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October 12, 1895, by Various and F. C. Burnand**

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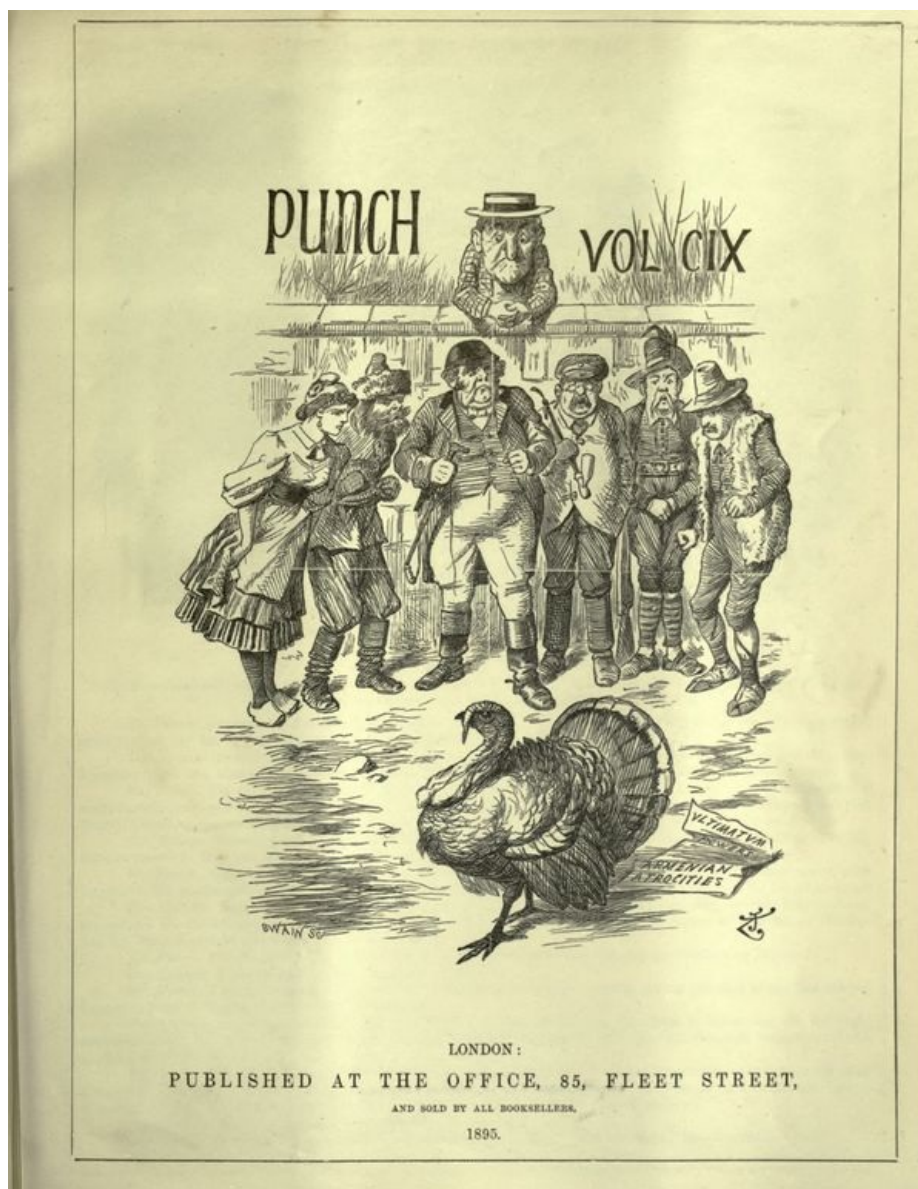
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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI,
VOL. 109, OCTOBER 12, 1895 ***



CHARIVARI.
VOL. 109.
OCTOBER 12, 1895.



TRUE LIBERALITY.

Old Millionaire. "GEORGE, I'VE JUST SENT A GUINEA TO THE 'BALACLAVA VETERANS' HOME."
His only Son and Heir. "A GUINEA, FATHER? WHY, I'VE SENT MORE THAN THAT, OUT OF MY MISERABLE HALF-PAY!"
O. M. "AH, BUT YOU'VE GOT GREAT EXPECTATIONS, GEORGE. I'VE GOT NONE!"

A GRAND OLD GARDENER.

["Through the death of Mr. PETER GRIEVE we have lost one of our best-known landscape gardeners, also a distinguished hybridist and cross-breeder."—*Daily Chronicle.*]

Good gardeners grieve for Mr. PETER GRIEVE,
Who landscape-gardening art has had to leave,
To our regret. Hybridist and cross-breeder,
He in the Garden-World was a great leader.
"Suffolk Sir JOSEPH PAXTON" he was called.
From many an English garden, snugly walled
And florally embellished, plants will come.
He many a zonal pelargonium,
Double petunia, and other blossom,
Has left, of a new race, to deck earth's bosom.
Better than selfish climb to place and power
It is to bless our world with a new flower.
Better than many Tsars, depend upon it,
This Floral King deserves an ode or sonnet.
PETER THE GREAT *was* great, but one lived later
Whom sorrowing *Punch* dares dub "PETER THE GREATER!"

"THE CULTIVATION OF BEES."—SIR,—I see this subject taken up in the *Standard*, but have not had time to peruse the correspondence. I doubt whether bees can be cultivated. I have seen a Learned Pig, Clever Cats, Industrious Hoppers, all thoroughly trained; but never have I come across a Cultivated Bee. The bee is too busy as a worker even to have the leisure which cultivation requires. I have heard of a bee getting so far in his education as to become a "Spelling Bee." But even the "Spelling Bees" seem to have had their day and died out. Yours,

A HUM FROM THE HUMMUMS.

LETTERS TO A FIANCÉE.

MY DEAR GLADYS,—I think your ARTHUR the ideal person to be engaged to. He's serious, you say—he dislikes flippancy—he's inclined to be literal.

Well, surely that's better than being a clown, a buffoon, a mere jester, a Court Fool! How tired you'd get of the cap and bells! of having to laugh, all through life, at your husband's jokes! ARTHUR is sensible; calm in his affection. Is that a reproach? Should you like a "Once-on-board-the-lugger-and-the-girl-is-mine" sort of villain as a lover? Or a "ladies' man"—a warbler of love-songs—a universal provider of compliments, flowers, pretty speeches,—a very WHITELY of gallantry? You'd be bored to death: and dreadfully jealous as well.

As to your tastes not being identical, that doesn't really matter. Make a few sacrifices of those things you don't care about; bicycling, for instance, and skirt-dancing, and then, in return for such self-denial, he'll probably waive his objections to afternoons, private views, or even—in moderation—clever young men.

On some subjects, I know, sympathy seems impossible; for instance, ARTHUR likes music, but detests concerts: while you, on the other hand, while not caring for music are particularly fond of concerts. A little mutual indulgence on both sides will soon put matters straight.

After a slight dispute never hold out an *instant* after he shows repentance. Also, *never avoid showing jealousy when you see he expects it.* This is a valuable "tip." False pride on this subject is a fruitful source of discord.

Do not disagree with his general principles. On the contrary, second them; and give him convincing reasons for his own opinions. When it comes to a particular application of them, that you really object to you are sure to know how to act. Believe everything he says, and never correct him about details, especially not if you know you are right. I don't think I need advise you not to bring out authorities to show he is wrong in the etymology of a word or any other subject of discussion, for *that* is absolutely suicidal, and you would be beyond the pale of reason if you dreamt of such a thing.

Since your cousin FREDDY has been staying with you, I can understand you find it rather awkward. I know FREDDY; with his love of practical jokes (for which you, too, I am certain, have a secret *penchant*), and his determined chatter about his rowing, his riding, and why he didn't back the winner, and how it is he missed the Diamond Sculls, and so on, *ad lib.* I can quite fancy he doesn't get on with ARTHUR, whom he must despise for not having put a hair-brush in his bed the very first evening.

You must have had a difficult day that Sunday that young DE VERNEY and his sister came down. DE VERNEY, rosy-cheeked and babyish-looking, but about whom a morbid interest centres, because he collects jewels, and was said at one time to take morphia; and Miss DE VERNEY, who "writes," and is utterly amazed and contemptuous when she finds someone who has never heard of her. If it were not for your mother, who forgets people's characteristics, and explains them to each other a little wrong—which often saves the situation—the day would have ended in utter want of harmony. DE VERNEY left, pitying you, and his sister feeling sorry for ARTHUR. I am glad you removed—though only just in time—an absurd booby-trap FREDDY had placed in ARTHUR'S room, because ARTHUR had said he "romped"; and when you and your future husband were alone, he said he hoped your companions in the future would be of a very different calibre to your present friends.

The depressing word "calibre," while cheering ARTHUR left you in lowest spirits, but of course you agreed, and then had a tobogganing match with FREDDY the next morning before breakfast, and before ARTHUR had left his room. Write and tell me how you are going on. Is any time fixed for the termination of the engagement? I mean, of course, by marriage.

Your affectionate friend, MARJORIE.

MAXIMUS ORELLIUS.—The author of *John Bull and His Island* has honoured a *South Wales Daily News* interviewer with many interesting personal details. Mons. BLOUËT has a rooted aversion to chairmen, because "they give a sort of formal tone to proceedings which I don't care for." Poor chairmen! After all, this is only what they are intended for. Perhaps another MAX—yclept NORDAN—can give some explanation for this distinctly morbid dislike. One unlucky chairman is overwhelmed with ridicule because, in an introductory speech, *he actually forgot the French humorist's name.* "MAX O'RELL" contemplates changing his profession to that of playwright, and has already written a play which he airily describes as "a high-class comedy, dealing with the British aristocracy." However, this is not his first dramatic venture, for, says he, "in 1870 I had a comedy produced in Paris, but the war breaking out my play came to what I think was an untimely end. I have been repeatedly urged to write for the stage, but have hitherto been content with the success I have attained in other directions." *Vivat modestia!*



"GOLDEN GRAIN."

Sir M-ch-l H-cks-B-ch, Chancellor of the Exchequer (Reaper). "FIRST-RATE HARVEST, EH?"
Sir W-ll-m H-rc-rt. "YES; AND HOW YOU PITCHED INTO ME WHEN I SOWED IT!"

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THE NEW PATENT SPRING-HEELED "BIKE" FOR THE HUNTING FIELD.

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

In a recent number of *The Saturday Review* I read a review of a book of verse, which I need not particularise further, as I am not concerned to affirm or to dispute the justice of the critic's estimate of it. I only refer to it incidentally. The author, according to this reviewer, possessed only the most elementary and commonplace notion with regard to aptness of epithets or allusions. Instances were cited, and we were further asked to believe that with this poet (I quote from the *Saturday*) "the voluble thrush is a family man, and the bibulous bee is a rover."

That sentence absolutely fascinated me. It continued to ring and ring in my brain for hours afterwards. It became the refrain to everything I read and everything I thought of. There was only one remedy. I promptly applied it, made a copy of verses to suit the pursuing sentence, and was cured of my ailment.

A FAMILY MAN AND A ROVER.

A rook and an oyster agreed to dispute
As to which held the record for darting:
The rook said "I'm off like a punt on a chute,"
Said the oyster "I don't think I'm starting:
That is, since I know I'm confoundedly slow,
If the rook on the mark remains steady,
I doubt if I'll wait till the starter says 'go,'
I'll be off when he says 'Are you ready?'"
Then the languishing leopard cried "Run while you can,"
And the cricket remarked "Is it over?"
But the voluble thrush was a family man,
And the bibulous bee was a rover.

A celibate snipe thought they'd better look sharp,
But the oyster said "Who's for the grotto?"
Thus evoking a smile from a casual carp,
Who had "*carpe diem*" for his motto.
And a hairy old, hoary old ourang-outang
Grunted "Harmony, gents, or you'll bore us";
And a bandy-legged beetle, when asked if he sang,
Said he only obliged in a chorus.
Then, to make matters smooth till the racing began,
A dove, who had landed at Dover,
Cooed "Voluble thrush, you're a family man,
But, oh bibulous bee, you're a rover."

The runners themselves were contending for fun
On a track which was wooded with parquet:
The odds at the start were a million to one,
Which I quote as the state of the market.
"Do you think they will win?" said a truculent shark;
But the whale said, "I never think nuffing."
"What a desperate race!" was the puffin's remark—
He was palpably pained by their puffing;
Yet it cheered the whole clan, while their races they ran,
To know someone lived calmly in clover;
For the voluble thrush was a family man,
Though the bibulous bee was a rover.

Round, round came the rook, who was heartily clapped
He was winning, wings down, in a canter;
The succulent bivalve was collared and lapped,
In spite of his beard and his banter.
But a rifle went off, and a dredger drew nigh;
We shall never know which was the winner,
For the rook's next appearance was made in a pie,
And they served up the oyster at dinner.
Which proves very plainly that life is a span;
We are cattle, and Death is our drover.
Fate waits for the thrush, who's a family man,
And the bibulous bee, who's a rover.

No more this week. I am flying from a country where September fails to provide anything but sunshine. Perhaps in Switzerland there may be snow and a sweet foretaste of winter. At any rate, I am off to find out for myself. My next "Roundabout Reading" will be done in the country of

"IN RE DIGGLE V. THE PROGRESSIVES."—Mr. DIGGLE says, as long as ratepayers support the Progressives, the rates will increase. *Ergo*, to support the Progressives, and pay for it, is Reddigle-ous! Quite so.

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SKETCHES FROM SCOTLAND.

ON A CALLANDER CHAR-À-BANCS.

SCENE—*In front of the Trossachs Hotel. The few passengers bound for Callander have been sitting for several minutes on the coach "Fitz-James" in pelting rain, resignedly wondering when the driver will consider them sufficiently wet to start.*

The Head Boots (to the driver). There's another to come yet; he'll no be lang now. (*The cause of the delay comes down the hotel steps, and surveys the vehicle and its occupants with a surly scowl.*) Up with ye, Sir, plenty of room on the second seats.

The Surly Passenger. And have all the umbrellas behind dripping on my hat! No, thank you, I'm going in front. (*He mounts, and takes up the apron.*) Here, driver, just look at this apron—it's sopping wet!

The Driver (tranquilly). Aye, I'm thinking it wull ha' got a bet domp.

The Surly P. Well, I'm not going to have this over *me*. Haven't you got a *dry* one somewhere?

The Driver. There'll be dry ones at Collander.

The Surly P. (with a snort). At Callander! Much good that is! (*With crushing sarcasm.*) If I'm to keep dry on this concern, it strikes me I'd better get inside the boot at once!



The Driver (with the air of a man who is making a concession). Ou aye, ye can get inside the boot if ye've a mind to it.

[*The coach starts, and is presently stopped at a corner to take up a male and female passenger, who occupy the seats immediately behind the Surly Passenger.*

The Female P. (enthusiastically, to her companion). There's dear old Mrs. MACFARLANE, come out to see the last of us! Look at her standing out there in the garden, all in the rain. That's what I always say about the Scotch—they are warm-hearted!

[*She waves her hand in farewell to some distant object.*

"Ou aye, ye can get inside the boot if ye've a mind to it."

Her Companion. That ain't her; that's an old apple-tree in the garden *you're* waving to. *She's* keeping in-doors—and shows her sense too.

The Female P. (disgusted). Well, I *do* think after our being at the farm a fortnight and all, she *might*—But that's Scotch all *over*, that is; get all they *can* out of you, and then, for anything *they* care—!

The Surly P. I don't know whether you are aware of it, Ma'am, but that umbrella of yours is sending a constant trickle down the back of my neck, which is *most* unpleasant!

The Female P. I'm sorry to hear it, Sir, but it's no worse for you than it is for me. I've got somebody else's umbrella dripping down *my* back, and *I* don't complain.

The Surly P. I *do*, Ma'am, for, being in front, I haven't even the poor consolation of feeling that my umbrella is a nuisance to anybody.

A Sardonic P. (in the rear, politely). On the contrary, Sir, I find it a most pleasing object to contemplate. Far more picturesque, I don't doubt, than any scenery it may happen to conceal.

A Chatty P. (to the driver; not because he cares, but simply for the sake of conversation). What fish do you catch in that river there?

The Driver (with an effort). There'll be troots, an, maybe, a pairrch or two.

The Chatty P. Perch? Ah, that's rather like a goldfish in shape, eh?

Driver (cautiously). Aye, it would be that.

Chatty P. Only considerably bigger, of course.

Driver (evasively). Pairrch is no a verra beg fesh.

Chatty P. But bigger than goldfish.

Driver (more confidently). Ou aye, they'll be begger than goldfesh.

Chatty P. (persistently). You've seen goldfish—know what they're *like*, eh?

Driver (placidly). I canna say I do.

[*They pass a shooting party with beaters.*]

Chatty P. (as before). What are they going to shoot?

Driver. They'll jist be going up to the hells for a bet grouse drivin'.

A Lady P. I wonder why they carry those poles with the red and yellow flags. I suppose they're to warn tourists to keep out of range when they begin firing at the butts. I know they *have* butts up on the moor, because I've seen them. Just look at those birds running after that man throwing grain for them. Would those be *grouse*?

Driver. Ye'll no find grouse so tame as that, Mem; they'll jist be phaysants.

The Lady P. Poor dear things! why, they're as tame as chickens. It *does* seem so cruel to kill them!

Her Comp. Well, but they kill chickens, occasionally.

The Lady P. Not with a horrid gun; and, besides, that's such a totally different thing.

The Chatty P. What do you call that mountain, driver, eh?

Driver. Yon hell? I'm no minding its name.

The Surly P. You don't seem very ready in pointing out the objects of interests on the route, I must say.

Driver (modestly). There'll be them on the corch that know as much about it as myself. (*After a pause—to vindicate his character as a cicerone.*) Did ye nottice a bit building at the end of the loch over yonder?

The Surly P. No, I didn't.

Driver. Ye might ha' seen it had ye looked.

[*He relapses into a contented silence.*]

Chatty P. Anything remarkable about the building?

Driver. It was no the building that's remairkable. (*After a severe struggle with his own reticence.*) It was jist the spoat. 'Twas there *Roderick Dhu* fought *Fitz-James* after convoying him that far on his way.

[*The Surly Passenger snorts as though he didn't consider this information.*]

The Lady P. (who doesn't seem to be up in her "Lady of the Lake"). *Fitz-James* who?

Her Comp. I fancy he's the man who owns this line of coaches. There's his name on the side of this one.

The Lady P. And I saw *Roderick Dhu's* on another coach. I *thought* it sounded familiar, somehow. He must be the *rival* proprietor, I suppose. I wonder if they've made it up yet.

The Driver (to the Surly Passenger, with another outburst of communicativeness). Yon stoan is called "SAWMSON'S Putting Stoan." He hurried it up to the tope of the hell, whaur it's bided ever sence.

[*The Surly Passenger receives this information with an incredulous grunt.*]

The Lady P. What a magnificent old ruin that is across the valley, some ancient castle, evidently; they can't build like that nowadays!

The Driver. That's the Collander Hydropawthec, Mem; burrnt doon two or three years back.

The Lady P. (with a sense of the irony of events). *Burnt* down! A Hydropathic! Fancy!

Male P. (as they enter Callander and pass a trim villa). There, that's Mr. FIGGIS's place.

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His Comp. What—that? Why, it's quite a bee-yutiful place, with green Venetians, and a conservatory, and a croaky lawn, and everything! Fancy all that belonging to him! It's well to be a grocer—in these parts, seemingly!

Male P. Ah, we ought to come up and start business here; it 'ud be better than being in the Caledonian Road!

[They meditate for the remainder of the journey upon the caprices of Fortune with regard to grocery profits in Caledonia and the Caledonian Road respectively.]

THE WHEEL OF FATE.

(A Fragment of an Old Romance, slightly Modernised.)

CHAPTER XXI.

"GRAMMERCY!" quoth the Baron D'AGINCOURT, as he rolled off his bicycle into a potato-bed; "'tis a full-mettled steed! Methinks those varlets have fed him with overmuch oil of late, so restive is he become. And, lack-a-day! My doublet is besmirched with mire! Thou smilest, I see, AGATHA. There is but scant reason for merriment, shameless girl!"

"Nay," replied the beauteous Lady AGATHA, as with exquisite skill she rode her dainty steed (a thorough-bred Coventry) up and down the terrace, "'twas not at thy mishap, dear father! Of a truth thou must be sorely bruised. Was not that thy seventh fall this afternoon? If I smile, 'tis but that I am happy."

"Humph!" said the Baron, as he hopped painfully behind his machine, vainly endeavouring to mount anew. "Happy, eh? And wherefore? Whom hast thou seen to change thy mood so greatly since this morning? 'Twas but a few hours ago that thou wast weeping over some trifle of a spilt oil-can. Ah, I am up at last!"

"I have seen none," said the lovely maiden, with blushing cheeks; "at least, save only——" She hesitated, doubtfully.

"Whom, girl?" insisted her father.

"Sir ALGERNON FITZCLARENCE."

With a desperate swerve, the Baron rode towards her, his face purple with passion.

"What, thou hast chosen to disobey me again? Talking with him whom I had forbidden to come within twenty leagues of my castle! Now, by St. Humber, both thou and he shall rue this day! I say that——"

The Baron's skill failed him once more, and he was shot off into the gooseberry-bushes.

"Nay, hear me, dear father——"

"Cease!" roared the angry Baron. "What ho, there! Lead the Lady AGATHA," he commanded, as twenty men rushed forwards in answer to his summons, "into the upper dungeon. And, varlets, bring me the sticking-plaster."

CHAPTER XXII.

'Twas midnight. Alone in the dismal cell to which her father's cruelty had consigned her, the Lady AGATHA wept unceasingly. Sleep came not to her weary eyes, she paced restlessly up and down, or gazed through the narrow bars of the window over the moonlit landscape.

Suddenly she started! Was it fancy? Nay, 'twas a human voice, manly, resonant, and strong, that sang beneath her window. She could catch some of the words:

"O sweetest blossom of the lea,
O daintiest flower of the field!
For love, for hopeless love of thee
My reason must her kingdom yield" ...

Good heavens! It was ALGERNON FITZCLARENCE!

"Across the land, across the main,
A single steed shall bear us twain."

He was ascending by a ladder! His face appeared at the window!

"Ah, darling AGATHA," he said, "news was brought me of thy parlous state! But dry thy tears, my sweet! See"—he snapped the massive bars with the little finger of his left hand—"the cage is

broken. Two of the swiftest Singers are saddled for us at the castle gate. Let us fly together!"

Noiselessly the gallant steeds flitted along the road.

"Were't not best to light our lamps?" whispered AGATHA. "Methinks that the sage councillors of the parish——"

"Nay, I fear them not," said the intrepid FITZCLARENCE. "Enough for me is the light of thine eyes."

Suddenly their steeds slackened pace simultaneously, and a faint hissing sound was heard. They looked at one another, and groaned.

"We are punctured!" cried Agatha. It was too true. At the foot of a steep hill they dismounted, their tyres flabby, shapeless, useless. FITZCLARENCE passed his hand over the ground.



"He vanished over the cliff."

"As I thought!" he said bitterly, "'tis thy father that hath contrived this! He hath scattered tin-tacks broadcast over the road to foil our attempt to escape! But we will baffle him yet."

For some minutes he worked his air-pump in silence. Suddenly a sound was heard at which AGATHA grew deathly pale. It was the clear resonant note of a bicycle bell!

"We are pursued!" she cried. "Let us fly, ALGERNON."

"We cannot," said her practical lover; "the tyres are almost empty. We can but meet our doom bravely!"

Lightning! FITZCLARENCE understood in a moment what had happened. The Baron was but an unskilful rider, and had allowed his machine to run away with him down the hill!

To stop him was impossible. He went along the highway for thirty-two and a half miles, and then, with a last despairing yell, he vanished over the cliff, still seated on his steed, and was buried beneath the waves of the English Channel. So FITZCLARENCE and AGATHA returned to the castle, and lived happily ever after.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

In the *Nineteenth Century* the Baron skimmed an article on "The Gold-mining Madness in the City," by S. F. VAN OSS. There's a deal of method in this madness. Isn't it rather presumptuous in a "Van Oss" to advise Bulls and Bears not to make asses of themselves?

Amusing article in *Macmillan* for this month on "Moll Cutpurse." Even OLIVER, the Protector, couldn't protect himself from this nimble-handed, light-fingered lady, who entertained very practical notions on the Common-wealth.

Capital chatty book, published by ARROWSMITH (but evidently ought to have been published by "CHATTY AND WINDUS"), is *Platform, Press, Politics and Play*, by our worthy gossip, T. H. S. ESCOTT. "Just the sort of book for a quiet half hour in these chill October evenings," quoth the

BUSY BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

PASTEUR.

[M. PASTEUR, the great French bacteriologist, died at St. Cloud on Saturday, September 28.]

At the great PASTEUR's passing we must grieve
De tout notre cœur:
May the Good Shepherd's pastures fair receive
Notre Bon PASTEUR.

A Cruel Jest.

Householder (to unfamiliar Gas Collector). I don't seem to know your face. Where's the usual man—JONES?

Collector. Laid up in bed.

Householder (bitterly). Of course, with the old complaint—gas-trick fever—eh?

"ONE OF THE 'UPPER TEN.'"—"Rev. HERBERT BROOKE," we read in the *Daily News*, has been "appointed to the chaplaincy of Les Avants, above Montreaux, Switzerland." Above Montreaux! In such a position the reverend gentleman will be a very high churchman. Likewise ought he to be a very learned one, seeing that he is to be chaplain to *Les Savants*.

The Member for SARK writes from the remote Highlands of Scotland, where he has been driving past an interminable series of lochs, to inquire *where the keys are kept?* He had better apply to the local authorities in the Isle of Man. They have a whole House of Keys. Possibly those the hon. Member is concerned about may be found among them.

TAKEN FOR GRANTED.—Although members of the London County Council, whose business it is to attend to the "nice conduct" of theatres and music-halls, may be said to have "given up all their wild proceedings" of a year ago, their actions of late have, nevertheless, been characterised by "unbridled license."

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FELINE AMENITIES.

Female Friend (to fair Author of "The Woman who Durstn't"). "Now you've had such a success, I suppose your publishers will take any rubbish you choose to write!"

MICHAELMAS TERM AT CAMBRIDGE.

According to orders issued September 29, Feast of St. Goose, the Vice-Chancellor has given notice that during Michaelmas Term there will be Congregations, when will be performed by the A. C. C. (Amateur Cambridge Concert Club) the well-known Choral, "*Goosey Goosey Gander*." (Music by GOOSENS.) The Volunteers will practice the Goose Step from two to four every afternoon till further orders.

After exams, the ceremony of "Plucking" will take place in public.

Lectures on "*How to get your Goose Cooked*," with receipts for *Making the sauce for the gander*, by M. C. A. (Master of Culinary Art).

Lecture on the right explanation of the treatise "*De Goose-tibus*." [N.B.—*The undergraduate who comes out first in examination on this subject will be entitled to wear a feather in his cap.*]

Special Greek Kalendarly Lecture on the history of "*Xerxes and the Gandaræ*."

The subject of the Lecture on Horticulture will be "*The Growth of the Great Gooseberry, and its Gradual Extinction*."

Commercial History. Subject: "*On Banking, and the Rise of the House of Gosling*."

Lectures on the Stage by Lord ACTON, with inquiry concerning the Hisstrionic occasion when "The Goose" was first heard in a theatre. His Lordship has been specially engaged by the A. D. C. to bring out a new edition of Plays, under the heading of "*The Acton Drama*."

COURT ON AGAIN.—Mr. GODFREY'S *Vanity Fair* (a misleading title; and the story is more nearly related to *Pendennis* than to *Vanity Fair*) is still "on" at the Court Theatre. Let Play-Inspector advise those who have not seen Mr. ARTHUR CECIL as the imperturbable *Lord Nugent*, and who have yet to witness the excellent acting of Mr. SUGDEN, wonderfully made up as *The Duke of Berkshire*, who have still to see Mr. WILLIAM WYES as *Brabazon Tegg*, and Mrs. JOHN WOOD as the eccentric *Mrs. Brabazon Tegg* (once a music-hall artiste), to go to the Court Theatre, and enjoy a thoroughly good all-round performance.

NOTE AT THE RECENT MEDICAL SESSION.—Among the names of the distinguished lecturers during last week's Medical Session, occurred the remarkable one of "Dr. GEORGE DE ATH." It is a pleasant way of putting it. These two syllables cannot say of themselves, "*In Death we are not divided.*"

TO A FRIEND OF MINE.

Ah, cherubic little curate, in your surplice spick and span,
Who has struck that happy medium 'twixt an angel and a man,
Would it bore you much to tell me how you managed to attain
To that turret of perfection which in time I hope to gain?

For I see you in the pulpit, and I dote upon your word,
And I listen to such eloquence as rarely I have heard;
But at times there comes a whisper, like the flutter on the wind,
Were you always, little curate, such a pattern of your kind?

When a schoolboy, young and noisy, did you never tell a fib,
Or use a KELLY'S literal "key" (ah, call it not a crib!)?
Did you never, at a season when your age was hardly ripe,
Encircle with your rosy lips a surreptitious pipe?

And when you went to Cambridge was your 'Varsity career
As spotless as your surplice, and as uniformly clear
From a vestige of a blemish? Oh, you *properest* of men,
Were you never, never proctored—were you *always* in at ten?

THE NEW LORD MAYOR ELECT.—A congratulatory chorus to the New Lord Mayor elect, Sir WALTER WILKIN, should be at once written, composed, and rehearsed in order to be sung on November 9, to the accompaniment of the "trained bands." The words may be selected from SHAKESPEARE and MILTON; the solos, consisting of a verse apiece, may

"Amaze the Wilkin with their broken staves."

While some military poet could be fitly employed to celebrate the glorious deeds of the New Lord Mayor, Sir WALTER WILKIN, Victorious Wolunteer, telling how

"With feats o arms
From either end of London the Wilkin burns!"

Pardonable Error in Orthography.

DEAR SIR CRÆSUS,—Mamma begs me to tell you that EMILY is to be married on the 20th at Hanover Square, and hopes she may count on your presents.

Yours truly, JEMIMA SMITH.

To Sir CRÆSUS DIVES, Bart., *Goldacre, Mintshire.*



"GOOD DOG!"

L-RD S-L-SB-RY. "VERY USEFUL DOG THIS—I MAY WANT HIM AGAIN!"
 "THE UNSPEAKABLE" (*over the wall—aside*). "OH, LOR!!"

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Coster (to acquaintance, who has been away for some months). "WOT ARE YER BIN DOIN' ALL THIS TIME?"

Bill Robbins (who has been "doing time"). "OH I'VE BIN WHEELIN' A BIT, OLE MAN—WHEELIN' A BIT!"

SCRAPS FROM CHAPS.

HAPPY LOTS FOR HAPPY SCOTS.—The *Glasgow Herald* has been making fun of the Scotch—no, we mean the Scottish—no, we don't, we mean the Scots—Professor. Here is its description of him:—

He, and he alone, can lead a perfectly groomed life. He has an income of between £600 and £2,000 a year. At the outside his work, after he has fairly got settled down to it, means four hours a day for five days a week during six months of the year.... The modern Scotch professor in fact is, or ought to be, that "model man of the world," of whom all of us poor slaves of business and convention stand secretly in awe.

On the St. Andrews golf links he is to be seen on great occasions "living up to his moustaches and knickerbockers." He has his London club, mingles in the highest literary coteries, and is always talking about "charming girls." Evidently the professorial chair in a Norbritish University is a very comfortable kind of arm-chair, and our "Arts Professor" a professor—and practiser, too—of various useful arts.

WAIL FROM THE WEST.—They are trying at Bristol to move the G. W. R. to give better train facilities between Bristol, Salisbury, Southampton, and Portsmouth; and the Chamber of Commerce has sent in a memorial asking for a "complete remodelling of the service between such important centres of commercial activity," and complaining of the "unsatisfactory service of trains on other parts of your system," particularly on the Devizes, Marlborough, and Reading branch. Why, suggests the Chamber, not run three fast trains a day up and down *viâ* the new Holt Junction, "instead of all trains going into Trowbridge, and waiting nearly an hour." Why, indeed? West-of-Englanders seem to think that "your system" needs strengthening, and so they are supplying a little bark as a tonic, for "local application" only.

To this Chamber of Commerce the fault of the Co.
Is running too seldom, and moving too slow.

EVIDENT, AS APPROPRIATE SITE.—"Eely Place" for a *Conger*-regational Chapel.

THE LAST TURNPIKE.

["The last of the old turnpike trusts is to terminate on the 1st of November."—*Daily News*.]

Remember, remember the first of November!—

The old turnpike system grew old, ripe, and rotten;
But man loves to dream by the Past's waning ember,
And turnpikes, though troublesome, won't be forgotten.
Like old inns and highwaymen, stocks and stage-coaches,
The white turnpike bars have their memories fragrant;
But on quaint antiquities Progress encroaches.
The knight of the road, and the picturesque vagrant,
The "Highflyer" coach and the postchaise have vanished;
And now the old turnpike is destined to follow.
When from his snug box the last toll-taker's banished,
One feels the Romance of the Road will sound hollow.
The toll was a nuisance, the toll-keeper grumpy,
He turned out to pocket his coppers and tanners
With curt elocution which made one feel jumpy;
There wasn't much charm in his dress or his manners.
His "stand and deliver" made timid folk quiver,
And when not despotic he mostly looked drowsy;
He'd keep you a-waiting till all of a shiver,
Then yawn on you, looking forbidding and frowsy.
And yet his snug box and white bars had attractions.
The gleam from his fire, the red rose o'er his portal,
Would make you forgive his rough ways and exactions,
And TURPIN and *Weller* have made him immortal.
His locks, bolts, and bars were extremely obstructive,
But then his white apron and mannerless greeting—
In retrospect—take on a something seductive.
Sure oft on our highways his spook, slowly fleeting,
With glimmering shirt-sleeves and coin-chinking pocket,
Will haunt the lone traveller; make him remember
The jolly old days of the fast-rattling "Rocket,"
And heave one sad sigh for this fatal November.

"APPROBATION FROM SIR HUBERT STANLEY IS PRAISE INDEED!"—Sir ARTHUR was highly pleased with the

Leeds Festival chorus-folk. "I praise you," he said to them, "from the bottom of my heart." Praise from "the top of a heart" would be nothing, but to pump it up, from the depths, expresses the profundity of admiration. Then added Sir Arthur, "The greatest privilege of my life is"—now just pause; think what could possibly be "the greatest privilege" of Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN's life? The privilege of musical genius? No. Give it up? Yes. Then read on. "The greatest privilege of my life is that His Royal Highness will, at my request, tell you what he thinks of the chorus." O immortal *Jabberwock!*

"O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!
He chortled in his joy."

Whereupon H. R. H. observed, most discreetly, "It is not for me to make criticisms; that I leave to your amiable conductor." Bee-ew-tiful!! This chorus will "get a bit above itself." Dangerous precedent, O amiable conductor!

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SCENES AT THE UGANDA EXHIBITION OF 1900.

No. I.—THE OPENING CEREMONY WENT OFF WITH GREAT ÉCLAT.

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SMORLTORKIANA.

["Count Smorltork—the famous foreigner—gathering materials for his great work on England!... 'Have you been long in England?' asked Mr. Pickwick. 'Long—very long time—fortnight—more.' 'Do you stay here long?' 'One week.' 'You will have enough to do,' said Mr. Pickwick, 'to gather all the materials you want in that time.' 'Eh, they are gathered,' said the Count."—*Pickwick.*]

The Smorltork race have multiplied
Since DICKENS wrote about them.
They prate and rate on every side;
Fools read, and wise men doubt them.
To every land from every land,
Post-haste, the prattlers travel.
They take a week to understand,
A fortnight to unravel,
A month, at most, to write a book
That sums up all creation;
They fathom England in a look.
And France in a sensation.
But most of all they seem to love
To cross the wide Atlantic.
Then Jove and all the gods above
Must roar at Smorltork antic.
SMORLTORK—a Briton or a Frank,
A scribe or a fanatic—
The Yankee race will gauge, grade, rank,
In summary emphatic.
He, like a cockney sparrow, cocks
His eye at all around him,

As Pharisee his sense it shocks,
As Philistine, confounds him.
In seven hours he sums a State,
In seven days the lot of them;
And his next business is—to "slate"
And talk prodigious rot of them.
At a huge, motley continent
He gives a glance quite cursory,
And vows it seethes with discontent,
And is corruption's nursery.
He finds New York a Tammany den,
Chicago just a Hades;
The Yankees not quite gentlemen,
The Yankee girls scarce ladies.
Slave to the sex, the male, he vows,
Is but the female's poodle;
And when not worshipping his spouse,
He bows the knee to "Boodle."
The labouring East, the lawless West,
He scans in a "split second,"
And in "two jiffs" of scampering quest
The Stars and Stripes are "reckoned."
They're "gathered" in his shallow brain,
Like pea-nuts in a pannikin.
Bah! SMORLTORK is a vapid, vain,
Vituperative mannikin.
"Potry, poltic, science, art,
All tings"—from pigs to pictures—
He bans in criticisms "smart,"
And sciolistic strictures.
Of courtesy the open shame,
Of feelings coarse affronter.
He's only fit to play the game
Of Mrs. LEO HUNTER.
For when to other lands he strays,
The fool insults their banners,
Because *he* doesn't like their ways,
Nor understand their manners.
Peripatetic *Podsnap*, he
Makes *Punch's* nerves feel tinglish,
Who naught of good abroad can see
Because it is not "English."
Ah, Brother JONATHAN, old friend,
The Smorltork chitter-chatter
Some day, like Tammany, will end,
Meanwhile it doesn't matter.
The SMORLTORKS are a shallow set,
Cantankerous and cranky;
But *Punch* takes not from them, "you bet,"
His notions of things Yankee!

MOTTO OF STALKERS.—"Going for deer life!"



Curate. "SO SORRY TO HEAR YOUR HUSBAND'S MET WITH AN ACCIDENT, MRS. SNAPE."

Mrs. Snape. "YES, SIR, 'E'S VERY BAD, PORE MAN! 'E WUR WORKIN' ON THE RAILWAY LINE TH' OTHER DAY AN' A ENGINE COME ALONG AN' RUN CLEAN OVER 'IS PORE LEG; AN' NOW 'E'LL BE LAID UP ABED FOR WEEKS. IT'S WHAT I B' LIEVE THE DOCTORS CALLS *LOCOMOTIVE ATTACKS YE!*"

NET PROFITS.—Mr. CUMMING MACDONA, M. P.'s recent letter to the *Times* about the hundred French boats that he saw starting from Dieppe for a three months' fishing cruise off the west coast of Ireland, has led to a demand by Irish papers for Government help to Irish fisheries. Why, they ask, should money be given to farmers and not to fishers? The *Cork Constitution*, however, goes to the root of things by saying that "want of enterprise and thrift," not want of pence, leads to Irish fish being caught by the anglers of Dieppe. The State has already constructed improved harbours and light railways. It is for the fisher-folk to respond by getting boats and nets, and using them; until which time the early Gaul will get the best haul.

SIMS REEVES AT THE EMPIRE.

My pretty JANE! My pretty JANE!
 The contract did I sign!
 So meet me, meet me at the Empire!
 I sing at half-past nine.
 It may be earlier, or later, JANE.
 For time your SIMS sims to defy,
 But read the posters of the Empire—
 The boom will catch your eye!

CABBY; OR, REMINISCENCES OF THE RANK AND THE ROAD.

(By "*Hansom Jack*.")

["Gentlemen, the way to see London is from the top of a 'bus—from the top of a 'bus, gentlemen!"—*Mr. Gladstone to American Visitors*.]

No. VII.—'BUSSES, BILKS, AND BOOSYS.

Top of a 'bus! Well, I've nothing to say against knifeboards or garden-seats, quite the contrary. Looked at as look-outs on London itself, *as a city*, they're easy, commanding, and airy. G. O. M. hit it in once to those Yankees. But still, if you'd view London *life*, as a wholer, Not mere bricks and mortar and lamp-posts, I'll back what cute BENJAMIN D. called the London Gondöler.

I've drove the Grand Old One, though 'e's such a walker 'e don't give the wheels so much work as did DIZZY.

But I'd like to stick 'im some hours on *my* perch with my 'ed at 'is elber. Ah, *then* we'd be busy. The 'bus 'as the pull of us one way, you see; *our* fares can't git mounting the roof; they're insiders!

But Cabby looks inside *and* out, and that way gits the bulge on the rest of the drivers and riders.

Moresomeover the 'busses and trams keep the main, whilst we 'Ansoms can take all the short-cuts and bye-ways;

And when you know sububs and slums, you're aware London life don't all run in the big stream of 'ighways.

Its creeks and its backwaters, ditches and dykes, they teem, fairly teem, though their dwellers—poor cusses!—

Can only just ketch the tram-bells in the distance, and ain't never bossed from the knifeboards of 'busses.

That's just where swell ink-slingers miss the true London. That wasn't the way though with good CHARLEY DICKENS.

Pickwick is one of the books in our Shelter, and *Pickwick*, I 'old, gives the reader rare pickins.

When drying my legs over corfee and heggs I git a larf out o' that patter o' *Sammy*.

It ain't quite *our* up-to-date kibosh, o' course, but the way as that *Sam* chewed the rag was just jammy.

Knowed some queer things about London, 'e did, 'is London, of course, cabrioleys and such-like.

My survey's "extensive," and likeways "pecooliar," in that me and *Sammy* seem much of a much like.

A whip, like old *Weller*, I do not, like 'im, do the same bit o' road, come-day-go-day together.

I know, in my line, every inch of the town, at all times o' day, and in all sorts o' weather.

I'd just like a turn "Round the Town" with young *Sam*, or a talk over sossige and mashed in our Shelter;

Comparing of notes, with the Growler for chorus, I 'aven't no doubt we should come out a pelter.

"Cabby," they sing, "knows 'is fare." I should think so, or else 'e must be a blind mug or a babby.

And who, from a dook to a chorister minx, 'asn't, one time or other, *been* "fare" to a Cabby?

I've driven the dook and the damsel together, as fur as that goes. And the dook was that squiffy

'E wanted to go me "dooks up" for the fare. But that would 'ave brought down the slops in a jiffy.

You mustn't 'ave *much* flesh and blood, as a Cabby, I tell you. At scrapping we're most of us 'andy;

But knockin' out nob's, as a rule, doesn't pay, when said nob's 'ave been mixing champagne and neat brandy.

The boosys and bilks try our tempers, I tell you. But tempers are luxuries, like sparrer grass is.

If you've seen a helderly, hamorous gent, *on* the tiddley, you know what a worriting ass is.

Argue for hours about sixpence, 'e will, then 'unt all 'is pockets, and find 'e aint got one.

Collapse in a corner, and fall fast asleep, with a boiled baby smile on 'is chump. 'E's a 'ot one.

Hit 'im? Oh no! 'E may waste you a hour, and then offer a drink, which 'e 'asn't the price of,

And maunder and mumble till you are arf mad; but if an old stager you'll take the advice of,

You *won't* knock 'is 'ead off! It's tempting, I know, and sometimes you would give twice the fare for the pleasure;

But squiffy old gents are the magistrates' pets, they've got money—at 'ome—and, what's more,

lots of leisure!

"TREACLE" now, can't 'old 'is tongue with old Tiddleys. Poor "TREACLE" was once a smart gentleman farmer,
And kep 'is own dog-cart. 'E's got one fair daughter, who, even in chocolate cotton's a charmer.
Ah! sweet as fresh 'ay, in a manner o' speaking, is young BESSIE FINCH, though she's but a machiner.
Its curious 'ow sulky old "TREACLE" lights up when 'is gal BESSIE brings 'im 'is poor bit o' dinner.

'E was just taking up an old Tiddlely one time when Miss BESSIE turned up, and the bosky old geeser
Made eyes at the maid, and said just arf a word, when poor TREACLE'S fist caught 'im a slap on 'is sneezer
As made 'im see stars. 'Twas a trifle too previous, p'r'aps, for a sulky old chip of a Cabby;
A 'ero don't *look* like a 'ero somehow when 'is phiz is wind-blue and 'is billycock shabby.

Old Tiddlely was quite a respectable gent, a benevolent buffer, who lived out at Clapham;
And when subub saints 'ave been dining a mossel, it won't do for grumpy old Growlers to slap 'em.
So "TREACLE," as usual, got toko, you see, likeways missed a good fare, 'long o' bein' too 'asty;
Which shows as a Cabby 'is temper must check, and in trifles must not be *too* ticklish or tasty.

OUR FAMILY EXCHANGE COLUMN.

[The *Review of Reviews* has started a Baby and Matrimonial Exchange.]

WANTED IMMEDIATELY, a Complete Set of Ancestors, by Advertiser, who is giving up Business and going in for High Finance. Crusaders or Plantagenets Preferred, or County Family of not less than Three Hundred Years Standing, on Approval. Guaranteed Pedigree Required. Will offer in Exchange 100,000 £1 Consolidated Gold Mine Shares.—Address, "South Africa," 507, Boom St.

I WILL GIVE UP All Rights in my Mother-in-Law in return for Second-hand Safety Bicycle, or 10s. Cash.—ED., Angelina Villas.

A BOON TO TESTATORS!—What Offers? A Poor Relation is Willing to Adopt Wealthy Old Lady (without encumbrance), having recently had a difference with his Relatives. Will Gladly exchange Views on the subject with any Benevolent and Elderly Gentlewoman.—"Legatee," c/o SMITHERS, Tobacconist, Old Kent Road.



CHANCE FOR PHILANTHROPISTS!—Absolutely Given Away!! After-season Clearance. Professional Man wishes to part with the last of a large assortment of Indigent Relatives. Excellent Opening for Capitalist. Warranted a Steady and Reliable Applicant for Assistance. No Charitable Old Maid should miss this Opportunity.—Address "Ratepayer," care of SMITHERS, Tobacconist. O. K. Road.

TWINS!—TWINS!!—TWINS!!!—Do you Want a Pair of Twins, quite new, with good strong voices and hearty appetites? They would appeal *to* any Mother's Heart. Must reduce establishment. Would hand over to any young Married Couple with a Vacancy. Will take Fox-terrier or Prize Bantam.—"Pater," Letter Box 8 W.

WILL ANYONE oblige me with a Third Cousin-Twice-Removed, as my collection of specimens is incomplete? Have Half-step-sister-in-law (very rare variety, and very little worn) to spare.—"G.," "Family Tree" Inn, Hanwell.

GEORGE has a Smart and Good-looking Sister, whom he would be glad to swap for some Other Fellow's Sister, of similar appearance. Best Man also wanted.—Address, Bray House, Strand.

TO SELL OR EXCHANGE, a Job Lot of Uncles, mostly Wrong 'Uns. Would do for Sandwich-Men or Supers. No cash offer refused.—"A Dutiful Nephew," 1, Queer Street.

SOMETHING ATTRACTIVE IN A NAME.—Among the directors on the Board of the Mount Torrens Gold Mining Co., Limited, occurs a delightful name which we have not seen in real life since it first appeared in *Strapmore* many years ago. It is "ALF PINTO"; the surname is "LEITE," and he is "Director of the Miner's Dream Gold Mines, Limited,"—why limit a "dream"? Is it not delightfully attractive? We trust "ALF PINTO" will find plenty of *Whole Quartz O!* and that the success of the "M. T. G. M." may be the exact opposite of its two first initials, *i.e.*, not "M. T." but quite full, up to the brim.

CANADIAN COPYRIGHT.—*The Author* says "the much-vexed question of Canadian copyright has at length made some steps towards a settlement." Mr. CAINE, who has sailed for Canada, as one of the "settlers," is equal to "two single gentleman rolled into one," being certainly CAINE and, most

decidedly, Able.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI, VOL.
109, OCTOBER 12, 1895 ***

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