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September 15, 1894, by Various and F. C. Burnand

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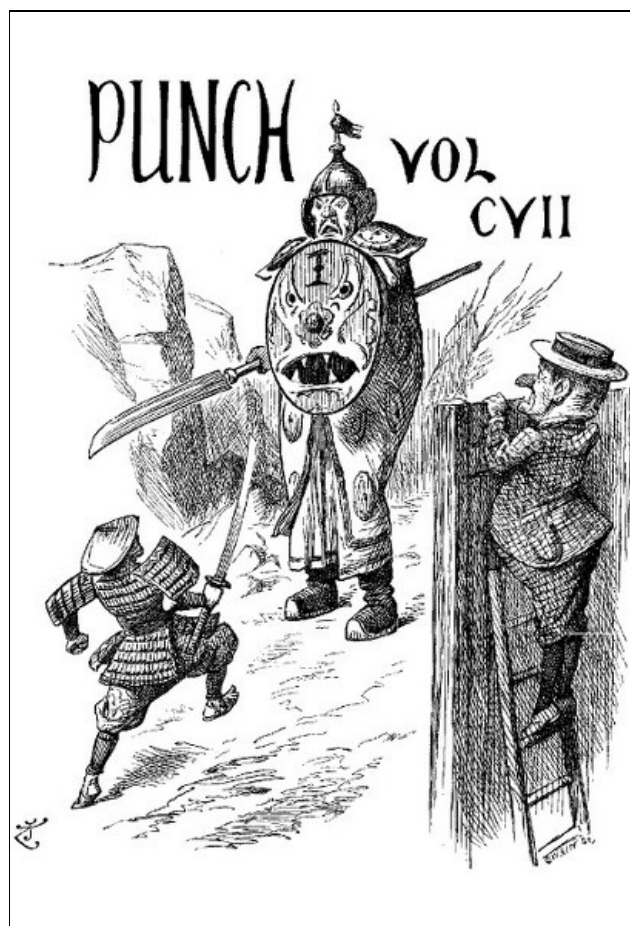
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VOLUME 107, SEPTEMBER 15, 1894 \*\*\*



Punch, or the London Charivari

Volume 107, September 15th, 1894



OF VITAL IMPORTANCE.

"Hi, BILLIE! 'ERE'S CHEAP GLOVES!"

ALL MY EYE!

OR, RHYME AND REASON.

(By Baron Grimboch.)

Since first the Muse to melody gave birth,  
 And with rhyme's chymings blest a happy irth,  
 Poetic seekers of a "perfect rhyme"  
 Have missed the bull's-eye almost every thyme.  
 We want a brand-new Versifiers' Guide,  
 And he who Pegasus would neatly ruide,  
 Must shun bards' beaten highways, read no hymn,  
 Nor by phonetic laws his stanzas trymn.  
 The eye's the Muse's judge, and by the eye  
 Parnassian PITMANS must the poet treye.  
 Rhyme to the ear is wrong; at any rate,  
 Rhyme that greets not the eye cannot be grate,  
 And though by long wrong usage sanctified,  
 It may not pass my new Poetic Gied.  
 These new Rhyme-Rules let bardlings get by heart,  
 For from the New Parnassus must depeart,  
 From TOPLADY to TENNYSON, all those  
 Who prove sweet Poesy's false phonetic fose.  
 COWPER and ROWLAND HILL must be arraigned;  
 In KEBLE, HEBER, NEWMAN, are contaigned  
 False rhymes the most atrocious upon earth,  
 Which might move MOMUS to derisive mearth.  
 Of Rhyme's true laws I'm getting to the root,  
 And a New Poetry will be the froot,  
 The Muse, now by the few acknowledged fair,  
 Shall then be warmly welcomed everywhair,  
 And not, as now, in one loud howl sonorous,  
 As "footle" banned by Commonsense in chorous.  
 Then a verse-scorning world, in pleased surprise,  
 Will to Parnassus lift delighted ise;  
 And from St. Albans to the Arctic Pole,  
 The "lyric cry" (in Grimbosh rhymes) shall role.  
 The people then not hymns alone shall praise,  
 But the sweet secular singer's luscious laise,  
 Phonetic laws to wish to change at once  
 Must prove a man a duffer and a donce,  
 The laws of spelling are less fatal foze.  
 (You can spell "does" as either "duz" or "doze,"  
 And if you wish to make it rhyme with bosh,  
 What easier than writing wash as "wosh"?)  
 If TENNYSON were all rewritten *thus*,  
 His verse indeed would be de-li-ci-us;  
 And ISAAC PITMAN'S spelling would add lots  
 Of charm to the great works of ISAAC WOTTS.  
 There! Grimbosh sets the world right once again!  
 May lesser poets mark! A-main!! A-main!!!

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## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

SCENE—*A Sea-side Library.*

*Visitor (wearily, after a series of inquiries and disappointments).* What I want is a *recent* novel. I haven't read *The Vermilion Gillyflower* yet. It's been out six months or more. Surely you've got *that*?

*Shop Attendant.* I don't *fancy* it's in our catalogue. I don't *remember* hearing of it. (*Brightly.*) We've got *Ivanhoe*.

*Visitor (ignoring the suggestion).* Well, then, I could do with CONAN DOYLE'S last, or STANLEY WEYMAN'S.

*Shop Attendant.* STANLEY, did you say? Oh yes, we've *ordered* the *Life of Dean Stanley*, but it hasn't come yet.

*Visitor (gloomily).* I don't want anybody's life. I want—let's see—*A Gentleman of France*.

*Shop Attendant.* *A Gentleman of France*? I don't recollect the title. But (*cheerfully*) we've *John Halifax, Gentleman*, if that'll do as well.

*Visitor (groaning).* Oh no, it won't! How about *So-so*, by BENSON, you know? Or I hear Mrs.

CLIFFORD'S latest is worth reading. Or *Bess of the Curvybills*, by HARDY. That's been out a couple of years at least. (*Hopefully.*) Oh, I'm sure *that's* got to you.

*Shop Attendant (floored).* Would you look through the shelves for yourself, if you please? You'll find *something* to suit you, I *know*. There's one or two of DICKENS'S, and *Middlemarch*—now, *that's* a rather recent work. Or *The Channings*. We've had *The Channings* bound again, and it's a *great* favourite.

[*Flits off quite relieved at the entrance of a girl who desires a penny time-table and a halfpennyworth of writing-paper.*

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## The Plague of Poets.

(*By a Rabid Reviewer.*)

What's this the log-rollers are gushing about?  
"Captain JACK CRAWFORD, the Post Scout!"  
Oh, bother the Bards! How the rhyme-grinders go it!  
My future rule shall be "scout the poet!"

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"MUTES AND LIQUIDS."—Some clever detectives, of the Birmingham Police Force—not by any means Brummagem detectives—disguised themselves as "Mourners' Mutes" and such like black guards of hearses, and, after a re-hearsal of their several parts, they went to a tavern for drink—grief, professionally or otherwise, being thirsty work—and managed to discover that this public-house was only a privately conducted betting-house, being, like themselves, in disguise. The result has yet to be ascertained, but so far it has proved a most successful "undertaking."

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GOOD NEWS.—"Cheer, Boys, Cheer!" "There's a Good Time Coming"; for the evergreen veteran, Mr. HENRY RUSSELL, is "preparing his reminiscences for publication." *Mr. Punch* looks forward with pleasure to perusing them, and wishes that HENRY'S congenial collaborator, CHARLES MACKAY, were yet living to share the treat.

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## THE SEA-FAIRIES; OR, ULYSSES-PUNCHIUS AND THE MODERN SIRENS.

(*A long way after the late Laureate.*)



*Slow strolled the weary PUNCHIUS, and saw,  
Betwixt the white cliff and the whiter foam,  
Sweet faces, rounded arms, and bosoms prest  
To little harps of gold. And PUNCHIUS said:—*

"Lo! I am lucky, after session long,  
To light upon these sirens; and their song  
I fear not, though I'm wary as Ulysses,

Nor do I dread their kisses,

(Seeing that far away PENELOPE-JUDY Abides.)

Oh! hang this maudlin muck from MUDIE!  
I love not, I, these new, neurotic novels,  
In which the wild New Woman soars—and grovels.

Emancipated females are *not* sirens!  
There's pleasure in the peril that environs  
Old-fashioned witchery.

A pretty English maiden at her stitchery,  
Or a scaled mermaid, siren, or sea-fairy,  
Alike have charms for me. Yet I'll be wary,  
'Maidens mit nodings'—or but little—'on,'

AS BREITMANN hints, are dangers  
For weak wayfaring strangers.

But Beauty never hurt *me*. Fears begone!  
See how the long-tressed charmers smile and beckon!  
I'll go and risk a chat with them, I reckon!"

*And while Punch mused,  
They whispering to each other as in fun,  
Soft music reached the Unsurpassable One:—*

"Whither away, whither away, whither away? Fly no more!  
Whither away from the bright white cliff and the sandy siren-haunted shore?  
Back to town—which is horrible now—or to politics—the beastliest bore?

Day and night do the printers'-devils call?

Day and night do stump-orators howl and squall?

Bless 'em—and let 'em be!

Out from the city of singular sights, and smells.  
Come to these saffron sands and these silvery shells,  
Far from the niggers, and nursemaids, and howling swells,

Here by the high-toned sea:

O hither, come hither, and furl your sails!

Come hither to me, and to me,  
Hither, come hither, and frolic and play,  
(Of course, in a highly-respectable middle-aged way).  
Good company we—if you do not object to our—tails.  
And the least little tiny suspicion of silver scales.

We will sing to you lyrics gay,  
Such as LOCKER, or AUSTIN DOBSON, or LANG might pen.  
Oh, we know your society-singers, and now and then,  
When old Father Nep's in the sulks, or amusement fails,  
Or we're tired of the "merry carols" of rollicking gales

(As young ALFRED TENNYSON said  
When just a weeny bit 'off his (poetical) head')  
We study another than *Davy Jones's* Locker,  
And read your Society Novel or Shilling Shocker!  
Oh, spangles are sparkling in bight and bay!  
Come down, Old Gentleman, give us your hand.  
We are modern mermaids, as you may understand,  
And fair, and frolic, fun-loving, and blamelessly free.  
Hither, come hither, and see!"

And PUNCHIUS, waggishly winking a wary eye,  
Cried, "Coming, my nautical darlings!—at least, I'll try.  
Middle-aged? I'm as young as a masher of five-and-twenty!  
I love pretty girls, honest fun, and the *far niente*.  
I'm 'a young man,' but not 'from the country,' as you will find,  
And if you are game for flirtation, well, *I don't mind!*"  
And he stepped him down, and he sat by the sounding shore,  
And chatted, and flirted, and laughed with the sirens four;  
And he sang, as young TENNYSON might have, or UHLAND, the German,  
This song of the Modern Merman!—

"Who would not be  
A merman bold,  
And sit by the sea,  
With mermaids free.  
And sweet converse hold  
With nice nautical girls,  
And toy with their curls,  
And watch the gleam  
Of their glistening pearls,  
As they chatter, chatter  
On,—well, no matter  
Each with her tale  
And whisks her—narrative.  
(Pink skin or scale,  
Charms are all comparative!)

Oh what a happy life were mine  
With Beauty (though caudate) beside the brine!  
With four sea-fairies beside the sea  
*Punch* can live merrily, merrily!"  
And the Mermaids pinched the Punchian cheek  
(For his Caudal lecture) and made him squeak.  
And he cried "Revenge!" (like TIMOTHEUS, Miss)  
And a sweet revenge for a nip is a kiss.  
And around the rock siren laughter rang  
And that bevy of sweet sea-fairies sang:—

"O the laugh-ripple breaks on the breaking wave,  
And sweet are its echoes from cove and cave,  
And sweet shall your welcome be,  
You dear old Cove,  
Whom all she-things love,  
O hither, come hither and be our lord,  
For merry mischiefs are we!  
We kiss sweet kiss, and we speak sweet word:  
O listen, listen, your eyes shall glisten.  
(Tis better than being by B-RTL-YS bored!)  
Business? O fiddle-de-dee!!!  
With pleasure and love make jubilee.  
Leucosia, Ligea, Parthenope  
Will load your briar and brew your tea.  
And we keep rare stingo down under the sea,  
For we tithe earth's commerce, all duty-free!  
Where will you light on a happier shore.  
Or gayer companions or richer store,

All the world o'er, all the world o'er?  
Whither away? listen and stay! To *Judy* and Parliament fly no more!"

*And sick of St. Stephen's, in holiday mood,  
The Modern Ulysses half wishes he could!*



### CONFRÈRES.

*Master Jacky (who took part in some school theatricals last term, —suddenly, to eminent Tragedian who has come to call). "I SAY, YOU KNOW—I ACT!"*

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## LYRE AND LANCET.

*(A Story in Scenes.)*

PART XI.—TIME AND THE HOUR.

SCENE XIX.—*The Dining Hall.*

*Spurrell (to himself, uncomfortably conscious of the expectant THOMAS in his rear). Must write something to this beggar, I suppose; it'll keep him quiet. (To Mrs. BROOKE-CHATTERIS.) I—I just want*

to write a line or two. Could you oblige me with a lead-pencil?

*Mrs. Chatteris.* You are really going to write! At a dinner-party, of all places! Now *how* delightfully original and unconventional of you! I promise not to interrupt till the inspiration is over. Only, really, I'm afraid I don't carry lead-pencils about with me—so bad for one's frocks, you know!

*Thomas (in his ear).* I can lend you a pencil, Sir, if you require one.

[*He provides him with a very minute stump.*]

*Spurr. (reading what he has written on the back of UNDERSHELL'S missive).* "Will be in my room (Verney Chamber) as soon after ten as possible.

"J. SPURRELL."

(*He passes the paper to THOMAS, surreptitiously.*) There, take him that.

[*THOMAS retires.*]

*Archie (to himself).* The calm cheek of these writin' chaps! I saw him takin' notes under the table! Lady RHODA ought to know the sort of fellow he is—and she shall! (*To Lady RHODA, in an aggrieved undertone.*) I should advise you to be jolly careful what you say to your other neighbour; he's takin' it all down. I just caught him writin'. He'll be bringing out a satire, or whatever he calls it, on us all by-and-by—you see if he won't!

*Lady Rhoda.* What an ill-natured boy you are! Just because *he* can write, and you *can't*. And I don't believe he's doin' anythin' of the sort. I'll ask him—I don't care! (*Aloud, to SPURRELL.*) I say, I know I'm awfully inquisitive—but I do want to know so—you've just been writin' notes or somethin', haven't you? Mr. BEARPARK declares you're goin' to take them all off here—you're not really, *are* you?

*Spurr. (to himself).* That sulky young chap has spotted it! (*Aloud, stammering.*) I—take everything off? *Here!* I—I assure you I should never even *think* of doing anything so indelicate!

*Lady Rhoda.* I was sure that was what you'd say! But still (*with reviving uneasiness*), I suppose you *have* made use of things that happened just to fit your purpose, haven't you?

*Spurr. (penitently).* All I can say is, that—if I have—you won't catch me doing it *again!* And other people's things *don't* fit. I'd much rather have my own.

*Lady Rhoda (relieved).* Of course! But I'm glad you told me. (*To ARCHIE, in an undertone.*) I *asked* him—and, as usual, you were utterly wrong. So you'll please not to be a Pig!

*Archie (jealously).* And you're goin' to go on talkin' to him all through dinner? Pleasant for me—when I took you down!

*Lady Rhoda.* You want to be taken down yourself, I think. And I mean to talk to him if I choose. You can talk to Lady CULVERIN—she likes boys! (*Turning to SPURRELL.*) I was goin' to ask you—ought a schipperke to have meat? Mine won't touch puppy biscuits.

[*SPURRELL enlightens her on this point; ARCHIE glowers.*]

*Lady Cantire (perceiving that the Bishop is showing signs of restiveness).* Well, Bishop, I wish I could find you a little more ready to listen to what the other side has to say!

*The Bishop (who has been "heckled" to the verge of his endurance).* I am—ah—not conscious of any unreadiness to enter into conversation with the very estimable lady on my other side, should an opportunity present itself.

*Lady Cant.* Now, that's one of your quibbles, Dr. RODNEY, and I detest quibbling! But at least it shows you haven't a leg to stand upon.

*The Bishop.* Precisely—nor to—ah—run away upon, dear Lady. I am wholly at your mercy, you perceive!

*Lady Cant. (triumphantly).* Then you *admit* you're beaten? Oh, I don't despair of you *yet*, Bishop!

*The Bishop.* I confess I am less sanguine. (*To himself.*) Shall I have strength to bear these buffets with any remains of Christian forbearance through three more courses? Ha, thank Heaven, the salad!

[*He cheers up at the sight of this olive-branch.*]

*Mrs. Earwaker (to PILLINER).* Now, I don't altogether approve of the New Woman myself; but still, I am glad to see how women are beginning to assert themselves and come to the front; surely you sympathise with all that?

*Pilliner (plaintively).* No, really I *can't*, you know! I'd so much rather they *wouldn't*. They've made



us poor men feel positively obsolete! They'll snub us out of existence soon—our sex will be extinct—and then they'll be sorry. There'll be nobody to protect them from one another! After all, we can't help being what we are. It isn't *my* fault that I was born a Man Thing—now, *is* it?

*Lady Cant.* (*overhearing this remark*). Well, if it *is* a fault, Mr. PILLINER, we must all acknowledge that you've done everything in your power to correct it!

*Pill.* (*sweetly*). How nice and encouraging of you, dear Lady CANTIRE, to take up the cudgels for me like that!

[*The Countess privately relieves her feelings by expressing a preference for taking up a birch rod, and renews her attack on the Bishop.*

*Mr. Shorthorn* (*who has been dragging his mental depths for a fresh topic—hopefully, to Miss SPELWANE*). By the bye, I haven't asked you what you thought about these—er—Revoluting Daughters?

*Miss Spelwane.* No, you haven't; and I thought it *so* considerate of you.

[*Mr. SHORTHORN gives up dragging, in discouragement.*

*Pill.* (*sotto voce, to Miss SPELWANE*). Have you quite done sitting on that poor unfortunate man? *I* heard you!

*Miss Spelw.* (*in the same tone*). I'm afraid I *have* been rather beastly to him. But, oh, he *is* such a bore—he *would* talk about his horrid "silos" till I asked him whether they were easy to tame. After that, the subject dropped—somehow.

*Pill.* I see you've been punishing him for not happening to be a distinguished Poet. I thought *he* was to have been the fortunate man?

*Miss Spelw.* So he was; but they changed it all at the last moment: it really was rather provoking. I *could* have talked to *him*.

*Pill.* Lady RHODA appears to be consoling him. Poor dear ARCHIE'S face is quite a study. But really I don't see that his poetry is so very wonderful; no more did *you* this morning!

*Miss Spelw.* Because you deliberately picked out the worst bits, and read them as badly as you could!

*Pill.* Ah, well, he's here to read them for himself now. I daresay he'd be delighted to be asked.

*Miss Spelw.* Do you know, BERTIE, that's rather a good idea of yours. I'll ask him to read us something to-night.

*Pill.* (*aghast*). To-night! With all these people here? I say, they'll never *stand* it, you know.

[*Lady CULVERIN gives the signal.*

*Miss Spelw.* (*as she rises*). They ought to feel it an immense privilege. I know *I* shall.

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*The Bishop* (*to himself, as he rises*). Port in sight—at last! But, oh, *what* I have had to suffer!

*Lady Cant.* (*at parting*). Well, we've had quite one of our old discussions. I always enjoy talking to *you*, Bishop. But I haven't yet got at your reasons for voting as you did on the Parish Councils Bill: we must go into that upstairs.

*The Bishop* (*with veracity*). I shall be—ah—all impatience, Lady CANTIRE. (*To himself*.) I fervently trust that a repetition of this experience may yet be spared me!

*Lady Rhoda* (*as she leaves SPURRELL*). You will tell me the name of the stuff upstairs, won't you? So very much ta!

*Archie* (*to himself*). I'd like to tar him very much, and feather him too, for cuttin' me out like this! (*The men sit down; SPURRELL finds himself between ARCHIE and Captain THICKNESSE, at the further end of the table; ARCHIE passes the wine to SPURRELL with a scowl.*) What are you drinkin'? Claret? What do you do your writin' on, now, as a general thing?

*Spurr.* (*on the defensive*). On paper, Sir, when I've any to do. Do you do yours on a *slate*?

*Captain Thicknesse.* I say, that's rather good. Had you there, BEARPARK!

*Spurr.* (*to ARCHIE, lowering his voice*). Look here, I see you're trying to put a spoke in my wheel. You saw me writing at dinner, and went and told that young lady I was going to take everything off there and then, which you must have known I wasn't likely to do. Now, Sir, it's no business of yours that I can see; but, as you seem to be interested, I may tell you that I shall do it in my own room, as soon as I leave this table, and there will be no fuss or publicity about it whatever. I hope you're satisfied now?

*Archie.* Oh, I'm satisfied. (*He rises.*) Left my cigarette-case upstairs—horrid bore—must go and get it.

*Capt. Thick.* They'll be bringing some round in another minute.

*Archie.* Prefer my own. (*To himself, as he leaves the hall.*) I knew I was right. That bounder *is* meaning to scribble some rot about us all! He's goin' straight up to his room to do it.... Well, he may find a little surprise when he gets there!

*Capt. Thick.* (*to himself.*) Mustn't let this poet fellow think I'm jealous; daresay, after all, there's nothing serious between them. Not that it matters to me; anyway, I may as well talk to him. I wonder if he knows anything about steeplechasin'.

[*He discovers that SPURRELL is not unacquainted with this branch of knowledge.*]

SCENE XX.—*A Corridor leading to the Housekeeper's Room.*

TIME—9.30 P.M.

*Undershell* (*to himself.*) If I wasn't absolutely compelled by sheer hunger, I would not touch a morsel in this house. But I can't get my things back till after ten. When I do, I will insist on a conveyance to the nearest inn. In the meantime I must sup. After all, no one need know of this humiliating adventure. And if I *am* compelled to consort with these pampered menials, I think I shall know how to preserve my dignity—even while adapting myself to their level. And that girl will be there—a distinctly redeeming fact in the situation. I will be easy and even affable; I will lay aside all foolish pride; it would be unreasonable to visit their employer's snobbery upon them. I hear conversation inside this room. This must be the door. I—I suppose I had better go in.

[*He enters.*]



"I shall be—ah—all  
impatience, Lady Cantire."

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## FOLLOWING FOOTSTEPS.

(*Fragment from a Romance founded on Reality.*)

He had become famous. Or perhaps that was scarcely the word—notorious would have been better. At any rate his name had appeared in the papers. For nine days everyone talked about him. It was during those nine days that he was wanted. No, not by the myrmidons of the law. He had escaped them. His plea of innocent had been accepted. So far as Scotland Yard was concerned he was safe. Quite safe.

But was he safe from "that other"? Ah, there was the point. With the instinct of desperation he took himself off. He hurried away. He went by an excursion train—one that stopped at all the stations and was called a "fast train to this place" and "that place," but never referred to in connection with its destination—and arrived in due time at a cockney watering-place.



He was followed! As sure as fate, came the follower! Ready to hunt him down! Ready to take him! He rapidly repacked his bag. He hurriedly left for the station. Once again he was flying away. Now he had chosen a prosperous city. The place was teeming with population. Surely he would be lost in this giddy throng? No. He was followed! On came the pursuer! Ready to take him!

Again and again the same thing happened. Did he go to the Continent, his pursuer was after him. Did he travel to Scotland, he was met in the Highlands by the same fatal presence.

It was useless to fight against destiny any longer. Assisted by those interested in a popular paper—which had slightly altered its character, changing from an authority on scientific research into a cheap sporting weekly—he reached the Antarctic Circle. He heard following footsteps. He tried to hide himself behind the South Pole. But it was of no avail. At length he was discovered! They stood face to face, both wearing skates.

"What do you want with me?"

"You were accused of murder, but was innocent."

"Yes," he returned, with an ugly frown. "I was innocent *that* time."

"You are an interesting person. I have followed you all this way because I have determined to interview you."

"No you don't," cried the pursued, drawing a sword walking-stick, and holding the blade dagger-wise.

"Yes I do," shouted the pursuer, producing a note-book. "And now tell me who were your father and mother?"

There was a short, decisive struggle, and then all was over.

"If there is ever an inquest in this distant spot," said the conqueror, "the jury will bring it in justifiable homicide."

And no doubt he was right in his conjecture.

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TITLE FOR THE NEW IRISH FARCICAL COMEDY.—*The Two (or more) Shamrocks; or, A Little Cheque!*

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## THE INCONVENIENCED TRAVELLER'S PHRASE-BOOK.

(*To be Translated into every Language.*)

AN INCIDENT *EN ROUTE*.

Why, although I telegraphed for rooms, am I told at three in the morning that there is no better accommodation for me than this stable?

Why do you threaten me with the police-station for protesting?

Why do you take me by the throat and drag me along when I am offering no resistance?

Why do you put me in a cell when I had ordered an apparently now occupied bed-chamber at the hotel?

Why do you refuse me a mattress, and take away the plank bedstead with which this dungeon is solely furnished?

Why may I not see a solicitor?

Why do you refuse to send for the British Consul when I tell you that my cousin's maiden aunt is engaged to a Bishop?

What more can I do to prove my respectability when I have shown you my certificate of birth, my commission in the Militia, my banker's pass-book, my diploma as an utter-barrister, several framed and illuminated addresses of congratulation, and my passport?



Why, although I have offered to pay for it, can I not have a decent breakfast?

Why do you insist upon my making a nauseous meal on stale bread and unfiltered water?

Why should you refuse me pens, ink, and paper?

Why should I not write to the Editor of the *Times*?

Why should you take away my watch, and put me in a practising-ground amidst drunkards, forgers, and burglars?

Why should you not believe me when I assure you that it is a mistake when you fancy I have come to sketch the outworks of the frontier fortress?

Why should you not credit my assertion that I only procured a circular ticket because I wanted to see foreign parts and taste foreign cookery?

Why, after all this worry and anxiety, should you mumble something about "misapprehension," and bundle me out without an apology?

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THE RUNNER NUISANCE.—"T. L.," writing to *The Times* about the nuisance of "cab-runners" in the London streets, says, "*a stream that cannot be dammed can be turned.*" But this stream of "cab-runners" *is* being daily and hourly so treated, of course only by *male* occupants of cabs carrying luggage, and the runners take nothing but "*damnum et injuriam*" for their pains. But when the travellers with *impedimenta* are ladies or ladies' maids, and nurses with children, then evidently this objectionable stream cannot be "dammed" unless the butler or a stalwart footman be at home to receive *Mesdames les voyageuses*. In these cases, EVE travelling ought to have ADAM handy.

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#### WHAT BROWN HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

*The Throat Doctor.* "AND DOES YOUR LITTLE BOY EVER *SNORE*, MRS. BROWN?"

*Mrs. Brown.* "I DON'T *THINK* SO. HE ALWAYS SLEEPS IN OUR ROOM, AND WE'VE NEVER NOTICED IT!"

*Little Brown.* "*MAMMY* SNORES—IF YOU *LIKE!*"

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## WIGS ON THE GREEN;

OR, THE FRIENDS OF UNITED IRELAND.

AIR—"Enniscorthy."

You may travel over Europe till your heart and foot-soles ache,  
You may meet wid many a warrior, but don't make a mistake,  
The wondher of the wurruld, and of pathriots wide-awake,  
Is the Parthy that is "led" by poor McCARTHY.  
The way they "pull together" fills a man wid shame and dread;  
They're all in love wid Erin swate—or lasteways so 'tis said—  
And the way each proves his passion is by breaking 'tother's head,  
'Tis that that plays the mischief wid McCARTHY.

*Chorus.*

For DILLON goes for HEALY'S chump,  
And at O'BRIEN aims a thump,  
And REDMOND hits all round with anger hearty;  
And the sticks they all go whacking,  
And the skulls, faith, they are cracking.  
When JUSTIN tries to lead the Oirish Parthy!

When they got "a little cheque" or two a desperate row arose,  
TIM HEALY dashed at "Honest JOHN" and fought him to a close,  
And REDMOND showed designs upon O'BRIEN'S classic nose,  
It was that which riz the dander of McCARTHY.  
They hustled round poor Erin so they nearly knocked her down,  
She barely dodged a cudgel that was aimed at DILLON'S crown,  
"And och!" she sighed, "if this is *love* a colleen well may frown  
On the wooing of a crack-brained Oirish Parthy."

*Chorus.*—For DILLON went for HEALY'S chump, &c.

They were all fast "friends" of Erin, they'd declared so o'er and o'er,  
But HEALY scorned O'BRIEN, and deemed Honest JOHN a bore;  
While REDMOND called them liars all, and sycophants, and swore  
*He* wouldn't hold a candle to McCARTHY.  
There wasn't much to foight about save mutual hate and spleen,  
And yet such a shillelagh-foight at Donnybrook ne'er was seen;  
Black oies, red noses! Faith it looked as though they'd strew the Green  
Wid the fragments of the "Chief" they called McCARTHY.

*Chorus.*—For DILLON went for HEALY'S nose, &c.

And all their inimies looked on, and laughed as they would doie;  
And every friend of Erin wiped a tear from sorrow's oie;  
Saying "If such friends of Unity why ever don't they troy  
To show a firm united Oirish Parthy?"  
Sighed Erin "Would to Providence this faction-foight were done!  
It breaks the hearts of pathriots, to my foes 'tis purest fun,  
*Why* can't they sthop these parthy-sphlits and merge them into One?  
That's all that now is needed,—ax McCARTHY!"

*Chorus.*

But DILLON goes for HEALY'S chump,  
He at O'BRIEN aims a thump,  
And REDMOND hits all round with anger hearty;  
And the sticks they still go whacking,  
And the skulls they still are cracking.  
Whosoever tries to lead the Oirish Parthy!

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"WIGS ON THE GREEN!"  
OR, THE FRIENDS OF UNITED IRELAND(?).

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## IN MEMORIAM.

LOUIS PHILIPPE ALBERT D'ORLÉANS, COMTE DE PARIS.

DIED AT STOWE HOUSE, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, SEPT. 8, 1894.

A ROYAL exile, and our England's guest,  
Let English church-bells chime him to his rest,  
Whilst English hearts respectfully condole  
With a devoted wife's sore-sorrowing soul.  
Not as the heir of a too shadowy crown,  
Who knew long exile's ache, and fortune's frown,  
But as a friend who long with us did dwell,  
And a brave man who bore fierce suffering well,  
We grieve for him, and bow as sounds his passing bell.

A SUGGESTED ADDENDUM.—In the course of a sharply-written article in this month's *The Theatre Magazine* (under the editorship of FREDERICK HAWKINS), Mr. CLEMENT SCOTT, while indignantly repelling the charge of venality brought against French dramatic critics by their compatriot M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS, observes, referring to English authors, "*We have our DUMASES on this side of the Channel.*" Undeniably. And, we may add, "Would they were Dumb-asses!"

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# OUR NATIONAL DEFENCES.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Veteran Expert.)



It was a happy thought of the respected Editor of this paper (if I may be permitted so to say) to commission me to undertake a thorough inspection of the guns at the Admiralty Pier, Dover. Since war has broken out between China and Japan there is no saying what may happen next, and it seems to me that a plain statement of our preparedness will have a reassuring effect. So without further preface I will relate my adventures, taking care, however, to give no information that can be serviceable to the enemy.

I am a bit of a soldier myself but frankly confess that I was not nearly so much of a warrior as my companion. We had a pass for two, and it was understood that nothing should be done through indiscretion that might endanger the safety of the country. So if my description is not what the dramatic critics of the nearly newest school term "convincing," the omission is accounted for. We two, braving the rain the wind and the spray, put in an appearance at the end of the Admiralty Pier. There was a sort of boat-house

on our right, which seemingly contained clothing for those who intended to do the guns.

"You had better put on canvas, Sir," said the custodian; "the engineers are about, and it is rather dirty down below."

My companion was soon suited with a pair of overalls and a jumper. I would have been fitted as speedily if the date of the adornment had been anticipated by twenty years or so. As it was, my weight rather interfered with the measurement. From the size of the canvas clothing in stock, I am afraid our army must be a skinny one. Be this as it may, I had to wear "36," when "44" would have been nearer the mark. The result was that I walked with difficulty, and found I could not cough. So I was rather glad that there was no chance of meeting the fairer sex, as I was quite sure that I was not looking my best. And I say this although I was tied together with bits of rope, and *did* wear an old jockey cap.

"We will go and see the powder magazine first," said our guide, flourishing what seemed to me to be a cheap kind of teapot, with a light at the end of it. "It is so many feet below the level of the sea at low water."

I carefully refrain from giving the number of feet—first, because I will disclose no confidences, and, secondly, because I have forgotten it. So down we went into the depths of the earth. The hole was about as big as a kitchen chimney, and had on one side of it a number of iron bars, serving as a ladder. Our guide went first, then my companion, then I myself. I shall never forget the experience. I have often heard of the treadmill, and this seemed a revised edition of the punishment. Each bar hurt my feet, and each foot of descent increased my temperature. I went very slowly—it was impossible to go fast in overalls "36." When I had descended what appeared to me to be a mile or so, I came to a full stop. I was standing in a sort of empty store-cupboard—the kind of place where careful housewives stack boxes and unused perambulators.

"This is the magazine," said our conductor, waving his illuminated tea-pot about, so that we might see the place to better advantage.

"Is this all?" I asked, rather disappointed, as after so much exertion I should have been glad of a little excitement. Even an infernal machine on tick would have been something.

"Yes, that's all, Sir," returned the teapot-bearer, beginning to mount the ladder. He was followed by my companion. I brought up the rear, and felt like the great-grandfather of JACK SHEPPARD escaping from Newgate. When I was half way it occurred to me that it was really very wrong to allow people to see such secrets. I might have been a spy, or a political agent, or something or other. Yes, such things should not be permitted, and I recommenced my exertions.

"Take care where you go, Sir! There's a loose plank thereabouts!"

It was the voice of our leader. It came from above, and had a ventriloquial sound about it. I felt inclined to reply in a shrill *false* *setto*, "What a funny man you are Mr. COLE!" but would not. First, it was undignified; secondly, I hadn't the breath to do it.

"Wearily, drowsily," like Miss MAY YOHE, but (considering my costume) with a difference, I came to the surface. I felt that I had been for the last ten hours in the hottest room of a local Chinese Turkish Bath. I was so limp that had I been told that the fairest of the fair and the richest of the rich combined was on the eve of being introduced to me, I should not have made any effort to get away. Yes, in spite of being conscious that I had rubbed my nose with a smutty glove, and consequently had something in common with the sweep.

"We are going to see the engines," said my friend.

"Only so many hundred feet below the level of the ocean," added our conductor. (It will be observed that I carefully avoid figures for the reasons I have already given.)

"Thanks, no," I gasped out; "I don't think I will go. I suppose they are exactly like other engines?"

"Not in the least."

"Ah, then that decides me, I will stay here," and I did.

I am glad to say that the engines appeared to be particularly interesting, and kept my friend and his escort busily engaged for about half an hour. At length my companions returned. I was partially recovered. I was no longer as limp as a bit of string; I was by this time almost as strong as a piece of address cardboard.

"You *should* have seen the engines," said my friend in a tone of reproach, "they were excellent."

I replied that I would take his word for it. Then we went to see the guns themselves. Well, I frankly confess I was disappointed. They were the usual sort of guns. Big tubes and all that kind of thing. Rather silly than otherwise.

"They are only fired twice a year," said our guide, as if that enhanced their value. And now I began to understand why the casemates had such an "apartments furnished" air about them. The windows had brass fittings. I expected to see curtains hanging from above, and was quite disappointed not to find a canary in a birdcage hanging down between the window and the gun muzzle.

"Dear me!" I observed, "so these are the guns! They are fired I supposed by Number One?"

Our conductor was absolutely startled at my remark. Many years since I was a Volunteer Artilleryman, and I had stumbled on a technical term. "Number One" is the gunner of the firing-party who fires (*i.e.* lets off) the gun. The result of this display of knowledge was an elaborate description by our guide of the character of the gun bristling with technicalities. (Wishing to protect the Government secrets I do not transcribe it.)

Then we went to see how the gun was loaded, how it was laid or aimed. At last we came to the look-out tower.

"Only room for one gentleman," said our guide; and I nobly yielded first place to my friend. He went up, and his head disappeared. I could only see his body from the neck downwards. He appeared very agitated. Later on he came down, and saying there was a "stiffish breeze," invited me to take his place. Ascending slowly, greatly impeded by fit and fatigue, I got to the top of the ladder. My head disappeared, and my body I knew must have become greatly agitated. And this was not surprising. For my body was still in the hottest room of the local Chinese Turkish Bath, which had grown hotter than ever, and my head had apparently suddenly found itself on the summit of Mont Blanc. Yes, and in winter weather. For a moment it was all I could do to avoid what seemed to me to be avalanches, frozen thunderbolts and Atlantic icebergs. They seemed to be dashing over me. Clinging for dear life to what appeared to be a sort of glassless cucumber frame was our conductor. He explained something or other in a voice that sounded as if he were a ventriloquist who was making a man say "Good night" at the top of a very high chimney.

I intimated that I was perfectly satisfied. This I did in dumb show by promptly dropping my head and climbing down as quickly as possible. When I reached the stone floor my face was ice for a moment and then turned red hot, following the example set by the rest of my body.

Shortly afterwards, staggering in my imperfect fit, I once more returned to the entrance of the boat-house. The robes surrounding me were carefully untied in several directions. I drew off my overalls, my jumper, my shocking bad hat, my torn white gloves. I resumed my ordinary clothes. "RICHARD was himself again." At least, as near himself as he could be after a loss of about two stones of weight and the greater part of his voice.

"You will not give particulars that will endanger the safety of the State?"

I promised (in a feeble, melancholy tone that seemed to me like a mouse's dying farewell to sorrowing relatives) that I wouldn't.

And I hope I haven't.

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## Development.

(*Brummagem Version of a Celebrated Quatrain.*)



There was a Rad in the days that were earlier;  
Years fledted by, he grew smarter and curlier;  
Further years gave him a Toryish twist,  
Then he was *Times* man, and Unionist!

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### **PREHISTORIC PEEPS.**

THERE WERE EVEN THEN QUIET SPOTS BY THE SEA WHERE ONE COULD BE  
ALONE WITH NATURE UNDISTURBED

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## **ODE FOR THE MARRIAGE SEASON.**

I.

Sing now in festal rhyme  
Of Hymen's harvest-time,  
The happy chances  
When Cupid's fragrant torch  
Leads to the sacred porch  
And the bells' wedding chime  
Crowns young romances.

Here, whispering somewhat loud,  
Gathers the wonted crowd;  
Matrons with heart still young  
Happily tearful,  
Critics of dress, avow'd,  
Too sibilant of tongue,  
And, thick the throng among,  
Damsels expectant still  
Of love, their lives to fill,  
Chatty and cheerful.

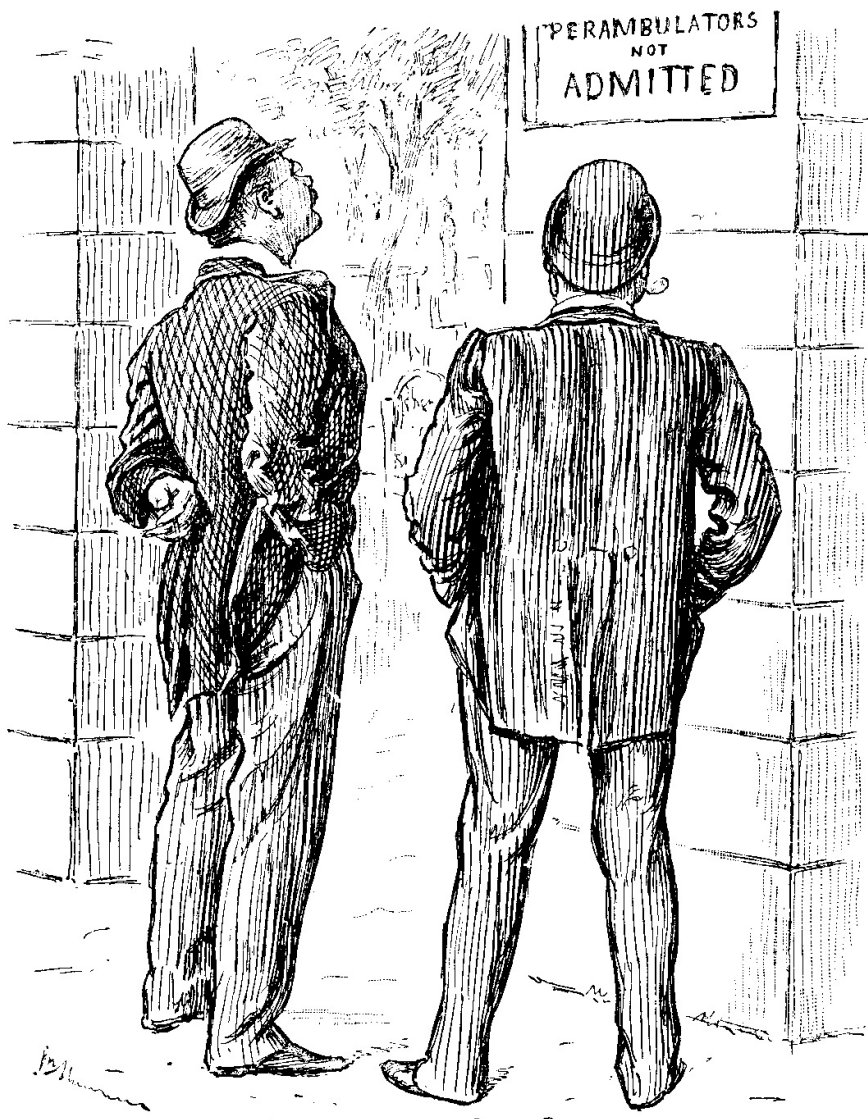
See, there the bridegroom waits  
Till at the flow'r-strewn gates  
His love descendeth,  
And all ears listening,  
And some eyes glistening,  
Fiction's romances pale  
While of a real love-tale  
First chapter endeth.

The choir-boys, open-eyed,  
Forget their psalter  
For gazing at the bride,  
Childlike yet dignified,  
There by her lover's side,  
Before the altar.

Here to the shrine they bring  
That old pure offering  
Of all religions,  
Hallowing their first, young loves—  
A pair of turtle-doves,  
Or two young pigeons.

Never since ADAM's primal banns were cried  
By every bird in Eden's leafy minster,  
Has such a bridegroom taken such a bride,  
So true a Bachelor, so sweet a Spinster.

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**A DISAPPOINTMENT.**

[To *perambulate*, v.n., in German *spazieren*; in French, *se promener*; in Italian, *passeggiare*.]

*Johann Schmidt*. "ACH! VAT A BITTY, MISTER CHONES! ZEN VE MUST NOT GO THEREIN TO BERAMPULATE?"

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**SONG OF THE IMPECUNIOUS BARD.**

How many woes, the heavens beneath,  
The sons of men assume!  
For some, they say, are boomed to death,  
While some have ne'er a boom.  
And some like rockets rise and fall—  
A sadder lot have they  
Whose rockets never mount at all,  
But fizz and die away.

*My* sun is sinking to the West—  
It did not fairly rise.  
In velvet coats I can't invest,  
Nor in Byronic ties.  
The very cheapest "shag" I smoke,  
My thirst on water quench—  
My latest sixpence when I broke,  
I *knew* I must retrench.

Upon a simple scone I lunch,  
Or luncheon I ignore—  
I cannot even buy a *Punch*—  
A most terrific bore!  
But yet at Fleet Street, 85,  
From gazing none retard,  
And solace still may thence derive  
An impecunious Bard.

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## TEMPORA MUTANTUR.

There was a time I loved to row  
Upon the Thames, and pitch my tent  
On reedy islands lying low,  
Without a thought of tax or rent.  
But if I sleep in puddles now  
I get rheumatics, gout and cramp.  
The Thames has grown—I know not how—  
So damp.

There was a time I loved to climb  
From morn till eve, from eve to morn,  
Those snow-capped Alpine peaks sublime,  
The Rigi and the Matterhorn.  
Now, Ludgate Hill is quite as much  
As I can do, or Hornsey Rise—  
Mountains, you see, have grown to such  
A size.

There was a time I loved to flit  
To Margate with its German bands,  
And split my sides at nigger-wit,  
Or ride on donkeys on the sands.  
Now, niggers have got coarse and low,  
And if I mount on steeds, they cough,  
Or wink, or wag their ears and throw  
Me off.

But now my nerves are all a wreck  
I'll seek some less exacting sport  
In Regent's Park, nor risk my neck  
In foolish pranks of that mad sort.  
I'll find some steady man who owns  
A safe reliable Bath-chair,  
And tip him well to wheel my bones  
With care.

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## NEWS FROM NORWICH.

"Am I too sweeping when I say that we have more to fear from drinking and gambling than from all the capitalists put together?" So boldly and pertinently asked Mr. President DELVES, in his opening speech at the Norwich Trades Union Congress. Mr. DELVES "paused for a reply." *Mr. Punch* gives it with an emphatic "No!"

It is not every working-man's friend who will tell the working-man this wholesome truth: that the Bottle and the Betting-Book are his worst enemies. When he defeats *them*, the grasping capitalist, the mere greedy monopolist, will not have a chance against him. Sober workmen who did not gamble would indeed be "too strong to be afraid of Parliament," or any other power.

Mr. DELVES spoke of strikes as likely to become "an old weapon like the discarded flintlock of a past age." Good again! But if the workmen will organise an effective strike, as general as possible, against Beer and Betting, it will be the best day's work they have ever done for themselves and their country, and against exacting capitalism and sweating monopoly.

When workmen act on DELVES'S plan,  
Who will fight the Working-man?

Or, to adapt another old piece of doggerel:—

If the Working-man  
Will work on the plan  
That DELVES set forth at Norwich;  
Check betting and drouth,  
Need he burn *his* mouth  
With the Socialist's hot porridge?

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## LINES IN PLEASANT PLACES.

CONSTANTINOPLE AT OLYMPIA.

To the confines of Asia 'tis easy to roam—  
Here's a bus, going west, which invites  
You (absurdly enough) to go east to the home  
Of all manner of Turkish delights.

On arriving, at once you embark in a boat  
Of a name unpronounceable quite,  
And through vistas of columns are wafted afloat  
In unspeakable-Turkish delight.

The vocab. in the programme is really A1,  
You can pick up the language at sight,  
And converse with your Turk in his own native tongue  
To his infinite (Turkish) delight.

Then the making of carpets and Galata tower  
Are both of them well worth a sight;  
And the houris you'll view in their shop-window bower.  
With mild, semi-Turkish delight.

'Twill be long ere the show on the stage you forget,  
For the ballets are wonderfully bright,  
There's an interval too, for a "naice segarette"—  
A Britannico-Turkish delight.

When at last to an end the great spectacle comes,  
You bid Constantinople good night;  
And you go home enchanted, with several drums  
Of the genuine "Turkish delight."

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.



The volumes of "The Autonym Library" by any other name would be just as handy. "It was a curious coincidence in names," quoth the Baron, "that, when first I took up one of these volumes, I was discoursing with an eminent judge on some mysterious points in the celebrated 'Claimant' trial, a full and detailed report of which would afford matter for an 'Arthur-Ortonym' library of fiction." The particular volume which had attracted the Baron's attention was *Mad Sir Uchtred of the Hills*, by S. R. CROCKETT. 'Tis a strange book, and the "kindly reader," so addressed prefatially by the author, may have a kindly word for it, and, "by my troth," quoth the Baron, "the reading of it made pass an hour or so 'twixt meal-times not unpleasantly," the while he sat on the smooth deck of a wave-conquering yacht, in view of the hoary side of the Green Isles of Arrah and Bedad, what time the Sea-any-monies and the coal-scuttle fish shot like blue blazes "through the silver threads of the still and sleepy waters." And that is how the Baron would write were he describing the scene Crockettically. The story of *Sir Uchtred* was evidently suggested by the *Strange Adventures of the Great King Nebuchadnezzar*, and indeed the guileless author would so have it understood from the headings prefixed to his chapters. There is much about "Randolph" in it, which is pleasant, seeing that for some time "our only Randolph" is absent from us, going round the world, and getting himself, the Baron hopes, all round again by the process.

*Sir Uchtred* goes mad, mad as a hatter—"What hatter? But no matter!" quoth the poetical Baron),—and wanders about "with a tile off," just as a hatter would do who was so demented as to forget his business. Then at the critical moment he is suddenly restored to his senses by hearing, in the darkness, far down, a bell ring! Yes, he had heard it before, a sweet church bell, long ago in his infancy.... Just as the wicked character in *Nicholas Nickleby's* first play written for the *Crummles Company*, the villain of the piece, when about to commit his greatest piece of villainy, hears a clock strike! He has heard a clock strike in happier times, in the days of his innocency, and he is struck by the striking coincidence, and he weeps—he relents! he is good once more!!! And this is how mad *Sir Uchtred* is brought back again to his senses, and how all ends happily for everybody except for a certain lame tamed black wild cat, which, after having had a great deal to do with the story, disappears, and is heard of no more. Alas! poor Yorick! Will good Sir R. CROCKETT of the Pens write another little red book—"such is the colour of the cover in the Autonym Library. But for certain 'tis a much read book," quoth idiotic Sir Bookred of the Swills)—informing us what became of the cat with three legs and eight lives, one of its chances having gone? I haven't met such a cat as this since Mr. ANTHONY HOPE introduced us to the appreciative tail-less one belonging to *Mr. Witt's Widow*.

And another book in the library is *The Upper Berth*. It sounds an aristocratic title, doesn't it? Go not by sound save when the cheering dinner-gong or luncheon-bugle may summon thee; and then "stand not on the order of your going," but go and order whatever there may be on the *menu*. "*The Upper Berth*," says the Baron, still aboard the gallant vessel, "is the best ghost story I have read for many a day. 'Tis by MARION CRAWFORD, and not written in his well-known modern Roman hand. Then in the same volume, by the same author, is *The Waters of Paradise*, which is disappointing, certainly, after the sensational *Upper Berth*. Therefore," quoth the Baron, "my counsel and advice is, read, if you will, *The Waters of Paradise*, only take them off at a draught first; don't mix the spirit with the waters, but take *The Upper Berth* afterwards. For choice read it in bed, with the aid of one solitary light, taking care to select a tempestuous night, when boards creak, windows rattle, and doors open of their own accord. In these conditions you will thoroughly enjoy MARION CRAWFORD'S *Upper Berth*, and will gratefully thank the thoughtful and considerate

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS."

P.S.—Once more ashore, and abed, convalescenting, in view of the *poluphosboytoning thalasses* (Yes, my boy O! the Baron knoweth the Greek is not thus, but why not lug in the name of sea-going BOYTON on such an appropriate occasion?), the Baron readeth *Ships that pass in the Night*. A deeply pathetic story in one volume, which the Baron cannot regret not having read long ere this, as it suits his mood so exactly now. He thanks Miss BEATRICE HARRADEN, and would recommend the book everywhere, and to everybody, but that by now no such passport is necessary. Certain personages and localities in the story recall to the Baron's mind a pretty play, and a most successful one, produced at the St. James's Theatre under Mr. ALEXANDER'S management. It was *Liberty Hall*, by SIDNEY CARTON, and the characters were the friendless girl, played, I fancy, by MARION TERRY; the somewhat cynical and mysterious lonely man, played by Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER; and, finally, *Toddy*, the old bookseller and book-collector, a part that suited Mr. RIGHTON down to the ground. Such undesigned coincidences are interesting to reader and playgoer, and in no way detract from the author's originality.

B. DE B-W.

# "OUR BENIGHTED ANCESTORS";

OR, HOW IT WILL STRIKE POSTERITY.

(Circa 2894 A.D.)

*Amanda (looking over AMANDUS'S shoulder).* What *are* you so absorbed in, my dear?

*Amandus (rousing himself).* Why darling, in this very clever, though painful, antiquarian work by Dr. DIGEMUP called "Dips into the Dismal Ages." (*Shudders sympathetically.*) Dear, dear, how it makes one pity one's poor, respectable, but ridiculous ancestors of about a thousand years syne,—say the end of the "so-called Nineteenth Century!"

*Amanda.* Why dear, what did they do?

*Amandus.* You should rather ask, what did they *suffer*? I was reading a graphic, but harrowing, account of an extraordinary annual "Custom" they had—they, the conventional, commonplace, conformists of the day, top-hatted Philistines, "civilised" into characterlessness, polished into pithlessness, humanised into moral pap and pulp. It seems to have been a custom almost as cruel as the blood-bath of Dahomey, as irrational and tormenting as the hari-kari of old Japan.

*Amanda.* Dear me! Poor dear deluded duffers, why did they do it?

*Amandus.* *That* even the pundits of the "Shrimpton-on-Sea" Exploration Society cannot so much as conjecture. Their excavators lately came upon a most mysterious "marine deposit" in a sand-choked chalk-cave in the course of repairing the great South-Coast Marine Embankment. Here are pictures of some of the items. Many of them are mysteries whose nature and use cannot be fathomed. Here is an apparatus supposed to have been a barbarous musical instrument, a hoop with a piece of parchment stretched across it, and ornamented with movable brazen discs. It *may* have been used to scare gulls. At any rate, it must have made a hideous din when beaten or agitated. It was discovered near certain strange semi-polished fragments of what were apparently the rib-bones of some extinct animals. Their use now cannot even be surmised; neither can that of a curious wooden implement somewhat resembling a miniature model of the obsolete agricultural implement once known, it appears, as a "shovel" or "spade."

*Amanda.* How *very* odd! Still, hardly *dreadful*, dear, so far, eh?

*Amandus (gravely).* Perhaps not! Though the significance even of these comparatively harmless absurdities is painful. But my dear, Dr. DIGEMUP'S researches lead him to the belief that in the latter half of the Nineteenth Century a hideous "Annual Custom" prevailed. In the autumn of the year, it would seem, a sort of Social Edict of Banishment drove all decent and well-to-do citizens from their own happy homes, to make themselves miserable—by way of penance probably—in strange places, fusty, ill-furnished, often unhealthy, and always expensive, far from all the comforts and decencies, the conveniences and charms of their own well-ordered residences.

*Amanda.* But *why* did they do this dismal thing?

*Amandus.* It is not conceivable that they *would* do it save for compulsion. It is conjectured that some secret religious tribunal or vengeful Social *Vehmgericht* drove the devoted victims to this dreadful doom. They had to pass weeks, and sometimes months, either in continual travel—as tiring and painful as the penitential pilgrimages of a yet earlier date—or in compulsory incarceration in dismal dungeons or comfortless caravanserais.

*Amanda (shivering).* Oh dear, how *very* dreadful!

*Amandus.* Dreadful, indeed! The leaders, controllers, or "gangers" of these Autumnal Pilgrimages of Pain, were certain mysterious functionaries called, it appears, by the generic name of "Paterfamilias." The Paterfamilias, who appears to correspond somewhat to the ancient idea of a Pilgarlic or Scapegoat, had, though "sore against his will," like the mythical *John Gilpin*, to lead his family followers in this peripatetic purgatory, suffer its worst horrors himself, and—*pay all the expenses!!!*

*Amanda.* SHOCKING!!! And what did they call this horrid custom?

*Amandus.* As far as can be ascertained, it seems to have been known as the "Annual Holiday," or "Autumn Outing"!

## Transcriber's Note:

Inconsistent spelling and hyphenation are as in the original.

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