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6, 1894, by Various and F. C. Burnand

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Title: Punch, or the London Charivari, Volume 107, October 6, 1894

Author: Various

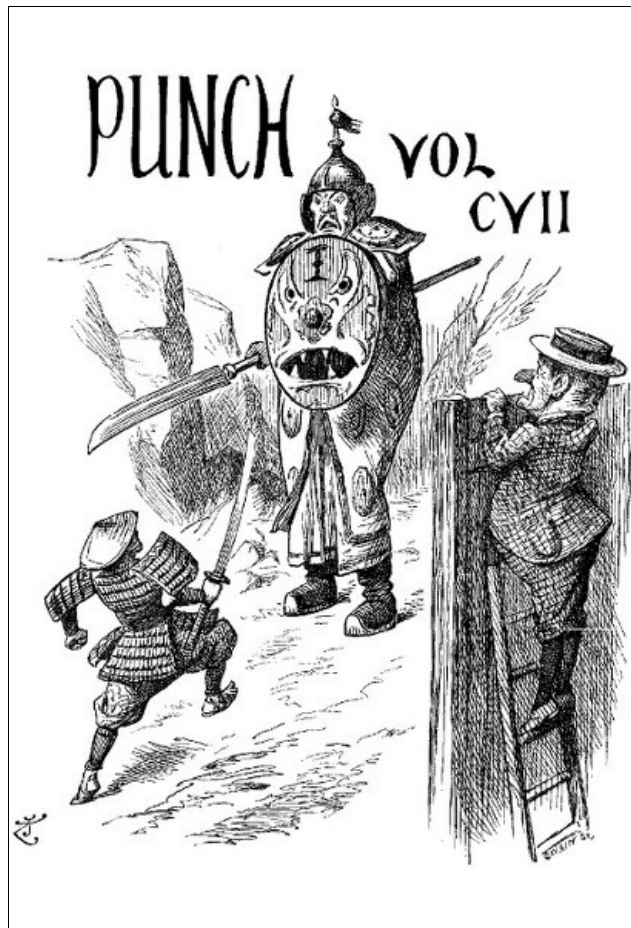
Editor: F. C. Burnand

Release date: May 14, 2014 [EBook #45646]

Language: English

Credits: Produced by Wayne Hammond, Malcolm Farmer and the Online
Distributed Proofreading Team at <http://www.pgdp.net>

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI,
VOLUME 107, OCTOBER 6, 1894 ***



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Punch, or the London Charivari

Volume 107, October 6th 1894

edited by Sir Francis Burnand

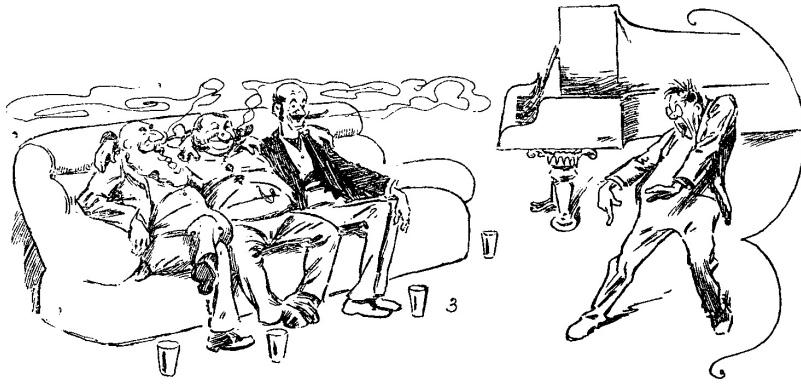
THE CLUB; A GRIM STORY OF CHANGE.



1. It was the beginning of the Club season. "I shall be glad to see all the boys again after all these weeks!" murmured Clubber, as Mrs. C. packed him up.



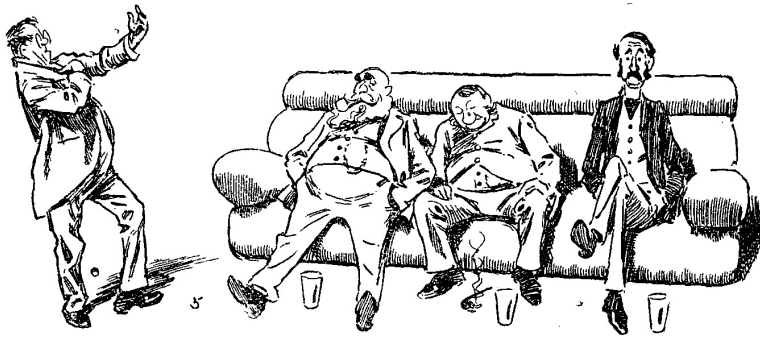
2. "Ah! *How* are you, *dear* old boy?" shouted the Clubites, hysterical with affectionate yearning.



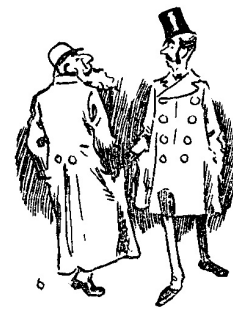
3. "Magnificent reciter Foodle is, to be sure!" they murmured, in an ecstatic dream of enthusiasm. "Brav O! Splendid, dear old boy!!"



4. And when they parted at the end of the evening, they breathed fervently, "Good night, old fellow—bless you!"*****



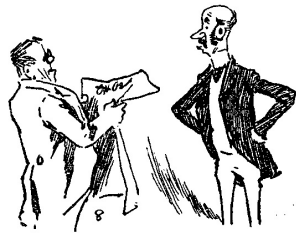
5. It was the middle of the Club season. "Hum, Foodle's recitations are always so long-winded. Great mistake," they muttered to themselves. "And the other fellows are a bit slow, after all."



6. And when they parted at the end of the evening, they just nodded.* * *



7. It was the end of the Club season. "Well, if you want *my* opinion," said Clubber, "that Foodle's a beastly poor reciter." "I *don't* want your opinion; nobody does," said Rubber. "But you happen to be right for once."



8. "I'm not going to recite to you idiots," said Foodle. "It's a waste of breath." "Much relieved to hear it!" said Groodle.



9. "I'm precious glad to get away from that maddening set of chuckle-headed bores for a few weeks!" said Clubber, as Mrs. C. unpacked him.

LORD ROSEBERY IN THE NORTH.

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THE PRIME MINISTER has been having a high old time of it lately in the North, and has become the "youngest burgess" of goodness knows how many ancient boroughs. But it has been left to a reporter to note with an eagle eye the really interesting performance which Lord ROSEBERY has put to his credit. "Immediately on leaving Dornoch," says this gentleman (the reporter, not the PREMIER), "Lord ROSEBERY and the Duke of SUTHERLAND drove to the Meikle Ferry, a distance of four miles, crossed the ferry, and again drove to Tain, four miles farther on. Crossing the ferry they both took a turn at the oars, and *generally discussed the sport of seal shooting!*" This suggests quite a fresh phase of the New Journalism. We shall soon read such paragraphs as the following:

"Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT left town for Malwood on Tuesday. Going down in the train the right hon. gentleman played marbles with a fellow-passenger, and discussed generally the virtues of resignation."

"Mr. H. H. FOWLER transacted important business at the India Office yesterday. He and his private secretary played a game of trundling hoops, and had an animated talk on the subject of whist."

"Mr. A. J. BALFOUR played at golf with a gentleman, with whom he had a very interesting conversation on the sport of chute shooting."

The moral of which would seem to be that, since even conversation is now reported, silence is more golden than ever; though *Mr. Punch* notices that the PRIME MINISTER showed rare diplomacy in his choice of a subject. Not even a reporter could extract any political meaning out of the sport of seal shooting!



SWEET SIMPLICITY.

Diffident Man (who does not know to how much of an Ingénue he is talking). "HAVE YOU BEEN OUT LONG, MISS GRACE?"

Miss Grace (consulting her wrist-strap). "OH, ABOUT THREE-QUARTERS OF AN HOUR. YOU SEE WE WERE ASKED TO COME PUNCTUALLY."

VERY NEAR.—The *Record* has been taking Mr. HALL CAINE to task for the baptismal scene in *The Manxman*, and the novelist has been telling the *Record* to remember its Rubrics. "Mr. CAINE," says the *Record*, "has been in a hurry." The *Record* lost a chance, as, evidently expecting a storm of fury, it should have deprecated the author's anger by saying, "Don't be in a hurry-CAINE."

"TERRIBLE IN HIS ANGER!"

MR. J-ST-N MCC-RTHY (*reading the speech of the German Emperor to the Mayor of Thorn*). "For you know, I can be very disagreeable too!" *Ah! and so can I—when I like!*

I CAN BE VERY NASTY, WHEN I LIKE!

(*The Song of a Mouton Enragé.*)

["I own that I am sorry that a louder, and a stronger, and a prompter note of reassurance has not been given to the Irish people with regard to this obstructive power of the House of Lords, and that I look to the Autumn Campaign with anxious hope for a clear and certain signal."—*Mr. Justin McCarthy in the "New Review."*]

Enraged (and enrhumé) Leader, with his feet in "hot water," sings:—

Yes, I'b wud with the yug Ebperor id this—
Extreebs—as has beed ofted said—*do* beet!
(*Wow!* this water, I declare, is od the hiss,
Id is very hot iddeed to by poor feet!)
By coud is beastly troublesub, at tibes;
But, although I ab as patied as poor Sbike,
I'b bowd to kick whed subwud galls by kibes;
Ad I *cad* be very darsty, whed I like!

Yug WILLIAB fides it needful to speak out,
Ad, like that Hebrew persod id the play,
He *cad* be "very darsty," there's no doubt;
Ad so cad I, of course id by owd way.
A buttud's wudrous angry *whed* aroused.
Ad if those Liberals sell be, I shall strike.
Owd Oirelad has so freaquadly bid choused—
Ad Pats cad be very darsty, whed they like!

Bister BORLEY we all dow, and *he's* all right,
Ad SHAW-LEFEVRE's sowd upod the goose;
Sir WILLIAB "is a fighter"—will he fight?—
Yug ROSEBERY—well, jokes are dot *buch* use.
That ASQUITH's dot a fascidatig bad,
As hard as dails, plaid-spokud as a pike!
I wish agaidst the Lords they had sub *plad*,—
Oh I cad be very darsty, *whed* I like.

There bight have bid a protest strog ad sterd,
But do! they let the Peers, id sileds, score.
Sir WILLIAB dever said a siggle word
Whed they kicked "Evicted Tedadst" frob their door.
It bight have bid a local turdpike Bill,
Or Act to regulate the Scorcher's "bike."
I bust idsist od "bizdess," ad I *will*,
For I cad be *very* darsty, whed I like!

The Irish are begidded to have doubts
(Ad REDBUD, he is goid to give be beads).
If "Ids" betray by Cudtry, there *are* "Outs!"
Hobe Rule bust dot be shudted, like stale greeds,
The Shabrock bust be shaken at those Peers;
Or BcCarthyites *bay* go upod the Strike!—
Ad the Rads he chucked frob Office—yes, for years!—
Oh! I *cad be precious* darsty—whed I *like!*



"TERRIBLE IN HIS ANGER!"

J-st-n McC-rthy (reading extract from German Emperor's Speech). "I CAN BE VERY DISAGREEABLE TOO, WHEN I LIKE.' AH! SO CAN I!"

In Nuce.

THE pith of LABBY'S caustic elocution
Is that long war of words should end in deeds.
After the lead of the Leeds Resolution,
He wants to feel that Resolution leads!
A House of Words but little help affords
In a hot contest with a House of Lords.
But LABBY, were the issue quite so glorious
If—as some fear—the Lords should prove victorious?

NEW READING FOR THE NEW ART.

ONE might conclude from many a spindly shank,
Some read *Ars longa est* as "Art is Lank"!

THE LUNNON TWANG.

I've heard a Frenchman wag his tongue
Wi' unco din an' rattle,
An', 'faith, my vera lugs hae sung
Wi' listenin' tae his prattle;
But French is no the worst of a'
In point o' noise an' clang, man;
There's ane that beats it far awa',
And that's the Lunnon twang, man.

You wadna think, within this land,
That folk could talk sae queerly,
But, sure as Death, tae understand
The callants beats me fairly.
An', 'faith, 'tis little gude their schules
Can teach them, as ye'll see, man,
For—wad ye credit it?—the fules
Can scarcely follow *me*, man.

An' yet, tae gie the deils their due,
(An' little praise they're worth, man,)
They seem tae ken, I kenna hoo.
That I come frae the Nor-r-rth, man!
They maun be clever, for ye ken
There's nought tae tell the chiels, man:
I'm jist like a' the ither men
That hail frae Galashiels, man.

But oh! I'm fain tae see again
The bonny hills an' heather!
Twa days, and ne'er a drap o' rain—
Sic awfu' drouthy weather!
But eh! I doubt the Gala boys
Will laugh when hame I gang, man,
For oo! I'm awfu' feared my voice
Has ta'en the Lunnon twang, man!

Demolition of Doctors' Commons.

SIR HERBERT JENNER FUST what would you say
To Doctors' Commons being done away!
No wonder its machinery is rusty,
Since in *your* time at best it was but Fusty!

LYRE AND LANCET.

(*A Story in Scenes.*)

PART XIV.—LE VÉTÉRINAIRE MALGRÉ LUI.

SCENE XXIII.—*Outside the Stables at Wyvern.*

TIME—*About 10 P.M.*

Undershell (to himself, as he follows ADAMS). Now is my time to arrange about getting away from here. (*To ADAMS.*) By the bye, I suppose you can let me have a conveyance of some sort—after I've seen the horse? I—I'm rather in a hurry.

Adams. You'd better speak to Mr. CHECKLEY about that, Sir; it ain't in *my* department, you see. I'll fetch him round, if you'll wait here a minute; he'd like to hear what you think about the 'orse.

[*He goes off to the coachman's quarters.*]

Und. (alone). A very civil fellow this; he seems quite anxious to show me this animal! There must be *something* very remarkable about it.

[*ADAMS returns with CHECKLEY.*]

Adams. Mr. CHECKLEY, our 'ed coachman, Mr. UNDERSHELL. He's coming in along with us to 'ear what you say, if you've no objections.

Und. (to himself). I must make a friend of this coachman, or else —— (*Aloud.*) I shall be charmed, Mr. CHECKLEY. I've only a very few minutes to spare; but I'm most curious to see this horse of yours.

Checkley. He ain't one o' *my* 'orses, Sir. If he 'ad been——But there, I'd better say nothing about it.

Adams (as he leads the way into the stables, and turns up the gas). There, Sir, that's *Deerfoot* over there in the loose box.

Und. (to himself). He seems to me much like any *other* horse! However, I can't be wrong in admiring. (*Aloud, as he inspects him through the rails.*) Ah, indeed? he *is* worth seeing! A magnificent creature!

Adams (stripping off Deerfoot's clothing). He's a good 'orse, Sir. Her ladyship won't trust herself on no other animal, not since she 'ad the influenzy so bad. She'd take on dreadful if I 'ad to tell her he wouldn't be fit for no more work, she would!

Und. (sympathetically). I can quite imagine so. Not that he seems in any danger of *that*!

Check. (triumphantly). There, you 'ear that, ADAMS? The minute he set eyes on the 'orse!

Adams. Wait till Mr. UNDERSHELL has seen him move a bit, and see what he says *then*.

Check. If it was what *you* think, he'd never be standing like he is now, depend upon it.

Adams. You *can't* depend upon it. He 'eard us coming, and he's quite artful enough to draw his foot back for fear o' getting a knock. (*To UNDERSHELL.*) I've noticed him very fidgety-like on his forelegs this last day or two.

Und. Have you, though? (To himself.) I hope he won't be fidgety with his *hind*-legs. I shall stay outside.

Adams. I cooled him down with a rubub and aloes ball, and kep 'im on low diet; but he don't seem no better.

Und. (to himself). I didn't gather the horse was unwell. (*Aloud.*) Dear me! no better? You don't say so!

Check. If you'd rubbed a little embrocation into the shoulder, you'd ha' done more good, in *my*

opinion, and it's my belief as Mr. UNDERSHELL here will tell you I'm right.

Und. (to himself). Can't afford to offend the coachman! (*Aloud.*) Well, I daresay—er—embrocation *would* have been better.

Adams. Ah, that's where me and Mr. CHECKLEY differ. According to me, it ain't to do with the shoulder at all—it's a deal lower down.... I'll 'ave him out of the box and you'll soon see what I mean.

Und. (hastily). Pray don't trouble on my account. I—I can see him capittally from where I am, thanks.

Adams. You know best, Sir. Only I thought you'd be better able to form a judgment after you'd seen the way he stepped across. But if you was to come in and examine the frog?—I don't like the look of it myself.

Und. (to himself). I'm sure *I* don't. I've a horror of reptiles. (*Aloud.*) You're very good. I—I think I won't come in. The place must be rather *damp*, mustn't it—for that?

Adams. It's dry enough in 'ere, Sir, as you may see; nor yet he ain't been standing about in no wet. Still, there it *is*, you see!

Und. (to himself). What a fool he must be not to drive it out! Of course it must annoy the horse. (*Aloud.*) I don't see it; but I'm quite willing to take your word for it.

Adams. I don't know how you can *expect* to see it, Sir, without you look inside of the 'oof for it.

Und. (to himself). It's not alive—it's something *inside* the hoof. I suppose I ought to have known that. (*Aloud.*) Just so; but I see no necessity for looking inside the hoof.

Check. In course he don't, or he'd ha' looked the very fust thing, with all his experience. I 'ope you're satisfied *now*, ADAMS?

Adams. I can't say as I am. I say as no man can examine a 'orse thoroughly at that distance, be he who he may. And whether I'm right or wrong, it 'ud be more of a satisfaction to me if Mr. UNDERSHELL was to step in and see the 'oof for himself.

Check. Well, there's sense in that, and I dessay Mr. UNDERSHELL won't object to obliging you that far.

Und. (with reluctance). Oh, with pleasure, if you make a point of it.

[*He enters the loose box delicately.*]

Adams (picking up one of the horse's feet). Now, tell me how this 'ere 'oof strikes you.

Und. (to himself). That hoof can't; but I'm not so sure about the others. (*Aloud, as he inspects it.*) Well—er—it seems to me a very *nice* hoof.

Adams (grimly). I was not arsking your opinion of it as a work of *Art*, Sir. Do you see any narrering coming on, or do you not? That's what I should like to get out of *you*!

Und. (to himself). Does this man suppose I *collect* hoofs! However, I'm not going to commit myself. (*Aloud.*) H'm—well, I—I rather agree with Mr. CHECKLEY.

Check. I knew he would! Now you've *got* it, ADAMS! *I* can see Mr. UNDERSHELL knows what he's about.

Adams (persistently). But look at this 'ere pastern. You can't deny there's puffiness there. How do you get over *that*?

Und. If the horse is puffy, it's *his* business to get over it—not mine.

Adams (aggrieved). You may think proper to treat it light, Sir; but if you put your 'and down 'ere, above the coronet, you'll feel a throbbing as plain as—

Und. Very likely. But I don't know, really, that it would afford me any particular gratification if I *did*!

Adams. Well, if you don't take *my* view, I should ha' thought as you'd want to feel the 'orse's pulse.

Und. You are quite mistaken. I don't. (*To himself.*) Particularly as I shouldn't know where to find it. What a bore this fellow is with his horse!

Check. In course, Sir, *you* see what's running in Mr. ADAMS' 'ed all this time, what he's a-driving at, eh?

Und. (to himself). I only wish I did! This will require tact. (*Aloud.*) I—I could hardly avoid seeing

that—could I?

Check. I should think not. And it stands to reason as a vet like yourself'd spot a thing like navickler fust go off.

Und. (to himself). A vet! They've been taking me for a vet all this time! I can't have been so ignorant as I thought. I really don't like to undeceive them—they might feel annoyed. (*Aloud, knowingly.*) To be sure, I—I spotted it at once.

Adams. He *does* make it out navicular after all! What did I tell you, CHECKLEY? Now p'r'aps you'll believe *me*!

Check. I'll be shot if that 'orse has navickler, whoever says so—there!

Adams (gloomily). It's the 'orse'll 'ave to be shot; worse luck! I'd ha' give something if Mr. UNDERSHELL could ha' shown I was wrong; but there was very little doubt in *my* mind what it was all along.

Und. (to himself, horrified). I've been pronouncing this unhappy animal's doom without knowing it! I must tone it down. (*Aloud.*) No—no, I never said he must be shot. There's no reason to despair. It—it's quite a mild form of er—clavicular—not at all infectious at present. And the horse has a splendid constitution. I—I really think he'll soon be himself again, if we only—er—leave Nature to do her work, you know.

Adams (after a prolonged whistle). Well, if Nature ain't better up in her work than you seem to be, it's 'igh time she chucked it, and took to something else. You've a lot to learn about navicular, *you* 'ave, if you can talk such rot as that!

Check. Ah, I've 'ad to do with a vet or two in my time, but I'm blest if I ever come across the likes o' *you* afore!

Und. (to himself). I *knew* they'd find me out! I must pacify them. (*Aloud.*) But, look here, I'm *not* a vet. I never said I *was*. It was your mistake entirely. The fact is, my—my good men, I came down here because—well, it's unnecessary to explain now *why* I came. But I'm most anxious to get away, and if you, my dear Mr. CHECKLEY, could let me have a trap to take me to Shuntingbridge to-night, I should feel extremely obliged.

[CHECKLEY *stares, deprived of speech.*]

Adams (with a private wink to CHECKLEY). Certainly he will, Sir. I'm sure CHECKLEY'll feel proud to turn out, late as it is, to oblige a gentleman with your remarkable knowledge of 'orse-flesh. Drive you over hissself in the broom and pair, *I* shouldn't wonder!

Und. *One* horse will be quite sufficient. Very well, then. I'll just run up and get my portmanteau, and—and one or two things of mine, and if you will be round at the back entrance—don't trouble to drive up to the *front* door—as soon as possible, I won't keep you waiting longer than I can help. Good evening, Mr. ADAMS, and many thanks. (*To himself, as he hurries back to the house.*) I've got out of that rather well. Now, I've only to find my way to the Verney Chamber, see this fellow SPURRELL, and get my clothes back, and then I can retreat with comfort, and even dignity! These CULVERINS shall learn that there is at least *one* poet who will not put up with their insolent patronage!

Check. (to ADAMS). He *has* got a cool cheek, and no mistake! But if he waits to be druv over to Shuntingbridge till *I* come round for him, he'll 'ave to set on that portmanteau of his a goodish time!

Adams. He did you pretty brown, I must say. To 'ear you crowing over me when he was on your side. I could 'ardly keep from larfing!

Check. I see he warn't no vet long afore you, but I let it go on for the joke of it. It was rich to see you a wanting him to feel the 'oof, and give it out navickler. Well, you got his opinion for what it was wuth, so *you're* all right!

Adams. You think nobody knows anything about 'orses but yourself, you do; but if you're meanin' to make a story out o' this against me, why, I shall tell it *my* way, that's all!

Check. It was you he made a fool of, not me—and I can prove it—there!

[*They dispute the point, with rising warmth, for some time.*]

Adams (calming down). Well, see 'ere, CHECKLEY, I dunno, come to think of it, as either on us'll show up partickler smart over this 'ere job; and it strikes me we'd better both agree to keep quiet about it, eh? (CHECKLEY *acquiesces, not unwillingly.*) And I think I'll take a look in at the 'Ousekeeper's Room presently, and try if I can't drop a hint to old TREDWELL about that smooth-tongued chap, for it's my belief he ain't down 'ere for no good!



"You've a lot to learn about navicular, *you 'ave*, if you can talk such rot as that!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.



"Aha!" quoth the Baron. "This book of Master STANLEY WEYMAN'S, called *Under the Red Robe*, delighteth me much. A stirring story of swashbucklers, pistols, daggers, conspirators, gay gallants, and gentle dames! Exciting from first to last, and all in one volume, which, beshrew me, by my hilts!" quoth the Baron, "the reader, be he who he may, will find easy to take up, and most difficult to put down, until quite finished. 'Tis published by one METHUEN, of London, whose house Cavalier WEYMAN hath favoured more than once ere he wrote this stirring romance." Towards the finish there is a spice of BULWER LYTTON'S drama *Richelieu*,—indeed the last situation in this tale is almost one with the action of the scene in the play where *Richelieu* brings the lovers together. Yet is this but a mere detail, and those who follow the Baron's literary tips will do well and wisely to read *Under the Red Robe*. By the way, Mr. CATON WOODVILLE'S illustrations to the story are excellent, having the rare merit of assisting the action without revealing the plot. "CATON, thou pictureth well."

Within the limits of a hundred pages Lord DUFFERIN has given the world a picture it will not willingly let die. It is a portrait of his mother, "one of the sweetest, most beautiful, most accomplished, wittiest, most loving and lovable human beings that ever walked upon the earth." This, as my Baronite says, is the superlative of praise, and it might reasonably be suspected that filial feeling has warped critical acumen. But here in this volume of *Songs, Poems, and Verses* (JOHN MURRAY) we have Lady DUFFERIN though dead yet speaking, and may judge for ourselves. It is characteristic of her son that, whilst on the first page the above title is boldly set forth in large ruddy-hued type, a smaller line lower down, in plain black ink, refers to the "Memoir." In its felicity of literary style, its clear touches of characterisation, and its flashes of quiet humour, this monograph is a masterpiece. It fittingly frames the extract from the journal commenced by Lady DUFFERIN when she felt the hand of death gripping her. This fragment is prose worthy of the author of *The Irish Emigrant*, whose simple pathos has stirred the heart on both sides of the Atlantic. Within the brief limits he has assigned to himself, Lord DUFFERIN manages to give a succinct account of the illustrious family of which HELEN, Lady DUFFERIN, was a bright, particular star. It would be difficult to parallel the sustained brilliancy of the SHERIDANS, from RICHARD BRINSLEY down to his great-great-grandson, at present Her Majesty's Minister at Paris. To the possession of all the graces they have added display of all the talents. It is hard to live up to the literary standard of the SHERIDANS. In this delightful volume Lord DUFFERIN shows that the marvel was accomplished by his mother, and is possible for himself.

My Baronite has made an attempt to read *Lourdes* in the convenient shape in which Messrs. CHATTO AND WINDUS present it to the English-speaking public. He honestly admits that, finding on a rapid glance through its pages the first chapter was a fair sample of the bulk, he gave it up. M. ZOLA has avowedly set himself the task of minutely describing the pitiful experience of the halt, the lame, the blind, and much worse, who journey to Lourdes in the desperate hope of miraculous

recovery. He may at least be congratulated on having achieved his object. Only, the report with all its horrible detail would more fittingly have appeared in the pages of the *Lancet* or the *British Medical Journal*. Since it has been published in book form realism should have been carried one step further. The volume ought to have been bound in a poultice instead of ordinary cloth. As it is, the leaves turned over fill the room with faint, sickening smell of the hospital ward. *Lourdes* is certainly not alluring. It is, in truth, *lourd—et sale aussi*.

Once again, for the benefit of all brother-scribes who, for a while, or frequently, may have to do their scribbling when journeying, or while compelled by illness to remain in Bedford-under-Clothes,—as was but recently the case with your own Baronius, pains and counterpanes all over him,—the use of "*The Hairless Author's Paper-pad*," i.e. "*The Author's Hairless Paper-pad*," issued by the *Leadenhall Press*, on which the author can write with pencil or with pen,—for the blotter is handily placed at the back of the pad,—is strongly recommended by the Ready Writer's and Ready Reader's best friend,

THE BLAMELESS BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

MEM. BY AN OLD MAID.—If you "look over your age," you won't find anyone else willing to do the same.



DEEPER AND DEEPER STILL.

He. "ISN'T THAT MRS. GAYLY SITTING BY THOMPSON? HOW *FAT* SHE'S GROWN! WHAT A MISFORTUNE FOR A WOMAN TO LOOK LIKE THAT!" *She.* "OH—YOU SHOULD NOT SAY THAT TO *ME!*"

He. "WHY NOT? OF COURSE I ONLY MEANT WHEN THE WOMAN IS *YOUNG!*"

"FOR EXAMPLE!"

Or, an Ex-Radical's Reflections in a Peer-Glass.

["I say that I, at any rate, am ready to view with favour any reasonable proposal which would add an elective element to the composition of the House of Lords, which would bring them into closer touch with popular sentiment."—*Mr. Chamberlain at Leeds (Times' Report).*]

"*They toil not, neither do they spin*"—

Aught but occasional orations!

Ah! that was in my days of sin.

How time has altered our relations

Yes, I *was* down upon the Lords,

When I compared them with the lilies:

New Rads remind me of my words;

But then New Rads are all old sillies.

How *dare* they, dupes of GLADSTONE'S guile,

Poor Party tools, mere flies in amber,

To imitate my earlier style,

And rave against a Second Chamber?

And do they think to corner *me*

By mere *tu quoque* and quotation?

A gift of ready repartee

Secures such easy extrication.

I worship what I wished to burn?—

The jeer is really most unhandsome!

For things have taken quite a turn

Since I ran rather wild on Ransom.

The House of Lords is our sole hope,

Sheet-anchor, lighthouse, ægis, haven;

The only power which can cope

With the New Rad—that nerveless craven!

A Single Chamber means the sway

Of the majority—most shocking!—

Of the majority, most cheering.
With no devices of delay,
Progress impeding, freedom mocking—
Hold hard! I'm quoting—from myself!—
Of *Commoners* a mere majority
Means rule of party, passion, pelf,
Which in the Peers have *no* authority.

Non-representative, but nice,
The Peers are patriots, heroes, sages
Class-selfishness is not *their* vice;
They haste not, don't get into rages.
To a majority of *them*
We safely may entrust our freedom.
But mere M.P.'s? With venal phlegm
They'd sell it—for the mess of Edom.

Mesopotamia—blessèd word!—
Than the word "Peer" is far less blessèd!
Mere Commoners are crass, absurd,
Foolish as Creon, false as Cressid.
To trust to an *elected* mob
Our Glorious Empire, were sheer treason;
But dukes and earls may do the job,
For a Peer's robe *must* cover reason.

Still an "elective element"
Perhaps might bring their "composition"
"In touch with popular sentiment,"
And hush the howlings of sedition.
To pick the best and brightest stars
From court and college, bench and platform,
Might still some poletariat jars.—
Hah! how should I appear in *that* form?

Of course, a robe and coronet
Would never make *me* turn a Tory,
Like—well, so many. Now I'll bet
King SOLOMON in all his glory
Was not arrayed—tut! tut!—no more
I'd like them to forget those lilies,
These quoted bits are such a bore,—
Unless they're that old "tonguester" WILLY'S!

Experimentum in—well, no!
The context is not very flattering,
(How seldom my quotations go!
There are some drawbacks in mere smattering.)
But if the "elective element"
Would Peers improve, as not a few think,
I might—some day—who knows?—consent
To show them how—well, what do *you* think?

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

*Written upon hearing that Mr. Gladstone's enforced rest is lightened by the reading aloud of
relays of Devoted Friends.*

Mighty-voiced MILTON, whose un murmuring song
Rolls yet in organ tones round his loved land,
Its saddest strain, with high endurance grand,
Unconquerably serene, sublimely strong;
Sing in our Statesman's ears! Great HOMER, long
His "friend, in youth, in manhood, and in age,"
Let thy charmed splendours, and thy counsels sage,
Calm his large energies to fine content.
Be MILTON's patience his! "God doth not need
Either man's work, or his own gifts"—so rang
The heroic high reply. But the whole State
Wishes its tireless servitor "God speed!"
Light in his darkness, hope to illumine his rest!
"They also serve who only stand and wait."



"FOR EXAMPLE!"

JOE CH-MB-RL-N. "I SHOULD RECONSTRUCT THE HOUSE OF LORDS ACCORDING TO SOME ELECTIVE AND NON-HEREDITARY PLAN—." (*Leeds, September 25.*)

AIRS RESUMPTIVE.

IV.—To JULIA IN SHOOTING TOGS (*and a Herrickose vein*).

Whenas to shoot my JULIA goes,
Then, then, (methinks) how bravely shows
That rare arrangement of her clothes!

So shod as when the Huntress Maid
With thumping buskin bruised the glade,
She moveth, making earth afraid.

Against the sting of random chaff
Her leathern gaiters circle half
The arduous crescent of her calf.

Unto th' occasion timely fit,
My love's attire doth show her wit,
And of her legs a little bit.

Sorely it sticketh in my throat,
She having nowhere to bestow't,
To name the absent petticoat.

In lieu whereof a wanton pair
Of knickerbockers she doth wear,
Full windy and with space to spare.

Enlargèd by the bellying breeze,
Lord! how they playfully do ease
The urgent knocking of her knees!

Lengthways curtailed to her taste
A tunic circumvents her waist,
And soothly it is passing chaste.

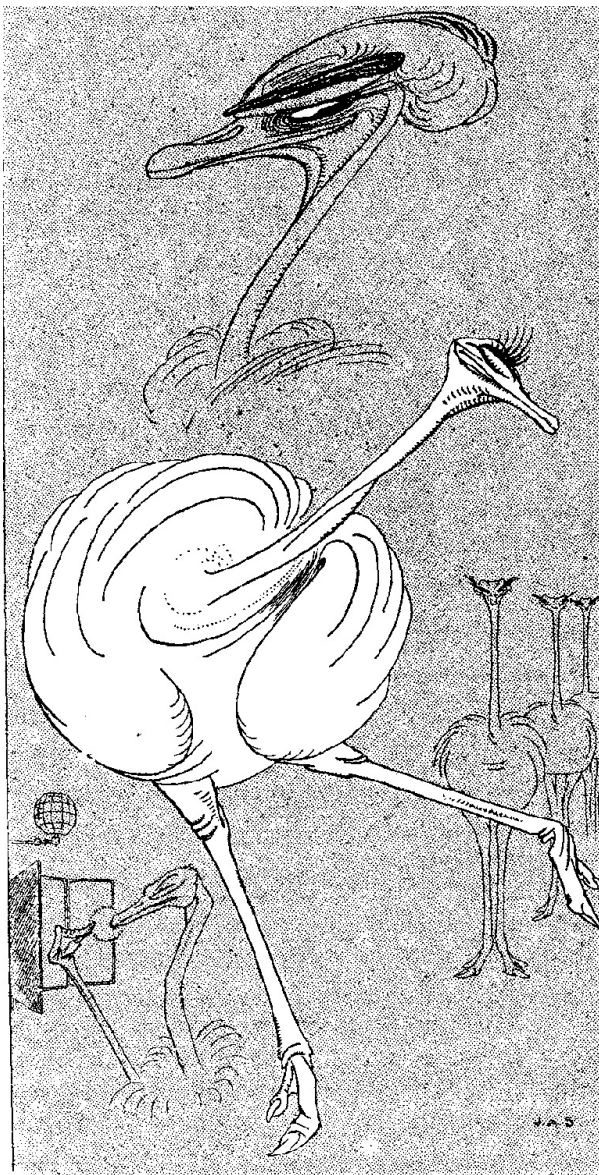
Upon her head she hath a gear
Even such as wights of ruddy cheer
Do use in stalking of the deer.

Haply her truant tresses mock
Some coronal of shapelier block,
To wit, the bounding billy-cock.

Withal she hath a loaded gun,
Whereat the pheasants, as they run,
Do make a fair diversion.

For very awe, if so she shoots,
My hair upriseth from the roots,
And lo! I tremble in my boots!

A SAFE PREDICTION.—That the New Woman of this decade will be the Old Maid of the next.



STUDIES IN ANIMAL LIFE.

THE OSTRICH AS SHE OUGHT TO BE.

THE SEVEN AGES OF ROSEBERY.

[Mr. ST. LOE STRACHEY has written an article in the *Nineteenth Century*, entitled, "The Seven Lord Roseberies."]

Parliament's a stage,
And, Peers or Commoners, they are merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one Peer in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven stages. First the Home-Ruler,
Mewling and puking in Nurse GLADSTONE'S arms;
And then the Union Schoolboy, with his satchel,
And smooth-cut morning face, creeping like snail
Unwilling to JOE'S school. And then the Boss,
Working like nigger, with a dithyrambic
Made to the County Council. Then a Socialist,
Full of strange aims, bearded like BERNARD SHAW,
Jealous of Ground Rents, quick with Land to quarrel,
Seeking the fleeting bubble, Betterment,
E'en at Monopoly's mouth. And then the Premier,
High above Party, with a pleasant joke
On the predominant partner and his claims;
Full of light jests and modern mugwumpisms;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the smooth-cheeked, inexpressive Sphinx
With finger at her nose's knowing side,
DIZZY'S old pose well mimicked, "cute" and "wide,"
With a cold eye and an oracular voice,
Which, tuned to cynic lightness, puzzles much
The Radical Œdipus. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Newmarket ROSEBERY, *Ladas*-owner, Lord,—
Sans grit, *sans* nous, *sans* go, *sans* everything!

ANOTHER MAN'S EARS.

(*With Apologies to the Author of "Another Woman's Eyes," in the "Illustrated News."*)

Beautiful ears, indeed, beautiful ears!
(She must be growing blind to think them fine!)
Had you been wiser in those by-gone years,
They might have—heard the lectures lost on mine.

I only wish they had! (But no, no, no;
I'd rather list long nights to Caudle-shine,
Than let those beautiful ears—she calls them so—
List some "soft nothings" murmured into mine!)

SLOW, AND NOT QUITE SURE.

(*A Suggestion not necessarily Founded upon Facts.*)

SCENE—*The Interior of a Police Court: a case is in course of disposal. The Magistrate has made up his mind to deal summarily in the matter.*

Magistrate. And so you say that the prisoner has a bad record?

Policeman X. A very bad one, your Worship. We have strong reasons for believing that he has been in every prison in the kingdom for crimes of varying gravity.

Magistrate. By the new anthropometrical system, you can identify him?

Policeman X. Certainly. I have here certificates from no less than two hundred gaol governors declaring his hair to be the colour of pea-green.

Magistrate. And I notice the prisoner has hair of that peculiar hue.

Policeman X. Certainly, your worship; and on that account I claim that you impose upon this man the heaviest punishment within your jurisdiction.

Magistrate. And now prisoner what have you to say?

Prisoner. Merely this, that the man who last night broke into the jeweller's shop was not myself but another. I had nought to do with the crime. The constable has sworn that the caitiff had pea-green hair. Now I have not pea-green hair; my locks are black.

Magistrate. Assertion is not proof. By the anthropometrical system we can spot you. Look at yourself in the glass and you will see that your hair *is* pea-green.

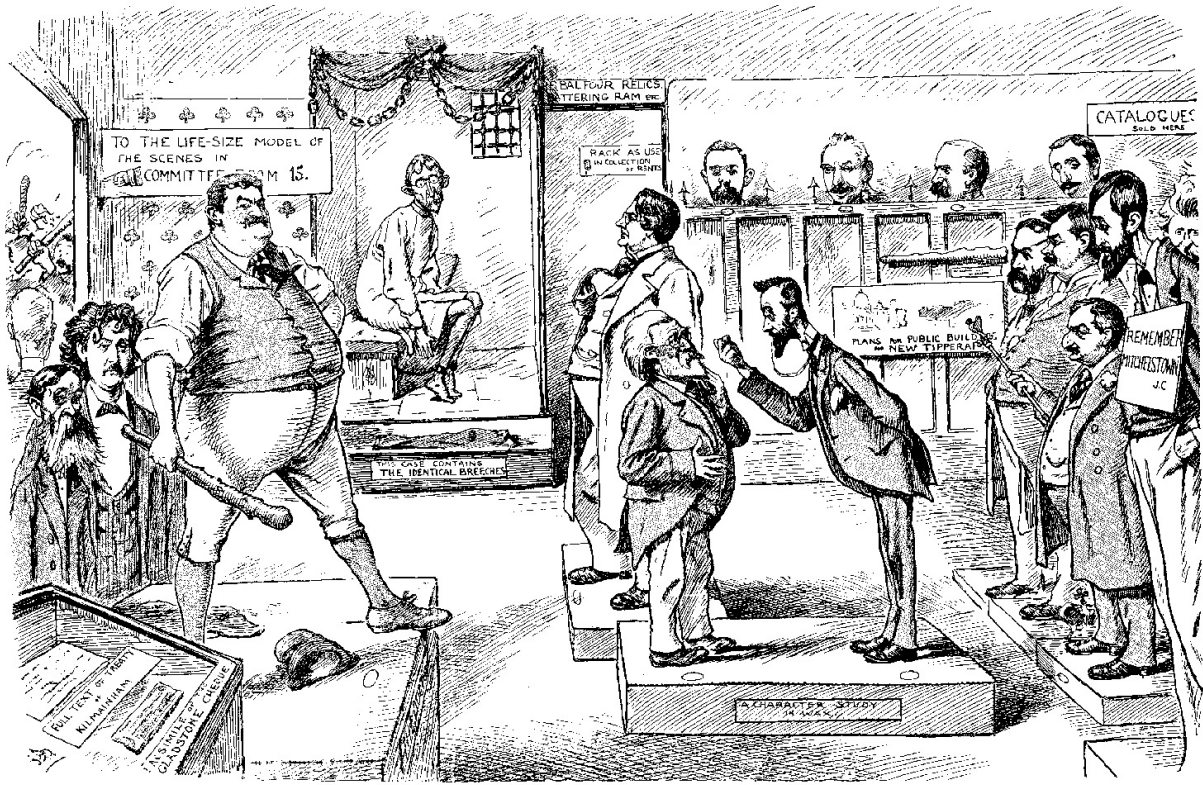
Prisoner. You are wrong, Sir. You see my curls are of raven black. (*Removes his wig.*) Am I not right? Am I not entitled to release?

Magistrate. Certainly. Officers, do your duty. Release your prisoner!

[The accused is liberated, and, in the company of some trusted pals, leaves the Court without a stain upon his character, and with the intention of doing a little more burgling before he is many hours older. Curtain.]

On reading a "Smart" Novel.

Heavy moralities, *à la* SARAH GRAND,
Are tedious oft, and trivial to boot;
But some who write of Vice with a "a light hand,"
Merit the impact of a heavy foot.



A SEPARATE IRISH CHAMBER!

(After a rough Sketch by the Right Hon. J. Ch-mb-rl-n!)

["Since the defeat of the Home Rule Bill they (the Irish Party) have all been engaged in blackening each other's characters, and painting each other's portraits; and I venture to say that the result of that is not a gallery of pictures, but a *Chamber of Horrors*."]

THE COMPLAINT OF THE MODERN LOVER.

My peerless but progressive Fair,
To you my heart I proffer.
Time was when one knew where you were,
And how to make an offer.
Now, all too swiftly you advance
For Damon to pursue you.
Take pity on his ignorance,
And tell him *how* to woo you!

If strong on Woman's Rights you are,
Upon her wrongs I'll ponder:
I'll win for you a *Wanderjahr*,
If I with you may wander.
Or does Humanity enthrall?
Before the summer passes
I'll run a moral Music Hall
To renovate the Masses.

Say, shall I write to you in verse
Of metre strange and frantic,
Which by neglect of barriers
Proves genius gigantic?
Is modern fiction dear to you?
In scandal while I grovel,
I will endeavour to outdo
Its most pernicious novel!

Belovèd, of *which* patent creed
Shall I uplift the banner?
By telepathy shall I plead,
Or in the usual manner?
If after Occult Truth you grope,
Though now I'm no Mahatma,
From earthly bonds I yet might hope—
For you—to free my Atma!

Shall I by Geomancy show
Your lot and mine united,
The sign of *Acquisitio*
Foretelling love requited?
Or shall I from the planets prove
That long before I knew you
Our fates were linked? My modern love,
Oh, tell me *how* to woo you!



WE'VE NOT COME TO THAT YET.

She. "I WAS SO GLAD TO HEAR OF YOUR MARRIAGE! DO COME TO US AND BRING YOUR WIFE. BY THE WAY, WHAT IS YOUR NAME NOW?"

He. "OH, I HAVEN'T CHANGED MY NAME. IT'S *SHE*, YOU KNOW!"

REFLECTIONS

(By a Well-Plucked One.)

When chapel bells rang far and wide,
Why did I turn upon my side,
And sweetly back to slumber glide?
I wonder!

When zephyrs wafted on their way
The fragrance of the new-mown hay,
Why did I cut my lectures, eh?
I wonder!

Why did I moor my punt afar,
With claret-cup and choice cigar,
Instead of reading for the Bar?
I wonder!

Why did the Proctors always frown
On meeting me without a gown,
And ultimately send me down?
I wonder!

Why did the Dons all disagree
With my pet views on equity,
And plough me for my LL.B.?
I wonder!

Why am I now in chambers bare,
With nothing much but debts to spare,
Cash gone, and credit growing rare?
I wonder!

Why do no clients seek my door
To profit by my legal lore?
Will it be thus for evermore?
I wonder!

The New Fashion.

The fashion in hair
The ladies now wear
Never can last I'll engage:
For though, pretty dears,
It hideth their ears,
It addeth some years to their age.

THE NEW MAN.

(A Fragment from the Romance of the Near Future.)

He had waited up until two in the morning. He had watched the hands of the clock as they passed round the face from hour to hour. He had put a cloth over the supper, knowing, however, that the meat would be disregarded, and only the brandy and soda-water touched by the expected one. The poor man gazed sadly at the children's toys, the tradesmen's books that were beside him.

"Not home yet," he murmured. "Ah, those dinners at the club!"

Then he considered his past life. He remembered his wedding-day, when it seemed so bright and fair. He was a happy husband, with every prospect of a long life of wedded bliss. He loved and respected his wife, and felt that side by side they could travel along the road of existence without a rock to arrest their progress, without a discordant note to spoil the harmony of their song, until that song had ceased its music in the hush of silence. Tears, suppressed until now, flooded his eyes as he remembered the waning of the honeymoon. He recollected the anxiety of ALICE to get back to town, to be off into the City. Of course he could not follow his wife into her business haunts; it would be immodest—nay, even improper. Still, he had been treated kindly, in a rough, condescending sort of way. He had had a Brougham, and had been allowed to visit his gentlemen friends. He had plenty of chats, and occasionally ALICE had accompanied him round the park.

Then he had seen a good deal of his children. His daughter, however, had now gone to school, and his sons were always with their nursery tutor. The clock struck once again. "Three, and not home yet!"

Early morning was breaking. The poor man, pale and careworn, re-arranged his necktie, and putting on an extra overcoat, prepared once more to resume the reading of a novel that had been attracting his attention earlier in the evening. It was called "*Bobby*," and related the adventures of a wild, thoughtless man, who was setting the laws of society at open defiance.

"How can men write of men like this?" he murmured. "I am not surprised that women think badly of us when we thus paint ourselves. Visiting a music-hall with his female cousin! Going to the Zoological Gardens unattended! Oh, BOBBY, BOBBY, what a creation!" Then he started. There was a noise at the street-door, and the sound of scraping on the outside as if a latch-key were vainly seeking the key-hole. Then the portal slowly opened and a cloaked figure lurched rather than walked in.

"Oh ALICE!" cried the frightened husband, wringing his hands in dismay. "Is there anything the matter?"

"Nothing, absolutely nothing," was the indistinct reply. "Fact is I don't think the salmon——"

And then the new-comer entered the dining-room, and there was the sound of the effervescence of soda-water.

The poor husband sighed, mournfully turned off the gas, and went quietly to bed.

"Oh wife," murmured the aggrieved husband, as he mounted the stairs, "you cannot help bringing woe to man, for unless you did so you would not be a woe-man."

And bursting into tears at this sad pleasantry, the poor chap disappeared into the darkness.

COINCIDENCE'S LONG ARM.

DEAR SIR,—May I draw your attention to a series of domestic occurrences which illustrate the distressing and increasing tendency of this *fin-de-siècle* age? I say *fin-de-siècle* because as it has got to come in somehow, it may as well be said at once. At breakfast yesterday the bacon was wretchedly cooked. My wife said, "It's the fault of the New Cook," which was all the satisfaction or explanation that I got. I found my study disguised in an apparent tidiness, achieved at the cost of a complete confusion of my papers, which had been tidied away in a manner that completely defied detection. My wife only answered, "Oh, it's that New Housemaid." That night we went to the theatre. The name of the play was *The New Woman*. Then I understood the true inwardness of all my previous experiences. The moral is so clear that I do not propose to draw any.

The Cedars, Sept. 29.

NOTTA NEWMAN.

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LETTERS FROM A DÉBUTANTE.

DEAREST MARJORIE,—It is really quite time you gave me some more of your valuable advice. Thanks to you, I was not such an utter failure in my first season as I expected. After a month at home (my people *loathe* the new way I do my hair, and it seemed, I am ashamed to say, a *little* dull there), I have come to stay again with the LYON TAYMERS at their country house.

You remember I refused the man who did conjuring tricks? He has written to me since to say he sees now how right I was—rather crushing! I also fully *intended* to refuse Captain MASHINGTON. But he went to Dinard without giving me the opportunity, and I hear he has been playing tennis there the *whole* day with Mrs. LORNE HOPPER. I am sure I hope he enjoyed it. She is what you or I would consider rather old, but is said to be perfectly charming, and of course looks fifteen years younger than her youngest daughter.

It seems rather strange, doesn't it, MARJORIE, that after being so wonderfully sensible all the season, I should suddenly do something quite idiotic in September? However, I *have*; and I want you to help me out of it. I'll tell you *all*, if you'll promise not to laugh. When I first came, I was "thrown," as people say, a good deal with the TAYMER'S nephew—ORIEL CRAMPTON who has just left Oxford. I was told he was very serious, rather shy, philanthropic, and has "views"; also that he had done a great deal of good in the West End. This interested me, and I tried to draw him out. They had omitted to mention that he was dreadfully susceptible. We talked for *hours* in the garden, nearly all the time—at first—about the housing of the rich and horrible cases of overcrowding—at London parties. He was very earnest and ascetic (he



never drinks anything but hot water, and doesn't smoke); he lent me books—he is rather handsome—and—gradually—somehow I found I had drifted into an absurd sort of private half-engagement! Yes—I have actually a bangle *riveted on*—with a date inside—the date I was insane enough to agree—Isn't it dreadful?

ORIEL will be well off, but he intends to spend all his money on founding model slums, where the people are to be teetotallers and do bootmaking or something, and be a happy little colony. ORIEL's views may necessitate his doing a little cobbling himself—just to set an example. I was enormously impressed by this at first; but I am afraid I have become frivolous again. Some other people have come here, including a nice boy they call BABY BEAUMONT. He is really almost nineteen, but wonderfully well preserved, very clever, and so cynical that he is quite an optimist. Almost directly, he asked me how long I had known ORIEL CRAMPTON. I said about a fortnight. "Ah! then you must be engaged to him. Poor old ORIEL! He's really quite extraordinarily old-fashioned."

"How old is he?" I asked, in faltering tones.

"He has rather a way of pretending to be young, I fancy. But he must be four-and-twenty if he is a day. You need not say I told you."

It's evidently the fashion to be *very young*—for men, at least. Sometimes I wish it were the fashion to be old enough to know better. If ORIEL really *has* been engaged before, and may be again, and if getting engaged to people is only a sort of habit of his, perhaps he would not mind so very much if I were to break it off.

BABY BEAUMONT is (he says himself) "frankly Pagan." He thinks ORIEL too serious for me, and advises me to marry at leisure, as I am quite sure, anyhow, to repent in haste. He wanted to send a paragraph to the *Post* to say "A marriage has been arranged, and will shortly be broken off, between Mr. ORIEL CRAMPTON and Miss GLADYS MAYFIELD, younger daughter," and so on.

Last night, when we were playing games, ORIEL went out while we thought of a word, and he got quite angry with me because I had said the moon was "vegetable" and *he* said it was "mineral." He may be right, or he may not—I daresay he is—but still he need not be touchy, and refuse to play any more, and sulk all the evening.

I am afraid I should not be happy with him. He collects postage stamps, too, which depresses me dreadfully.

Please write and tell me what to do—or rather, how to do it. Can one get a bangle *riveted off*?... I have just heard that the LORNE HOPPERS and Captain MASHINGTON are coming to play tennis on Sunday! Of course, I shall show absolute indifference. I wired at once to town for my new dress. Mrs. HOPPER may as well see it.

BABY BEAUMONT is always changing his clothes, and has two button-holes sent down from London daily. He says he "intends to revive the gardenia."... ORIEL has just gone out for a "*brisk walk before dinner*." Aren't we *utterly* unsuited to each other?

Your loving friend,

GLADYS

P.S.—*Is* the moon mineral?

THE GENERAL LITERARY REVIEW COMPANY, LIMITED.

CAPITAL £100,000,000, IN 20,000,000 SHARES OF £5 EACH.

This Company has been formed to acquire, combine into one, and carry on the various old-established businesses of literary reviewing hitherto carried on separately by Messrs. ANDREW LANG (who will join the Board after allotment), GRANT ALLEN, W. E. GLADSTONE, H. D. TRAILL, T. P. O'CONNOR, WALTER BESANT, ELKIN MATHEWS, JOHN LANE, Q., A.T.Q.C., QUILLER COUCH, RICHARD LE GALLIENNE, and others. All these gentlemen have consented to act as Directors. The advantages of the scheme are obvious. Hitherto critical opinion, as printed in the daily, weekly, and monthly press, has been so diversified as to make it impossible for the public to form a settled judgment on books. For instance, a work may be described in one place as "possessing in the highest degree the master qualities of brilliant humour and profound pathos"; while, in another notice, published on the same day, it may be condemned as "an essay in stupid buffoonery, which mistakes inversion for paradox, and makes a parade of sentiment as laughable as its efforts at humour are melancholy." It is the intention of the Directors to change all this. Frequent Board-

Meetings will be held, at which all books sent for review will be carefully considered, with a view to deciding how they shall be treated. The decisions thus come to will be carried out in a series of articles extending with absolute uniformity over the whole field of contemporary literature.



PROFITS.

The profits of the business to be thus carried on must be gigantic. After a careful inspection of the books of all British newspapers the well-known accountants Messrs. Leger and Ballance have informed the Directors that the gains of these papers *from reviewing and literary gossip alone* amount to £10,632,009 12s. 7d. annually. As these papers will henceforth, on their literary side, be worked by the Directors with all the latest improvements, even larger gains may be looked for in the immediate future.

BOOMING.

This department will be managed by a paragraphist of unrivalled experience, who will have under his orders a large staff of skilled assistants thoroughly instructed in the use of the new patent mitrailleuse Boomerangs, ten of which will be fixed in the chief office of the Company at No. 1, Log Rolls Yard. Literary shareholders to the amount of £500 and upwards will be entitled to a preferential boom by way of bonus.

BLUDGEON WORK.

For this style of reviewing a separate department has been established, under the joint management of three well-known literary failures, Messrs. Scribley, Fibley and Glibley. By a careful imitation of the worst models, and by assiduously cultivating their own natural coarseness, the managers anticipate very remarkable results. Style will be no object, but every worker in this department will be expected to provide his own rhinoceros hide and stock of allusions to Rabelais. All holders of less than three shares will come under the operation of this department. The Company intend shortly, however, to issue £10 debentures, the owners of which will be permitted once a year to ballot for the privilege of reviewing the book of one of their friends.

INSURANCE SCHEME.

The Directors propose to organise a scheme of insurance against hostile reviews and obdurate editors. For an annual payment of £24 an insurer will be entitled to one favourable review during the year; for £30 he will be absolutely guaranteed against unfavourable criticism. A small yearly payment, varying according to age, will entitle his widow to claim £1000 at his death upon furnishing a certificate, signed by Mr. Besant and the family doctor, that he died after reading an unfavourable notice of one of his books. All literary men, however, are recommended to subscribe £30 a year, thus obtaining a life-long immunity from depreciation.

FEMALE BRANCH.

This will be known as the "George Department," and will be controlled by four new women of advanced views. Cigarettes, latch-keys, and a summary of divorce court proceedings will be kept on the premises. Novels turned out while you wait. Mrs. Lynn Linton will not be admitted during office hours.

SOMETHING NEW IN THE DRAMA.—MR. HENRY IRVING, it appears, has made a great hit in a one-part piece written by Dr. Conan Doyle, entitled *A Story of Waterloo*. Probably Mr. J. L. Toole will follow it up with *A Story of Brandy-and-Waterloo*, in which our cheerful comedian will appear as a regular Wetter'un.

Transcriber's Note:

Inconsistent spelling and hyphenation are as in the original.

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