

Punch, or the London Charivari, Volume 101, September 12, 1891 eBook

Punch, or the London Charivari, Volume 101, September 12, 1891

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Contents

Punch, or the London Charivari, Volume 101, September 12, 1891 eBook.....	1
Contents.....	2
Table of Contents.....	4
Page 1.....	5
Page 2.....	7
Page 3.....	8
Page 4.....	10
Page 5.....	12
Page 6.....	13
Page 7.....	15
Page 8.....	17
Page 9.....	19
Page 10.....	21
Page 11.....	23
Page 12.....	24
Page 13.....	26
Page 14.....	28
Page 15.....	30
Page 16.....	32
Page 17.....	34
Page 18.....	36
Page 19.....	37
Page 20.....	39
Page 21.....	41
Page 22.....	43



Table of Contents

Section	Table of Contents	Page
Start of eBook		1
Title: Punch, Or The London Charivari, Vol. 101. Sep. 12, 1891		1
PUNCH,		1
SOME CIRCULAR NOTES.		1
CHAPTER IV.		1
CHAPTER I.— <i>DESPARE!</i>		14
CHAPTER II.— <i>THE HELOPEMEANT!</i>		14
CHAPTER III.— <i>THE DEWELL.</i>		15
CHAPTER IV.— <i>THE END.</i>		15
ANNALS OF A WATERING-PLACE		17



Page 1

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PUNCH,

Or the London charivari.

Vol. 101.

September 12, 1891.

SOME CIRCULAR NOTES.

CHAPTER IV.

*REIMS—SOLEMNITY—RELIEF—EN VOITURE—POLITENESS—CALLING—
CALVES—CAVES—STARTING—COCHER—DUET.*

Seen the Cathedral. Grand. As I am not making notes for a Guide-book, shall say nothing about it. "Don't mention it." I shan't. Much struck by the calm air of repose about Reims. So silent is it, that DAUBINET's irrepressible singing in the solemn courtyard of the Hotel comes quite as a relief. It is an evidence of life. This Hotel's exceptional quietude suggests the idea of its being conducted like a prison on the silent system, with, of course, dumbwaiters to assist in the peculiarly clean and tidy *salle a manger*.

"Petzikoff! Blass the Prince of *Wailes!*" sings out DAUBINET, whose *Mark-Tapley*-like spirits would probably be only exhilarated by a lonely night in the Catacombs. Then he



shakes hands with me violently. In France he insists upon shaking hands on every possible occasion with anybody, in order to convey to his own countrymen the idea of what a thorough Briton he is.

“*Vous avez eu votre cafe? Eh bien alors—allons! pour passer chez mon ami VESQUIER,*” says DAUBINET, at the same time signalling a meandering fly-driver who, having pulled up near the Cathedral, is sitting lazily on his box perusing a newspaper. He looks up, catches sight of DAUBINET, nods, folds up the paper, sits on it, gives the reins one shake to wake up the horse, and another, with a crack of his whip, to set the sleepy animal in motion, and, the animal being partially roused, he drives across the street to us. DAUBINET directs him, and on we go, lumbering and rattling through the town, meeting only one other *voiture*, whose driver appears infinitely amused at his friend having obtained a fare. Some chaff passes between them, which to me is unintelligible, and which DAUBINET professes not to catch, but I fancy, whatever it is, it is not highly complimentary to our *cocher’s* fares. In one quarter through which we drive, they are setting up the booths and roundabouts for a Fair.

“They can’t do much business here,” I observe to my companion.



Page 2

“Immense!” he replies.—“But there’s no one about.”

[Illustration]

“There will be,” he returns. “Manufacturing town—everybody engaged in business. Bell rings—*Caramba!*—out they come, like the cigarette-makers in *Carmen*.” Here he hums a short musical extract from BIZET’s Opera, then resumes—“Town’s all alive—then, after dinner, back to business—evening time out to play, to *cafes*, to the Fair! God save the *Queen!*”

“But there’s nothing doing at night, as we saw when we arrived yesterday,” I observe.

“No,” says DAUBINET; “it is an early place.” Then he sings, “If you’re waking”—he pronounces it “whacking”—“call me early, mothair dear!” finishing up with a gay laugh, and a guttural ejaculation in Russian; at least, I fancy it is Russian. “Ah! *voila!*” We have pulled up before a very clean-looking and handsome *facade*. The carriage-gates are closed, but a side-door is immediately opened, and a neat elderly woman answers DAUBINET’s inquiries to his perfect satisfaction. “*VESQUIER est chez lui. Entrez donc!*” We enter, profoundly saluting the porteress. When abroad, an Englishman should never omit the smallest chance of taking off his hat and bowing profoundly, no matter to whom it may be. Every Englishman abroad represents “All England”—not the eleven, but the English character generally, and therefore, when among people noted for their politeness, he should be absolutely remarkable for his courteous manners. As a rule, to which there can be no exception taken, never lose any opportunity of lifting your hat, and making your most polished bow. This, in default of linguistic facility, is universally understood and appreciated in all civilised countries. In uncivilised countries, to remove your hat, or to bow, may be taken as a gross outrage on good manners, or as signifying some horrible immorality, in which case the offender would not have the chance of repeating his well-intentioned mistake. But within the limits of Western enlightenment to bow is mere civility, and may be taken as a preface to conversation; to omit it is to show lack of breeding and to court hostility. Therefore, N.B. *Rule in travelling*—Bow to everybody. And this, by the way, is, after all, only *Sir Pertinax Macsycophant’s* receipt for getting on in the world by “boo’ing and boo’ing.”

We pass through a courtyard, reminding me of the kind of courtyard still to be seen in some of our old London City houses-of-business. This, however, is modernised with whitewash. Here also, it being a Continental court-yard, are the inevitable orange-trees in huge green tubs placed at the four corners. A few pigeons feeding, a blinking cat curled up on a mat, pretending to take no sort of interest in the birds, and a little child playing with a cart. Such is this picture. Externally, not much like a house of business; but it is, and of big business too. We enter a cool and tastefully furnished apartment. Here M. VESQUIER receives us cordially. He has a military bearing, suggesting the idea of a Colonel *en retraite*. I am preparing compliments and interrogatories in French, when he says, in good plain English, with scarcely an accent—



Page 3

“Now DAUBINET has brought you here, we must show you the calves, and then back to breakfast. Will that suit you?”

“Perfectly.” I think to myself—why “calves”? It sounded like “calves,” only without the “S.” Must ask presently.

M. VESQUIER begs to be excused for a minute; he will return directly. I look to DAUBINET for an explanation. “We are, then, going to see a farm, I presume?” I say to him. “Farm!” exclaims DAUBINET, surprised. “*Que voulez-vous dire, mon cher?*”—“Well, didn’t Mister—Mister—” “VESQUIER,” suggests DAUBINET.

“Yes, Mister VESQUIER—didn’t he say we were to go and ‘see the calves’?—*C’est a dire,*” I translate, in despair at DAUBINET’s utterly puzzled look, “*que nous irons avec lui a la ferme pour voir les veaux*—the calves.”—“Ha! ha! ha!” Off goes DAUBINET into a roar. Evidently I’ve made some extraordinary mistake. It flashes across me suddenly. Owing to M. VESQUIER’s speaking such excellent English, it never occurred to me that he had suddenly interpolated the French word “caves” as an anglicised French word into his speech to me. This accounts for his suppression of the final consonant.

[Illustration]

“Ah!” I exclaim, suddenly enlightened; “I see—the cellars.”

“*Pou ni my?*” cries DAUBINET, still in ecstasies, and speaking Russian or modern Greek. “*Da!*—of course—*c’est ca—nous allons voir les caves*—the cellars—where all the champagne is. *Karrascho!*”

At this moment M. VESQUIER returns. He will just take us through the offices to his private rooms. Clerks at work everywhere. Uncommonly like an English place of business: not much outward difference between French clerks in a large house like this and English ones in one of our great City houses; only this isn’t the City, but is, so to speak, more Manchesterian or Liverpoolian, with the immense advantage of being remarkably clean, curiously quiet, and in a pure and fresh atmosphere. I don’t clearly understand what M. VESQUIER’s business is, but as he seems to take for granted that I know all about it, I trust to getting DAUBINET alone and obtaining definite information from him. Are they VESQUIER’s caves we are going to see? “No,” DAUBINET tells me presently, quite surprised, at my ignorance; “we are going to see *les caves de Popperie*—Popp & Co., only Co.’s out of it, and it’s all POPP now.”

“Now then, Gentlemen,” says the *gerant* of POPP & Co, “here’s a *voiture*. We have twenty minutes’ drive.” The Popp-Manager points out to me all the interesting features of the country. DAUBINET amuses himself by sitting on the box and talking to the coachman.



“It excites me,” he explains, when requested to take a back seat inside—though, by the way, it is in no sense DAUBINET’s *metier* to “take a back seat,”—“it excites me—it amuses me to talk to a *cocher*. *On ne peut pas causer avec un vrai cocher tous les jours.*” And presently we see them gesticulating to each other and talking both at once, DAUBINET, of course, is speaking English and various other languages, but as little French as possible, to the evident bewilderment of the driver. DAUBINET is perfectly happy. “Petzikoff! Blass the Prince of WAILES!” I hear him bursting out occasionally. Whereat the coachman smiles knowingly, and flicks the horses.



Page 4

* * * * *

THE TWO WINDS.

(A FAIRY STORY FOR THE SEASON OF 1891. IMITATED—AT A DISTANCE—FROM HANS ANDERSEN'S CELEBRATED TALE OF "THE FOUR WINDS.")

[Illustration]

* * * * *

The Mother of the Winds (acting as *locum tenens* for her Clerk of the Weather, who, sick of his own unseasonable work, was off to spend his annual holiday with Mr. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON in the Pacific Isles), received the desperately damp, dishevelled, blown-about, and almost heart-broken Princess AGRICULTURA at the door of the Cave.

"Oh, here you are again!" she cried, "once more in the Cavern of the Winds! And this time you have brought two of my sons with you, I see," she added, pointing to the South Wind and the West Wind, who were blowing away at the Princess like bellowsy blends of Blizzards, Cloud-bursts, Tornadoes and Tritons.

"Oh, do for pity's sake, stop them!" cried AGRICULTURA, struggling hard to keep herself and her garments together. "It seems as though the heavens have become one vast sluice, that keeps pouring down water, as my predecessor, the Prince, put it. I have not a dry thread about me. *Please* put them in their Bags—*do*—whilst I have a little talk with you about them, and the mischief they have been doing."

Two prolonged chuckles, a deep stentorian one and a sharp staccato one, came from the two Bags already hanging to the wall of the Cavern, from whence subsequently protruded the round ruddy form of the North and the pinched figure of the East Wind. "Ho! ho! ho!" chortled the North Wind, chokingly. "Who says *I* do all the damage?"

"He! he! he!" sniggered the East Wind, raspingly. "Who is the pickle and spoil-sport *now*, I should like to know?"

"Shut up!" said the Mother of the Winds, sharply. "And as to you two," she added, turning to the South and West Winds, "if you don't stand still and give an account of yourselves, I'll pop you into your respective Bags in the twinkling of a hundred-ton gun!"

"Why, who is *she*, that she should call us over the clouds?" cried the two Winds, stopping their blowing a bit, and pointing to the Princess.

"She is my guest," said the old woman; "and if that does not satisfy you, you need only get into the Bags. Do you understand me now?"

Well, this did the business at once; and the two Winds, in a breath, began to relate whence they came, and what they had been doing for nearly three months past.

“We have been spoiling the English Summer,” they said.

“*That’s* nothing new,” muttered the Mother of the Winds.

Page 5

"Isn't it, though—in the way *we've* done it?" cried the two, triumphantly. "Why, those two Boys over yonder, uniting their flatulent forces, could not have done better—or worse. Ho! ho! ho! *They* made last winter a frozen Sahara. *We've* made the present summer a squashy Swamp! The winter was as dry as the dust of RAMESES. The summer has been as wet as old St. Swithin's gingham. We soaked June, we drenched July, and we drowned August. We squelched the strawberry season, reducing tons of promising fruit to flavourless pulp, and the growers to damp despair. Whoosh!! What a wetting we gave 'em!!! As soon as the Cricket Season started, so did *we*! Didn't we just? We simply sopped all the wickets, and spoilt all the matches, either keeping the cricketers waiting in the pavilion or slipping about on sloppy slithery turf. Consequently, the Cricketing Season has been a sickening sell. We 'watered down' the 'averages' of all the 'cracks.' S.W. was too many for W.G. (GRACE, of Gloucester), and W.W. gave the *other* W.W. (READ, of Surrey) a fair doing! We followed 'The Leviathan' in particular about persistently, till he must be real glad to 'take his hook' to Australia. Wherever *he* was playing, from Kennington to Clifton, we combined our forces, swooped down on him, and simply washed him out!"

"Wanton wags!" said the Mother of the Winds, reproachfully.

"Ra-ther," yelled her promising offspring in chorus. "But that's not all, *is* it, S.W.?—*is* it W.W.? We mucked up Lawn Tennis, soaked Henley Regatta, nearly spoilt the German EMPEROR's visit, ruined all the *al fresco* functions of the Season—slap!—flooded Society out of London, only to deluge them in their flitting till they wished they were back again, intensified the Influenza Epidemic, and—"

"Oh! stop, stop!" moaned the Old Woman. "Those Boys yonder will burst—with jealousy. But what have you been doing to the Princess AGRICULTURA here?"

The two broke into a spasmodic duo of delight and disdain. "Why *look* at her?" they cried. "Doesn't she speak for herself?"

"I *do*," replied AGRICULTURA. "And I charge this pair of Pernicious Pickles with planning—and to a large extent effecting—my Destruction! Hay, Hops, Cereals, Root-Crops, Fruits and Flowers—all ruined by these roystering rascals. They've done more incurable mischief in three supposed-to-be Summer Months than those much-maligned Boys over yonder did all the Winter. They've had it all their own way the Season through, ay, as much as though they'd nailed the weathercock to S.W., and knocked out the bottom of Aquarius's water-pot. And I call upon you, O Mother of the Winds, to pop them at once into their respective Bags, sit upon them till they are choked silent and still, and then hang them up to dry—if dry such watery imps *can*—for at least six months to come!"

Page 6

Now whether the Mother of the Winds gave ear to the prayer of the poor Princess AGRICULTURA, and imposed upon the Two Winds the punishment they richly deserved, the sequel must show.

* * * * *

[Illustration: SIGNS OF BREEDING.

(*Vide Correspondence in the "Daily Telegraph."*)

Little Binks agrees with Lord Byron that Breeding shews itself in the Hands, and complacently surveys his own.

"BOSH!" SAYS BLOKER. "BREEDING SHOWS ITSELF IN THE EAR, AND NOWHERE ELSE!"]

* * * * *

MORE MESSAGES FROM THE MAHATMA.

[Illustration]

1. I am KOOT HOOMIBOOG. There are more things in my philosophy than were ever dreamed of in heaven or earth. You are POONSH. You are a Thrupni but you are not a Mahatma. Be a Mahatma, and save your postage expenses. But you must be discreet; and you must be exceeding vague. A Mahatma is nothing if he is not vague. You must also be elusive. Can you elude? It is no light matter to prove one's spiritual capacity by materialising a cigarette inside a grand piano.

2. Your reply to my letter is soulless and sceptical. How *can* you ask me, O POONSH, what I am trying to get at? I ask nothing from you. It would be to your advantage rather than mine if you printed my poem on the Re-incarnation of Ginan Bittas, entitled *The Soul's Gooseberry Bush*. And if you will only be a Mahatma, or a disciple, I will gladly let you have the serial rights in that great work. What do you mean by saying you do not want to find cigarettes in your neighbour's piano? Think it over again, and you will see the beauty of it. You are a Thrupni, but surely you have *some* spiritual needs.

3. You say that you do not want my poem, and you ask me if I have no further attractions to offer. I am KOOT HOOMIBOOG, and I have kept the greatest attraction for the last. If you will only join us, you *may* find a few newspapers who will discuss you. You may see the question whether you are a fool or a knave debated in the correspondence columns. Think of the glory of it!

4. What? you won't? Well; I *am* surprised!



* * * * *

THE (EUROPEAN) WORLD AND ITS WIFE.—Europe—says an oracle—is “Wedded to Peace.” Possibly. And Europe, doubtless, does not exactly desire a divorce. But Europe has to pay pretty heavily—in armies and fleets, &c.—for Peace’s “maintenance.”

* * * * *

THE TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

NO. VI.

SCENE—Garden of the Hotel Victoria at Bingen, commanding a view of the Rhine and the vine-terraced hills, which are bathed in warm afternoon sunlight. Under the mopheaded acacias, CULCHARD and PODBURY are sitting smoking. At a little distance from them, are a Young Married Couple, whose honeymoon is apparently in its last quarter.

The Bridegroom (lazily, to Bride, as she draws another chair towards her for a foot-rest). How many more chairs do you want?



Page 7

Bride (without looking at him). I should think you could spare me one—you can hardly sit on three at once!

[After this interchange of amenities, they consider themselves absolved from any further conversational efforts.]

Podb. (to CULCH., resuming a discussion). I know as well as you do that we are booked for Nuremberg; but what *I* say is—that's no earthly reason why we should go there!

Culch. No reason why *you* should go, unless you wish it, certainly. *I* intend to go.

Podb. Well, it's beastly selfish, that's all! I know *why* you're so keen about it, too. Because the TROTTERS are going.

Culch. (colouring). That's an entire mistake on your part. Miss TROTTER has nothing to do with it. I don't even know whether she's going or not—for certain.

Podb. No, but you've a pretty good idea that she *is*, though. And I *know* how it will be. You'll be going about with her all the time, and I shall be shunted on to the old man! I don't see it, you know! (*CULCH. remains silent. A pause. PODBURY suddenly begins to search his pockets.*) I say—here's a pretty fix! Look here, old fellow, doosid annoying thing, but I can't find my purse—must have lost it somewhere!

Culch. (stoically). I can't say I'm surprised to hear it. It's awkward, certainly. I suppose I shall have to lend you enough to go home with—it's all I can do; but I'll do that with—er—pleasure.

Podb. (staring). Go home? Why, I can wire to the governor for more, easily enough. We shall have to stay here till it comes, that's all.

Culch. And give up Nuremberg? Thank you!

Podb. I rather like this place, you know—sort of rest. And we could always nip over to Ems, or Homburg, if it got too slow, eh?

[Illustration: "Good Heavens, It—It's gone!"]

Culch. If I nip over anywhere, I shall nip to Nuremberg. We may just as well understand one another, PODBURY. If I'm to provide money for both of us, it's only reasonable that you should be content to go where *I* choose. I cannot, and will not, stand these perpetual interferences with our original plan; it's sheer restlessness. Come with me to Nuremberg, and I shall be very happy to be your banker. Otherwise, you must stay here alone.



[He compresses his lips and crosses his legs.]

Podb. Oh, *that's* it, is it? But look here, why not tit up whether we go on or stay?

Culch. Why should I "tit up," as you call it, when I've already made up my mind to go. When I once decide on anything, it's final.

The Bride (to Bridegroom, without enthusiasm). Would you like me to roll you a cigarette?

Bridegroom (with the frankness of an open nature). Not if I know it. I can do it better myself.



Page 8

Bride (coldly). I see.

[Another silence, at the end of which she rises and walks slowly away, pausing at the gate to see whether he intends to follow. As he does not appear to have remarked her absence, she walks on.]

Podbury (to Culch., in an undertone). I say, those two don't seem to hit it off exactly, eh? Seem sorry they came! You'll be glad to hear, old fellow, that we needn't separate after all. Just found my purse in my trouser-pocket!

Culch. Better luck than you deserve. Didn't I tell you you should have a special pocket for your money and coupons? Like this—see. *(He opens, his coat.)* With a buttoned flap, it stands to reason they *must* be safe!

Podb. So long as you keep it buttoned, old chap,—which you don't seem to do!

Culch. (annoyed). Pshaw! The button is a trifle too—*(feels pocket, and turns pale)*. Good Heavens, it—it's *gone*!

Podb. The button?

Culch. (patting himself all over with shaking hands). Everything!—money, coupons, circular notes! They—they must have fallen out going up that infernal Niederwald. *(Angrily.)* You *would* insist on going!

Podb. Phew! The whole bag of tricks gone! You're lucky if you get them again. Any number of tramps and beggars all the way up. Shouldn't have taken off your coat—very careless of you! *(He grins.)*

Culch. It was so hot. I must go and inform the Police here—I may recover it yet. Anyway, we—we must push on to Nuremberg, and I'll telegraph home for money to be sent there. You can let me have enough to get on with?

Podb. With all the pleasure in life, dear boy—on your own conditions, you know. I mean, if I pay the piper, I call the tune. Now, I don't cotton to Nuremberg somehow; I'd rather go straight on to Constance; we could get some rowing there.

Culch. (pettishly). Rowing be —— *(recollecting his helplessness)*. No; but just consider, my dear **PODBURY**. I assure you you'll find Nuremberg a most delightful old place. You must see how bent I am on going there!

Podb. Oh, yes, I see *that*. But then I'm *not*, don't you know—so there we are!

Culch. (desperately). Well, I'll—I'll meet you half-way. I've no objection to—er—titting up with you—Nuremberg or Constance. Come?



Podb. You weren't so anxious to tit up just now—but never mind. (*Producing a mark.*) Now then, Emperor—Constance. Eagle—Nuremberg. Is it sudden death, or best out of three? [*He tosses.*]

Culch. Sud—(*The coin falls with the Emperor uppermost.*) Best out of three.

[*He takes coin from PODBURY and tosses.*]

Podb. Eagle! we're even so far. (*He receives coin.*) This settles it. [*He tosses.*]



Page 9

Culch. Eagle again! Now mind, PODBURY, no going back after *this*. It must *be* Nuremberg now.

Podb. All right! And now allow me to have the pleasure of restoring your pocket-book and note-case. They did fall out on the Niederwald, and it was a good job for you I was behind and saw them drop. You must really be more careful, dear boy. Ain't you going to say "ta" for them?

Culch. (relieved). I'm—er—tremendously obliged. I really can't say how.—
(*Recollecting himself.*) But you need not have taken advantage of it to try to do me out of going to Nuremberg—it was a shabby trick!

Podb. Oh, it was only to get a rise out of you. I never meant to keep you to it, of course. And I say, weren't you sold, though? Didn't I lead up to it beautifully? (*He chuckles.*) Score to me, eh!

Culch. (with amiable sententiousness). Ah, well, I don't grudge you your little joke if it amuses you. Those laugh best who laugh last. And it's settled now that we're going to Nuremberg.

[*Miss TROTTER and her father have come out from the Speisesaal doors, and overhear the last speech.*]

Mr. Trotter (to Culchard). Your friend been gettin' off a joke on you, Sir?

Culch. Only in his own estimation, Mr. TROTTER. I have nailed him down to going to Nuremberg, which, for many reasons, I was extremely anxious to visit. (*Carelessly.*) Are we likely to be there when you are?

Miss T. I guess not. We've just got our mail, and my cousin, CHARLEY VAN BOODELER, writes he's having a real lovely time in the Engadine—says it's the most elegant locality he's struck yet, and just as full of Amurrcans as it can hold; so we're going to start out there right away. I don't believe we shall have time for Nuremberg this trip. Father, if we're going to see about checking the baggage through, we'd better go down to the *depot* right now. [*They pass on.*]

Culch. (with a very blank face and a feeble whistle). Few-fitty-fitty-fitty-fa-di-fee-fee-foo; few—After all, PODBURY, I don't know that I care so much about Nuremberg. They—they say it's a good deal changed from what it was.

Podb. So are *you*, old chap, if it comes to that. Tiddledy-iddlety-ido-lumpty-doodle-oo! Is it to be Constance after all, then?

Culch. (reddening). Er—I rather thought of the Engadine—more *bracing*, eh?—few-feedle-eedle-oodle—



Podb. You artful old whistling oyster, *I* see what you're up to! But it's no go; she don't want either of us Engadining about after her. It's CHARLEY VAN STICKINTHEMUD's turn now! We've got to go to Nuremberg. You can't get out of it, after gassing so much about the place. When you've once decided, you know, it's *final!*

Culch. (with dignity). I am not aware that I *wanted* to get out of it. I merely proposed in your—(PODBURY *suddenly explodes.*) What are you cackling at *now?*



Page 10

Podb. (wiping his eyes). It's the last laugh, old man,—and it's the best!

[*CULCHARD* walks away rapidly, leaving *PODBURY* in solitary enjoyment of the joke. *PODBURY*'s mirth immediately subsides into gravity, and he kicks several unoffending chairs with quite uncalled-for brutality.

* * * * *

A "KNOT"ICAL STORY OF DRURY LANE.

(TOLD BY OUR AGED SALT, WITH A TASTE FOR THE DIBDIN DRAMA.)

[Illustration: "A Sailor Knot"—not a Sailor.]

[Illustration: Losing their heads on board the *Dauntless*.]

What, not remember it! Not the scene on Wapping Old Stairs and Mr. CHARLES GLENNEY in the Merchant Service, and Miss MILLWARD the Ward of Count GURNEY DELAUNAY! Not remember all that! Not recollect the pretty set with the River, the boat-house, and the figure-heads! Ah, tell it to the Marines! Not that they would believe you! I remember it, and a good deal more. Now it came about in this way. You see Miss MILLWARD thought that Lieutenant CHARLES WARNER, R.N.—“her sweetheart as a boy”—was dead, and, like a sensible young lady, made arrangements to marry his foster-brother, meaning GLENNEY. This she would have done most comfortably, had not the Count and a Boat-builder, one JULIAN CROSS PENNYCAD, objected. But after all, their opposition wouldn't have come to much hadn't Lieutenant CHARLES WARNER, R.N., taken it into his head to turn up from the Centre of Africa, or the Cannibal Islands, or somewhere. On second thoughts I don't think it could have been the Cannibal Islands, because *there* they would have certainly eaten him—he looked so plump, and in such excellent condition. Well, Lieutenant WARNER, R.N., finding that Miss MILLWARD was on the eve of marrying Mr. GLENNEY, most nobly made room for his foster-brother, and hurried back to sea. But as luck (and Mr. HENRY PETTIT) would have it, just as the lady and gentleman were on their way to Stepney Old Church to be spliced, who should turn up in a uniform that showed him to be a fine figure of a man but Lieutenant WARNER, R.N., himself—with the Press Gang. It turned out that Lieutenant WARNER's ship was very under-manned, and that he had been ordered by his Captain to get all the sailors he could on board H.M.S. *Dauntless*—a vessel, by the way, that afterwards proved to be the very image of the *Victory*. And here came a complication. Through the treachery of JULIAN CROSS PENNYCAD, Lieutenant WARNER seized Mr. GLENNEY just as he and Miss MILLWARD were entering Stepney Old Church. Says Mr. GLENNEY to Lieutenant WARNER, “What, taking me, because you are jealous of me, on my wedding-day! You ought to be ashamed of yourself!” or words to that effect. Says Lieutenant WARNER, R.N., to Mr. GLENNEY, “Nothing of the

sort. For the man who would betray another, save in the way of kindness, on his bridal morn, is unworthy of the name of a British sailor," or



Page 11

words to *that* effect. Then Miss MILLWARD chimed in, and thus touched the heart of Lieutenant WARNER, R.N., so deeply that he ordered Mr. GLENNEY's immediate release. "I forget my duty," explained the generous WARNER. "But I don't," put in his superior officer, Captain WILLIAM LUGG VERNON, "and I order that man to be carried on board!" and there was not a dry eye amongst those present, except, perhaps, amongst the heartless "Press Gang," who, having to write notices for the daily and weekly papers, were naturally eager to see what "In the Fo'castle" and "The Deck of the *Dauntless*" were like. And these they did see in the next Act of this really capital Drama. And here came in a scene that will long be remembered to the honour of the British Navy and the National and Royal Theatre, Drury Lane. There came a mutiny, with the misguided GLENNEY at the head of it. Said Captain WILLIAM LUGG VERNON, after it was quelled, "We can't spare a man, and so I shall have Mr. GLENNEY flogged." "Don't do that," cried Lieutenant WARNER; "he is my brother and my friend, although he has given me a oner, owing to a misunderstanding. Captain, may I appeal to these men, and ask them in stirring language, to fight the foe." "You shall," replied his superior officer; "and, by arrangement with Mr. HENRY PETTITT, I will see that '*Rule Britannia*' is played softly by an efficient orchestra while you are speaking to them." "A thousand thanks!" cried the eloquent WARNER; and then he let them have it. He told them that the enemy were waiting for them—that they had left Brest for the purpose of engaging in a first-class naval engagement. He pointed out that the other ships of the Fleet were on their way to the scrimmage. "Would the gallant *Dauntless* be the only laggard?" "No!" shouted the now-amenable-to-naval-discipline GLENNEY, and with the rest of the malcontents, he asked to be led to glory. It was indeed stirring to see the red-coats waving their hats on the tops of their bayonets, and the Blue Jackets brandishing their swords. In the enthusiasm of the moment, the entire ship's company seemed to have lost their heads, and cheers came from the deck, and the auditorium equally. It was a moment of triumph for everyone concerned! Everyone! And need I say anything more? Need I tell you how it came right in the end? How Miss MILLWARD (who was always on the eve of being married to someone) did actually go through a civil ceremony (the French were polite even in the days before Waterloo) with the Count, which, however, failed to count (as an old wag, with a taste for ancient jests, observed to a brother droll), because the Gallic nobleman got killed immediately after the ceremony? Need I hint that Mr. GLENNEY was falsely accused of murder, to be rescued at the right moment by the ever-useful and forgiving WARNER? Need I say that Mr. HENRY PETTITT was cheered to the echo for his piece, and Sir AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS for his stage management? No, for other chronicles



Page 12

have given the news already; and it is also superfluous to describe the fun of those excellent comedians, Mr. HARRY NICHOLLS and Miss FANNY BROUGH. All I can say is, if you want to see a good piece, well mounted, and capitally acted all round, why go to Old Drury, and you will agree with me (and the old wag with a taste for ancient jests) that Sir AUGUST-US might add September, October, November, and December to his signature, as *A Sailor's Knot* seems likely to remain tied to the Knightly Boards until it is time to produce the Christmas Pantomime. So heave away, my hearties, and good luck to you!

* * * * *

SONGS FOR THE PRO. AND CON. THEOSOPHICAL CONTROVERSIALISTS.—“*All round Mahatmas,*” “*He’s a jolly good Chela!*” “*Row, Brothers, Row!*” and “*Why did my ‘Masters’ sell me?*”

* * * * *

[Illustration: CRICKETANA. YOUNG LADIES V. BOYS.

Fair Batter (aetat. 18). “NOW, JUST LOOK HERE, ALGY JONES—NONE OF YOUR PATRONAGE! YOU DARE TO BOWL TO ME WITH YOUR LEFT HAND AGAIN, AND I’LL BOX YOUR EARS!”]

* * * * *

“NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH.”

A SCENE VERY FREELY ADAPTED FROM “THE CRITIC.”

Enter Mr. PUNCH, First Commissioner of Police, Inspector, and Constables.

Commissioner. Oh! very valiant Constables: one is the Inspector himself, the others are ordinary P.C.’s. And now I hope you shall hear some better language. I was obliged to be plain and intelligible in my manifesto, because there was so much matter-of-fact ground for remonstrance, and even chiding; but still, ‘i faith, I am proud of my men, who, in point of fact, are fine fellows.

Mr. P. Unquestionably! But let us listen—unobserved, if so it may be.

Inspector. How’s this, my lads! What cools your usual zeal,
And makes your helmed valour down i’ the mouth?
Why dimly glimmers that heroic flame



Whose reddening blaze, by civic spirit fed,
Should be the beacon of a happy Town?
Can the smart patter of a Bobby's tongue
Thus stagnate in a cold and prosy converse,
Or freeze in oathless inarticulateness?
No! Let not the full fountain of your valour
Be choked by mere official wiggings, or
Your prompt consensus of prodigious swearing
Be checked by the philanthropists' foaming wrath,
Or high officialdom's hostility!

Mr. P. There it is, Mr. Commissioner; they admit your by no means soft impeachment.

Commissioner. Nay, listen yet awhile!

1st P.C. No more!—the freshening breeze of your rebuke
Hath filled the napping canvas of our souls!
And thus, though magistrates expostulate,

[All take hands and raise their truncheons.

And hint that ANANIAS dressed in blue,
We'll grapple with the thing called Evidence,
And if we fall, by Heaven! we'll fall *together!*



Page 13

Inspector. There spoke Policedom's genius!
Then, are we all resolved?

All. We are—all resolved.

Inspector. To pull—and swear—together?

All. To pull—and swear—together.

Inspector. All?

All. All!

Mr. P. Nem. con. Egad!

Commissioner. Oh, yes! When they do agree in the Force, their unanimity is wonderful!

Inspector. Then let's embrace this resolution, and "Keep it with a constant mind—and now—"

[*Kneels.*

Mr. P. What the plague, is he going to pray?

Commissioner. Yes—hush! In great emergencies—on the Stage or in the Force—there's nothing like a prayer in chorus.

Inspector. "O MENDEZ PINTO!"

Mr. P. But why should he pray to MENDEZ PINTO?

Commissioner. Oh, "the Knight, PINTO-MENDEZ FERDINANDO," as POE calls him, is the tutelary genius of Bards—and Bobbies! Hush!

Inspector. If in thy homage bred
Each point of discipline I've still observed;
Swearing in squads, affirming in platoons;
Nor but by due promotion, and the right
Of service to the rank P.C. Inspector,
Have risen; assist thy votary now!

1st P.C. Yet do not rise—hear me! [*Kneels.*

2nd P.C. And me! [*Kneels.*



3rd P C. And me! [*Kneels.*

Inspector. Now swear—and pray—all together!

All. We swear!!!

Behold thy votaries submissive beg
That thou wilt deign to grant them all they ask,
Assist them to accomplish all their ends,
And sanctify whatever means they use
To gain them

Mr. P. A very orthodox and harmonious chorus. Their “*tutti*” is perfection.

Commissioner. Vastly well, is’t not? Is that well managed or not? Is the “thin Blue line” well disciplined or not? Have you such absolute perfection of “alltogetherishness” on your lyric stage as the Force voluntarily maintains—in its own interests, and obedient to its own peculiar *esprit de corps*?

Mr. P. (with significance). Not exactly!

* * * * *

MANY HAPPY RETURNS!

(*PUNCH TO MADAME LA REPUBLIQUE.*)

[“The Republic attains its majority to-morrow (Sept. 4). It is the first Government since the Revolution which has had a twenty-first birthday.”—*The Times.*]

Dear Madam, “Perfidious Albion” proffers
The best birthday wishes good feeling can shape!
A snap of the fingers for cynical scoffers!
A fig for the framers of venomous jape.
May Peace and Goodwill be your lasting possession,
Your proud “Valour” tempered by “years of discretion!”



Page 14

* * * * *

HYGEIA OFF THE SCENT.—It is stated that even the charms of a champagne luncheon failed to attract more than one out of twenty-four members of the Hygienic Congress invited to test the merits of sewage-farms by ocular—or should we say *nasal*?—demonstration. Perhaps the missing three-and-twenty thought that in this case, at least, Mrs. MALAPROP would be both correct and pertinent in saying that “Comparisons are *odorous!*”

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[Illustration: “NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH.”

INSPECTOR. “NOW SWEAR! ALL TOGETHER!” CONSTABLES. “WE SWEAR!!”

MR. PUNCH (*aside*). “DEAR ME, SIR EDWARD; WHEN THEY *DO* AGREE, THEIR UNANIMITY IS WONDERFUL!”—“*The Critic*,” *freely adapted.*]

* * * * *

ROBERT’S ROMANCE.

I have been so bothered for coppys of my Romanse, as I read at the Cook’s Swarry some time back, that I have detummined to publish it, and here it is. In coarse, all rites is reserved.

ROBERT.

[Illustration]

THE MYSTERY OF MAY FARE.

(BY ONE BEHIND THE SEENS.)

CHAPTER I.—DESPARE!

It was Midnite! The bewtiful Countess of BELGRAVIER sat at the hopen winder of her Boodwar gazing on the full moon witch was jest a rising up above the hopposite chimbleys. Why was that evenly face, that princes had loved and Poets sillybrated, bathed in tears? How offen had she, wile setting at that hopen winder, washed it with Oder Colone, to remove the stanes of them tell tail tears? But all in wane, they wood keep running down that bewtiful face as if enamelled with its buty; and quite heedless of how they was a spiling of her new ivory cullered sattin dress that Maddam ELISE’s yung ladies had been a workin on up to five a clock that werry arternoon.



She had bin to the great ball of the Season, to be washupped as usual by the world of Fashun, but wot had driven her home at the hunerthly hour of harf-parst Eleven? Ah, that cruel blo, that deadly pang, that despairin shok, must be kep for the nex chapter.

CHAPTER II.—THE HELOPEMEANT!

Seated in the House-keeper's own Room at the Dook of SURREY's lovely Manshun, playfoolly patting his fatted calves, and surrounded by his admiring cirkle, sat CHARLES, the ero of my Tale. CHARLES was the idle of that large establishment. They simply adored him. It was not only his manly bewty, tho that mite have made many an Apoller envy him. It was not only his nolledge of the world, tho in that he was sooperior to menny a Mimber of Parlyment from the Sister Oil, but it was his stile, his grace, his erty demeanor. The House-keeper paid him marked attenshuns. The Ladies Maid supplied him with Sent for his ankerchers. The other Footmen



Page 15

looked up to him as their model, and even the solemn Butler treated him with respect, and sometimes with something else as he liked even better. The leading Gentlemen from other Doocal establishments charfed him upon his success with the Fare, even among the werry hiest of the Nobillerty, and CHARLES bore it all with a good-natured larf that showed off his ivory teeth to perfecshun. Of course it was all in fun, as they said, and proberly thort, till on this fatal ewening, the noose spread like thunder, through the estonished world of Fashun, that CHARLES had heloped with the welthy, the middle-aged, but still bewtiful, Marchioness of ST. BENDIGO.

CHAPTER III.—THE DEWELL.

The pursoot was rapid and sucksuccessful, and the MARKISS's challenge reyther disterbed the gilty pair at their ellegant breakfast. But CHARLES was as brave as he was fare, and, having hired his fust Second for twenty-five francs, and made a few other erangements, he met his hantigginest on the dedly field on the follering day at the hunerthly hour of six hay hem. CHARLES, with dedly haim, fired in the hair! but the MARKISS being bald, he missed him. The MARKISS's haim was even more dedly, for he, aperiently, shot his rival in his hart, for he fell down quite flat on the new-mown hay, and dishcullered it with his blud!

The MARKISS rushed up, and gave him one look of orror, and, throwing down a L1000 pound note, sed, "that for any one who brings him two," and, hurrying away to his Carridge, took the next train for Lunden. CHARLES recovered hissself emediately, and, pocketing the note, winked his eye at the second second, and, giving him a hundred-franc note for hissself, wiped away the stains of the rouge and water, and returned to breakfast with his gilty parrer-mour.

CHAPTER IV.—THE END.

The poor MARKISS was so horryfied at his brilliyant sucksess, that CHARLES's sanguinery corpse aunted his bed-side, and he died within a munth, a leetle munth, as *Amlet* says, of the dredful ewent, and CHARLES married his Widder. But, orful to relate, within a werry short time CHARLES was a sorrowin Widderer, with a nincum of sum L10,000 a year; and having purchased a Itallien titel for a hundred and fifty pound, it is said as he intends shortly to return to hold Hingland; and as the lovely Countess of BELGRAVIER is fortnetly becum a Widder, and a yung one, it is thought quite posserbel, by them as is behind the seens, like myself, for instance, that before many more munce is past and gone, there will be one lovely Widder and one andsum Widderer less than there is now; and we is all on us ankshushly looking forred to the



day wen the gallant Count der WENNIS shall lead his lovely Bride to the halter of St. George's, Hannover Squeer, thus proving the truth of the Poet's fabel,—

“The rank is but the guinny's stamp,
The Footman's the man for a' that.”



Page 16

* * * * *

WHERE ARE OUR DAIRYMAIDS?

A SONG OF VANISHED SUMMER.

["What has become of our Dairymaids?"—*Newspaper Question.*]

AIR—"THE DUTCHMAN'S LITTLE DOG."

O where and O where is our Dairymaid gone?
O where, O where can she be?
With her skirts cut short and her hair cut long,
O where, and O where is she?

Well, Summer is gone, and so is the Sun,
And farming is nought but a bilk.
When our Butter is Dutch, and our Cheese is Yank,
Why, why should they leave us our Milk?

Our brave Queen BESS, as the Laureate says,[1]
Might wish that a milkmaid were she;
Whilst MAUDLIN in WALTON's bucolical days
Could troll forth her ballad with glee.

But, alas! for the days of the stool and the churn,
And the milking-pails brass-bound and bright!
There is much to do and but little to earn
In the Dairy, once IZAAK's delight.

Now Companies deal with the lacteal yield,
And churns clank o' night at Vauxhall,
Who dreams with delight of the buttercup'd field,
Or Dun Suke in her sweet-smelling stall?

Milking the Cow, and churning the milk
Made work for the maids long ago,
But possible Dairymaids now dress in silk,
That's where our Dairymaids go.

Ah! DOLLY becomes a mechanical drudge,
And SALLY—a something much worse.
Through cowslip-pied meadows to merrily trudge
Won't fill a maid's heart, or her purse.



The meadow at eve and the dairy at morn,
And a song—from KIT MARLOW—between,
Would fire a fine-dressed modern MAUDLIN with scorn,
And move modish MOLLY to spleen.

The Dairymaid's true "golden age" is long fled
With Summer, and pippins and cream;
Like little *Bo-Peep* and *Boy-Blue*, it is dead,
Save as parts of a pastoral dream.

O where and O where is our Dairymaid gone?
O where, and O where can she be?
Well, they make cockney shop-girls of PHILLIS and JOAN,
And I guess that they make such with *she*!

[Footnote 1:

"I would I were a milkmaid
To sing, love, marry, churn, brew, bake and die."

TENNYSON's *Queen Mary*.]

* * * * *

A MATTER OF CORSET.—At Sydenham, Ontario (it is stated), the Corset has been declared to be "incompatible with Christianity!" If some of our fashionable dames uttered their innermost feelings, they would doubtless reply, "So much the worse for—Christianity." It is so obvious that many modish Mammias care much more for their daughters' bodices than their souls.

* * * * *

[Illustration: MR. PUNCH ON TOUR. HE ARRIVES AT KINGSTOWN BY THE IRISH MAIL.]



Page 17

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THE GUZZLING CURE.

[Sir DYCE DUCKWORTH, in a letter written to a Vegetarian Correspondent, says, "I believe in the value of animal food and alcoholic drinks for the best interests of man. The abuse or misuse of either is another matter."]

[Illustration]

O plump Head-waiter, I have read
What worthy DUCKWORTH writes!
And that is why I've swiftly sped
To where your door invites.
I kept my indigestion down
Of old, by sheer starvation;
But now no longer shall I frown
On food assimilation.

I pledge him in your oldest port,
This medical adviser,
For vainly elsewhere might be sought
A cheerier or a wiser,
He bids me speedily return
To ordinary diet—
A sage prescription!—and I burn
To chance results, and try it!

I've lived on air; on food for Lent;
On what some Doctor calls
"Nitrogenous environment"—
A fare that quickly palls.
I'll eat the chops I once did eat;
All care and thought I banish;
And with this unexpected treat
My old dyspeptics vanish.

What though they warn me that at first—
It may be merely fancy—
The stomach's sure to try its worst
In base recalcitrancy?
When half-starved gastric juice is set
To cope with dainty dishes,



The outcome—one may safely bet—
Won't be just what one wishes.

This earth is rich in chemists' shops,
With doctors it abounds,
Who, if I feel the change from slops,
Will take me on their rounds.
So, scorning indigestive ache,
I count each anxious minute;
Oh, waiter, hurry up that steak!
My happiness is in it.

* * * * *

ANNALS OF A WATERING-PLACE

THAT "HAS SEEN ITS DAY."

I do not know when Torsington-on-Sea's day precisely was, or, whether indeed its day has yet dawned, but I was sent there by my medical adviser as being *the very place* for me, it being "delightfully quiet", nine miles from a railway station, which apparently means in plain English twenty-four hours behind the rest of this habitable globe, and generally stranded in the race for every conceivable comfort or necessity with which an age of Co-operative Stores and Electric Lighting has made one comfortably—perhaps too comfortably—familiar. Judging, however, from the fact that Torsington-on-Sea consists mainly of a pretentious architectural effort consisting of six-and-thirty palatial sea-side residences, twenty-four of which are let in sets of furnished apartments to highly respectable families, and twelve of which appear, from want of funds, to have stopped short in their infancy many years ago at the basement, showing a

Page 18

weed-covered foundation of what might, had the over-sanguine capitalist not overshot the initial mark, have proved as fine a sea-side terrace on the South East Coast as the weary cockney eye could well hope to light upon, it would be including the fact that there is but one policeman to protect the lives and properties of the inhabitants and strangers of Torsington-on-Sea, by day and by night, and a town band (with a uniform) of five, of which two-fifths are, I was going to say “armed” with cymbals, triangle and with big and side drums, it would be more reasonable to suppose that Torsington-on-Sea had seen its day, and that what glories it ever had may be regarded as having departed with the vanished years.

[Illustration]

Beyond the stock recreation afforded by the militarily-apparelled Town Band of five, whose *repertoire* appears to be confined to a sad and serious opening march, a rather lugubrious galop, and a couple of walses and a quick-step Polka, which evidently owe their origin to the genius of the Conductor, the entertainment offered by Torsington-on-Sea must be further sought for from a donkey-chair, the donkey attached to which has many a long year ago lost what it ever possessed in the shape of “spirit,” a cast-off Nigger Minstrel, with a concertina that is somewhat out of order, and a lovely “public-house” tenor, who is heard only after dark, but with a voice so sweet and true in tone, that one wonders how it is that instead of thrilling the High Street of Torsington-on-Sea for possibly the few halfpence he picks up in that rather unappreciative thoroughfare, he is not simultaneously rushed at and eagerly caught up by the leading *impresarios* of all the continental opera-houses in Europe!

Then there is the daily arrival of the “coach,” for such is the faded yellow omnibus styled, that meets the London train from Boxminster, which pulls up with a flourish at the “Three Golden Cups.” There is seldom anything brought by this noteworthy conveyance, unless it be a package or parcel for Mr. DUNSTABLE, the one highly respectable tradesman in the town. DUNSTABLE’s is *the* emporium *par excellence* where anything, from a patent drug down to the latest new novel, can be ordered down from Town. There is a tradition that old GEORGE THE THIRD, when passing through Torsington in the year 1793, stopped at DUNSTABLE’s for some boot-laces, and, patting the grandfather of the present proprietor on the head, said, “What! what! none in stock! Then I think we must have some of these pretty curls instead.” Anyhow, that is given as the reason for the style and title of “Dunstable’s *Royal* Library and Reading Room,” which it has enjoyed without dispute from the commencement of the present century to the present day.

I came here, as I said, by the advice of my medical adviser, to “pick up.” How far Torsington-on-Sea has helped me to do this, I must deal with subsequently.



Page 19

* * * * *

IGNORANT BLISS.

[Illustration]

At noon through the open window
Comes the scent of the new-mown hay.
I look out. In the meadow yonder
Are the little lambs at play.
They are all extremely foolish,
Yet I haven't the heart to hint
That over the boundary wall there grows
A beautiful bed of mint.
For a little lamb
Will run to its mam.
And will say "O! dam,"
At a hint, however well intentioned,
When the awful name of mint is mentioned.

At the close of day the burglar comes
For to ply his gentle trade.
I fondly gaze on his jemmy, and
Grow timid and quite afraid.
I wouldn't for kingdoms have him know
That my neighbours of titled rank
Went abroad on a sudden last night and left
Their jewels at COUTTS's Bank.
For a burglar bold
Grows harsh and cold
When he finds he's sold,
And his burglar's bosom heaves at knowing
That the sell of a swag isn't worth the stowing.

I'm a poet—you may not know it,
But I am and hard up for "tin,"
So I've written these clever verses
And I hope they'll get put in.
Yet Life is an awful lottery
With a gruesome lot of blanks,
And I wish the Editor hadn't slips
That are printed "Declined with Thanks."
For it's rather hard
On a starving bard



When his last trump card
Is played, and he wishes himself bisected
When his Muse's lays come back—rejected!

* * * * *

STORICULES.

III.—THE DEAR OLD LADY.

There were three of them in the railway-carriage. One was a Stockbroker; one was a Curate; one was an Old Lady. They had been strangers to each other when they started; but it was near the end of the journey, and they were chatting pleasantly together now. One could see that the little Old Lady was from the country; she was exquisitely neat and simple in appearance; there was an air of primness about her which one rarely sees in a city product. She carried a big bunch of hedgerow flowers. She seemed to be a little nervous about travelling, and still more nervous about encountering the noise and confusion of the great city. She had asked the Stockbroker and Curate a good many questions about the sights that she ought to see, and how much she ought to pay the cabman, and which were the best shops. "Not but what TOM will look after me," she explained; "Tom's a very good son to me, and he'll be waiting on the platform for me. And such a boy as he was too when he was younger! Fruit! There wasn't anything that boy wouldn't do to get it—any kind of mischief." She grew garrulous on the subject of Tom's infancy. The two men answered her questions, and listened amusedly to her chatter. Occasionally they interchanged smiles. Presently the train got near to the station just before the terminus. The Curate warned the Old Lady that the tickets would be collected there.



Page 20

[Illustration]

“Thank you, Sir,” she said, “for telling me. Then I must be getting my ticket ready. I’ve got it quite safely. Such a lot of money it did seem to pay for a ride to London! But TOM *would* have me come. He never forgets his old Mother.” She undid her reticule and took out her purse; she undid the purse and took out a folded paper; she unfolded the paper and took out the ticket. Then she put the paper back in the purse, and the purse back in the reticule. She held the ticket gingerly between two fingers of her cotton-gloved hand, as if it were a delicate fruit, and she were afraid of rubbing the bloom off it.

“What a refreshing contrast to our city ways!” thought the Stockbroker.

“*How* characteristic!” thought the Curate.

“My word! there’s one of my hair-pins coming out,” said the Old Lady, suddenly. The hand which held the ticket flew to the back of her head, to put the hair-pin right.

And then, all at once, the look of animation died out of the Old Lady’s face. She seemed utterly aghast and horror-stricken. She gasped out an unintelligible interjection.

“What’s the matter, Ma’am?” asked the Stockbroker.

“My ticket’s gone! I was putting that hair-pin right, and the ticket slipped out of my fingers, and dropped down the back of my neck between my clothes and—and myself. What *shall* I do when that gentleman comes for the tickets?”

The Curate blushed violently. In his boyhood’s days he had put halfpennies down the back of his neck and jumped up and down until they percolated out in the region of his boots. He had only just checked himself in the act of advising the Old Lady to get up and jump.

The Stockbroker was more practical, and soon consoled her. He was a season-ticket-holder, and knew the collector. He would explain it to the man. “You’ll be able to get the ticket again, you see, when you—I mean, later on.” The British love of euphemism had asserted itself. “And then you can send it to the collector by post. You had better write down your name and address to give him. I’ll guarantee to the collector that it will be all right.”

The Old Lady overwhelmed him with thanks. Slowly and laboriously she wrote the name and address on the piece of paper in which the ticket was folded. All happened just as the Stockbroker had foretold. The Ticket-collector was very well satisfied and very much amused.

TOM was waiting for her at the terminus, and took charge of her at once.



“Ah!” said the Stockbroker to the Curate, when she had gone, “that’s my notion of a dear Old Lady.”

“Everything about her was so characteristic,” answered the Curate, admiringly.

Neither the Curate nor the Stockbroker had the advantage of hearing what the dear Old Lady said to Tom that afternoon.



Page 21

“It came off just beautifully, my boy. Not that I blame *them*, mind you,—how were they to know that it was a ticket which I didn’t give up last year, and that I hadn’t even taken a ticket at all to-day? No, I don’t blame them. As for the address, I put the same address that was on the label of the Curate’s bag, only I altered The Rev. CHARLES MARLINGHURST to Mrs. MARLINGHURST. And the Stockbroker guaranteed that I should send either the ticket or the money. So he’ll have to pay up! Oh, my word! My gracious word, what a treat!”

The dear Old Lady chuckled contentedly.

Tom also chuckled.

The Stockbroker subsequently relinquished to a great extent his habit of remarking upon his own marvellous intuition, enabling him to read character at sight; the Curate preached a capital sermon on the deceptiveness of man, and when he said man he meant woman.

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TO A TOO-ENGAGING MAIDEN.

[Illustration]

I think you should know I’ve been put out of humour
By something I hear very nearly each day.
In a small town like ours, as you know, every rumour
Gets about in a truly remarkable way.
It is too much to hope for that women won’t prattle,
But I candidly tell you, I do feel enraged
When I find that a part of their stock tittle-tattle
Is that we—how I laugh at the thought!—are engaged.

Though you don’t even claim to be reckoned as pretty,
You are not, I admit it, aggressively plain.
You dress pretty well, and your talk, if not witty,
As a rule doesn’t give me much positive pain.
You will one day be rich, for your prospects are “healthy,”
Yet as Beauty and Riches do not make up Life,
Why, were you as lovely as Venus, as wealthy
As Croesus I wouldn’t have *you* for my wife.

Are you free altogether from blame in the matter—
I’m resolved to be frank, so it’s useless to frown—
Have you not had a share in the mischievous chatter



Which makes our “engagement” the talk of the town?
When some eager, impertinent person hereafter
Shall inquire of its truth, and shall ask, “Is it so?”
Instead of implying assent by your laughter,
Would you kindly oblige me by answering, “No”?

I recognise freely your marvellous kindness
In allowing your name to be linked with my own.
Maybe it is only incurable blindness
To your charms that compels me to let them alone.
But if with reports I am still to be harried,
I’ve thoroughly made up my mind what to do;
Just to settle it all, I shall shortly be married,
I shall shortly be married, but not—*not* to you.

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Page 22

“WHO BREAKS PAYS.”—“In some large restaurants,” says the *Daily Chronicle*, “the girls engaged have to pay for the breakages which occur in the course of carrying on a business in which they are not partners.” If the maxim at the head of this paragraph were strictly and impartially enforced, such exacting employers would have to pay pretty smartly for certain “breakages” which occur in the carrying on of a business in which they consider *they* have no concern—breakages, to wit, of the girls’ health, spirits, and, often, hearts!

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MODERN VERSION OF “WISE MEN OF THE EAST.”—The Congress of Orientalists.

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