

Punch, or the London Charivari, Volume 100, June 27, 1891 eBook

Punch, or the London Charivari, Volume 100, June 27, 1891

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PUNCH,

Or the London charivari.

Vol. 100.

June 27, 1891.

A WAIL FROM THE TUB.

A reminiscence of Sunday, the 14th of June.

Scene.—Hyde Park. Demonstration in progress, with the not unreasonable object of inducing Parliament to extend the Factory Acts to small and insanitary laundries. A lengthy procession, composed of sympathetic Railway Workers, Cabmen, Journeymen Tailors, Gas Stokers, House-Decorators, Carpenters, &c., &c., alt with resplendent banners and hired bands, has marched into the Park, together with some lorries and drags containing deputations of ladies from the laundry in the highest possible spirits. Once arrived, each platform chiefly concerns itself with the grievances of its own particular supporters, while a crowd of sightseers circulates, enjoying the oratory with a desultory impartiality. The usual silhouettes of gesticulating speakers appear like jerky clockwork figures above the throng. A crowd of Socialists are “remembering Chicago” in a corner. The chief centre of attraction is a drag occupied by a Philanthropic Young-lady Chairwoman, her chaperon, some leading laundresses, one or two male sympathisers, and a couple of reporters. The Chairwoman conducts the proceedings with the greatest possible tact and grace, but is slightly hampered by the levity of a



crowd composed of factory-girls, semi-imbecile larrikins, and professional laundresses, whose burning anxiety for reform masks itself under a surface frivolity. In the neighbourhood is a lorry decorated with clean shirts, and occupied by young washerwomen fired by an enthusiasm which manifests itself in bursts of shrill cheering and lively interchange of chaff with the spectators. In the meantime, the business of this particular platform proceeds somewhat as follows:—

The Chairwoman (with patient good-humour). Now, I'm sure you'll all be as quiet as you can while I ... (Hubbub, caused by a personal altercation between two Women in the crowd, and shouts of "Order!") Because really my doctor has ordered me not to speak in the open air at all ... (Here an ill-conditioned female, taking offence for some inscrutable reason, remarks loudly, "'Er doctor, indeed, she's a beauty, she is—'er



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and 'er doctor!" *More calls to order, and extreme indignation of the ill-conditioned female at being informed that she is "no lady," and had "better 'old 'er jaw"; ribald and utterly meaningless jests by the larrikins.*) Order, please! (*Imploringly.*) I know you won't make it harder for me than you can help. (*A young Lady in a very tall hat and feather is heard demanding that the Gentleman in front of her should remove his "boxer," on pain of obliging her to remove it herself; the question is argued at length.*) ... You all know the purpose for which we have ... (*Here an enthusiastic old Lady on the drag begins to cheer aimlessly, and wave a scrubbing-brush; the Laundresses on the lorry join in.*) Well, we're going to ask Parliament ... (*Another female in crowd: "'Ullo, there's Mrs. JINNINGS, along with the toffs! I want to 'ear Mrs. JINNINGS speak, I do!'"*) ... I shall now ask you to listen to a speaker—Mrs. GOFFIN—who has had several years' practical experience of laundry-work, and she will tell you, I am sure, what the hardships and injustices are which we are trying to put an end to.

[*Mrs. GOFFIN, a stout, red-faced Lady, mounts the seat with a cheery confidence, amidst roars of laughter, and shouts of "Go it, old girl!" "Don't forgit to send my shirt home next week!" &c., &c. The female in the crowd repeats her preference for Mrs. JINNINGS' oratory; a string of factory-girls, in high-feathered hats, having just elbowed their way into the throng, suddenly conceive a desire to "get a breath o' air somewhere," and accordingly push and trample their way out again with a Parthian discharge of refined raillery—after which Mrs. GOFFIN's voice becomes audible.*]

[*Illustration: "I've been and spoke to hover forty Members o' Parlyment myself!"*]

Mrs. Goffin. Why, I've been and spoke to hover forty Members o' Parlyment on the subjeck myself, I 'ave, and they was all on our side, 'cept three or four, as was lawyers—and you know what *they* are! (*The crowd expresses hearty disapproval of the Profession as a body.*) One on 'em sez to me, "My good woman, I'm against 'aving the Factory Acts. I'm all for freedom, I am!" "So am *I* all for freedom," I sez, "but ..." (*Here another disturbance takes place; a little man, with red whiskers, has mildly objected to being leant upon by a burly stranger, who bawls—"What are you afraid on? You ain't bin fresh painted, 'ave yer? Are yer 'oller inside—or what? Ga arn—I never knoo a carrotty-'aired man good for anything yet," &c., &c.*) Then there's Mr. MATTHEWS, the 'OME SECKERTARY, 'e's against us, which I think 'e must be a woman-'ater hisself! (*Feeling suggestion from crowd that the HOME SECRETARY has suffered a disillusion in his younger days.*) But I was goin' to tell yer what we poor women 'ave got to put up with. Now there's a Mrs. HIRONMOULD, of Starch Row,



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Hacton Green, as I've worked for. (*A Lady in crowd, who knows Mrs. H. "Ah, she's a beauty!" Cheers for Mrs. HIRONMOULD.*) Well, I'll tell yer something about 'er—it'll jest show you what *she* is! Why, that woman, as I know myself, she acshally ... (*She relates a personal and Rabelaisian reminiscence of Mrs. H., to the huge delight of the audience.*) I'll tell yer another thing—I've worked for a man down at South End, Healing, and this'll show yer the amount o' hinsult and hill-treatment we 'ave to stand, and never say nothing to. I've seed 'im, hover and hover agen, walkin' about among us in his shirtsleeves, with 'is braces 'angin' about is 'eels! (*Cheers from the crowd; demonstration with scrubbing-brush by the old Lady in the drag.*) I 'ave indeed, and I don't tell yer no lies. (*Here a Lady in the crowd suddenly exhibits a tendency to harangue the public on her own wrongs, and has to be suppressed.*) And that man 'e'd come up to me and say, "Ain't them shirts finished yet?" he sez. "No," I'd say to 'im, "they ain't, and I don't deceive yer." "It's time they was," he'd say. "Beggin' your pardon," I'd tell 'im, "it's nothink o' the kind; and, if you don't believe *my* word, you may go and call your Missis out of the back kitching, as knows more about it than you do!" An' are you goin' to tell *me* we ain't to 'ave a Factory Act, after *that*?

[*She stands down, having made the speech of the afternoon, and is rewarded by approving cries of "Good old girl!" An employer of labour is next introduced, and received at first with suspicion, until he explains that he is heart and soul with them, that he does not dread the application of the Factory Acts to his own establishment, and considers that it would be an excellent thing if all the smaller laundries were closed tomorrow, whereupon the ladies habitually employed in these places cheer him heartily.*

A Common-Sense Speaker. It's all very well for you to come 'ere and protest against the laundresses workin' too long hours, but I tell yer *this*—it's yer own fault, it's the Public's fault. You *will* 'ave yer clean shirts and collars sent 'ome every week! (*Several of the unwashed betray that this thrust has gone home.*) A fortnight ain't a *bit* too long to wait for your linen! (*Unanimous and hearty assent by people in dingy flannels.*) And if some o' these swells and aristocrats weren't so partickler, and didn't send so much linen to the wash as they do, why, it stands to reason as the hours the washerwomen 'ud work 'ud be shorter!

[*Chorus of agreement; sudden unpopularity—especially, oddly enough, with lighthearted young laundresses—of persons in the crowd whose collars are at all aggressive in their cleanliness; universal feeling that the blame has been fitted upon the right shoulders at last. More speeches; simultaneous passing of Resolution; the Processions march away with colours flying and bands playing, and, if they have succeeded in advancing the true interests of labour, no one will be more gratified than their friend, Mr. Punch.*

* * * * *



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JOSEPH'S JOUST.

[Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, from the study of a certain "Liberal Leaflet" triumphantly draws the large conclusion that the Gladstonians have "dropped Home Rule."]

To "ride the high horse," my brave Brummagem boy,
Is doubtless, to you, a delight and a joy;
But little avails that equestrian quest,
If the fruit of your ride is the merest "mare's nest."

* * * * *

APPROPRIATE FOR THE SULTRY SUMMER WEATHER.—The revival of *Drink*, at Drury Lane. It ought to be "iced drink."

* * * * *

"PALMAM QUI MERUIT, FERAT!"

[Illustration: "It takes time to get ever such journeys and such experiences."—Mrs. Grimwood on her Manipur adventures.]

Mr. PUNCH, *loquitur*:—

True, Madam, and tasteless would be the intrusion
That tactlessly took no account of the time
The praises of Britons are yours, in profusion;
The blame for a blunder, the judgment for crime,
Let Statesmen apportion; all know where the Honour
In Manipur's ill-managed business is due;
And *Punch*, whose delight is of praise to be donor,
Without hesitation awards it to *you*!

The terrible tale of that sudden disaster
Is vivid in memory, fresh on our ear;
We know how a tender-souled woman could master
The anguish of horror, the tremor of fear.
That short brave defence will long live in our story.
That long dreadful march England will not forget;
Though womanhood finds little comfort in glory,
For hearts that are aching and eyes that are wet.

Enough for to-day! When slow time has brought healing.
The tale of those hours by your lips may be told.



But proud admiration will scarce brook concealing,
And *Punch* to express it is courteously bold.
He speaks for all England. For womanly valour
We men have not shaped the right guerdon,—our loss!
A brave woman's heart flushing red o'er fear's pallor,
Deserves—what *Punch* gives—the Victoria Cross!

* * * * *

“Their acquaintance,” observed Counsel, in a recent Breach of Promise Case, “began in a 'bus.” This may have been an error of expression, or a misprint, as “began *with* a buss” would have been more likely.

* * * * *

ANOTHER JUBILEE!—The Jubilee of the COOK Tourist System will be celebrated July 22nd by a Banquet at the Metropole. The dinner ought to be A 1 with such a COOK.

* * * * *

SUMMERY MUMMERY.

I do not know how long the Summer Season at TERRY's, now being carried on by Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES, is to last, but with a little dexterous management there is no reason why this excellent form of entertainment should not go on all the year round. At 8 there is *The Lancashire Sailor*, by BRANDON THOMAS, which I didn't see; but have heard a first-rate report of it from those who have, and who “know.” It might occasionally change places with *A Commission*. However, this is but a suggestion, as both the pieces I saw the other night will bear a second visit.



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A Commission is a short one-act piece, with a sufficiently good plot, and every part in it a character, except “*Parker, the Maid*”—and here let me enter a solemn protest against the further use of “PARKER” as the name of a lady’s-maid in farce or comedy. PARKER is played out. Let her be united to “CHARLES, his Friend,” and let both enjoy their well-earned retirement from the stage.

Miss LILY HANBURY plays “*Mrs. Hemmersley, a rich young widow,*” which cannot be described as “a poor part.” With this LILY, who looks rich and is beautiful, the poor artist—a very poor artist—one *Marshall* (without a Christian name in the bill, so why not *Snelgrove Marshall*?) well played by Dr. FORBES DAWSON, falls desperately in love. WEEDON GROSSMITH is very good as the servant—almost better as the servant than as the author of the piece, and that’s saying a good deal.

The *Pantomime Rehearsal* is eminently funny; especially the first scene between the four men, Messrs. ELLIOT, DANEMORE, GROSSMITH, and BRANDON THOMAS. As for the last-mentioned, it is well worth a visit to this theatre to see Mr. BRANDON THOMAS in two pieces, first as the Model, and then as the Heavy Swell. It is a strong thing to say, but I can call to mind no actor on the stage at the present moment who could in two different characters on the same night so completely and absolutely lose his identity,—for voice, manner, action, and of course appearance are all utterly changed,—as does Mr. BRANDON THOMAS as *Gloucester the Model*, and as *Captain Tom Robinson*.

All the ladies are good. Miss HELENA DACRE looks magnificent. Then Miss EDITH CHESTER combines prettiness with fun, and the duet between her and clever Miss LAURA LINDEN is enthusiastically *encored*—and deservedly so, for it is seldom that two young actresses will “go in” for a real genuine bit of nonsensical burlesque, and win. In fact it is all good, “and if our friends in front” will accept my tip, they will not find a more “summery” form of entertainment than at Mr. EDWARDES’ TERRY’S Theatre.

JACK-IN-THE-BOX.

* * * * *

HOW IT HAPPENED;

OR, MANY A TRU(RO) WORD SAID IN JEST.

“And the See of Truro, your Gracious MAJESTY?” asked Lord SALISBURY, as he was packing up his portfolio, previous to leaving the Presence.

“Ah!” said the QUEEN, “for the moment I had forgot”—

“Quite so, your MAJESTY, if you will graciously pardon the interruption,” put in the PREMIER—“that’s the very person I would suggest.”



“Did I mention a name?” inquired the QUEEN, somewhat puzzled.

“Your MAJESTY,” replied the noble Earl, “observed that ‘you had forgot.’ I would suggest that the Bishopric of Truro should be *for GOTT.*” Of course it was at once settled, and a *conge d’elire* issued.

* * * * *



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ETON JUBILEE CURIOSITIES.

[Illustration: FLOREAT ETONA!

Mr. Punch (to King Henry's "holy shade"). "CONGRATULATIONS, YOUR MAJESTY, ON THE 400TH ANNIVERSARY!"]

[If the following have been omitted from the Catalogue, any visitor to Eton is entitled to call on the Provost, Fellows, and Head Master, and ask for an explanation.]

1. "*I'm Monarch of all I Survey.*" Original copy of ballad sung by the First Eton Ten-oar.
 2. Old Sketch (landscape) of the Very Cross Roads near Surley Hall. Also portrait of SURLY HALL himself.
 3. "*A Night on the Brocas.*" Old poem, supposed to be the original of the scene "on the Brocken" in *Faust*. A curious mistake of GOETHE's, probably due to his not having been educated at Eton.
 4. The original "funny" owned by Master JOSEPH MILLER, supposed to have provided him with the notion for his first jest.
- *** Also the original jest itself, bottled in high spirits, and in a fair state of preservation. As clearly as can be deciphered, the legend is something about "an Indian," "an oarsman," and "feathering a scull," or "skull."
5. A dissertation on the text that "The weakest goes to the Wall," showing how this proverb has been for many years directly contradicted, not only in theory but in practice during the Foot-ball time; it being at Eton the strongest who invariably go to "the Wall."
 6. A finely illustrated poem on a bathing subject. It is called "*The Passing of Arthur.*" The picture shows the Masters on the bank at Cuckoo Ware, while one small natational Candidate is still in a punt shiveringly awaiting the command to jump in again and swim the regulation distance. From the title, it may be taken for granted that this ARTHUR did "pass" after all. Poor little chap!
 7. "*Going a Cropper off the Acropperlis at Athens.*" Another bathing subject—unsigned.

* * * * *

MOMUS ON MANIPUR.

Sentiment, GORST, to your stern soul,
May seem a "Simple Simon;"



But if there *be* a cheaper *role*,
'Tis that of twopenny Timon!

* * * * *

Twin MOTTO.—“*You mustn't speak to the Man at the Wheel*” has become a proverbial expression. It stood alone. Now it has a companion; it comes from the hand of “A Master.” It is, “*You must not speak to the Gentlemen of the Jury.*” The exceptions which prove this rule are in favour of the Judge, the Counsel, the Clerk, and the Usher.

* * * * *

THE LOST SERGEANT.



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[In a recent case before Mr. Justice CHITTY, a doubt was expressed as to whether there was still such an officer as the Sergeant-at-Arms attending the Courts. His services had not been required since 1879. After some inquiry, however, he was discovered.]

SERGEANT-AT-ARMS, where wert thou? Haply pensioned
In some remote and solitary spot;
By lips judicial never even mentioned,
The Courts forgetting, by the Courts forgot.
Far from thy kind in some provincial village,
Didst thou devote thy hoary age to tillage?

Didst thou, perchance to lower heights declining
Lately, as busman, strike for higher pay?
Or, to the lash of fate thy soul resigning,
Wear a red cap and drive a brewer's dray?
Or didst thou on a hansom seek to fleece men,
And scorn the fair, and battle with policemen?

Or, didst thou play (as often I have seen a
Musician play in snow, or sleet, or rain)
The cornet or expansive concertina
Outside a public-house, and all in vain?
Music hath charms, but public-house men mock it,
Let loose an oath, but button up their pocket.

Or, didst thou write, as some have done, a shocker,
And sell it on the stalls of Mr. SMITH?
Or, write us versicles like FREDERICK LOCKER,
Or, ANDREW-LANG-like, talk about a myth?
Or, by thine own success amazed and staggered,
Make Zulus make thee rich, like Mr. HAGGARD?

Or, like BUCHANAN, didst thou quite exhaust in
One volume such abuse as fits a barge?
Twitter and chirp like Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN,
Or make a trifle mystically large,
Like SWINBURNE, round whose verse the fog grows stronger
Just in proportion as his lines are longer?

Whate'er thou didst, where'er thou wert, we found thee.
"Behold!" we cried, "the Sergeant reappears."
Let not our welcome overmuch astound thee,
Whom we have missed through twelve unhappy years.



Restored at length to England, home, and beauty,
Sergeant-at-Arms advance, and do thy duty!

* * * * *

ANCIENT "BLOCK SYSTEM" AT ETON.

[Illustration: *The Head Master*. "Here's *wishing* you well!"]

N.B.—The rod may not be a *whack-simile* of the original, but our old Eton Boy says *it is quite near enough*, and, "in his position at the time," as he adds with truth, "it was impossible to see it."]

* * * * *

The 'Bus Strike being at an end, the newspapers will discontinue writing *de Omnibus rebus*, and must employ themselves upon *quibusdam aliis*.

* * * * *

"JUST A GOIN' TO BEGIN."—*The Fourth Centenary* of the Foundation of Eton College is the Festival of the *First Saint 'Enery*.



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ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 15.—RICHARD CHAMBERLAIN back to-night, after long absence. Been up the Nile, calling on PTOLEMY and PHARAOH, and visiting scenes connected with the early life of Brother JOSEPH. Much enjoyed the trip; entered House to-night full of life and energy; suddenly pulled up; hair rose; flesh crept; blood chilled. Was it true? Could it be possible? Yes; no doubt about it. There was Prince ARTHUR still lounging on Treasury Bench with MADDEN in reserve. About a score of Members present, including WINDBAG SEXTON, looking on with his irritating smile of supreme superiority, whilst SAGE of QUEEN ANNE'S GATE moved rejection of Irish Land Purchase Bill.

[Illustration: Brother Dick]

“Why!” exclaimed Brother DICK, his hair still visibly rising, “when I was here last, weeks and months ago, they were discussing Irish Land Bill; Prince ARTHUR sprawled on Treasury Bench; LABBY was denouncing the Bill as pernicious; and SEXTON, having just sat down and just going to follow, looked on with sort of pitying toleration of other people who assumed to know anything of the Bill. Do I dream, or are there visions about? Think I'll go and pinch JESSE COLLINGS, and see if I'm awake.”

Yes; wide awake; no mistake about the situation; still harping on the Irish Land Bill; but, thank a merciful Providence, this is the last night. JOHN MORLEY, who never shrinks from call of duty, rises, and makes one of those formal, official, somewhat tiresome protests, recapitulating objections which everyone only too familiar with through this gruesome spring and saddened summer. Then SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE cracks a few jokes; MORTON appears on scene; attempt made to Count Out; talk kept going through dinner hour. At eleven o'clock Prince ARTHUR rises; benches fill up; then, when everyone ready for Division, strangers in Gallery startled by mighty roar of execration; looking round with startled gaze in search of explanation, discover at corner-seat below Gangway a dapper figure uplifted on supernaturally high-heeled boots, with trousers tightly drawn to display proportions of limbs that would have made *Sim Tappertit* green with envy; a black frock coat, buff waistcoat, coloured tie, a high collar, a wizened countenance, just now wrinkled with spasmodic contortion, kindly meant for an ingratiating smile.

This is SEYMOUR KEAY. House may roar at him as the dog that crosses the Epsom Course when the bell rings for the Derby is howled at. He has, in return for the contumely, only a smile, a deprecatory wave of the hand and a speech. House keeps up the roar; KEAY waves his ringed hand, nods pleasantly at the SPEAKER, and at

anything approaching a lull, shouts half a sentence at top of his voice. For full ten minutes contest continued. Then SPEAKER rises; KEAY sits down, glad of interval of rest, and hopeful that SPEAKER is about to rebuke his interrupters.



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“The question is,” said the SPEAKER, “that this Bill be now read a Third Time.” Before KEAY realised situation, House is cleared for Division, and his final speech on Land Purchase Bill remains unspoken.

Business done.—Irish Land Bill read a Third Time by 225 votes against 96.

Tuesday.—GORST gave House to-night thorough surprise. The SQUIRE of MALWOOD brought on Manipur business; moved Resolution asking for more papers. Incidentally indicted the Government at home and in India. GORST put up to reply. An average Minister would have made an ordinary speech; GORST’s reply accepted by common consent as the most extraordinary ever heard from the Treasury Bench since DIZZY left it. Instead of evading responsibilities, colouring facts, doing what Ministers usually do when in a fix, GORST simply, boldly, cynically, told the truth. The SENAPATTI of MANIPUR was an ambitious, capable, popular man who might breed mischief for the rule of the EMPRESS of INDIA. So the SENAPATTI must be got rid of at earliest possible moment, and in most absolutely complete fashion. Arbitrary this; tyrannical perhaps; unjust possibly. None of GORST’s business to defend or extenuate it. All he could say was it is not a new thing; done wherever British flag waves under foreign skies; in New Zealand with the Maori King; in South Africa with CETEWAYO; in Egypt with ARABI; in the Soudan with ZEBEHR. “In India,” said GORST, leaning his elbow lightly on the table, “they have always hated and discouraged independent and original talent; always loved and promoted mediocrity.”

As he finished this pregnant and delightful aphorism, GORST looked up at the Peers’ Gallery, where sat his Chief, GRAND CROSS, successor of CLIVE in the Government of India. His glance travelled downward, till it rested on the Treasury Bench, and fell gently on the figure of OLD MORALITY.

How DIZZY would have delighted in this speech, with this last exquisite touch! The SQUIRE of MALWOOD, in his secret breast, not less appreciative; but debate must be kept up, and he joined in the hue and cry with which Mediocrity resented this fresh and original way of treating things. Even CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN shook his head. “It is brilliant,” he said, “but it is not discretion.”

Business done.—A good deal.

Thursday.—Government met with awkward defeat on Factories Bill. Not quite certain to whom they chiefly owe it, whether to GORST or MATTHEWS. Question arose on SYDNEY BUXTON’s Amendment, raising the age of child-labourers to a minimum of eleven years. Debate lasted all night; a pleasant contrast to the unreality of Irish Debate; Benches crowded; audience interested; speeches practical; GORST in attendance, though doubtful whether he would speak. Usually sits in modest retirement under shadow of SPEAKER’s Chair. To-night marked slight difference of opinion from

his colleagues by taking up corner-seat on Treasury Bench by Gangway, quite out of reach of hand-shake from HOME SECRETARY.



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[Illustration: No Relation of Prince Arthur's.]

MUNDELLA, longing to be at MATTHEWS, waiting on Front Opposition Bench; MATTHEWS, earnestly desiring collision with MUNDELLA, lingered the long night through on Treasury Bench. At last dragged into arena by JOHN MORLEY. Painfully conscious of GORST on his right hand. Why couldn't he go away? Why sit there smiling when MATTHEWS floundered, and why turn over the pages of the Blue Book with such subtle air of contradiction when MATTHEWS quoted from proceedings of Berlin Conference?

As midnight drew on, excitement increased. Uncertain how Division would go. Rumours of possible defeat of the Government; AKERS-DOUGLAS moving about smiling; therefore all must be well. House surging with excitement; movement to and fro; a buzz of conversation rising above the voice of Member addressing the Chair. Only one placid figure under the glass roof. Seated in side Gallery facing Treasury Bench was J.S. BALFOUR; (no relation of Prince ARTHUR's, *bien entendu*) Question put; Division bell rang; the bustle of eight hundred departing feet disturbed J.S.B., and, stepping carefully down from the inconveniently high Bench, he walked out to take part in the Division.

"All very well, dear TOBY," he said, "talking about eleven being the age for half-timers. Eleven seems to me about the figure at which we should knock off here. When it gets on to twelve in this hot weather, I almost feel as if I could go to sleep." *Business done.*—SYDNEY BUXTON's Amendment to Factories Bill carried by 202 Votes against 186.

Friday.—Question to-night, how would Government take their defeat of yesterday? Soon settled; at earliest moment MATTHEWS appeared at table, announced that Government "fully and cordially" accepted decision of House. It was true that they had resisted, with fullest strength, SYDNEY BUXTON's proposal. He himself, in powerful speech, had demonstrated that, if Amendment were added to the Bill, the heavens would fall, and the British Empire would stagger to its doom. But that only his play; GORST really obliged to the House for beating them, and Clause would be added to Bill. Done accordingly. Report stage of Factories' Bill run through, and Third Reading taken.

Odd thing befell the universe last week. Happening to mention in this Diary WOOTON ISAACSON, Member for Tower Hamlets, the dissolute Artist drew fancy portrait of LEWIS ISAACS, Member for Newington; labelled it from *Dod*, "A Progressive Conservative." Oddly enough, both ISAACS and ISAACSON write themselves down in *Dod* "A Progressive Conservative." So our Artist (occasionally quite clear-headed), got mixed up with the family; descended, so to speak, from ISAAC to ISAAC'S SON. Not quite sure to which apology is due. Just as well to mention it, so that, when the New Zealander reads his *Punch* a century or two hence, he may have a clear conception of the actuality. *Business done.*—Quite a lot.



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MORE RUSSIAN TYRANNY.—*Punch* is not admitted into Russia unless bound.

* * * * *

“THE SHODKIN.”

[In a Jewish divorce case it was alleged that the petitioner and respondent had been brought together by a “Shodkin.” The Shodkin, it was explained, was a person who brought about marriages between members of the Jewish community, and was paid a fee by one or both the parties.]

“I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.”—*Merchant of Venice*.

“Give me new rhymes,” the poet cries,
“I want another rhyme for ‘bodkin,”
And here comes dropping from the skies
That comfortable word, “the Shodkin.”

Long have I racked my brain for rhymes,
I tried to drag in Mr. GODKIN;
On Friday last I read my *Times*,
Eureka! down it goes—the Shodkin.

We live by verse, and how shall we
This Hebrew middle-man disparage,
To whom religion grants a fee,
Paid by both sides, for making marriage?

Nay, Jew, we thank thee for the word,
For Fate two Jews might haply sever;
The busy Shodkin comes as third,
And swiftly makes them one for ever.

* * * * *

AN OPERATIC PUZZLE.

I had been informed that it was no use buying a book of *Mireille*, as those sold in the house were of a somewhat light and mis-leading character. So I didn't. But I had a programme, and fortunately I was able to recognise most of the singers in spite of their disguise. Also I comforted myself with the official information that the piece was to be performed, “by desire, in French.” “Oho!” says I, to myself, “there is some sensible person on the Committee who doesn't understand Italian, and prefers ‘French as she is



sung.” However, I recognised but one of the Covent Garden Committee men present, and he was there only in a casual sort of way. DRURIOLANUS wasn’t *en evidence*; probably at home rehearsing various effects with a view to receiving the Imperial Majesty of Germany. These receptions, including “such a getting up (and down) stairs,” walking with crab-like action, require a lot of rehearsal, not to mention the management of a sword which is apt to be dangerous only to the wearer, and the carrying of wax-lights, the effect of which on his official Court dress may recall to the mind of the Operatic Manager the celebrated name of GRISI. There was no one in authority to tell me anything about *Mireille*, and this is what I made out of the plot.



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Mireille, Miss EAMES, charming throughout, is a happy peasant in beautiful little patent leather shoes, which, I hope, are as easy as apparently are her circumstances. She is beloved by one *Vincent*, pronounced *Van Song*, a peasant of a rather Whitechapelish-costermongerish-out-on-a-Sunday appearance, but picturesque withal. They are engaged; at least, if they are not they ought to be. Then comes a handsome elderly lady, disguised like a fairy godmother in a pantomime before she throws off her hood and announces her real character, and this lady, called *Taven* in the bill, is *Mlle*. PASSAMA, who sings a song about a *papillon*, for what particular reason I do not know, except to please the audience, which it did, being encored, and to puzzle *Mireille*, in which it also succeeded, if I might judge by Miss EAMES's expressive countenance. And here I must observe that I found my intimate acquaintance with the French language almost useless, for except an occasional "*oui*," given, as *Jeames* has it, "in excellent French," and for some allusions to "*le papillon*" just mentioned, and "*et alors*"—which didn't help me much, even when given twice most dramatically by M. ISNARDON,—I couldn't catch a single word, and as far as libretto went, it might have been, for me personally, given in double-Dutch, or the dialect of a South-African tribe.

[Illustration: The Wicked Vibrato Peasant with the big Toasting-cum-Tuning-Fork.]

On the disappearance of *Taven*,—[she didn't take off her cloak, and wasn't a fairy, which rather put me off the scent, I admit,]—in comes a gorgeous person, six feet high at least, and stout in proportion, who, as I gathered from the programme, was *Ourrias* (what a name!), played by Signor CESTE, and sung with a kind of double vibrato stop in his organ, which seemed, when turned on full, to make the upper boxes quiver. Well, in he comes, and tells *Mireille* something—what, I don't know—but this is how the row began, as, in less than five minutes, two old men, one M. ISNARDON, dramatic and in tune, and the other, not mentioned in my programme, and therefore pardonably somewhat out of tune, enter and commence a rumpus; what the difficulty was all about I am not clear, but the upshot was that the old man in tune cursed his daughter, and the old man out of tune held back his son VINCENT, and prevented him from first assaulting and then being assaulted by the irate *Maitre Ramon*, *i.e.*, M. ISNARDON. The Chorus of Unhappy Villagers forms *tableau*. End of Act the Second; in Act the First there was no action at all, and everything had gone off as pleasantly as possible.

[Illustration: The Happy Peasant Boy with his Long Pipe.]



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Then, in Act III., there is a sandy desert—where?—Egypt?—Heaven, AUGUSTUS HARRIS, and the scene-painter, only know—and here comes on a mighty illigant shepherd with a pipe—to play, not to smoke—and one clever person near me was sure it was Miss EAMES in disguise, but it turned out to be Miss REGINA PINKERT, a piper of whom some present would willingly have paid to hear a little more; but she vanished, probably in search of her flock in the desert,—by the way, an excellent place for golf this desert,—and then in came *Mireille* and *Taven*, when the latter, I fancy, tells *Mireille* of the crime she has witnessed in the previous scene, which, I regret to say, I have omitted to mention from motives of delicacy. But alas! I can no longer conceal the fact. In that previous scene *Mr. Ourrias* had behaved very badly in first losing his temper, and then sticking a dagger into poor *Vincent Lubert*, who fell down behind a rock, presumably dead.

The golf-ground is cleared off, and we are back again in front of the village church. But at this moment a person, who knew all about it, whispered, “If you want to get your cab, and escape the crush, now’s the time, as the Opera is just over.” So I hurried off, and to this moment I haven’t the faintest idea how it all ended, and I don’t quite understand how it began. However, I have recorded my impressions, confused probably, but—the music is very pretty, and Miss EAMES very charming.

* * * * *

PARENTAL AUTHORITY.

Typical British Father (according to the Home Secretary). Now, come, JANE and JIM, bundle up to your work. Look sharp!

Government Inspector. No, Mr. SIKES, I think not. Your youngsters have not touched eleven yet.

Typical British Father. But they’re over ten.

Government Inspector. That don’t matter. The age is altered. You’ll just send your young kids back to the Board School again.

Typical British Father. Well, I call it downright robbery. Why, they supports me, they do; and what more fitter work can you find for the kids, but to support their parients with the sweat of their brow. Why, I thought the ’OME SECRETARY was all on our side.

Government Inspector. Well, he’s been beat, that’s all. The country don’t see the fun of sending children of tender years away from their proper training, to wear out their young bodies and poison their young systems in beastly close, ill-ventilated work-rooms, and all just to bring in an extra bit of money to enable their parents, like you, to laze and loaf



at home, and, maybe, spend their hardly-earned wage on drink. However, you'll have to dock it, Mr. SIKES.

Typical British Father. Well, I call it downright bloomin' robbery. It's more. It's a invasion of the sacred rights of the British working man's domestic home. It's a infringement of the liberty of the subject, that's wot it is. It's a teaching the young 'uns rebellion against their natural protectors. It's a bloomin' shame!



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[Government Inspector *leads them off delighted*. Typical British Father *left swearing*.

* * * * *

UNSELFISH HELP BY SMILES.—“Dr. QUAIN’s advice to doctors,” says Mr. JAMES PAYN in the *Illustrated London News*, “always ‘to look cheerful,’ ought to be written in letters of gold.” So it is: in notes, or cheques. When the eminent novelist has to send for Dr. QUAIN, the latter will beam on him, and tell him a good story. The labour he delights in will “physic PAYN.”

* * * * *

[Illustration: THE EGOISM OF GENIUS.

Fond Mother. “DON’T YOU WANT TO SEE THE EVENING PAPERS, MORTIMER?”

Minimus Poet. “WHY, IS THERE ANYTHING ABOUT *ME* IN THEM?”

Fond Mother. “NOT THAT I KNOW OF, DARLING.”

Minimus Poet (pettishly). “GOOD HEAVENS, MOTHER, THEN WHAT ON EARTH SHOULD I WANT TO *SEE* THEM FOR?”]

* * * * *

POLITICAL ASIDES;

OR, TRUTH IN PARENTHESSES.

(*VERY FREELY ADAPTED FROM THOMAS HOOD.*)

Fond Mother. I really take it vastly kind,
This visit, my dear creature!
A family likeness here you’ll find.
(Like *hers*? Not in one feature!)

Friendly Visitor. Only too happy, I am sure,
To see the little darling,
Our family friendships *are* so pure!
(They find effect in snarling.)

Fond Mother. Well, dear, with *your* experience,
Your aid must be of value.



You've not yet given its help immense.
(Nor, if I know it, *shall* you!)

Friendly Visitor. Ah! Good Nurse G-SCH-N, is she out,
That you the babe are dandling?
Sweet-tempered child and strong, no doubt!
(The brat wants careful handling.)

Fond Mother. G-SCH-N and D-KE are both at hand,
But I'm so proud to show it.
The weakness *you* will understand
(Envious, and knows I know it!)

Friendly Visitor. Mothers must be as vigilant
As—say 'Bus-strikers' pickets.
It cries, dear! What does baby want?
(Half-starved, and has the rickets!)

Fond Mother. Which, think you, the best Infant's Food?
You see there are so many;
I know your judgment is so good!
(Not worth a single penny!)

Friendly Visitor. Well, dear, don't swaddle it too tight.
That ruins the digestion,
And—Forster's Food I've found work right.
(She'll relish *that* suggestion!)

Fond Mother. Humph! Rather out of date, I fear!
You've slight experience—*lately*—
Next time you nurse you'll know, my dear!
(She'll like that home-thrust *greatly*!)



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Friendly Visitor. Your nursing, dear, of course, is based
Upon my Nursery Manual.
The child looks *rayther* peaky-faced.
(Not quite a hardy annual!)

Fond Mother. Think so? Look up, and laugh, my sweet,
Show NANA she's mistaken—
It quite begins to "feel its feet."
(With spite her soul is shaken!)

Friendly Visitor. I understand your family
Call it "The Changeling." Why so?
The family likeness *all* must see.
(It squints with the left eye so!)

Fond Mother. Oh! there are always *some* cross things
In every Family Party.
Your mother's heart has felt such stings!
(She'll think of JOE and HARTY!)

Friendly Visitor. Well, well, with my advice, my dear,
And lots of Liberal Tonic,
Your child we possibly may rear.
(That's one for Old Sardonic!)

Fond Mother. Oh! really you are quite *too* kind!
Your own "Home-Rule Elixir"
Unfailing for your babes you find?
(Fancy *that* dart will fix her!)

Friendly Visitor. You see we breed, and nurse, our own;
We do not steal or borrow.
However, dear, I must be gone.
(To call again to-morrow!)

Fond Mother. What! must you go? Next, time no doubt.
You'll give more Liberal measure.
Nurse G. shall see you safely out,
(With most particular pleasure!)

Friendly Visitor. Don't trouble, dear! The bell I'll pull,
And, bid them call my cabby!
Good bye! The Babe's be-you-ti-ful!
(A *Flabby, Dabby, Babby!!!*)



* * * * *

ABOUT THE LAST OF IT.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Would you kindly suggest to Mr. CALDERON, in the interest of Historical and religious Art, that he should give us for next year's Academy, as companion-picture to his "*St. Elizabeth*," "*Cardinal Wolsey, in his old age, left naked to his enemies*."—Yours, *artfully*, A SHAKSPEARIAN READER, BUT NO LATIN SCHOLAR.

* * * * *

[Illustration: A PARLIAMENTARY ASIDE.

FRIENDLY VISITOR (*effusively*). "IT IS INDEED A BE-UTIFUL CHE-ILD! (*Aside.*) FLABBY, DABBY BABBY!!"]

* * * * *

"KNOWLEDGE IS INVALUABLE!"

SCENE—*Royal Commission of the Future. Commissioners present. Last Witness under examination.*

Chairman. And now, my lad, you have learned everything.

Witness (modestly). Yes, my Lord and Gentlemen, up to a certain point.

Chairman. Quite so—you have, generally speaking, an education rather better than an average City Clerk?



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Witness (in the same modest tone). So I am given to understand.

Chairman. What is your father?

Witness. An artisan. But pardon me, I think I can anticipate and answer the next question. I am entirely unfit to follow my parent's calling—physically and morally. My frame has been weakened by study, and my education prevents—.

Chairman (interrupting). Just so. We can hardly expect a lad of fourteen who is good enough to floor the London matriculation taking to bricklaying? (*Murmurs of general assent.*) Well, my boy, have you tried to get a clerkship?

Witness. Alas! yes, indeed I have, my Lord and Gentlemen. I have tried everywhere to obtain employment, but without success.

Chairman (sympathetically). Dear me! Very sad! But come, my lad, we have given you something more than an ordinary commercial education—you have acquired accomplishments.

Witness. Yes, my Lord and Gentlemen; but, believe me, they are valueless. I am an excellent violinist, but there is no room for me at the theatres. It is true I might, by paying my footing, secure a place in a strolling band, consisting of a harp and a cornet, but I have conscientious scruples against earnings gained at the doors of a public-house.

Chairman. Certainly. Besides, I fancy you make too light of the difficulties of securing such a position. A Witness, who gave very much the same evidence as yourself, declared it was impossible to gain admission even to a German Band. But you have learned drawing?

Witness. Yes; but I find the accomplishment valueless as a bread-winner. I would do pastels on the flag-stones were not the supply of artists in this particular line greatly in excess of the demand. Besides, the police move them on.

Chairman. Well, my lad, what can you do for yourself?

Witness. Nothing; and consequently, my Lord and Gentlemen, I hope you will do something for me.

Chairman (after consultation with his colleagues). As you have been educated up to a point rendering you valueless at fourteen, we shall have much pleasure in recommending that your studies be continued until your education will be equally valueless at nineteen. If this scheme does nothing else, it will keep you employed for the next five years! [*Scene closes in upon the Report.*]



* * * * *

[Illustration: A SCIENTIFIC CENTENARY.]

Faraday (returned). "WELL, MISS SCIENCE, I HEARTILY CONGRATULATE YOU;
YOU HAVE MADE MARVELLOUS PROGRESS SINCE MY TIME!"]

* * * * *

ORATORIO, AS HANDLED AT THE C.P.



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The Tenth Triennial Handel Festival. Programme extends over three days, Monday, to-day the 24th, and Friday the 26th. The singers are Madame ALBANI, Miss MARIAN MCKENZIE, Messrs. SANTLEY, EDWARD LLOYD, BARTON MCGUCKIN, BRIDSON, and BRERETON—the last pair seeming to come in like the “two pretty men” of nursery history, 'yclept “ROBIN and RICHARD.” The great organ cannot be played without EYRE and bellows. The Conductor to the musical omnibus is AUGUST MANNS, or more appropriately, JUNE MANNS. *Motto.*—“MANNS wants but little here below, but he wants that uncommonly good”—and more than good it is safe to be in the hands of the Conductor whose name is indicative of quantity and quality. *Salvete, Homines!*

* * * * *

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Baron is getting along with GEORGE MEREDITH's *One of Our Conquerors*. Within the last three weeks he has already reached p. 94 of Vol. I, and here the weather, having suddenly become tropical, the Baron felt that his mighty brain “whirled, swam to a giddiness, and subsided.” He has been stopped occasionally *en route*; he had come into view of “*the diminutive marble cavalier of the infantile cerebellum.*” Then he retraced his steps, puzzled a bit, but after a “modest quencher” Swivellerian libation, he hit upon a luminous passage which warned him “*in plain speech*”—and whose is plainer than GEORGE MEREDITH's?—“*that the Bacchus of auspicious birth induces ever to the worship of the loftier Deities.*” Excellent i' faith! And then the Baron smole, as one who is interiorly enlightened smileth as he read, “*Forbear to come hauling up examples of malarious men*”—(“malarious men' is good,” quoth the Baron)—“*in whom these pourings of the golden rays of life breed fogs; and be moved, since you are scarcely under an obligation to hunt the meaning*”—(here the Baron wondered within himself. Was he under an obligation or not? In *foro conscientiae* the case was set down for that immortal date. “*To-morrow*”)—“*in tolerance of some dithyrambic inebriety of narration (quiverings of the reverent pen) when we find ourselves entering the circle of a most magnetic popularity.*” Here the Baron paused. Somehow, in his search after truth, he had fallen down some seventy pages, and was on his back again at p. 33, Vol. I. Refreshment was necessary. Iced. Also a Nicotinian sacrifice, as of primitive days, when heifers, adorned, not altars, but weeds, vegetables, and early produce only. *Smokeamus! Veni, vidi, visky!* 'Fore GEORGE! Your health and novel!

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

* * * * *

“AS EASY AS ABC.”

Witness of the Labour Commission (under examination). Yes, I think that employers should be forced by law to give in to their men.

Question. But should this lead to bankruptcy, what then?



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Witness. Bankruptcy should be legally abolished.

Question. Should employers have no money to pay the employed?

Witness. That duty should be discharged by the Government.

Question. But how should the loss be supplied—by the imposition of new taxes?

Witness. Certainly not. Taxation should be entirely abolished.

Question. Then how could your scheme be carried out?

Witness (courteously). That is a matter I leave entirely to the discretion of the Government.

* * * * *

[Illustration: HORATIO LARKINS VISITS THE NAVAL EXHIBITION.]

* * * * *

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