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September 22nd, 1894, by Various and F. C. Burnand

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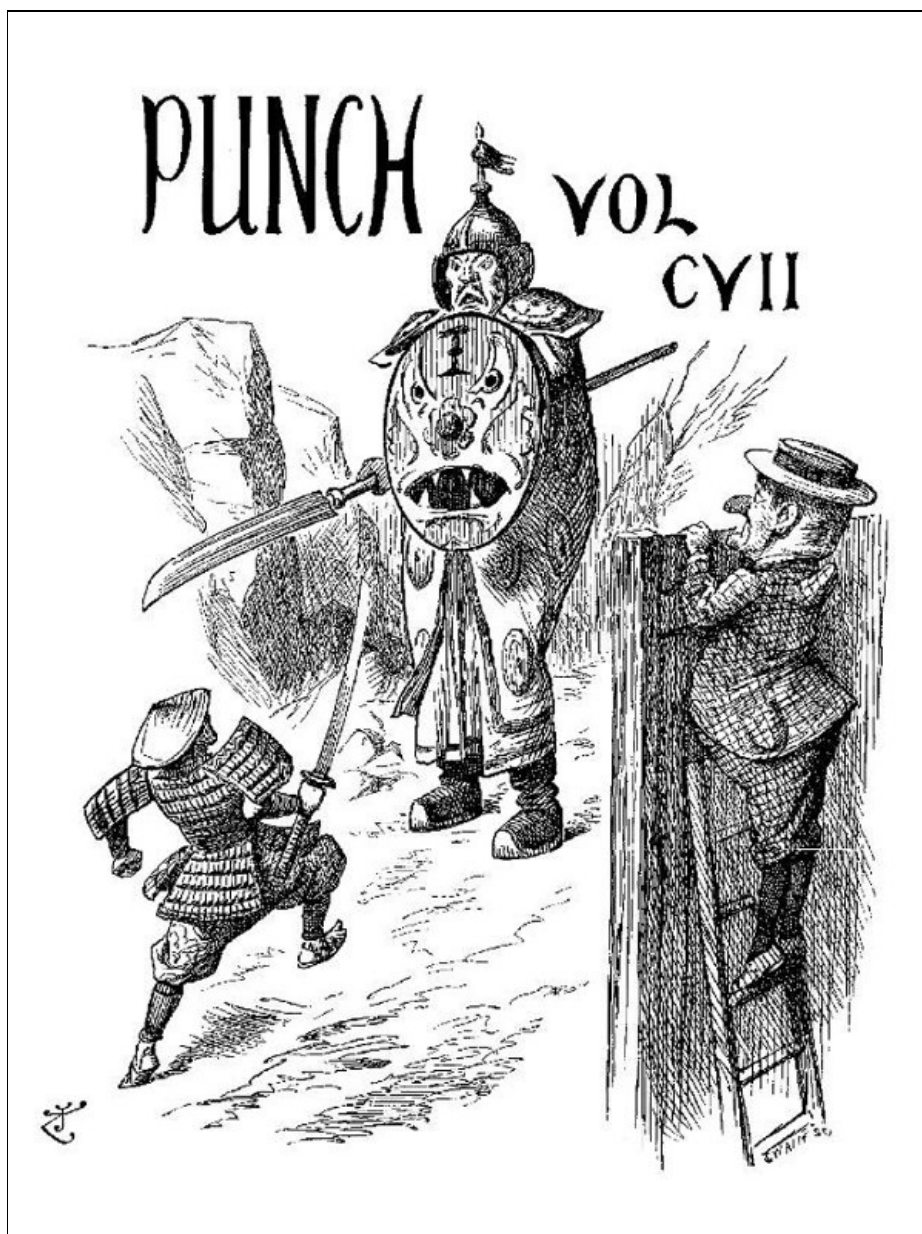
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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI
VOLUME 107, SEPTEMBER 22ND, 1894 ***



Punch, or the London Charivari

Volume 107, September 22nd, 1894

edited by Sir Francis Burnand

IN PARIS OUT OF THE SEASON.

(With some Notes on a Detective Melodrama at the Ambigu.)

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—When I announced my intention of running over to Paris for a few days, my friend BUZZARD looked at me with a stony contempt. "To Paris?" he said, "at this time of year! Why, you must be mad. What on earth are you going to do there?" I tried to explain to BUZZARD, whose frigid superiority frightens me, that I liked Paris, that I was going there *pour me dégourdir*; that it was just as possible to breakfast at LEDOYEN'S or VOISIN'S, and to dine at DURAND'S or JOSEPH'S in September as at any other time; that a few theatres were still open; that the Boulevards were there for the *flâneur*; but I failed to penetrate his scorn, even with the most idiomatic French at my command. However, I determined that BUZZARD, like the weight of the elephant in the problem, must be neglected; and here I am in the Rue de Rivoli with another madman like unto myself. We take our *café complet* in bed; we wear beautiful French ties, made of *foulard*, with two vast ends floating like banners in the Parisian breeze—in a word, we are thoroughly enjoying ourselves in an entirely non-British fashion—which I take, indeed, to be of the essence of a pleasant holiday. What care we for the echoes of the Trades Union Congress; for the windiest of KEIR HARDIE'S blatanccies; for the malignities of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, or the failure of Lord ROSEBERY'S *Ladas* at Doncaster? We are in Paris, and the sight of a *cuirassier* trotting past with his great black *crinière* waving behind, or of the lady bicyclists scudding by in knickerbockers, excites us more than even the latest ravings of the newest woman in London. BUZZARD be blowed! You may tell him I said so.



I want to let Mr. CONAN DOYLE know that there is a great opening for him here. If I may judge by the latest detective drama, the ideas of the Parisian public with regard to the acumen and general power of a detective are still very primitive. Yet GABORIAU did something in this line, and, in the *Vicomte de Bragelonne*, did not *d'Artagnan* show himself on the occasion of a certain duel to be a detective of unmatched force? Still the fact remains that the play-going Parisian public is easily satisfied in the matter of detectives. Listen, if you doubt me, to a plain unvarnished account of "*La Belle Limonadière*," the "*Grand drame nouveau en cinq actes, huit tableaux*," which is now running gloomily, but with immense success, at the *Ambigu*.

Madame de Mazerolles, a wealthy widow, is, in the first Act, robbed and brutally murdered by her stepson, *Roland*, a dissipated young man, who is incited to the commission of the crime by his wicked mistress *Sabine*. *Vidocq*, the great representative of the new school in detection (*circa* A.D. 1820), is away at the time, and in his absence the investigation falls to his rival *Yvrier*, who belongs to the old school. In the chamber of death *Yvrier* soon makes up his mind that the guilty person is one *Henri Lebrun*, a faithful and gigantic old soldier, much given to beating his breast with both fists and talking at large about his services to his country, his immaculate honesty and his domestic virtues. Suddenly *Vidocq* enters. He discovers that the assassin has entered by a certain door because a cobweb has been disturbed, he picks up a red flower dropped by the assassin, he pours contempt on the crass stupidity of *Yvrier*—all quite in the best Sherlock Holmes style. But nothing comes of it all. Poor *Henri Lebrun*, still beating his breast with fists, is arrested, and after a painful interview with his only daughter (whom he discovers to have been the mistress of *George*, the son of *Madame Mazerolles*), he becomes sublime, accuses himself quite unnecessarily of the murder he had never committed, and is marched off to prison amid the execrations of the populace, the triumph of the crass *Yvrier*, and the loudly expressed determination of *Vidocq* to bring the guilty to justice and save the life of the innocent *Lebrun*. Time passes. *Lebrun*, overwhelmed by an entire absence of proofs, is tried and condemned to death. It is the morning appointed for his execution. The curtain rises in the upper floor of a restaurant commanding an extensive view of the guillotine. The sight-seers troop in. First of all comes *Roland*, the murderer, disguised in black as a wicked Marquis, and accompanied by the infamous *Sabine*. *Hélène Lebrun*, the daughter of the condemned man, also troops in to slow music in black. There is a commotion at the door, and the obsequious innkeeper backs on to the stage ushering in *Milord Sir John Stilton* and his son "*Shames*." *Sir John* is dressed in an enormous green swallow-tailed coat with brass buttons, a striped yellow waistcoat,

a pair of yellow knickerbockers, and stockings brilliantly striped with red and black. On his head he wears a low-crowned hat. In one hand he carries an umbrella, while a telescope dangles from his Shoulders by a strap. In short, he is *tout-ce-qu'il-y-a de plus Anglais*. His son *Shames* is even more aggressively British. *Sir John* orders lunch: "*vous donner moa bifteck*" is the obvious formula. *Shames* concurs with a "Yehs, Pappah," which provokes roars of laughter. But stay, what is this? *Sir John* takes *Shames* aside: they talk in beautiful French. Can it be? Yes, by Heaven, it is the great *Vidocq* with his faithful *Coco-Latour*! We breathe again, for now we know that the innocent man is safe. The procession, however, approaches. The condemned man speaks from below to his daughter in the balcony. He declares his innocence. Now good *Vidocq*, to the rescue. Display all your arts, convict the guilty, disguised Marquis, and save the estimable *Lebrun*! But *Vidocq* looks on impassive, a dull thud is heard and the head of the innocent rolls into the basket. Immediately afterwards *Yvrier* staggers in. Too late, he says, he has been convinced of *Lebrun's* innocence. At the last moment *Lebrun* looked at him with eyes in which there was no trace of guilt. That last look did it, and now *Yvrier* in a passion of repentance offers himself to help *Vidocq*, even in the most subordinate capacity, to track down the guilty, and to remove the stain from *Lebrun's* name. I pass over the padding, during which *Vidocq* appears, for no earthly reason, in numerous disguises, and come to the last scene. *Roland* has all but killed *George Mazerolles* in a duel, he has murdered *Sabine*, who, before dying, rounds on him, and he is now, by a strange conjunction of circumstances, in the very room in which he murdered *Madame Mazerolles*. Thither also comes everybody else. *Vidocq*, who is tracking *Roland*, discovers, through a paper belonging to the late *Madame Mazerolles*, that *Roland*, her murderer, was her son, not her step-son, and that he, *Vidocq*, is the father of *Roland*. In his youth *Vidocq* had been a soldier. Somewhere he had met *Madame Mazerolles*. "*Nous nous sommes aimés entre deux batailles, entre deux victoires,*" and *Roland* was the fruit of their love. Horror of horrors! What is he to do? First he tells *Roland* that he killed, not his step-mother, but his mother. At this awful intelligence, *Roland* faints in an armchair for precisely ten seconds. Recovering himself, he is fain to escape. *Vidocq*, all his fatherly instincts aroused, says he shall. The weak *Yvrier* consents, when suddenly, from behind a curtain, appears *Hélène Lebrun* in black. The murderer of her father must not escape, she declares, whereupon the great detective, vowing that his son shall never be food for the guillotine, shoots him dead with a toy pistol in the region of the left waistcoat pocket. Tableau! Curtain!

There, *Mr. Punch*, you have the French *Sherlock* on the stage. A wonderful man, is he not?

Yours, as always,

A VAGRANT.

ON THE WAR IN THE EAST.

(By a Western Wonderer.)

All in the East seems so dawdling and queer!
Bogus engagements, and battles *pour rire*,
Militant meetings—where nobody meets—
Ghostly armies and phantom fleets;
"Terrible slaughter"—with never a blow,
Corpse-choked rivers that maps do not show;
Wild contradiction and vagueness extreme,
Faith, it all reads like some Flowery Land dream,
Arabian-nightish, and opium-bred,
Japanese-spookish, delirium-fed,
Wild, willow-patternish; sort of a "War"
JOHNNY might paint on a blue ginger-jar.
Wonder how long such a queer war will wag on?
No one can tell—when 'tis *Dragon v. Dragon!*

THANKS TO THE "BYSTANDER."

I am glad to see the "BYSTANDER" in the *Graphic* has recently uttered a startled protest against the fashion, now somewhat overdone, and occasionally objectionably done, of lady-begging for charitable purposes in the London streets. On the sudden apparition of one of these merry half-sisters of charity (were not the Pecksniffian daughters Charity and Merry?) Mr. ASHBY STERRY became well-nigh hysterical, and his generosity being temporarily paralysed, he fled, with pockets tightly buttoned. For the moment he was no longer the "BYSTANDER," whose motto is that of *Captain Cuttle*, "Stand by," but, as though he had heard the command to "Stand and deliver," our sturdy "BYSTANDER" became a fugitive from before the face of the giddy charity girl, and thus

at one "go" saved his halfpence and his honour. For his reputation would have suffered had he impolitely rebuffed his fair unfair assailant. He did well to flee, he did still better to write and publicly complain. We trust that this process adopted by *the* Sterry O'Type (a fine old Irish title by the way) may have its due influence, and that the abuse, which has become thus Sterry O'Typed, of a fashion good in itself and its origin, may soon cease to exist. *En attendant, Mr. Punch* is pleased to know that the "BYSTANDER" is still running on, and not likely to come to a standstill.

A ST. LEGER COINCIDENCE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Will you afford me a small portion of your space to put on record once and for ever a most extraordinary coincidence? Last Wednesday afternoon I was taking a country walk, when all at once my eye was suddenly caught by a throstle. At the same time I accidentally looked at my watch. It had stopped at 12.10. When I got home I mentioned both of these circumstances to my wife.

Later in the evening I bought an evening paper, and was amazed to find that the St. Leger had been won by *Throstle* (the bird I had seen), which had started at 50 to 1 (the exact minute at which my watch had stopped)! Could the force of coincidence farther go? The Society of Psychical Research and Mr. STEAD are welcome to this incident. The only thing which troubles me at all is that the evidence (other than my own) is a little slender. My wife is deaf, and never heard what I told her. The bird has flown. My watch is going again.

I inclose my card, and am,

Yours STEAD-y to a degree,

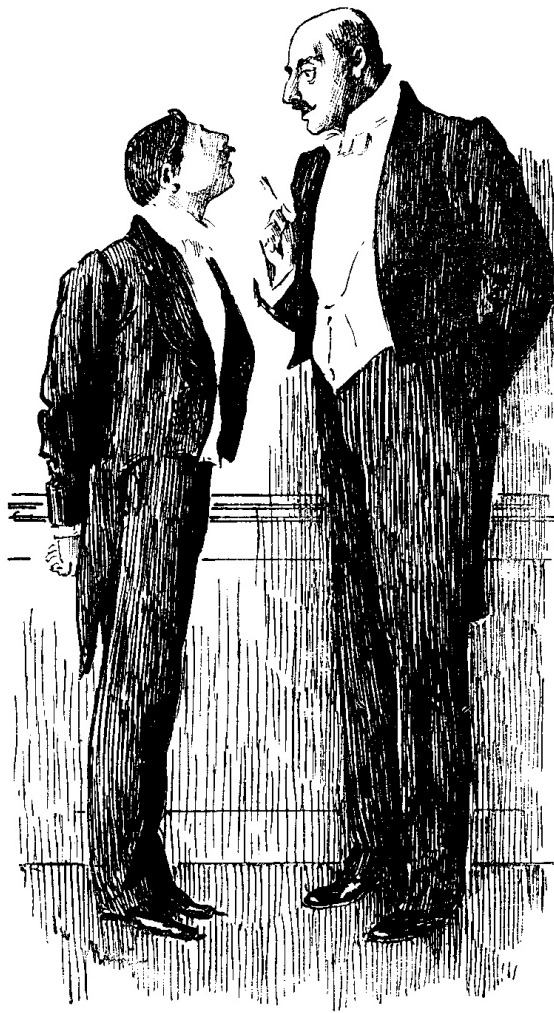
ONE WHO WON NOTHING ON THE RACE.

Mr. Punch, on Peeler Piper.

["I wish," said Mr. LANE, the North London magistrate, "to express my sense of the very great courage and resolution exhibited by Constable PIPER in this case, under circumstances of considerable pressure, danger, and exhaustion."—*Times' Police Report, Sept. 12.*]

Peeler PIPER prov'd his plucky pecker.
As Peeler PIPER prov'd his plucky pecker,
Where's there pluckier pecker
Than Peeler PIPER'S proved?

PROBABLE ANNOUNCEMENT.—New Book:—*A Mischievous Medlar*. By LESLIE KEITH, the fruitful Author of *A Troublesome Pair*.



MANNERS.

"OH, THEN I MUST BE ON MY BEST BEHAVIOUR, I SUPPOSE?"

"CERTAINLY NOT. BE NATURAL, WHATEVER YOU ARE."

A MOAN FROM MITCHAM

(See "Indignant's" Letter in "Westminster Budget.")

We once had a Common at Mitcham,
Where boys would bring wickets and pitch 'em,
That devouring wolf
The fanatic of golf
Established a club,
And—aye, there's the rub!—
The Conservators sacrificed needs of the
Public on purpose to help and enrich 'em!
The Common they soon will be shutting
In the interests of driving and "putting."
The balls fly about and hit kids in the eye,
And frighten old fogies, and make horses shy.
The public's "wired" out while the golfers "wire in,"
They have got lots of brass, but they pay little tin.
They drive sheep and cattle, and boys in their teens.
And nursemaids and prams off their bothering "Greens."
Oh, *Punch*, can't you pitch in, and pitch 'em,
These bores, off our Common at Mitcham?
Authority here at Monopoly winks,
But I am an old Mitcham-lover who thinks
That the Links on our Common should be *Missing* Links!

Question and Answer.

Ingoldsby's Question.

"TIGER TIM, come tell me true,
What may a nobleman find to do?"

Modern Idiot's Answer.

Squeak out the "chestnut" (*he'll well know which!*)
"I can't afford it; I'm far too rich!"

A HOPELESS CASE.

A VERY UN-VIRGILIAN PASTORAL ECLOGUE.

INTERLOCUTORS—*Ceres and a Northern Farmer, newest style.*

["In several instances last week the prices for new wheat were quoted at 16*s.* to 19*s.* per quarter in Lincolnshire and Yorkshire, and the general average for the whole country last week was actually only 27*s.* 7*d.* It is over two hundred years since anything like so low a price has been quoted for wheat in England."—*Westminster Gazette.*]

Farmer (throwing down newspaper).

Dubbut look at the waäste! Foine feälds? A' dear! a' dear!
'Tisn't worth nowt a haäcre; 'tis worse than it wur laäst year!

Ceres (entering).

Good evening, Farmer, my friend! I think you will own this time
I have sent you a golden harvest. I never saw wheat more prime!

Farmer.

And who ma' *yew* beä, Marm? And what dost tha meän, Marm—*yew*?
I weänt say tha be a loiar, but tha say'st what's nawways true.

Ceres.

Why, I am the farmer's friend, the goddess of farms and fields.
At my look the furrows spring, and my laugh the harvest yields.

Farmer.

Then wheer' asta beän saw long, leäven me a-liggin' aloän?
Friend? Thoort nowt o' a friend, leävin' meä to groomble and groän.

Ceres.

Why, what is the matter now? You've a bumper harvest, men say,
The wheat and the barley show fair, and likewise the oats and the hay!

Farmer.

Thee be the goddess o' feälds? Oh, a prutty goddess tha beäst!
Seems to meä tha knaws nowt, and tha beänt na use, not the leäst.
Naw soort o' koind o' use to saây the things that ya do!
Goddess? My owd lass BESS wur a better goddess than yew!
Sartin-sewer I be if 'tis theä and thet Clerk o' the Weather
Arranges the craps and things, ye're a pair o' toättlers together!

Ceres.

That is ungrateful, Farmer! Just glance at those golden sheaves!
Phœbus and I have done it, yet who in our love believes?

Farmer.

Luvv it ma beä, but I reckons tha'st boäth o' tha mooch to larn.
Whut good o' a full-sheäved feäld, whut good o' a full-choked barn,
If markets beänt no better, but woorse—as the chap saays here—
Than they have beän in Owd England fur well-neigh two oonderd year?

Ceres.

I am not the goddess of markets!

Farmer.

Naw, naw! Thou 'rt a useless jade.
Whut use o' tatures, and turmuts and wheat, if tha ain't gut trade?
Whoy, your weather hallus cooms o' the sort as we doänt desire;
If we want sun ya send water, and if we want water 'tis fire.
Then they Parlyment fellers fret us a-lettin' they furrineers in.
We take no koind o'care of oursens, and tha furrineers win;
And if tha weäther be bad, whoy we hän't naw craps at äll.
And if tha weäther be fair, whoy the market proices fäll.
And tha calls thaself a goddess, and the British farmer's friend!
And we're goin' from woorse to woost, and a aäsk tha, wheer will it end?

Ceres (sadly).

Well, I've sent you a golden harvest, good friend, though your greeting's cold.

Farmer (furiously).

Wheer's the good o' a golden harvest if I canna change it for gold?



A HOPELESS CASE.

Ceres. "THERE, MY FRIEND, I HAVE GIVEN YOU A GOLDEN HARVEST THIS YEAR!"

Farmer. "IT'S VERY KIND OF YOU, MARM; BUT 'TAIN'T MUCH GOOD IF I CAN'T GET GOLD FOR IT!"

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LYRE AND LANCET.

(A Story in Scenes.)

PART XII.—DIGNITY UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

SCENE XXI.—*The Housekeeper's Room at Wyvern; Mrs. POMFRET, the Housekeeper, in a black silk gown and her smartest cap, is seated in a winged arm-chair by the fire, discussing domestic politics with Lady CULVERIN'S maid, MISS STICKLER. The Chef, M. RIDEVOS, is resting on the sofa, in languid converse with Mlle. CHIFFON, MISS SPELWANE'S maid; PILLINER'S man, LOUCH, watches STEPTOE, SIR RUPERT'S valet, with admiring envy, as he makes himself agreeable to MISS PHILLIPSON, who is in demi-toilette, as are all the other ladies' maids present.*

Miss Stickler (in an impressive undertone). All I do say, Mrs. POMFRET, ma'am, is this: if that girl LOUISA marches into the pew to-morrow, as she did *last Sunday*, before the second laundry maid—and her only under-scuttery maid—such presumptuousness should be put a stop to in future!

Mrs. Pomfret (wheezily). Depend upon it, my dear, it's her ignorance; but I shall most certainly speak about it. Girls must be taught that ranks was made to be respected, and the precedency into that pew has come down from time immemorable, and is not to be set aside by such as her while I'm 'ousekeeper here.

Mlle. Chiffon (in French, to M. Ridevos). You have the air fatigued, my poor friend! Oh, there—but

fatigued!

M. Ridevos. Broken, Mademoiselle, absolutely broken. But what will you? This night I surpass myself. I achieve a masterpiece—a sublime pyramid of quails with a sauce that will become classic. I pay now the penalty of a veritable crisis of nerves. It is of my temperament as artist.

Mlle. Chiffon. And me, my poor friend, how I have suffered from the cookery of these others—I who have the stomach so feeble, so fastidious! Figure to yourself an existence upon the villainous curry, the abominable "Tahristue," beloved by these barbarians, but which succeed with me not at all—oh, but not at all! Since I am here—ah, the difference! I digest as of old—I am gay. But next week to return with Mademoiselle to the curry, my poor friend, what regrets!

M. Rid. For me, dear Mademoiselle, for me the regrets—to hear no more the conversation, so spiritual, so sympathetic, of a fellow-countrywoman. For remark that here they are stupid—they comprehend not. And the old ones they roll at me the eyes to make terror. Behold this Gorgon who approaches. She adores me, my word of honour, this ruin!

[Miss STICKLER *comes up to the sofa smiling in happy unconsciousness.*

Miss Stick, (graciously). So you've felt equal to joining us for once, Mossou! We feel it a very 'igh compliment, I can assure you. We've really been feeling quite 'urt at the way you keep to yourself—you might be a regular 'ermit for all *we* see of you!

M. Rid. For invent, dear Mees, for create, ze arteeste must live ze solitaire as of rule. To-night—no! I emairge, as you see, to res-tore myself viz your smile.

Miss Stick, (flattered). Well, I've always said, Mossou, and I always *will* say, that for polite 'abits and pretty speeches, give *me* a Frenchman!

M. Rid. (alarmed). For me it is too moch 'appiness. For anoizzer, ah!

[*He kisses his fingers with ineffable grace.*

Phillipson (advancing to meet Miss DOLMAN, who has just entered). Why, I'd no idea I should meet *you* here, SARAH! And how have you been getting on, dear? Still with—?

Miss Dolman (checking her with a look). Her grace? No, we parted some time ago. I'm with Lady RHODA COKAYNE at present. (*In an undertone, as she takes her aside.*) You needn't say anything here of your having known me at Mrs. DICKENSON'S. I couldn't afford to have it get about in the circle I'm in that I'd ever lived with any but the nobility. I'm sure you see what I mean. Of course I don't mind your saying we've *met*.

Phill. Oh, I *quite* understand. I'll say nothing. I'm obliged to be careful myself, being maid to Lady MAISIE MULL.

Miss Dolm. My *dear* EMMA! It *is* nice seeing you again—such *friends* as we used to be!

Phill. At her Grace's? I'm afraid you're thinking of somebody else. (*She crosses to Mrs. POMFRET.*) Mrs. POMFRET, what's become of the gentleman I travelled down with—the horse doctor? I do hope he means to come in; he would amuse *you*, Mr. STEPTOE. I never heard anybody go on like him; he *did* make me laugh so!

Mrs. Pomfr. I really can't say *where* he is, my dear. I sent up word to let him know he was welcome here whenever he pleased; but perhaps he's feeling a little shy about coming down.

Phill. Oh, I don't think he suffers much from *that*. (*As the door opens.*) Ah, *there* he is!

Mrs. Pomfr. (rising, with dignity, to receive UNDERSHELL, who enters in obvious embarrassment). Come in, Sir. I'm glad to see you've found your way down at last. Let me see, I haven't the advantage of knowing your—Mr. UNDERSHELL, *to be sure!* Well, Mr. UNDERSHELL, we're very pleased to see you. I hope you'll make yourself quite at home. Her ladyship gave particular directions that we was to look after you—*most* particular she was!

Undershell. You are very good, Ma'am. I am obliged to Lady CULVERIN for her (*with a gulp*) condescension. But I shall not trespass more than a short time upon your hospitality.

Mrs. Pomfr. Don't speak of it as trespassing, Sir. It's not often we have a gentleman of your profession as a visitor, but you are none the less welcome. Now I'd better introduce you all round, and then you won't feel yourself a stranger. Miss PHILLIPSON you *have* met, I know.

[*She introduces him to the others in turn; UNDERSHELL bows helplessly.*

Steptoe (with urbanity). Your fame, Sir, has preceded you. And you'll find us a very friendly and congenial little circle on a better acquaintance—if this is your first experience of this particular form of society?

Und. (to himself). I mustn't be stiff, I'll put them at their ease. (*Aloud.*) Why, I must admit, Mr. STEPTOE, that I have never before had the privilege of entering the—(*with an ingratiating smile all*

round him) the "Pugs' Parlour," as I understand you call this very charming room.

[*The company draw themselves up and cough in disapprobation.*]

Stept. (very stiffly). Pardon *me*, Sir, you have been totally misinformed. Such an expression is not current *here*.

Mrs. Pomfr. (more stiffly still). It is never alluded to in *my* presence except as the 'Ousekeeper's Room, which is the right and proper name for it. There may be some other term for it in the Servants' 'All for anything *I* know to the contrary—but if you'll excuse me for saying so, Mr. UNDERSHELL, we'd prefer for it not to be repeated in *our* presence.

Und. (confusedly). I—I beg ten thousand pardons. (*To himself.*) To be pulled up like this for trying to be genial—it's really *too humiliating!*

Stept. (relaxing). Well, well, Sir; we must make some allowances for a neophyte. You'll know better another time, *I* daresay. Miss PHILLIPSON here has been giving you a very favourable character as a highly agreeable rattle, Mr. UNDERSHELL. I hope we may be favoured with a specimen of your social talents later on. We're always grateful here for anything in that way—such as a recitation now, or a comic song, or a humorous imitation—anything, in short, calculated to promote the general harmony and festivity will be appreciated.

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Miss (Stick acidly). Provided it is free from any helement of coarseness, which we do *not* encourage—far from it!

Und. (suppressing his irritation). You need be under no alarm, Madam. I do not propose to attempt a performance of *any* kind.

Phill. Don't be so solemn, Mr. UNDERSHELL! I'm sure you can be as comical as any playactor when you choose!

Und. I really don't know how I can have given you that impression. If you expect me to treat my lyre like a *horse-collar*, and grin through it, I'm afraid I am unable to gratify you.

Stept. (at sea). Capital, Sir, the professional allusion very neat. You'll come out presently, *I* can see, when supper's on the table. Can't expect you to rattle till you've something *inside* of you, can we?

Miss Stick. Reelly, Mr. STEPTOE, I *am* surprised at such commonness from *you!*

Stept. Now you're too severe, Miss STICKLER, you are indeed. An innocent little Judy Mow like that!

Tredwell (outside). Don't answer *me*, Sir. Ham I butler 'ere, or ham I *not?* I've a precious good mind to report you for such a hignorant blunder.... I don't want to hear another word about the gentleman's cloes—you'd no hearthly business for to do such a thing at all! (*He enters and flings himself down on a chair.*) That THOMAS is beyond everything—stupid *hass* as he is!

Mrs. Pomfr. (concerned). La, Mr. TREDWELL, you *do* seem put out! Whatever have THOMAS been doing *now?*

Und. (to himself). It's really very good of him to take it to heart like this! (*Aloud.*) Pray don't let it distress you; it's of no consequence, none at all!

Tred. (glaring). I'm the best judge of that, Mr. UNDERSHELL, Sir—if you'll allow *me*; *I* don't call my porogatives of no consequence, whatever *you* may! And that feller THOMAS, Mrs. POMFRET, actially 'ad the hordacity, without consulting me previous, to go and 'and a note to one of our gentlemen at the hupstairs table, all about some hassinine mistake he'd made with his cloes! What call had he to take it upon himself? I feel puffedly disgraced that such a thing should have occurred under my authority!

[*The Steward's Room Boy has entered with a dish, and listens with secret anxiety on his own account.*]

Und. I assure you there is no harm done. The gentleman is wearing my evening clothes—but he's going to return them—

[*The conclusion of the sentence is drowned in a roar of laughter from the majority.*]

Tred. (gasping). Hevenin' cloes! *Your* hevenin'— P'raps you'll 'ave the goodness to explain yourself, Sir!

Stept. No, no, TREDWELL, my dear fellah, you don't understand our friend here—he's a bit of a wag, don't you see? He's only trying to pull your leg, that's all: and, Gad, he did it too! But you mustn't take liberties with *this* gentleman, Mr. UNDERSHELL, he's an important personage *here*, I can tell you!

Und. (earnestly). But I never meant—if you'll only let me explain—

[The Boy has come behind him, and administers a surreptitious kick, which UNDERSHELL rightly construes as a hint to hold his tongue.

Tred. (in solemn offence). I'm accustomed, Mr. HUNDERSHELL, to be treated in this room with respect and deference—especially by them as come here in the capacity of Guests. *From* such I regard any attempt to pull my leg as in hindifferent taste—to say the least of it. I wish to 'ave no more words on the subjick, which is a painful one, and had better be dropped, for the sake of all parties. Mrs. POMFRET, I see supper is on the table, so, by your leave, we had better set down to it.

Phill. (to UNDERSHELL). Never mind *him*, pompous old thing! It *was* awfully cheeky of you, though. You can sit next *me* if you like.

Und. (to himself, as he avails himself of this permission). I shall only make things worse if I explain now. But, oh, great Heavens, *what* a position for a Poet.



"Broken, Mademoiselle, absolutely broken."

NEW LAMPS FOR OLD.

Art was once defined as "the creation of new forms of beauty." Our juvenile geniuses have altered all that. "The New Art" is better defined as "the creation of novel forms of ugliness." Its inspiration is Corruption, its auxiliaries are the two hideous imps, Scratch and Smudge. Old Art, with its bosh about beauty, its rot about romance, its fudge about finish, its twaddle about taste, will be good enough to take a back seat. Apollo the Inspirer must give way to the sooty imp and incubus, New Scratch!—

RAPHAEL? Ideal Beauty spoiled his Art!
REMBRANDT? Of light and shade he was no judge

The Hideous now must play the leading part,
Chiaroscuro yield to Shapeless Smudge

QUOTATION FROM BYRON FOR THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN.

"AGAIN he urges on his wild Korea."—*Mazeppa*.

TO HANWELLIA FROM EARLSWOOD.

["In my time at Eton it was the custom with one's tutor to supply us with what was disrespectfully called 'nonsense' material for some suggested theme."—JAMES PAYN, *in*

Will you follow where the Bandicoots inevitably stray,
As they amorously hurtle through the stubble and the hay;
Where the Jebusites and Amorites are gathered in a bunch,
While they watch the duck-billed Platypus preparing for his lunch?

Where the toothsome Trichinopli keeps turning on the spit—
Oh my dove-like Trichinopoli, how hard you are to hit!
There is something so elusive and desserting in your shape,
That I had to shoot you sitting and to load my gun with grape.

Though the Mandrake give you goose-skin by its inharmonious shriek,
And a tug of war come thenning after Greek has met with Greek;
I will stay at home and see the giddy milkman fill his pail
For an orchestra of Clepsydras conducted by a Snail.

And it's oh to be a Manatee—I think I shall be soon—
Riding coffee-coloured Dolphins on the snaffle (or bridoon).
With his Barnacles and Biffin-boys belaying in the sea,
He has always eggs at breakfast, has the merry Manatee.

Can you see me then subsiding very stately very sly,
Like a soluble quadratic which has lost its x and y.
Getting out my rusty rapier and dissecting with a lunge
All the daffodils and daisies that I grow upon my sponge?

Can you see me on a tram-car, while I stand upon my head,
Shredding out the scarlet runners which no publisher has read,
In a horse-case predetermined by a puisne-judge alone,
Who is tired of seeing juries with a rider of their own?

If the dactyls and the spondees should eventually pall,
You can call on Miss CAESURA and conduct her to a ball.
You can feed the girl on trochees, and of course you can propose,
If hexameters delight you when recited through the nose.

Happy days, how soon ye falter; can a Bachelor have bliss?
Can a contrapuntal Bulbul woo her lover with a kiss?
Can a Scotsman get protection for his philibeg and trows
By dictating half a column to the *Illustrated News*?

Can a Bumble-bee be cheerful if related to a Mouse
Which has left its cheesy larder and been captured by a Grouse?
Can a man-of-war be manly, can a gum-boil stick like glue?
Can accounts be cooked with "stumers," and converted into stew?

Nay, I fly from all these problems; I am fortunately deaf
To the fascinating music of the careful Q. E. F.,
Nor can theorems allure me, never, never will I be
Mathematically married to a vulgar Q. E. D.

But at home I'll sit and linger by the soft September fire,
While I toast my feet and rack them by particular desire.
And I'll illustrate my meaning (penny coloured, twopence plain)
Drawing gaily on the "Note Book" of my old friend JIMMY PAYN.



MAD AS A HATTER.—The *Drapery World* says that "the New Woman's hat" is much like the Ordinary Man's "topper," only a little smaller, and a little more cheeky. The phrase might fitly be transferred to the "New Woman" herself. She looks *so* much like an ordinary man, only a little smaller and a little more cheeky. By the way, is there *much* difference between "the New Woman's hat" and the woman's new hat? The query would make a good one for a French Exercise Book.

Wheel and Whoa!

The popular wheel, so the French doctors say,
Is the worst enemy of the popular *weal*.
Academies of science scarce will stay
The devastations of the steed of steel.
The scorcher will deride as a bad joke
Attempts in his wild wheel to put a spoke

INSTRUMENT FOR AN ANTI-BIRMINGHAM BAND.—The Ban-Joe.

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A YOUNG CYNIC.

Dorothy. "I WONDER WHY MEN TAKE THEIR HATS OFF IN CHURCH, AND WOMEN DON'T!"

Michael. "OH, DOROTHY, JUST THINK OF ALL THE LOOKING-GLASSES THERE'D HAVE TO BE IN EVERY PEW!"

THE YOUNG PRETENDER.

["Immediately after the death of his father, the Duke of ORLEANS addressed the following telegram to all the Sovereign Princes of Europe:—

'A SA MAJESTÉ, &c.—J'ai la douleur de faire part à Votre Majesté de la mort de mon père PHILIPPE, Comte de Paris, pieusement décédé à Stowe House le huit Septembre. PHILIPPE.'

Great significance is attached to the fact that the Duke signs himself with regal simplicity 'PHILIPPE.' His father under similar circumstances, on the occasion of the death of the Comte de CHAMBORD, signed 'PHILLIPE, Comte de Paris,' thus ignoring his Sovereign rank."—*The Daily Graphic.*]

Madame la République museth:—

Ah! "*Vive la France!*" If words were only deeds,
I might perchance secure a new defender.
As AMURATH to AMURATH succeeds,
E'en so succeeds Pretender to Pretender.
Aye. "*plus ça change plus c'est la même chose!*" All
Fancy their words "the writing on the wall."

Street-corner scrawls are not the script of fate.
PLON-PLON and *le brav' Général*, CHAMBORD, PARIS,
All chalked my walls; "devotion to the State"
Inspired their schemes predestined to miscarry,
But BOURBON, Bonapartist or what not,
Self ever seemed the centre of the plot.

As "*Roi des Français*" or as "Monsieur X.,"
BOULANGER's backer, or the White Flagwaver,
What has availed their valour save to vex?
Frenchmen and soldiers? Doubtless, Sirs; few braver.
But plots and manifestoes wild and windy
Contribute little to the State—save shindy!

Eh? Right Divine? That old, old weapon still
Pretenders fain would furbish up to fright me.
Would I bear weary strife, or bow my will
To human wrong if "Right Divine" could right me?
No; right divine to rule must prove affinity,
To the divine ere *I* trust its divinity.

"PHILIPPE!" Ah! boldly written! You admire
Its flowing form, the freedom of its flourish.
And "*Vive la France!*" To what may you aspire?
What is the scope, Sir, of the hopes *you* nourish?
Your sire "ignored his Sovereign rank"—in writing,
But *Philippe—Roi—de—*—humph!—that *might* mean fighting.

Chalk, youngster! Purpose scribbled on the wall,
Not graven in the rock with pen of iron,
Affrights not the Republic. It *may* fall
Amidst the perils that its path environ,
But scarce to summons of the bravest boys,
Or, like old Jericho, to the power of noise.

Yes; "the Pretender's dead," and who will now
Cry "Long live the—Pretender"? Courtly throngs,
Crafty intriguers, may parade and bow,
But for the People? Will they deem their wrongs
Like to be cured by the old royal line,
Or righted by the rule of Right Divine?

What will you do—save scribble and orate?
Were you indeed—ah, me!—that strong man armed
For whom so long I've waited, and still wait;
Then, then, perchance. I might—who knows?—be charmed
To lily-girt Legitimist ways of yore.
At present 'tis but—one Pretender more!



THE YOUNG PRETENDER.

Madame a République.

"WHAT WILL YOU DO—SAVE SCRIBBLE AND ORATE?
WERE YOU INDEED—AH ME!—THAT STRONG MAN ARMED
FOR WHOM SO LONG I'VE WAITED, AND STILL WAIT;
THEN, THEN PERCHANCE, I MIGHT—WHO KNOWS?—BE
CHARMED
TO LILY-GIRT LEGITIMIST WAYS OF YORE.
AT PRESENT 'TIS BUT—ONE PRETENDER MORE!"

ODE ON A DISTANT PARTRIDGE.

(By an Absent-minded Sportsman.)



Well, I'm blest, I'm pretty nearly
Speechless, as I watch that bird,
Saving that I mutter merely
One concise, emphatic word—
What that is, may be inferred!

English prose is, to my sorrow,
Insufficient for the task.
Would that I could freely borrow
Expletives from Welsh or Basque—
One or two is all I ask!

Failing that, let so-called verses
Serve to mitigate my grief
Doggerel now and then disperses
Agonies that need relief.
(Missing birds of these is chief!)

Blankly tramping o'er the stubbles
Is a bore, to put it mild;
But, in short, to crown my troubles,
One mishap has made me riled,
Driv'n me, like the coveys, wild

For at last I flush a partridge.
Ten yards rise, an easy pot!
Click! Why, bless me, where's the cartridge?
Hang it! there, I clean forgot
Putting *them* in ere I shot!

QUERY.—Would an ideal barrister be a counsel of perfection?

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THE MOBILISED MANDARIN

Or, the March of Civilisation.

About the merry Mandarin
His fatal gift for humour,
I find it passing hard to pin
My faith to every rumour.

This war, for instance. Fancy shuts
Both eyes and vainly labours
To grasp the news that he is nuts
On blowing up his neighbours.

If so, he threatens to deface,
Beyond all recognition,
His right of kinship with a race
Whose excellent tradition,

Oldest of old traditions, has
Time out of mind begun by
This rule:—*Do not to others as
You'd rather not be done by.*

Ignoring now the ancient bards,
He must have emulated
The doctrine which *Ah Sin* at cards
So darkly demonstrated,

When, flush of duplicate supplies,
Well up his sleeves he slid 'em—
*Do those whom you will otherwise
Be done by:*—and he did 'em.

Observe this sad example of
Imported Western culture!
Symbol of peace, the sucking-dove
Knocks under to the vulture;

And prophets of a prior age
Might fairly be astounded
To find the system of the sage
CONFUCIUS worse confounded!

LADAS!

(*By a Disgusted Backer.*)

Ladas, Ladas,
Go along with you, do.
I'm now stone-broke,
All on account of you.
It wasn't a lucky Leger,
And I wish I'd been a hedger,
Though you *did* look sweet,
Before defeat——
But I've thoroughly done with you!

SCIENTIFIC GOSSIP.—In spite of the great number of bathers at all our most frequented sea-side resorts there has been no appreciable diminution in either the quality or quantity of the sea-water.



STUDIES IN ANIMAL LIFE.

MR. HIPPOPOTAMUS AS HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN.]

IN THE MUSEUM.

'Twas almost dusk; the galleries
Lay silent and deserted
Where happy knots of twos and threes
Had wondered, talked, and flirted;
Where, armed with buns and catalogues,
The country-bred relations
Had criticised, appraised, despised
The art of many nations.

No more the rigid censor viewed
With hearty disapproval
Athenian statues in the nude,
Demanding their removal;
No more the cultured connoisseur,
Whom nothing new amazes,
The very old designs extolled
In very modern phrases.

Yet two remained; a youth and maid
Still lingered in the section
Where Egypt's treasures lie displayed
For popular inspection;
They talked in whispers, and although
The subject dear to some is,
They did not seem to take as theme
The obelisks and mummies.

An Art more ancient far, one thinks,
Was that they talked of lightly,
Compared with which the hoary Sphinx
Seems juvenile and sprightly;
Young as the very latest tale,
Old as the oldest stories,
It kept them there, this happy pair,
That Art—the *ars amoris*!

The mummies round them seemed to smile,
Ah, long ago, one fancies,
Those withered faces by the Nile
Had known their own romances.
The old-world gods have passed away,
Osiris lies forsaken,
But Love alone retains his throne
Unquestioned and unshaken!

LEX TALIONIS.—Mr. LANG, turned speculative law-giver, suggests that we should tax literature. Well, that's only *quid* (or so much in the "quid") *pro quo*; seeing how literature (lots of it) taxes us. A high rate on literary rubbish would yield "pretty pickings," especially if the producers thereof were allowed to "rate" each other! In this age of sloppiness, sniff and snippets there is a lot of "literature" which should be tariffed off the face of the earth.

HELMHOLTZ.

What matter titles? HELMHOLTZ is a name
That challenges, alone, the award of Fame!
When Emperors, Kings, Pretenders, shadows all,
Leave not a dust-trace on our whirling ball,
Thy work, oh grave-eyed searcher, shall endure,
Unmarred by faction, from low passion pure.
To bridge the gulf 'twixt matter-veil and mind
Perchance to mortals, dull-sensed, slow, purblind,
Is not permitted—yet; but patient, keen,
Thou on the shadowy track beyond the Seen,
Didst dog the elusive truth, and seek in sound
The secret of soul-mysteries profound.
Essential Order, Beauty's hidden law!
Marvels to strike more sluggish souls with awe,
Great seekers, lonely-souled, explore that track,
We welcome the wild wonders they bring back
From ventures stranger than an earthly Pole
Can furnish. Distant still that mental goal
To which great spirits strain; but when calm Fame
Sums its bold seekers, HELMHOLTZ, thy great name
Among the foremost shall eternal stand,
Science's pride, and glory of thy land.

"My dear," said Mrs. R., "I had to discharge my gardener, for when I questioned him about the sale of the vegetables his answers were far too amphibious."

UNHAPPY THOUGHT BY AN INVALID.—What a dreadful thing to become the Permanent Head of a Department with a Permanent Headache!

EJACULATIONS

On being asked to play Croquet, A.D. 1894.

["It is impossible to visit any part of the country without realising the fact that the long-discredited game of Croquet is fast coming into vogue again.... This is partly owing to the abolition of 'tight croquetting.'"—*Pall Mall Gazette*.]

Eh? What? Why? How?
Are we back in the Sixties again?
I am rubbing my eyes—is it *then*, or now?
I'm a *Rip van Winkle*, it's plain!

Hoop, Ball, Stick, Cage?
Eh, fetch them all out once more?
Why, look, they're begrimed and cracked with age,
And their playing days are o'er!

Well—yes—here goes
For a primitive chaste delight!
Let us soberly, solemnly beat our foes,
For Croquet's no longer "tight"!

ODE FOR THE MARRIAGE SEASON.

"If any of you know
Cause or impediment."—
Cause! I should think I do,
That girl to wed I meant!
She made me drink the cup
Of woe, well-shaken up
With bitter sediment.

If I forbid the banns
With visage pallid,
Ere she's another man's,
And I have rallied,
Because in bygone days
With me she dallied,
Would my forbidding phrase
Be counted valid?

Because her eyes would shine
Once when I praised her,
Because her heart to mine,
When I upraised her
From the low garden chair,
Beat for a moment's space
With sudden, yielding grace
While I just kiss'd her hair,
Which nought amazed her;
Soothed her with loving touch,
Loving, but not too much,
When on her little hand
The buckle of her band
Had lightly grazed her?

Slowly our souls between
Mists of reserve crept in—
I reck'd not, blindly—
A sister she became,
O chill and veal-like name!
A great deal less than kin,
Much less than kindly.

Then on the old sweet ways
Of thoughtless, chummy days,
Turning severely,
Pride, hooded in dislike,
Struck as a snake might strike,
And, in the public gaze,
Froze me austerely.

Well, all is vanity;
She'll disillusion'd be,
And I—well, as for me,
When these confusions
Clear from my brain away,
Back in my thoughts I'll stray
Where sunbeams ever play
On lost illusions.



ONE THING AT A TIME.

Genial Master (under the painful necessity of discharging his Coachman). "I'M AFRAID, SIMMONS, WE MUST PART. THE FACT IS, I COULDN'T HELP NOTICING THAT SEVERAL TIMES DURING THE LAST MONTH YOU HAVE BEEN—SOBER; AND I DON'T BELIEVE A MAN CAN ATTEND PROPERLY TO THE DRINK IF HE HAS DRIVING TO DO!"

TO A SCORCHER.

'ARRY, 'ARRY SMITH DE SMITH,
As wheelman you would win renown!
You are the country districts' pest,
You are the nuisance of the town:
You're wan and wild and dust-defiled;
You think you're awfully admired.
Though winner of a hundred "pots,"
Your fame is not to be desired.

'ARRY, 'ARRY SMITH DE SMITH,
You whirl and whisk about the lands.
With shoulders bowed, with lowered pate,
And dull eyes fixed upon your hands.
Oh! take some interest in the scene,
Love birds that sing and flowers that blow;
Try not to be a mere machine,
And let the record-squelcher go!

A LITTLE LESS THAN M'KINLEY, BUT MORE THAN UNKIND.—President CLEVELAND has had to allow the Gorman Act to become law without formally assenting to it. He has had, in fact, to swallow what he would fain reject, an act of involuntary political Gormandising which must be unpleasant.

THAT ADVANCED WOMAN!

(A Symposium à la Mode.)

The Author of "A Saddis Aster" confesses.

I am much flattered by your kind invitation to discuss the Advanced Woman, but an initial difficulty suggests itself to me. Can one discuss the Advanced Woman if this Advanced Woman herself is non-existent? I am aware, of course, that she has stridden large of late in the pages of feminine fiction, but is she not as extinct (before she has ever existed) as her DODO title? Let me make my own confession. I have used, if I did not invent, the A. W. I have secured a remunerative public. Once on a time I wrote of life as I found it. I used my eyes and ears, and endeavoured to let the world have the result in the old-fashioned, wholesome story. It was a dreary failure. The critics commended my style, and the public let me severely alone. *Nous avons changé tout cela.* A theatrical manager who finds his musical piece begin to drag, saves the situation by a New Edition—in other words, by two new songs and some fresh dances. In a similar way I secured a reputation by dragging in (at times by her very heel) the Advanced Woman. True that she resembles no one in actual existence, true, indeed, that she is outrageously and offensively improbable, but the public were not happy till they got her. They're happy now. So am I.

Mrs. Shriek Shriekon speaks out.

I should have thought that *my* views on the Advanced Woman were sufficiently well known; but, since you ask my opinion, I may say at once that I lose no opportunity of inveighing against this *fin-de-siècle* abomination. Once on a time it was not thought unbecoming for a woman to be modest and retiring. She knew her sphere, and, queen in her own selected world, she did not aspire to a sovereignty which naturally belonged to others. If they were alive to-day (and, after all, some of them are), our grandmothers would hardly know their GRAND children—the Heavenly Twins. I am glad that I am permitted to keep burning the sacred lamp of the Old Womanhood. Indeed, it looks as if the jeers which a thoughtless world has hitherto reserved for the Old Maid were being transferred to the Old Woman. Yet to those who have never yielded to the spell of the latter-day notions, there is only dismay in the spectacle of the Advanced Woman sweeping triumphantly on, with her mind full of sex-problems she has not brains enough to understand, and her breath stained with the trace of cigarettes she does not care to conceal. Wholesomeness dies at being dubbed old-fashioned; Modesty does not survive the disgrace of not being up to date. It's a bad world, my masters, and I'm never tired of saying so.

Ann U. Woman dreams of the Future.

The fact that you have invited my opinion with full knowledge of what I shall say, emboldens me to speak out. Man's day (which, like every dog, he has had) draws to an end. For centuries he has had Woman at his mercy. What she is to-day, that he has made her. And what is she? His Doll, his Slave, his "Old Woman." But Man made one fatal mistake. In a weak moment he consented to allow Woman to earn her own living. From that moment our ultimate triumph was assured. Now we know our strength. Told of old that we were brainless, we now become Senior Wranglers. Condemned aforesaid to inactivity, we now realise that in life's struggle there are no prizes we are not competent to secure, though, of course, we are not always permitted. We have precipitated ourselves out of a yellow miasma of stagnant sloth into an emancipated, and advanced day. The Advanced Woman has come to stay—but not with any husband. She will be as free as the air, as strong as the eagle. I must stop, as to do any more fine writing would be to anticipate my next novel. Be sure to get it. It will be called — [No; I can stand a good deal, but not that.—ED.]



"TRIPPING MERRILY."

That holiday cruise on board the good steamship *Cannie Donia*! Did I dream it? or was it a reality? "Are there visions about?" It seems like yesterday or like years ago, and I know it was neither. "Old KASPAR'S,"—or let us say middle-aged KASPAR'S,— "work was done" *pro tem.*, and he could not neglect so great an opportunity, nor refuse so inviting an invitation as that sent him by Sir CHARLES CHEERIE, the Chairman, to come aboard for the trial trip of the G.S.S. *Cannie Donia*. So I, middle-aged KASPAR, work done as aforesaid, did then and thereby become TOMMY the Tripper, and, as such, went aboard the gallant SS. abovementioned, all-to-the-contrary, nevertheless, and notwithstanding.

And what a goodly company!

Sir CHARLES and Lady CHEERIE, perfect host and hostess in themselves. Here too was our TOBY, M.P., waggish as ever. "I am not down on the official list of guests as 'TOBIAS,'" quoth he. "And why?" I gave it up. "Because," says he, answering his own conundrum, "I am a free and independent scribe, and there is nothing *to bias* me. Aha!" The sea air agrees with TOBY, M.P. "And where *would* the Member for Berkshire be," he asks, propounding as it were another and a better puzzle, "but aboard a bonnie barque? My bark," he continues gaily, "may be worse than my bite, but—" Here the bugle-call to breakfast sounds, and from ocular evidence I can roundly assert that whatever his bark may be, I will back his bite—and this without backbiting, of which, as I trust, neither of us is capable—against that of any two of his own size and weight. Yet TOBY *en mangeant* is not the dog in a manger, no, not by any means! With one eye to the main chance, and another to the corresponding comfort of his co-breakfasters, so pursueth he his steadfast course, as indeed do we all, to the astonishment of most of us, through the shoals of toast and butter; over the shallows of eggs; safely through the Straits of Kipper and Kurrie; with a pleasant time in Hot Tea Bay; then through a Choppy sea, between the dangerous rocks of Brawn and Bacon; into the calm Marmaladean Sea, where we ride at anchor and all is well.

After breakfast, the cigar, or pipe, with conversational accompaniment, what time we pace the quarter-deck. Prognostications as to probable weather are "taken and offered" by nautically-attired guests, who, in a general way, may be supposed from their seagoing costume "to know the ropes." Here is the ever amiable and truly gallant Sir PETER PLURAL, looking every inch the ideal yachtsman, as honorary member of the Upper House of Cowes and Ryde Piers. Wonderful man Sir PETER! knows everybody, is liked by everybody; has been yachting and sailing and voyaging for any number of years; knows even the smallest waves by sight, and, if asked, could probably tell you their names! One day he will publish his reminiscences!

We anchor off Queenstown. The estimable, jovial VALENTINE VULCAN, M.P., from the North, must ashore to purchase some trifling knickknacks by way of mementoes of the visit. Instead of "knickknacks" he lays in a stock of "knock-knocks," yclept "shillelaghs," which are served out to him by a delicately pale beauty of Erin, dark-haired, slim waisted, and as elegant as might be any natty girl from County Trim. She shows us some dozen shillelaghs with hard, murderous-looking, bulbous knobs.

"Phew!" whistles VALENTINE VULCAN, M.P., weighing one of these dainty sticks in his hand. "You might get rather a nasty crack from this." I agree with him, and the sad daughter of Erin regards us sadly and sympathetically.

"Maybe," I think to myself, "she has lost a friend or a lover in one of these confounded O'CAULET and O'MONTAGUE rows. Poor girl!" And I eye her with a look wherein admiration is tempered with pity. It occurs to me that I will say something appropriate, just to show her how I, a stranger and a Saxon, feel for her. It may lead her to express her hearty detestation of these faction-fights, and of these deadly fracas with the armed constabulary. So I say, with a touch of deep indignation in my tone, "It's a shame," say I, "that such things as these"—and I nod frowningly at the shillelaghs, which VULCAN, M.P., is twirling meditatively, one in each hand, as if right and left were about to fight it out—"it's a shame that such things as these should be permitted!" The pale, sad, beautiful daughter of Erin, regards me mournfully, and then, in a tone expressive of astonishment blended with firm remonstrance, she asks,—

"An' what *would* the poor Boys use, an' they not allowed fire-arms?"

That was all. No smile is on the lips of Erin's pale daughter. She is apparently in earnest, though both VULCAN and myself, talking it over subsequently, unite in opinion that, perhaps, she had been availing herself of this rare and unique opportunity of "getting at" the Saxon.

So she went on recommending sticks and photographs, and did a good bit of business with our generous VULCAN, M.P., who returned, laden with gifts for various fellow-guests aboard the good SS. *Cannie Donia*.

What amusing nights and delightful days! The ladies—bless 'em!—all charming, and very Barkisses in their perpetual "willingness" to do anything and everything that might give pleasure and afford amusement. Two fairy-gifted maidens entertain us mightily with a capital dramatic sketch of their own composition; others follow suit, playing the piano; and a *sestette* perform, without previous rehearsal, glees, madrigals, part-songs, and choruses to popular plantation melodies, under the leadership of that masterly musician TOM TOLDEROL, whose only regret is that he has not been able to bring on board with him his sixteen-horse-power-fifty-stopped-sixteen-pedal organ (designed and made by the eminent firm of BELLOWS, BLOWER & CO., at a cost of some few thousand pounds), though, as he explains to us, he would have done so, had this musical mammoth been only compressible within the limits of an ordinary carpet bag.

However, *à propos* of organs, we have with us a representative of one of the greatest organs—of the Press—full of wise saws and modern instances; as jolly as a sandboy, or rather as a schoolboy out for a holiday. A sailor every inch of him, and this is saying a great deal, as he must be over six feet, and broad in proportion.

Appropriate, too, as aboard "the craft," is the presence of the Great Grand Secretary, Mr. BENJAMIN BOAZ, A.M., P.G.M., &c., &c., and the still Greater, Grander Something Else, P.P.M., &c., Sir JONATHAN JACHIN, mysterious officers, *Arcades ambo*, of the Secret Rites of Masonry, fall of

nods, winks, becks, wreathed smiles, signs, secrets, fun, frolic, and tales galore.

Ah! the happy days! And the happy evenings! What excellent "toasts" and "returnings of thanks" by my Lord AFFIDAVIT, by Sir POSEIDON A VINKLO (President of the Anchorite Court), by ANDREW McJASON (senior of the Argonautic Firm that built the good ship *Cannie Donia*), and the sprightliest speech of all by Sir CHARLES CHEERIE!

Round to Falmouth, up the Fal, "with our Fal, lal, la," as singeth our brilliant *sestette* to piano, or, to quote Sir JONATHAN, "our P. an' O." accompaniment.

Then S'uth'ards! Then.... But "here break we off."

Thus do I briefly make some record of a "trial trip"; and may no trip that any of us may make, whether involving a trial or not, have worse results than has this, of which, beginning and finishing happily and gloriously as it has done—and such be the *Cannie Donia's* fate evermore—I am privileged to write this slight record, and proud to account myself henceforth as

ONE OF THE TRIPPERS.



Saxon (referring to the shillelaghs). "It's a shame that such things as these should be permitted!"

Daughter of Erin (plaintively). "An' what would the poor Boys use, an' they not allowed Fire-arms?"



AN IMPORTANT 'JUNCTION.

"YOU MIND YOUR FADER GETS MY BOOTS REDDY BY FOUR O'CLOCK, 'COS I'M GOIN' TO A PARTY!"

A PRINCELY OFFER.

["To Poets.—£5 offered for a One-Act Opera Libretto, subject to conditions," &c.
—Advertisement in *"Morning Post."*]

Passed are the days when in accents pathetic
Writers complained of their wage as unjust,
Gone are the times when the genius poetic
Struggled in penury, dined on a crust!

Nor need they longer, who strive for a pittance,
Grieve if the editors still are remiss;
What though the papers refuse them admittance
While they're afforded such chances as this?

Writers of verse, here is news to elate you!
"Poets" (the title you value the most),
Simply magnificent offers await you!—
Vide this paragraph, cut from the *Post*.

Hasten, ye bards (who surely a debt owe
To this MÆCENAS, this opulent man),
Hasten with joy to prepare a *libretto*
Fit to accomplish his excellent plan!

He will fulfil your most lofty ambitions—
Such generosity simply astounds!—
You will receive (under certain "conditions")
Honour, and glory, and fame, and—*five pounds!*

A PARADOX OF THEATRICAL SUCCESS.—At the Criterion very difficult to get into *Hot Water*.

TIPS.

(*To a Friendly Adviser.*)



When starting off on foreign trips,
I've felt secure if someone gave me
Invaluable hints and tips;
Time, trouble, money, these would save me.

I'm off; you've told me all you know.
Forewarned, forearmed, I start, instructed
How much to spend, and where to go;
Yet free, not like some folks "conducted."

Now I shall face, serene and calm,
Those persons, often rather pressing
For little gifts, with outstretched palm.
To some of them I'll give my blessing.

To others—"service" being paid—
Buona mano, pourboire, trinkgeld;
They fancy Englishmen are made
Of money, made of (so they think) *geld*.

The *garçon*, ready with each dish,
His brisk "*Voilà, monsieur*" replying
To anything that one may wish;
His claim admits of no denying.

The *portier*, who never rests,
Who speaks six languages together
To clamorous, inquiring guests,
On letters, luggage, trains, boats, weather.

The *femme de chambre*, who fills my *bain*;
The *ouvreuse*, where I see the *acteur*,
A cigarette to *chef de train*,
A franc to energetic *facteur*.

I give each *cocher* what is right;
I know, without profound researches,
What I must pay for each new sight—
Cathedrals, castles, convents, churches.

Or climbing up to see a view,
From *campanile*, roof or steeple.
Those verbal tips I had from you
Save money tips to other people.

Save all those florins, marks or francs—
Or *pfennige, sous, kreutzer*, is it?—
The change they give me at the banks,
According to the towns I visit.

I seem to owe you these, and yet
Will money do? My feeling's deeper.
I'll owe you an eternal debt—
A debt of gratitude, that's cheaper.

TO SENTIMENT.

(*After a Long Course of Cynicism.*)

"Sentiment is come again."
So says clever Mr. ZANGWILL.
Most things tire the human brain;
Mugwump mockery and slang will:
Pessimism's pompous pose,
Hedonism's virus septic;
Cynicism's cold cock-nose,
Creedless dismals, doubts dyspeptic,
All are wearying—being sham.
Twopenny Timon tires and sickens.
Bitters bore us! We'll try jam!
Back to LYTTON, HOOD, and DICKENS?
Sorrows of sweet seventeen?
Vows that manly one-and-twenty meant?
Yes! we're sick of Cynic spleen.
Let's hark back again to Sentiment!
Saccharine surfeit, after all,
Though it be a trifle sickly,
Changes our long gorge of gall.
Come back, Sentiment, and quickly!

Transcriber's Note:

Inconsistent spelling and hyphenation are as in the original.

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VOLUME 107, SEPTEMBER 22ND, 1894 ***

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