

Punch, or the London Charivari, Volume 101, October 24, 1891 eBook

Punch, or the London Charivari, Volume 101, October 24, 1891

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Page 1

LAISSEZ FAIRE.

(INSCRIPTION FOR A FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY.)

[Illustration]

Here is an Institution doomed to scare
The furious devotees of *Laissez Faire*.
What mental shock, indeed, could prove immenser
To Mumbo Jumbo—or to *Herbert Spencer*?
Free Books? Reading provided from the Rates?
Oh, that means Freedom's ruin, and the State's!
Self-help's all right,—e'en if you rob a brother—
But human creatures must *not* help each other!
The "Self-made Man," whom *Samuel smiles* so praises,
Who on his fellows' necks his footing raises,
The systematic "Sweater," who sucks wealth
From toiling crowds by cunning and by stealth,—
He is all right, *he* has no maudlin twist,
He does not shock the Individualist!
But rate yourselves to give the poor free reading?
The Pelican to warm her nestlings bleeding,
Was no such monument of feeble folly.
Let folks alone, and all will then be jolly.
Let the poor perish, let the ignorant sink,
The tempted tumble, and the drunkard drink!
Let—no, *don't* let the low-born robber rob,
Because,—well, that would rather spoil the job.
If footpad-freedom brooked no interference,
Of Capital there might be a great clearance;
But, Wealth well-guarded, let all else alone.
'Tis thus our race hath to true manhood grown:
To make the general good the common care,
Breaks through the sacred law of *Laissez Faire*!

* * * * *

A remonstrance.

TO LUKE'S LITTLE SUMMER.

[Illustration]



Ah, Summer! now thy wayward race is run,
With soft, appeasing smiles thou com'st, like one
Who keeps a pageant waiting all the day,
Till half the guests and all the joy is gone,
And hearts are heavy that awoke so gay.

What though the faithful trees, still gladly green,
Show fretted depths of blue their boughs between,
Though placid sunlight sleeps upon the lawn,
It only tells us of what might have been
Of fickle favours wantonly withdrawn.

Blown with rude winds, and beaten down with rain,
How can the roses dare to trust again
The tricky mistress whom they once adored?
Even the glad heaven, chilled with stormy stain,
Grudges its skylark pilgrims of its hoard.

Poor is the vintage that the wild bee quiffs,
When the tall simple lilies—the giraffes
That browse on loftier air than other flowers—
When all the blooms, wherewith late Summer laughs,
Like chidden children droop among the bowers.

Oft like a moorhen scuttling to the reeds,
The cricket-ball sped o'er the plashy meads,
And rainbow-blended blazers shrank and ran
When showers, in mockery of his moist needs,
Half-drown'd the water-loving river man.

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What woman's rights have crazed thee?
Would'st thou be
A Winter Amazon, more fierce than he?
Can Summer birds thy shrew-heroics sing?
Wilt tend no more the daisies on the lea,
Nor wake thy cowslips up on May morning?

What, shall we brew us possets by the fire
And let the wild rose shiver on the brier.
The cowslip tremble in the meadows chill,
While thy unlovely battle-call wails higher
And dusty squadrons charge adown the hill?

It is too late; thou art no love of mine;
I answer not this sigh, this kiss divine;
The sunlight penitently streaming down
Shines through the paling leaf like thinnest wine
Quaff'd in the clear air of a mountain town.

Farewell! For old love's sake I kiss thy hands;
Go on thy way; away to other lands
That love thee less, and need thee less than we;
Pour out thy passion on some desert sands,
Forget thy lover of the Northern Sea.

Away with fond pretence; let winter come
With snow that strikes the heaviest footfall dumb.
We know the worst, and face his rage with glee;
And, though the world without be ne'er so glum,
Sit by the hearth, and dream and talk—of thee.

Yes, come again with earliest April; stay,
Thyself once more, through the fair time when day
Clasps hand with day, through the brief hush of night—
A twilight bower of roses, where in play
Dance little maidens through from light to light.

* * * * *

Birds of A feather.

[Lord HAWKE's team of Cricketers were beaten at Manheim by the Philadelphians by eight wickets whereat the *Philadelphia Ledger* cockadoodles considerably. The Britishers, however, won the return match somewhat easily.]



The Yankee Eagle well might squeal and squawk
At having licked the British bird (Lord) *Hawke*.
But when that *Hawke* his brood had “pulled together,”
That Eagle found it yet might “moult a feather.”
Go it, ye friendly-fighting fowls! But know
’Tis only “Roosters” who o’er conquest *crow*!

* * * * *

HOME SWEET HOME!

(*BY ONE WHO BELIEVES THERE’S NO PLACE LIKE IT.*)

[Illustration]

Sweet to return (for home the Briton hankers,
After an exile of two months or so,
Swiss or Italian). Sweet—to find your Banker’s
Balance getting low.

Sweet to return from Como or Sorrento.
Meshed in their shimmering net of drowsy sheen,
Into a climate that you know not when to
Really call serene.

Sweet to return from hostelries whose waiters
Rush to fulfil your slightest word or whim,
Back to a cook who passionately caters
Not for you, but *him*.

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Sweet to return from *Table-d'Hotes* disgusting
(Oh, how you grumbled at the *Sauce Romaine*!)
Fresh to the filmy succulence incrusting
Solid joints again.

Sweet to return from Innkeepers demurely
Pricing your candle at a franc unshamed,
Back to a land where perquisites are surely
Never, never claimed.

Sweet to return from bargaining, disputing,
Pourboires and *Trinkgelds* grudgingly bestowed—
Unto the simple charioteers of Tooting,
Or the Cromwell Road.

Sweet to return from “all those dreadful tourists,”
Such mixed society as chance allots,
E'en to the social splendour of the purists
Of those sparkling spots.

Sweet to return to bills and fogs and duty!
(Some of the latter at our Custom House)
Sweet, after smaller game, to hail the beauty
Of the British mouse!

Sweet too the sight of cockchafer; and sweet'll
Welcome the pilgrim, doomed too long to roam,
England's tried sentinel, the black, black beetle
With his “Home, sweet Home!”

* * * * *

[Illustration: LONDON'S DILEMMA; OR, “FAIR ROSAMOND” UP TO DATE.

(*Lately-discovered Fragments of a valuable and interesting “Variant” of the old Ballad Story.*)]

* * * * *

When as VICTORIA rulde this land,
The firste of that greate name,
Faire Loundonne, of the cockneyes lovde,
Attaynd to power and fame.



Most peerlesse was her splendoure founde,
Her favour, and her face;
Yet was there one thing marred her weale,
And wroughte her dire disgrace.

Her dower was all that showered golde,
Like Danae's, could her lende,
Yet dwelt she in the ogreish holde
Of fell and fearsome fiende.

Yea Loundonne Towne, faire Loundonne Towne,
Her name was called so,
To whom the Witch Monopolie
Was known a deadlye foe.

* * * * *

Now when ye Countie Councile woke,
And FARRER rose to fame,
With envious heart Monopolie
To Loundonne straightway came.

"Cast off from thee those schemes," said she,
"That greate and costlye bee,
And drinke thou up this deadlye cup,
Which I have brought to thee!"

"Take pittie on my awkward plight!"
Faire Loundonne she dyd crye,
"And lett me not with poison stronge
Enforced be to dye!"

Then out and laught that wicked Witch:
"If that you will not drinke,
This dagger choose! Though you be riche,
You'll shrinke from *that*, I thinke."

The dagger was a magic blayde,
With figures graven o'er,
Which, as you gazed thereon, did seeme
To growe to more and more.

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"Nay," quoth the faire Loundonne, "'tis but choyce
'Twixt dyvill and deepe sea!
I praye thee take thyself awaye,
And leave the jobbe to me!"

But nothyng could this grasping Witch
Therewith appeased be.
The cup of deadlye poison stronge,
As she knelt on her knee,

She gave this comely dame to drinke,
Who tooke it in her hande,
Then from her bended knees arose,
And on her feet did stande.

And casting Council-wards her eyes,
She did for rescue call,
When—[*Fragments further may be founde,*
At presente thys is alle!

If close researche, as welle we hope,
Perchaunce complete ye texte,
This ballade, as scribes saye, shall be
"Continued in our next!"]

* * * * *

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

[Illustration]

Wanted, a few good extra Judges, who will be prepared to do all the work at present delayed or neglected by the existing members of the Bench. They will be expected to dispense with all vacations except a week at Christmas, five days at Easter, and a fortnight from the first to the fifteenth of October. They will devote their entire time to the service of the State, both day and night. Their day will be devoted to business in the High Court of Justice in the Strand, and when required they will go Circuit (by special express) sitting at the various assizes from 9 P.M. until 3 A.M., returning to London by trains timed to reach the Metropolis sufficiently early to allow of the usual morning sitting. They will be further required to consider their leisure (if any) entirely at the disposal of those members of the Bar and Solicitors who require it. If they do this punctually and diligently, without knocking up, they will be permitted to draw salaries computed at the rate of about one-third of the emoluments received by a third-rate

Queen's Counsel; and if they grow lazy, or are incapacitated by illness, they will be rewarded by a number of personal attacks in the London newspapers. Applications to be sent to the Lord Chancellor (endorsed "Extra Judges to suppress outside clamour") as early as possible. Every candidate for an appointment will be expected to be as strong as a horse, and as insensible to feeling as the back of a rhinoceros.

* * * * *

Big Drinkers, Moderate Drinkers, and Little Drinkers—this is the Tipple Alliance!

* * * * *

[Illustration: "WHEN A MAN DOES NOT LOOK HIS BEST."—NO. 3.

WHEN HIS DENTIST *WILL* SUSPEND OPERATIONS TO TELL HIM FUNNY STORIES.]

* * * * *

GILBERT A BECKETT.

BORN, APRIL 7, 1837. DIED, OCT. 15, 1891.

"Wearing the white flower of a blameless life."



Page 5

TENNYSON.

GILBERT the Good! Title, though high, well earned
By him through whose rare nature brightly burned
The fire of purity,
Undimmed, unflickering, like some altar flame
Sky-pointing ever. Friend, what thought of blame
Hath coldest heart for thee?

A knightly-priest or priestly-knight wert thou,
Man of the radiant eye and reverent brow;
Chivalry closely knit
With fervent faith in thee indeed were blent;
Thought upon high ideals still intent,
And a most lambent wit.

Serene, though with a power of scathing scorn
For all things mean or base. Sorrow long borne,
Though bowing, soured not thee.
Bereaved, health-broken, still that patient smile
Wreathed the pale lips which never greed or guile
Shaped to hypocrisy.

A saintly-hearted wit, a satirist pure,
Mover of mirth spontaneous as sure,
And innocent as mad;
Incongruous freak and frolic phantasy
Were thy familiar spirits, quickening glee
And wakening laughter glad.

Dainty as *Ariel*, yet as *Puck* profuse
Of the "preposterous," was that wit, whose use
Was ever held "within
The limits of becoming mirth." His whim
Never shy delicacy's glance could dim,
Or move the cynic grin.

But that fate's hampering hand lay on him long
He might have won in drama and in song
A more enduring name.
But he is gone, the gentle, loyal, just,
Whence all these things fall earthward with the dust
Of fleeting earthly fame.



Gone from our hoard, gone from the home he loved!
With what compassion are his comrades moved
For those who sit alone
With memories of him! Gracious memories all!
A thought to lighten, like that flower, his pall,
And hush love's troubled moan.

Farewell, fine spirit! To be owned thy friend
Was something to illumine the unwelcome end
Of comradeship below.
A loving memory long our board will grace,
In fancy, with that sweet ascetic face.
That brow's benignant glow.

* * * * *

RHYME AT RHYL.

(*BY A LISTENING LAYMAN.*)

If Cleric Congresses could only care
A little less for the mere Church and Steeple,
Parochial pomp and power in lion's share,
And have one aim—to purify the People,
They need not shrink from Disestablishment,
Or any other secular enormity;
Unselfish love of Man destroys Dissent,
True Charity provokes no Nonconformity.

* * * * *

THE TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

NO. XI.

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SCENE—*A Balcony outside the Musik-Saal of the Insel Hotel, Constance. Miss PRENDERGAST is seated; CULCHARD is leaning against the railing close by. It is about nine; the moon has risen, big and yellow, behind the mountains at the further end of the lake; small black boats are shooting in and out of her track upon the water; the beat of the steamers' paddles is heard as they come into harbour. CULCHARD has just proposed.*

Miss Prendergast (after a silence). I have always felt very strongly with RUSKIN, that no girl should have the cruelty to refuse a proposal—

Culchard (with alacrity). RUSKIN is always so right. And—er—where there is such complete sympathy in tastes and ideas, as I venture to think exists in our own case, the cruelty would—

[Illustration: "It does seem rather rough on fellows, don't you know."]

Miss P. Pray allow me to finish! "Refuse a proposal *at once*" is RUSKIN's expression. He also says (if my memory does not betray me), that "no lover should have the insolence to think of being accepted at once." You will find the passage somewhere in "*Fors.*"

Culch. (whose jaw has visibly fallen). I cannot say I recall it at this moment. Does he hold that a lover should expect to be accepted by—er—instalments, because, if so—

Miss P. I think I can quote his exact words. "If she simply doesn't like him, she may send him away for seven years—"

Culch. (stiffly). No doubt that course is open to her. But why seven, and where is he expected to go?

Miss P. (continuing calmly). "He vowing to live on cresses and wear sackcloth meanwhile, or the like penance."

Culch. I feel bound to state at once that, in my own case, my position at Somerset House would render anything of that sort utterly impracticable.

Miss P. Wait, please,—you are so impetuous. "If she likes him a little,"—(*CULCHARD's brow relaxes*)—"or thinks she might come to like him in time, she may let him stay near her,"—(*CULCHARD makes a movement of relief and gratitude*)—"putting him always on sharp trial, and requiring, figuratively, as many lion-skins or giants' heads as she thinks herself worth."

Culch. (grimly). "Figuratively" is a distinct concession on RUSKIN's part. Still, I should be glad to know—

Miss P. If you will have a little more patience, I will make myself clear. I have always determined that when the—ah—occasion presented itself, I would deal with it on Ruskinian principles. I propose in your case—presuming of course that you are willing to be under vow for me—to adopt a middle course.

Culch. You are extremely good. And what precise form of—er—penance did you think of?

Miss P. The trial I impose is, that you leave Constance to-morrow—with Mr. PODBURY.

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Culch. (firmly). If you expect me to travel for seven years with him, permit me to mention that I simply cannot do it. My leave expires in three weeks.

Miss P. I mentioned no term, I believe. Long before three weeks are over we shall meet again, and I shall be able to see how you have borne the test. I wish you to correct, if possible, a certain intolerance in your attitude towards Mr. PODBURY. Do you accept this probation, or not?

Culch. I—ah—suppose I have no choice. But you really must allow me to say that it is *not* precisely the reception I anticipated. Still, in your service, I am willing to endure even PODBURY—for a strictly limited period; that I *do* stipulate for.

Miss P. That, as I have already said, is quite understood. Now go and arrange with Mr. PODBURY.

Culch. (to himself, as he retires). It is *most* unsatisfactory; but at least PODBURY is disposed of!

The same Scene, a quarter of an hour later. PODBURY and Miss PRENDERGAST.

Podbury (with a very long face). No, I say, though! RUSKIN doesn't say all that?

Miss P. I am not in the habit of misquoting. If you wish to verify the quotation, however, I daresay I could find you the reference in *Fors Clavigera*.

Podb. (ruefully). Thanks—I won't trouble you. Only it does seem rather rough on fellows, don't you know. If everyone went on his plan—well, there wouldn't be many marriages! Still, I never thought you'd say "Yes" right off. It's like my cheek, I know, to ask you at all; you're so awfully clever and that. And if there's a chance for me, I'm game for anything in the way of a trial. Don't make it stiffer than you can help, that's all!

Miss P. All I ask of you is to leave me for a short time, and go and travel with Mr. CULCHARD again.

Podb. Oh, I say, Miss PRENDERGAST, you know. Make it something else. *Do!*

Miss P. That is the task I require, and I can accept no other. It is nothing, after all, but what you came out here to do.

Podb. I didn't know him *then*, you see. And what made me agree to come away with him at all is beyond me. It was all HUGHIE ROSE's doing—he said we should get on together like blazes. So we have—*very* like blazes!

Miss P. Never mind that. Are you willing to accept the trial or not?



Podb. If you only knew what he's like when he's nasty, you'd let me off—you would, really. But there, to please you, I'll do it. I'll stand him as long as ever I can—'pon my honour I will. Only you'll make it up to me afterwards, won't you now?

Miss P. I will make no promises—a true knight should expect no reward for his service, Mr. PODBURY.

Podb. (blankly). Shouldn't he? I'm a little new to the business, you see, and it *does* strike me—but never mind. When am I to trot him off?



Miss P. As soon as you can induce him to go—to-morrow, if possible.

Miss P. (demurely). I think you will find him open to persuasion. But go and try, Mr. PODBURY.

[CULCHARD and PODBURY meet at the head of the staircase, and speak at the same moment.

Podb. I say, CULCHARD, we } really ought to— }

Culch. So it appears. (*To himself.*) (Had his *quietus*, evidently. Ah, well, I won't exult over him.

Miss. P. (on the balcony, musing). Poor fellows! I couldn't very well say anything more definite at present. By the time I see them again, I may understand my own heart better. Really, it is rather an exciting sensation, having two suitors under vow and doing penance at the same time—and all for my sake! I hope, though, they won't mention it to one another—or to BOB. BOB does not understand these things, and he might— But, after all, there are only *two* of them. And RUSKIN distinctly says that every girl who is worth *anything* ought always to have half-a-dozen or so. Two is really *quite* moderate.

(BY MR. PUNCH'S KIND PERMISSION.)

17

Yes, I read your effusion that lately got printed,
And at first never guessed there was anything meant.
But when someone suggested that something was hinted,
On your verses some time I reluctantly spent.
They are fair—and perhaps *you* consider them clever,
You're a poet, no doubt, of a *minor* degree,
But I never was startled so strangely—no, never!
As to learn that the lady you mentioned was me!

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In the coolest of ways you sum up my attractions,
Pray allow me to turn my attention to *you*.
You are good, I believe, at the vulgarest fractions,
You have cheek and assurance sufficient for two.
You are what people reckon “a nice sort of fellow,”
Your sense of importance very strongly you feel.
You are bilious, you’ve got a complexion of yellow,
You are plainer than I am—which says a good deal.

“Am I free altogether from blame in the matter?”—
And as to my frowning, I don’t know the way—
Do you really imagine that insolent chatter
Can affect me, or that *I* care for what people say?
With fervent adorers around by the dozen,
For whom but my word is the law of their life.
Do you think I’d occasion to pitch on a cousin,
And announce that *you* wanted myself as your wife?

Do not think I am angry, I am good at forgiving,
Have my constant refusals then made you so sour?
Even poets in *Punch* have to write for their living,
And must wear their poor lives out at so much the hour.
I am weary and tired of being proposed to,
And at times I’m afraid it will injure my brain,
But my heart for the future yourself, mind, is closed to,
So don’t, I implore, come proposing again.

* * * * *

A REAL BURNING QUESTION.—What should be done with the mischievous and malicious noodles who communicate false alarms (to the number of 518 in one year) to the London Fire Brigade, by means of the fire-alarm posts fixed for public convenience and protection in the public thoroughfares? The almost appropriate Stake is out of date, but *Mr. Punch* opines that the Pillory would be none too bad for them.

* * * * *

THE BULL, THE BEAR, AND THE OXUS.—Russia, it is asserted, “intends to annex the whole of the elevated plateaus known as the Pamirs, and all parts of Afghanistan north of a straight line drawn from Lake Victoria to the junction of the Kotcha River with the Oxus.” JOHN BULL might say, “I should like to Kotcha at it!”

* * * * *

SOME LONDON "FIENDS."

(HOW TO EXORCISE, AFTER READING CORRESPONDENCE ON THE SUBJECT IN SEVERAL "DAILIES.")

THE "WALKING-STICK AND UMBRELLA FIEND."

[Illustration]

Provide yourself with a steel-plated umbrella (carriage size), with a "non-conducting" handle. When open in a shower, where people are hurrying, let the framework bristle with sharp penknife points. Held firmly in front of you, you will find everyone get out of your way. In entering a crowded omnibus or railway carriage, by touching a knob, let the heat generated by the electric current instantly cause the whole to become "red-hot." Dexterously moved about in front of you, you will find this a

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most thoroughly protecting weapon, clearing instantly a large space on each side of you, and even sometimes involving the summoning of the conductor or guard, with a view to your removal either to another compartment, or even a general request for your expulsion from the vehicle altogether. This may lead possibly to your enjoyment of an entire compartment to yourself; for, of course, you will point out that you cannot be expected to travel without your umbrella, which, after all, happens merely to be constructed on a newly-patented principle.

THE "HANSOM CAB FIEND."

This is easily overcome. You have merely to employ an agent to purchase a second-hand steam-roller for you, put in a high-pressure boiler, and the thing is done. With practice, you can easily get eight miles an hour out of one of these excellent machines, and you will find a general indifference as to the rule of the road, especially if you turn a corner or two at a stiff pace, act as a capital "road-clearer." Even the smartest butcher's cart will do its best to get out of your way when it sees you coming.

THE "PIANO ORGAN, GERMAN BAND, AND GENERAL STREET MUSIC FIEND."

Get (your best way is through a friend at the Admiralty) several fog-horns rejected by the Department on account of their excessive and unbearable shrillness. Whenever any sort of street music commences at either end of your street, turn on, by an apparatus specially arranged in your area, the full force of the above. This will not only overpower your would-be tormentors, but bring every householder in the neighbourhood to his street-door begging you to desist. You have merely to say, "When they stop, I turn off," to get them to comprehend the situation. It may possibly lead to the intervention of the police, probably in some force; but the net result will be that you will, for that morning, at least, enjoy a quiet street.

There are other London fiends removable by various measures, concerning which much might be said if they were not actionable.

* * * * *

[Illustration: PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN "BREAKING IN" HIS SHOOTING-BOOTS.]

* * * * *

"GRATITUDE—A SENSE OF FAVOURS TO COME."—Mr. SWINBURNE unexpectedly says a good word for the much be-mocked BOWDLER. "No man (he says), ever did better service to SHAKSPEARE than the man who made it possible to put him into the hands of intelligent and imaginative children." Can Mr. SWINBURNE be "proticipating"

the period when another BOWDLER may be called upon to do a similar “service” for the author of *Poems and Ballads*?

* * * * *

[Illustration: FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

(*As zey are Spoke at ze Country 'Ouse.*)

Hostess. “OH—ER—J’ESPAIR KER VOOS AVVY TROOVY VOTRE—VOTRE—ER—
ER—VOTRE *COLLAR STUD*, BARRONG?”

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M. le Baron. "OH, I ZANK YOU, YES! I FIND 'EEM ON MY CHEST OF TROWERS!"]

* * * * *

"AFTER YOU!"

["I am sure I may say, on behalf of all those whose names are mentioned (for the Leadership of the House of Commons), that we do not understand what selfishness is in the Public Service. Everyone of us would prefer that someone else should hold that high and honourable office."—*Sir M. Hicks-Beach at Stockton-on-Tees.*]

Eminent official Altruist loquitur:—

Oh, is there such a vice as unholy love of self.
In the Public Service, too? 'Tis a thing I can't believe.
If I thought we could be moved by the love of power or pelf,
To compete for premier office I should very greatly grieve.
But oh no, oh deary no! I am sure it can't be so.
We don't even "understand it," so of course it isn't true.
When we're called upon to go, each will say, all louting low,
"After you!"

We are not "competitive," like those naughty goddesses
Who poor Paris fluttered so upon Ida's pine-clad peak.
Of his "choice"—through selfishness—that young shepherd made a mess,
But our Shepherd, SALISBURY, will not be so wildly weak;
And our claims we shall not urge to compulsion's very verge,
On the contrary each one thinks that "another" best will do.
"No, loved comrade" (each will say) "let me make my 'splendid splurge'
"After you!"

Look at GOSCHEN! Can't you see he regards with perfect glee
The prospect of promotion of his faithful friend BALFOUR.
He doesn't want to lead. Ah no, indeed, indeed!
Do you think that off friend ARTHUR JOACHIM can wish to score?
Upon the Treasury Bench did he ever try to trench
On the province of the Leader for the time, no matter who?
He would cry, "Dear ARTHUR, No! from priority I blench,—
"After you!"

Then bland BALFOUR in his turn such crude selfishness would spurn
As the wish to prove himself popular more than soft J.G.,
With a most becoming blush his pale cheek, I'm sure, would burn,
If his uncle should cry, "Come, nephew dear, and second me!"

He would hint at nepotism, and the chance of secret schism.

“Let the mild ex-Liberal lead, I will be his henchman true!”

He would cry, with selfless joy on his brow like a pure chism,

“After *you*!”

And as for simple Me! Oh, it's utter fiddle-de-dee

To suppose that I possess, or desire, the least look in.

No, selfishness, my friends, we unitedly agree

In Party life is just *the* unpardonable sin,

Which “we do not understand,” like that other little game

That AH-SIN, reluctant, played, with some small success 'tis true.

But we've no sleeve-hidden card as we cry, with modest shame,

“After *you*!”

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* * * * *

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—The *St. James's Gazette* says:—"There are forty-seven divorces in the United States for every one in the United Kingdom." Evidently "United" is something more than *anagrammatically* identical with "Untied."

* * * * *

"GRAY'S ELEGY" AMENDED.

['I have often thought that GRAY's *Elegy* was defective in having no verse commemorative of the sequestered and unsophisticated philanthropy of the village doctor.'—*Sir James Crichton-Browne at the Yorkshire College, Leeds.*]

And one lies here of whom the scoffer said,
He did his best the green churchyard to fill;
None ever looks upon his lowly bed,
Without the recollection of a pill.

He lived sequestered, and he died unknown,
A truly unsophisticated man;
A medicine-glass adorns his humble stone,
And thus the epitaph they graved him ran:

"Here Doctor BOLUS lies, to dose no more;
His charge was moderate, but quite enough:
Death left a last prescription at the door,
And then the doctor had his '*Quantum suff.*'"

* * * * *

[Illustration: "AFTER YOU!"]

"HE BELIEVED THAT EVERYONE OF THEM WOULD PREFER THAT SOMEONE ELSE SHOULD HOLD THAT HIGH AND HONOURABLE OFFICE."—SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH *at Stockton-on-Tees.*]

* * * * *

[Illustration: WATER V. WINE. "HOLD! ENOUGH!"]

* * * * *

HARRYING OUR HAKIMS.

[A medical journal suggests that all candidates for Medical Degrees should be required to give proof of good handwriting, in order to put an end to indistinct prescriptions.]

A few additional requirements, we believe, have been under consideration, of which the following are a sample:—

All candidates for the M.B. Degree to be able to count up to fifty. Candidates who are more than fifty not to count.

Nobody to become a Member of the Royal College of Surgeons until he has mastered Simple Addition and Compound Fractures.

Members of the Royal College of Physicians will henceforth be expected to know their Weights (with boots off) and Measures (round the waist). Troy weight only. “Scruples” not allowed. Good knowledge of Multiplication Table indispensable for dispensers.

No candidate to be accepted for a Degree unless he either has a good “bedside manner,” or undertakes to develop one as soon as possible.

Any candidate to be at once ploughed unless he can answer all the following questions:
—

1. What would you do if asked to hold a consultation with a practitioner whom you have every reason to suppose an incapable quack?
2. If a good paying patient, suffering from no ailment whatever, called you in with a view to getting a week’s holiday at the seaside by medical orders, how would you reconcile a desire to oblige that pardonable weakness with a strict regard for veracity?

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3. When the parents of a large family, who do their duty manfully by calling you in about twice a week, and from whom therefore you derive a not inconsiderable proportion of your income, object to have an infant vaccinated at the proper time, because they erroneously consider it to be unfit for the operation, which would you feel inclined to strain—friendship, or the law?

4. Do you believe in Influenza?

5. Have you ever seen a Microbe?

6. “In the multitude of visits there is safety.” Comment on this declaration. How many visits do you think a common catarrh will support? Give reasons.

7. What is the etiquette about Red Lamps?

* * * * *

“HORSE AND ‘RYDER’”.—Last week, on the 15th, as was reported in the *Globe*, and elsewhere, “a humble crossing-sweeper,” named RYDER, stopped a runaway cab-horse (a great rarity this, too) just as he was about to descend headlong the steps of the Duke of York’s column, and so saved the two passengers, who, we hope, in consideration of what he has done for *their* lives, have settled something handsome upon him for *his* life. If not, the proposition is here made, and after the prop comes the RYDER.

* * * * *

GHOSTLY COUNSEL.—Prizes are being offered for “Good Ghost Stories.” This may mean *Stories of Good Ghosts*; but supplying the hyphen and supposing that the requirement is for “Good Ghost-stories,” then *Mr. Punch* makes a present of a good title to any sanguine amateur who may compete. Let him call his story, “A Ghost of a Chance.” And *Mr. Punch* wishes he may get it!

* * * * *

PENNY FOOLISH.—Somebody has published a penny *A B C of Theosophy*. To the appeal of this Occult A B C the enlightened public will probably be D E F.

* * * * *

“QUI DORT, DINE,” ET “QUI DINE, DORT.”—A man who “goes nap” *at* dinner, is pretty safe to go nap immediately *after* it.

* * * * *

ONLY FANCY!

(FROM MR. PUNCH'S OWN HUMOURISTS.)

It is not generally known that the Emperor of RUSSIA visited London the other day on his way to Paris, where he is to hold an important secret conference with the President of the Republic and M. BLOWITZ. His Imperial Majesty's disguise was complete, consisting as it did of an aquiline nose of considerable size, and a secondhand gaberdine of primitive cut. He visited the principal Music Halls of the Metropolis and left by the last train for Surbiton, where his private yacht was in waiting to convey him to Marseilles, and so on to Paris by the new French canal system.

* * * * *

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Monaco has adhered to the Triple Alliance. The negotiations thus brought to a successful issue, have been for a long time in progress. Obligations of honour, which no longer exist, have hitherto compelled me, as your Correspondent, to keep secret the fact that amongst the *croupiers* of the *trente-et-quarante* tables at the Casino for the past three months have been the Chancellors of the German and Austrian Empires, and the MARCHESE DI RUDINI, who, thus disguised, carried out their delicate mission to the Court of Monaco. By this post I send you the draft treaty by which Monaco engages, in the event of war, to furnish a completely equipped contingent of ten men.

* * * * *

The BARON DE BOOK-WORMS arrived in town yesterday afternoon and transacted business at his office in Bouverie Street, afterwards returning to his country seat at Stow-in-the-Wold.

* * * * *

BROWNING SOCIETY VERSES.

[Dr. FURNIVALL announces that the Browning Society is about to be dissolved.]

Hark! 'tis the knell of the Browning Society,
Wind-bags are bursting all round us to-day;
FURNIVALL fails, and for want of his diet he
Pines like a love-stricken maiden away.

Long has he fed upon cackle and platitude,
FURNIVALL sauce to a dish full of dearth,
Still, in the favourite FURNIVALL attitude,
Grubbing about like a mole in the earth.

Now must he vanish, the mole-hills are flat again,
(Follies grow fewer it seems by degrees);
Lovers of BROWNING may laugh and grow fat again,
Rid of the jargon of Furnivallese.

* * * * *

NEW AND OLD TERMS.—“Slate, Slite, Slote, Slitten,” is the title of an amusing article in the *Saturday Review*, on the derivation of the verb “to slate.” How “slote” comes in is not quite evident, but that when the pages of a dull book are “slitten” by the paper-knife, it will be read and slated by a critic, and then “slited” (or “slighted”) by the public, is quite sufficient without “putting a penny in the ‘slote’” on the chance of getting something better.

* * * * *

SO LIKE HIM!—Tuesday last week was the seventieth birthday of Professor VIRCHOW. He has refused all titles and emoluments, observing that “VIRCHOW is its own reward.”

* * * * *

VERY POP-ULAR!—Through the *Times* came the information that, since the famine, the Russian Officers have given up drinking champagne. Their conduct is really quite Magnuminous!

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[Illustration: “GRANDOLPH AD LEONES.”]

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“ADSCRIPTUS GLEBAE.”

[“He (Mr. GOSCHEN) was in favour of giving the agricultural labourer every opportunity of becoming more attached to the soil.”—*Mr. Goschen at Cambridge.*]

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Attached to the soil! Pretty optimist phrase
We are so, and have been, from *Gurth's* simpler days,
Though now platform flowers of speech—pleasant joke!—
May wreath the serf's ring till men scarce see the yoke.
Attached to the soil! The soil clings to our souls!
Young labour's scant guerdon, cold charity's doles,
The crow-scarer's pittance, the poor-house's aid
All smell of it! Tramping with boots thickly clayed
From brown field or furrow, or lowered at last
In our special six-feet by the sexton up-cast,
We smack of the earth, till we earthy have grown,
Like the mound that Death gives us—best friend—for our own.
We tramp it, we delve it, we plough it, this soil,
And a grave is the final reward of our toil.
Attached? The attachment of love is one thing,
The attachment of profit another. *Gurth's* ring
Is *our* form of attachment at bottom, Sir, still,
And to favour *that* bond HODGE doubts not your good will.
But when others talk of improving our lot
By possession of more than a burial plot,
By pay for our toil, and by balm for our troubles,
You ban all such prospects as "radiant bubbles."
Declare "under-currents of plunder" run through
All plans for our aid save those favoured by you,
Attached to the soil! Ah! how many approve
That attachment, when founded on labour and love!
But about "confiscation" they chatter and fuss
At all talk of attaching the soil to poor us!

* * * * *

FREE AND INDEPENDENT.

SCENE—*Manager's Room of the Ideal Theatre.*
Present—Committee of Taste.

[Illustration]

Manager. Now, you fellows, I think we have settled what to do next. Carry out the notion of an afternoon performance of the Ideal Drama. We have got the moderate guarantee, and the good stock company, and hope to receive the cooperation of the leading artists from other theatres. Isn't that so?

Auditor. Yes, I can answer for the moderate guarantee—about L20—in the bank.

Stage Manager. And the good stock company was imported early this morning from Ireland. All very good Shakspearian actors with a taste of a brogue to give their remarks pungency.

Manager. That's all right. And what is the play?

First Member of the Committee of Taste. "Demons," by the Master.

Second Ditto. No, let us have something newer. Why not an adaptation (by myself) of that charming work by SODALA—I call it *Blood and Thunder*?

Manager (producing halfpenny). By the rules of the Company we toss for it. (*Throws up coin.*) Heads!—*Blood and Thunder* wins. We will do *Blood and Thunder*. Well, now as to casting it. Anything for IRVING in it?

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Second Mem. Oh, yes—if he would play it. A Policeman who dies by cutting his throat in Scene 1. Not the sort of part he usually selects, but capital.

First Mem. It is not for Mr. IRVING to pick and choose, it is the cause of Art we serve.

Second Mem. Well, yes. We might telephone and learn his views on the subject.

[Subordinate takes instructions.]

Manager. All right! Ah, here we have the piece! Rather long, but the parts seem mild enough. Who's to do this soldier—a sort of heavy dragoon, with a cold, who dies in the First Scene of the Second Act?

Second Mem. Oh, anybody! KENDAL or FARREN; or if they can't, then HARE or LIONEL BROUGH.

Manager. But do you think they will like it? You see they each have their line, and—

First Mem. In the cause of Art they will be prepared to do anything. At least, they ought to be.

Manager. Well, we will telephone to them too. (*Subordinate takes further instructions.*) And now, how about the Ladies?

Second Mem. Oh, there are a lot of school-girls, and a woman who dies by degrees of general paralysis. The girls, of course will be all right with—say, Miss EMERY, Miss LINDEN, Miss ALMA MURRAY, and Mrs. KENDAL. But we want two people to play the woman. First Act, Miss ELLEN TERRY; second and third, Miss GENEVIEVE WARD. To be properly played, both should be in it.

Manager. But how will that do? I do not think that Miss TERRY will care to—

First Mem. Nonsense! She is a most charming person, and will do anything in the cause of Art.

Subordinate (returning from telephone). Beg pardon, Gentlemen, but Messrs. KENDAL, FARREN, BROUGH and HARE say they are very sorry, but they are not at home; and Mr. IRVING presents his compliments, and would be delighted to do what we wish, but he fears he will be otherwise engaged. However, he says you have his sympathy, and his heart goes out to you. *[Exit.]*

Manager. Well, what shall we do?

Second Mem. Oh, there's VEZIN, and TERRIS, and PAULTON, and a heap more!

Subordinate (returning). Just heard from the Ladies, Gentlemen, and they send their kindest regards, but they are out too!

Acting Manager (entering). Well, how about the performance?

Members of the Council (together). Oh, it's nearly arranged!

Acting Man. Well, if I might suggest, as a person of considerable experience, it doesn't matter a jot whether you get a company together or not.

Members (as before). Why?

Acting Man. Because you won't get an audience!

[Scene closes in upon farther consultation.]

* * * * *

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[Illustration: MODEST AMBITION.

The Squire (to his Eldest Son, just home from the 'Varsity). "WELL, MY BOY, AND WHAT HAVE YOU SETTLED TO BE?"

The Squire's Son. "JUST A PLAIN COUNTRY GENTLEMAN LIKE YOU, FATHER!"]

* * * * *

THEOSOPHIC TOOLS.

(BY AN OPPONENT OF OCCULTISM.)

The Theosophic Boom, its wordy strife
And futile fuss are fading out in "fizzle."
They talk a deal about their "*planes* of life,"
'Tis plain to me the fitter term were "chisel."

* * * * *

POPULAR SONGS RE-SUNG:

OR, MISS BOWDLER AT THE MUSIC HALLS.

"A nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse," says the old saw, and a wink is no doubt as good as a smile to a purblind ass. But the wink is indeed one of the worst uses to which the human eye can be put. It signifies usually the vulgarisation of humour, and the degradation of mirth. It is the favourite eye-language of the cynical cad, the coarse jester, the crapulous clown, and—above all—the chuckling cheat.

[Illustration]

It must be admitted, that the Muse of the Music Hall—in her Momus mood—has a strong leaning towards the glorification of cynical 'cuteness of the *Autolycus* sort. It is a weakness which she seems to share with party scribes and Colonial politicians. If she had any classic leanings, which she has not, her favourite deity would be Mercury, the "winking Cyllenian Argophont" of the Homeric Hymn, the "little cradled rogue," the Apollo-cheating babe, "the lord of those who swindle, house-break, sheep-steal and shop-lift," under whom *Autolycus* prided himself upon having been "littered." *Autolycus*'s complacent self-gratulation, "How bless'd are we that are not simple men!" would appeal to the heart of the Music-hall votary. "Ha, ha! what a fool Honesty is! and Trust his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman" is, virtually, the burthen of dozens of the most favourite of the Music-hall ditties.

Sly-scheming Hermes “winked” knowingly at Jupiter when he was “pitching his yarn” about the stolen oxen, and Jupiter “according to his wont,”

“Laughed heartily to hear the subtle witted
Infant give such a plausible account,
And every word a lie.”

So the Music-hall Muse “winks” knowingly, and knavishly, at her audience, and her audience “laugh heartily,” in Jovian guffaws, at her winks. What wonder then that she should lyrically apostrophise “The Wink” in laudatory numbers?

“Say, boys, now is it quite the thing?”

she cries in sham deprecation, but all the while she “winks the other eye” in a way her hearers quite understand. “Cabby knows his fare,” and the Music-hall Muse knows her clients. What, we wonder, would be her reception did she really carry out her ironically pretended protest and sing to the chuckling cads who applaud her, the following version of her favourite lay?



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NO. II.—THE WINK OF ROGUERY'S EYE.

AIR—“*WINK THE OTHER EYE.*”

Say, boys, whatever do men mean
When they wink the other eye?
Why, when “sharps” say the world is “green,”
Do they wink the other eye?
The Radicals and Tories both tell stories, not a few,
About Measures falsely promised, and reforms long overdue;
And when the simple Mob believes that every word is true.
Then they—wink the other eye!

Chorus.—Say, boys, now is it quite the thing!
Say, should we let them have their fling?
Ah, when they get us “on a string”
Then they wink the other eye!

Say, boys are Leaders to be loved,
When they wink the other eye?
By artful speech the Mob is moved,
Till *it* winks the other eye;
The optic Wink's the language of the sly and sordid soul,
The mute freemasonry of Fraud, sign-post to Roguery's goal.
When Circe sees her votaries swine ready in sludge to roll
Then *she* winks the other eye!

Chorus.—Say, boys, *is* it so fine a thing,
Low Cunning, which Cheat's laureates sing,
The Comus of the Mart and Ring,
Who—winks the other eye?

Say, boys, is Cunning's promise good,
When she winks the other eye?
Noodledom seeks her neighbourhood,
And winks *its* other eye.
For no one winks so freely as a fool who *thinks* he's sly;
The dupe of deeper knavery smirks in shallow mimicry
Of the smirking JERRY DIDDLE who is sucking him so dry,
And who winks the other eye.

Chorus.—Say, boys, now is the Wink a thing
Worthy of worship; will you fling



Your caps in air for the Knave-King
Who—winks the other eye?

The Politician plucks his geese, Then he winks the other eye. Brazen Fraud steals Trade's Golden Fleece, Then he winks the other eye. *Autolycus* pipes ballads; public pockets are his aim; *Rabagas* raves of "liberty"; advancement is his game; And when their dupes aren't looking all these rogues do just the same, They—wink the other eye!

Chorus.—Say, boys, paeans will you sing
To winking harpies all a-wing
To prey on fools; who steal, and sting,
And—wink the other eye?

Wisdom may smile, but Cunning can't, She winks the other eye. Humour shall chortle, Mockery shan't, She winks the other eye. The stars above us twinkle and the dews beneath us blink, All the eyes of Nature sparkle, and from merriment do not shrink, The Language of the Eye of Cynic Knavery is—the Wink! *Roguery* "winks the other eye!"

Chorus.—Say, boys, is it quite the thing?
"Ducdame"[1] to fools the Diddlers sing;
Trust me 'tis Rascals in a Ring
Who wink the other eye!

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[Footnote 1:

Amiens. What's that "duc dame"?

Jaques. 'Tis a Greek invocation to call fools into a circle.

"As You Like It," Act II., Sc. 5.]

* * * * *

THE EVOLUTION OF TOMMY'S PRIVATE-SCHOOL REPORT.

1. *A rough draught, written by the under-master, who certainly has had rather a trying week with TOMMY.*

"I am unable to speak highly of either his intelligence or his industry; but occasionally he works well, and has undoubtedly made some progress this term. His conduct is not always good."

2. *Second rough draught; TOMMY in the meantime has missed a repetition and accidentally knocked down the black-board.*

"Exceptionally stupid and idle. Cannot be said to have made any progress whatever this term, although he has had every effort made with him. His conduct is abominable, noisy and unruly in the extreme."

3. *Fair copy to be submitted to the principal; of course, TOMMY had not intended to be overheard when he spoke of the under-master as "Old Pig-face," but this is the result.*

"A more idle and utterly worthless boy it has never been my misfortune to teach. Seems to have gone steadily backward all the term. Is most objectionable in his manners, and has no sense of honour."

4. *Fair copy, as amended by the principal; how was TOMMY to know that stone would break the conservatory window, and drive the principal to alter the report to this?*

"Would be better suited in a reformatory than in a school of this standing. Utterly depraved, vicious and idle, with marked criminal instincts. In intellect verges on the imbecile. Unless there is a marked improvement next term, I cannot keep him."

5. *Principal's final copy; it was fortunate that TOMMY happened to remark that he had four cousins who were, perhaps, coming next term. One can't lose four pupils, even if it makes it necessary to write like this.*

“A singularly bright and high-spirited boy; a little given to mischief, as all boys are, but quite amenable to discipline. My assistant speaks most highly of his progress this term, and of his general intelligence. He seems well suited by our system. His conduct is, on the whole, admirable. He is truthful and conscientious.”

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COUPLET BY A CYNIC.

“Poetry does not sell!” cry plaintive pleaders.
Alas! most modern Poetry *does*—its readers!

* * * * *

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