. 13. By Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS. A Portrait of *The Marquis of Granby*. Presented, of course, by Mr. WELLER, Senior. Probably the original sign of the inn of which Mr. W. was proprietor.

No. 16. By GEORGE ROMNEY. *Portrait of Mrs. Farrer*. Charming. Might go Farrer and fare worse.

No. 24. By GEORGE! . . . ROMNEY. *Portrait of Lady Hamilton*. "Unfinished"—but perfect.

No. 38. "A Constable"—who arrests our attention. This, you may depend upon it, is a Constable *with a warrant*.

No. 50. By REMBRANT. Man guarding a hawk. Very graceful, but a Hawk-ward sort of person.



No. 51. By GERARD TERBURG. A lady, after taking something which has disagreed with her. "Prithee, why so pale?"

No. 68. By VAN DER HELST. It is called a "*Family Group*,"—probably in consequence of the wife being shown as presenting her husband *with a hare*.

No. 73. By DICK HALS. Regard the wondrous collars. It is "Collar Day." Must have been the work of two artists, as this could have been painted by no one HALS(!)

No. 94. By Sir THOMAS LAURENCE, P.R.A. "*The bells are a ringing for Sarah*." Curtain rises and SARAH steps forward to sing.

No. 122. By JACOB JORDAENS. Splendid. "Try our stout, JANE!"

No. 126. By J. M. W. TURNER, R.A. "*Snowstorm*." Wonderful!! But where was the artist when he took it?

Do not leave without closely examining No. 181, by FRANÇOIS CLOUET, "*Portrait of a Princess*." And do not neglect the "gems of the collection" in the Water-colour Room. This is full of "interesting and remarkable cases" which have been fully reported in all the papers. The exhibition is open till March 16. Don't miss it.



#### DE GUSTIBUS.

*Little Binks.* "I ONLY CARE TO TALK TO WOMEN WHO LET ME MAKE LOVE TO THEM."

*Big Bounderson.* "I ONLY CARE TO TALK TO WOMEN WHO MAKE LOVE TO ME!"

---

## Lord Randolph Churchill.

BORN, FEBRUARY 13, 1849.

DIED, JANUARY 24, 1895.

Gone!—like a meteor whelmed in night,  
Who should have shone as fame's fixed  
star!

Unwelcome loss, when sons of light  
So few and so infrequent are.  
To flare athwart the startled sky,  
A prodigy portentous, fills  
The vision of the vulgar eye,  
The common soul with wonder thrills.  
And much of meteoric glare  
Seemed herald of that steadier course,  
Which, drawing less the general stare,  
Spoke to the wise of light and force.  
Now all's extinct in early gloom,

Eclipsed in shadow premature.  
 A brilliant soul, a bitter doom!  
 And who shall read with judgment sure  
 The secret of the light that failed,  
 The mystery of the fallen star?  
 Though whilom worshippers have railed,  
 Though clingers to the conqueror's car  
 Reviled a vanquished victor's name,  
 The brightness of that brief career  
 Defies the dullards who defame,  
 Confounds the incompetents who  
 sneer.  
 But yesterday, in sooth it seems,  
 The promise of the platform's pride  
 Inspired a Party's youthful dreams,  
 And filled to flood their hope's high  
 tide.  
 Now all is hushed,—save the sad voice  
 Of admiration and regret,  
 Which, spite of faction's spleenful noise,  
 Ne'er failed stout son of England yet!

---

He took a house in Hampshire. Why? Because he said he liked to visit his old Hants.

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## A FEELING PROTEST.

Sir,—I have recently seen letters and paragraphs in various newspapers instigating travellers going abroad to choose the Folkestone and Boulogne route instead of going *viâ* Dover and Calais. I forget what particular reasons are given for advocating this substitution, nor do I care what they are or what they may be. Why? Because, first, undeniably *viâ* Dover to Calais is the shortest route, and to those of BRITANNIAS'S sons and daughters—gallant islanders all—who detest the sea as much as does the humble individual who now addresses you, the saving of twenty minutes or half an hour, or in some instances it may be even more, of the sea-passage would be well worth any extra expense (if extra expense there be, which, an' I remember rightly, is not the case), especially when aboard such steam-vessels as are now provided; though, be the steam-vessels what they may, there is still in one and all of them that peculiar flavour and motion about which I would rather not speak, or even think, lest I should be unable to finish this important letter.

But there is yet another reason why the Dover and Calais route is the best of all ways to the Continent, and that is on account of the excellent *déjeuner*—still, as I believe, unequalled at any port or at any station in Europe—served to the many poor hungry and thirsty travellers quickly, hotly, and as comfortably as the confounded bustling circumstances of travel will permit. Why the railway company which takes us to Paris cannot give us three quarters of an hour for our very necessary toilette (after the sea passage) and our food, and then do the journey in double quick time, or in the same time as now for the matter of that (for what does it matter to the accomplished traveller who "*does* know where he are" and where he *will* be, and has pre-ordered everything wisely and well?), and so get up to Paris in time for a little late supper and an early bed?

For those who value their digestions, and who love good food and drink, even when they have but a short time for refreshment, there is but one route to Paris from London, and that is *viâ* Calais, *i.e.* *viâ* the buffet. Only, *cher messieurs les directeurs de la ligne du Nord*, cannot you possibly manage to extend our luncheon-time at Calais to just three quarters of an hour, instead of giving us only a beggarly twenty-five minutes at best, and do the thing well while you are about it? As to the Boulogne route, well, one goes to Boulogne to stay, and so the buffet, *en passant*, is of small importance.

May this reach the eyes and touch the hearts of all in authority, for it is a *cri du cour* from  
 An Inconstant Traveller.

---

## TO ATALANTA.

Ah, ATALANTA! timely wise,  
 When the disdain within your eyes  
 That wondrous vision daunted,  
 The golden apples, they whose  
 spell  
 Both gods and mortals knew right  
 well,  
 Eternally enchanted,

You instantly the race forbore,  
 You made your choice for  
 evermore  
 And gathered up the burden!  
 The ancient spell had conquered  
 you,  
 The distant goal you did not rue,  
 You won a dearer guerdon!

Oh, modern ATALANTA, stay,  
 When with HIPPOMENES to-day  
 You arduously grapple!  
 An instant ponder on your case  
 If you should ever lose the race,  
 And likewise lose the apple!



### ANIMAL SPIRITS.

No. II.—SKATING.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.



In the Baron's Good Books.

Delightful reminiscences are these of GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA'S, told in his own peculiar rattling-off, running-on, one-anecdote-down-t'other-come-on style. Of all "people he has met" he has plenty to say, but *nil nisi bonum*; all writ with a magnum-bonum pen. Once he was a "Gipsy King, ha! ha!" but, long ago, as he tells us, he renounced all claims to the throne of Bohemia, abdicated, retired, and, no more a Rad, has led a Reformed Club life. Who wrote the burlesque Eugene Aram verses, ending with,—

"And GEORGE AUGUSTUS walked before,  
 With gyves upon his wrist"?

All the notabilities of his earlier days were mentioned in that poem, at least so I believe, for does it not belong to a date when the Baron had not come within measurable distance of his title when he watched the great guns from afar with awe; when he saw them in the Cyder Cellars and at Evans's, both of which night resorts he, having

been first taken there by a kindly but injudicious man-about-town, subsequently patronised on such holidays as were offered to him by the jovial nights after the Eton and Harrow matches at Lord's, and on the eve of such a festival as the University Boat Race. The Baron in those happy days and nights was attired in the costume in which RICHARD DOYLE has dressed young *Clive Newcome* when he accompanied his father, the Colonel, on that ever memorable evening to The Cave of Harmony, and heard the song that made him so wrathful. There are no Cyder Cellars, Coal Holes, and Evans's nowadays, which owlish resorts were strictly restricted to the use of the male sex, young and old. But even if a kind, considerate legislature does insist on extinguishing the lights, and turning us out in the streets at 12.30 precisely, are morality and health so very much benefited by the process? Isn't it cheerful to read of the pleasantly convivial late hours in the Georgian Augustan Era? The celebrities at home and abroad that he knew were legion, and I'll be bound (as the Book said) that he hasn't emptied his memory stores by many a cupboard full. There is one sentiment which appeals to the Baron's head, heart, and pocket, and delighteth

him hugely—it is GEORGE AUGUSTUS's righteous denunciation of "the unjust and iniquitous income-tax." The Baron says ditto to Mr G. A. S. at p. 310, vol. ii. *Inter alia*, the autobiographist is correct in saying that MADISON MORTON'S *Box and Cox* was concocted from *Une Chambre à Deux Lits* "and another French farce," of which, as he doesn't give the name, the Baron will here take the liberty of mentioning it. It was a farce with music, that is to say a *comédie-vaudeville en un acte*, written by Messrs. LABICHE and LEFRANC, and produced at the Palais-Royal in 1846. Its name was *Frisette*. *Box and Cox* was produced in 1847 at the Lyceum. Very little furniture for the English farce was taken from *Une Chambre à Deux Lits*, but packages of dialogue were handed in to *Box and Cox* from *Frisette*.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

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### A GOD IN THE OS-CAR.

["Amongst the candidates for the Regius Professorship of History at Cambridge is Mr. OSCAR BROWNING."—*Daily Paper*.]

The History Professorship—  
Who'll from the PREMIER get the  
post?  
Here's Mr. OSCAR BROWNING, one  
Whose name is chosen from the  
host.  
  
But should Lord R. o'erlook his  
claim,  
Oh! will O. B. be wildly riled.  
In fact, will OSCAR BROWNING then  
Develop into OSCAR WILDE?

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### QUEER QUERIES.

#### COSTLY COLOURS.

Could some reader inform me whether it would be of any use to request the Works Committee of the London County Council to paint my back door for me? It has become a little discoloured through age, and a local carpenter has offered to put on "two coats of good sage-green enamel paint" for five-and-sixpence. But as I see that the Works Committee only spent £2,186 over the painting of Hammersmith Bridge, I fancy that it would be cheaper to employ them, if I could. It is pleasant to think what exceptionally fair wages they must have paid over this job (using the word in its natural meaning), and how much time the poor men engaged in it must have been able to give to their family circles. This is as it should be.

TRUE PROGRESSIVE.

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#### NIAGARA HALL.

They say the sham ice here is almost perfect, very nearly as good as the real ice, in fact so little is the difference between the real and sham that a skater, unless he had tried it, would hardly real-ice it! The band plays, "Hwfa (Williams) of thee I'm fondly dreaming!" as the *patineurs* and *patineuses* who have paid their three or five shillings glide about at the rate of either eighteenpence or two-and-sixpence a foot.

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\*\*\* END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI,  
VOLUME 108, FEBRUARY 2, 1895 \*\*\*

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