

# **Punch, or the London Charivari, Volume 103, August 13, 1892 eBook**

## **Punch, or the London Charivari, Volume 103, August 13, 1892**

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# Contents

<a href="#">Punch, or the London Charivari, Volume 103, August 13, 1892 eBook.....</a>	<a href="#">1</a>
<a href="#">Contents.....</a>	<a href="#">2</a>
<a href="#">Table of Contents.....</a>	<a href="#">3</a>
<a href="#">Page 1.....</a>	<a href="#">4</a>
<a href="#">Page 2.....</a>	<a href="#">6</a>
<a href="#">Page 3.....</a>	<a href="#">8</a>
<a href="#">Page 4.....</a>	<a href="#">9</a>
<a href="#">Page 5.....</a>	<a href="#">11</a>
<a href="#">Page 6.....</a>	<a href="#">13</a>
<a href="#">Page 7.....</a>	<a href="#">15</a>
<a href="#">Page 8.....</a>	<a href="#">17</a>
<a href="#">Page 9.....</a>	<a href="#">19</a>
<a href="#">Page 10.....</a>	<a href="#">21</a>
<a href="#">Page 11.....</a>	<a href="#">23</a>
<a href="#">Page 12.....</a>	<a href="#">25</a>
<a href="#">Page 13.....</a>	<a href="#">27</a>
<a href="#">Page 14.....</a>	<a href="#">29</a>

# Table of Contents

Section	Table of Contents	Page
Start of eBook		1
LADY GAY'S SELECTIONS.		1

# Page 1

## LADY GAY'S SELECTIONS.

*Yacht "Ibex," Weymouth.*

*Dear Mr. Punch,*

Once again "my foot is on my native heath."—(I don't know where this quotation comes from, but presume the author of it had lost a leg, or he would have placed *his feet* there—or else he must have had one leg shorter than the other, and so *couldn't* put both down at once!)—and heartily glad I am to be there—we had a most alarming passage from Jersey, and I thought every moment would be my last—(*for a time*)—but I was cheered and stimulated to endurance by the noble example of my friend and fellow-passenger The MACDOUGAL—Chief of the Clan—who was obtrusively well up to lunch-time!—but I had my revenge then, for he was unable to face the dish of Haggis that I am given to understand every right-minded Scotchman thinks it his duty to eat at least once a day.

However, "I pulled through all right," as Lord *Arthur* would say, and was so delighted with my sailor-like indifference to the "rolling-sea," that I adopted a rolling-walk on landing, which was most impressive, to judge from the staring of the inhabitants of Weymouth!—(I may confess to *you* that I couldn't help myself; everything was going up and down and sideways, for *hours* after I landed, and I really think the sea ought to be done away with, or flattened out by some means!—there's a fortune for the man who invents the machine which will do it!)—I should prefer it done away with myself, as then there would be no mackerel-fishing!

I have no personal animosity against the humble but lovely-looking mackerel; but I was weak enough to accept an invitation to go fishing for them, and you may imagine my horror at being "roused out,"—(yachting expression, *very* significant)—at *three* in the morning to go and capture them!—or at least to *try*—for as a matter of fact, we didn't get a single one—and my temper was "roused out" before we'd finished, for no well-conducted woman cares to be balked in her efforts to "hook a big fish,"—and all I could catch were a few small "Pollock" and "Pout." By the way, who on earth christens the fish, I wonder?—and why on earth—or rather in sea—are there so many varieties which you must either remember or submit to have your ignorance jeered at by the practised fisherman, who has probably acquired his information concerning them only the day before?

The English "Bay of Naples" is a wonderful place, and its resemblance to its Italian prototype is admirably sustained through the liberality of the Local Board in encouraging the importation of Italian penny-ice men! I really think this wholesale importation of foreigners is being carried to excess, and has already created a feeling that England is

no place for the English! And then the concerts you can hear for nothing!—that is, if you harden your heart when the man comes round with the

## Page 2

tin pail!—everyone has a spade or a pail at the seaside—all the latest London successes, from *Tosti* to “*Ta-ra-ra*,” accompanied by a strong contingent of the Salvation Army Brass Band!—and there is a lot of “brass” about the Army still unaccounted for! What an enervating part of the world this is! One quite realises what “lotus-eating” means, even though there are no lotuses about!—(I wonder if that’s the correct plural?—or is it “*Loti*”? which looks like French, only wants “PIERRE” as Christian name. Or if additional “t” introduced, it would be “Lotti,” suggestive of COLLINS’ Ode to *Boom*, &c.; but I am wandering)—and it requires enormous energy to do anything more than loll about and bathe; even on the Island of Portland, where the air is rather more invigorating, I am told there are numbers of people who express a strong disinclination to perform any hard labour whatever, in spite of the fact of a short residence there having been recommended as calculated to improve their general “tone”! I only wish the aforesaid Salvation Army Band would go there on a lengthy visit, as its “tone” leaves much to be desired at present.

I hear that the Brighton Meeting was a great success both in weather and racing; and the present “Horse of the Century,” *Buccaneer*, fully maintained his reputation, winning his race in what they call “gallant style,” and beating *Lady Rosebery*—not, perhaps, a gallant thing to do, but Buccaneers have always been notoriously rough to the sex!

I am afraid thousands of my readers must be getting impatient for more of my excellent prophecies, but I really cannot run the risk of ruining my health by reading the papers when in the country; and, as patience is an admirable virtue, I feel I am doing my duty in encouraging it as much as possible. So, for yet another cycle of time (poetic, and usefully vague),

I am, Yours, in idleness, LADY GAY.

ODE TO BUCCANEER.

Sing hey for the life of a Convict Bold!  
Sing ho for his healthy life!  
Sing hey for his peaceful days when old,  
Secluded from care and strife!

\* \* \* \* \*

[Illustration: A SYMPATHISER.

MASTER TOMMY NEVER MISSES THE AMERICAN NEWS NOW, AS HE IS MUCH INTERESTED IN *THE CASE OF PRIVATE JAMS!!!* (*Vide Daily Papers.*)]

\* \* \* \* \*



## THE DIARY OF AN EXPLORER A LA Russe.

*Introduction.*—Delighted to have the opportunity of exploring the Ironice Mountains. Hearing they abound with frozen mud which would be most useful if it could be removed to the plains below without melting. The watercress plant too might be grown on the summit, if it is practicable to take up orchid-forcing houses. Ought to get the Gold Medal of the Geographical Society if I open out this region that will be fraught with such blessings to commerce. So far as I can judge, it will only be necessary to take twenty batteries of Artillery, a dozen squadrons of Cavalry, and (say) sixteen battalions of Infantry. And I think we might as well take a Naturalist.

## Page 3

*A little Later.*—Made a good start. Appointed Professor POPOFF to be our Naturalist. He is a little out of practice, but passed the preliminary examination very satisfactorily. Only made one trifling mistake. Said that tea-roses belonged to the cactus family. Fancy they don't, but am not sure. The suggestion that cucumbers were dug out of the ground like potatoes, was only an error of judgment. Anyone might have made it. But although rusty in his science, he is well up in machine-gun drill. He will suit the expedition to a nicety. Artillery, Cavalry, and Infantry in first-rate condition.

*Later still.*—Made our first important scientific discovery to-day. Find that you can't grow broad beans on the soil at the base of the Ironice Mountains. At least you may plant them, but they won't grow to any size within the space of half-a-dozen hours. Tried the experiment. To clear the necessary space of ground, had to remove the natives. Did this in gallant style with the assistance of all branches of the Service. The Professor rendered valuable support with his Gatling. Hadn't time to bury the kilted, but said some kind things, when bidding them adieu, to the wounded.

*Further on.*—Most anxious to discover whether canaries sing half-way up the Ironice Mountains. Had some little trouble in establishing a footing on the plateau. After eight hours' hard fighting got to the required spot. The natives seem to have no respect for scientific research. Had to remove them in the usual fashion. The Cavalry had to abandon their horses, but the dismounted men were most useful in burning villages. The Professor continued to carry up his Gatling, and used it with the customary result. When we got to the plateau, disappointed to find no canaries. So we could not ascertain whether they would sing at that altitude. However, when we have completed the proposed railway, it will be quite easy to bring up a few of those charming birds, and continue the interesting experiment.

*Later.*—After six weeks' hard fighting, have at last got to the summit. Cleared the place of the natives according to the recognised scientific formula. The Infantry had to use their bayonets freely. The Professor again well to the front with his Gatling. He is a wonderful man, and seems to have been accustomed to it all his life. It is almost a pity that he should be so devoted to science. He would have made a first-rate soldier.

*Nearly the Latest.*—Sorry that our expedition has not been entirely successful. I am very much afraid that it will be impossible to grow watercresses at this altitude, even with the genial aid of orchid-forcing houses. I do not see how we could get up the necessary materials to the summit, although assisted by proposed railway. Still, when the line is constructed, we might make the attempt. But from a commercial point of view, I do not believe that the experiment would repay the cost.

## Page 4

*Sequel.*—Delighted to find that our scientific expedition has one result. I have consulted the Professor, and we are both of the opinion, that from the summit of the Ironice Mountains it is possible to get a splendid bird's-eye view of India.

\* \* \* \* \*

[Illustration: GOING ON BOARD.]

\* \* \* \* \*

FORTE SCUTUM SALUS DUCUM.

In St. SWITHIN's forty days  
Comes the end of voting-frays;  
Forty extra then arrays

Mr. G.He had hoped for many more,  
But he cannot even score  
Forty-four, that fought he for—

Mr. G.Fortified with fortitude.  
Rule your motley multitude,  
And so earn our gratitude

Mr. G.!Oh majority, you know  
"Gently does it;" therefore go  
Quite *piano*, Forty—show

Mr. G.Though his forty is not fat,  
It is fair at least; so that  
JOHN shall not be taxed for PAT,

Mr. G.Spare him income tax that grieves,  
Lest he think that he perceives  
ALI BABA's Forty ——

Mr. G.!

\* \* \* \* \*

WALKER!—Mr. TOOLE is going into the country, and Mr. GARDEN is to take his place. This sounds like a seasonable change, as Londoners who cannot get away to a Garden, will now have a GARDEN coming to them.



\* \* \* \* \*

“NO FEES.”

(*IN RE PAYNE V. 'ENRY HAUTHOR JONES.*)

Alas, poor JONES, how sad your fate!  
The Law's stern coldness comes to freeze  
Your burning wish to captivate  
With words you know will always please—  
“No fees!”

When “bang goes saxpence” for a page  
Of poorest paper, where one sees  
More puffs than programme, then your rage  
Seems right. One cries, “At least for these  
No fees!”

If Dr. BRAMWELL,[1] who they say  
Cures psychological disease,  
Had known he would have willed away  
Your PAYNE, like tooth-ache—he would seize  
“No fees!”

You've *lost* the case, and now, “that's flat,”[2]  
Must pay those eminent Q.C.'s  
Your Bill of Costs! No Play-bill that!  
You will not find the Law decrees  
“No fees.”

[Footnote 1: Mentioned in *Times* Leading Article, Aug. 3.]

[Footnote 2: “That's flat.” HENRY (AUTHOR SHAKSPEARE) IV., Part I., Act I., Scene 3.]

\* \* \* \* \*

A TRIO.—Congratulations to Sir WILLIAM CUSINS, who from his known admiration for WAGNER, is generally known as “Cusins German.” He was a “King's Scholar,” and KING, whoever he was, must have found him a remarkably apt pupil. He has composed a Comic Opera called *Giddy 'Un*. The next Knight is JOSEPH BARNBY, a name suggestive of pure rustic music. The last of the Knights, Sir WALTER PARRATT, has chosen as his device the ancient legend always associated with the head of the PARRATT family, *i.e.*, “Scratch a Poll.” This dates from very ancient times, and was an inscription found in a temple of Apollo.

## Page 5

\* \* \* \* \*

OMINOUS.—Unfortunate name for a piece is *Cigarette*. So suggestive of “paper,” and of “ending in smoke.” *Absit omen!*

\* \* \* \* \*

[Illustration: STUDIES IN IDIOCY.

*She*. “MRS. MOFFAT’S THE ODDEST WOMAN! SHE’S FOND OF MEETING CLEVER PEOPLE, YOU KNOW, AND SHE NEVER OPENS HER LIPS, BUT LISTENS TO EVERY WORD THEY SAY, AND PUTS IT ALL DOWN IN A DIARY AFTER!”

*He*. “HAW—BY JOVE! SHALL TAKE PRECIOUS GOOD CARE WHAT I SAY BEFORE HER!”]

\* \* \* \* \*

AIDS TO LARCENY.—(By an “*Outside Croaker*.”)—I find that since I started off shopping this morning, I have lost my purse, my handkerchief, the keys of all my boxes and drawers, a silver-mounted scent-bottle, my season-ticket, and a pocket-book containing priceless materials for the plot of a three-volumed novel. This comes of riding on the outside of an omnibus with garden-seats.—Conductor, the gentlemanly person who sat just behind me, and who is now proceeding rather quickly up Chancery Lane, seems to have been unable to resist the temptation afforded by my hanging coat-tails, and has walked off with a few unpaid bills which were in the pockets, under a mistaken impression that they were bank-notes. Would you mind explaining to him his mistake?—Would it be possible for the excellent Directors of the London General Omnibus Company and the London Road Car Company, so to board up the open backs of their otherwise delightful garden-seats as to prevent a ride on the top of an omnibus from being a constant series of (generally unwarranted) suspicions of the people seated in one’s rear?

\* \* \* \* \*

AN AFTERNOON SAIL.

SCENE—A *Landing Stage under Margate Pier*. *Excursionists discovered embarking in two rival sailing-boats, the “Daisy” and the “Buttercup,” whose respective Mates are exchanging repartees.*

[Illustration: “Pirate,—that’s what I was, Sir!”]

*Mate of the “Daisy”*. This gangway, Marm—(to a *Stout Lady*)—not *that* one, if you want to *enjoy* yourself. That one’ll take you aboard the “*Buttercup*,” Marm!

[*The Stout Lady patronises the "Daisy."*

*Mate of the "Buttercup."* You may 'ave *that* little lot! Don't you go overloadin' that 'ere old tub o' yourn, that's all!

*M. of the D.* No fear o' *you* bein' crowded, anyhow. Folks ha' got more sense!

*M. of the B.* Why, we can outsail *you* any day. Spoke you off the Tongue light, we did, close in to ye, we were—and back ten minutes *afore* ye—come! The "Buttercup" 'll answer any way we put her—a'most *speak* to us, *she* will!

*M. of the D.* Ah, it's lucky for you she can't *quite* speak—you'd 'ear some plain langwidge if she did!

## Page 6

*M. of the B.* Our boat ain't never mis-stayed with us, 't all events; ye can't deny that!

*M. of the D.* We don't go out for sailing, we don't—we go out for *pleasure!* (*As the "Daisy," having received her complement of passengers, puts off.*) Tralla! we'll resoom this conversation later on; you won't ha' got off afore we're back, *I* dessay!

[*The Mate of the "Buttercup" is reduced to profanity.*

ON BOARD THE "DAISY," DURING THE TRIP.

*The Stout Lady.* Very 'an'some they fit these yachts up—garding-seats all across the deck, and all the cushings in red plush. It do give you sech a sense of security!

*A Lugubrious Man.* Oh, we shall be all right, so long as this squall that's coming up don't catch us before we're in again. Else we shall take *our* tea down at the bottom, along with the lobsters!

*A Chirpy Little Man with a red chin-tuft (to a female acquaintance).* Well, how are you feelin', eh?

*The Acquaintance.* Oh, all right, thenks—so long as I keep still. There's more waves than it looked from the Pier.

*The Chirpy Man.* Waves? These ain't on'y ripples. When we're off the Foreland, now, you *may* talk!

*The Acq.* If it's worse than it is now, I *shan't*.

*The Chirpy Man.* Why, you ain't afraid o' being queer already? I'm reg'lar enjoyin' it, I am. You don't object to me samplin' a cigar? You enjoy the flavour of a smoke more when you're on the water, yer know.

*First Girl.* I can see our lodgings; and there's Ma out on the balcony—see? Let's wave our handkerchiefs to her.

*Second Girl.* Ma, indeed! Did you *ever* know Ma stir off the sofa after her dinner? I wouldn't make myself ridiklous waving to somebody else's Ma, if *I* was you!

*First Girl (unconvinced).* I'm sure it *is* Ma—it's just her figger.

*Second Girl.* You are such an *obstinate* girl! If it's Ma, what's become of the verander?

*First Girl (conquered by this unanswerable argument).* I forgot we had a *verander*—it's one of those old cats next door!



*The Stout Lady (to the Captain who is steering).* Shall we be out long, Captain?

*The Captain.* I hope not, Marm, because I'm dining at the tabbly dote at the Cliftonville this evenin', and I've got to be home in time to dress.

[*The passengers regard him with increased respect.*]

*The Mate (familiarily to the Captain).* Yes, dear; you don't want to die in here, *do* you? (*explanatorily*) "die in"—*dine*—you'll excuse *me*, but the ocean always makes me feel so facetious. Captain, dear, if you'll pardon a common sailor like myself for making the suggestion, I beg to call upon you for a song. (*The Captain obligingly bellows "The Stormy Nore—The Jolly old Nore," to the general satisfaction*). Ah, they didn't know what a canary-bird you *were*, Captain! Here's a lady asking you to drink at her expense.

## Page 7

*[The Captain is prevailed upon to accept a tumbler of “the usual;” the Stout Lady says “Captin, your ‘elth!” and pledges him in a whiskey-and-soda.*

*First Female Friend (to Second Do. Do.).* That’s Mrs. EDLING, all over, puttin’ herself so forward! Look at her now, ’anding him up two cigars in a paper-bag. I call it sickenin’!

*Second Do. Do.* I’m not surprised. She’s a woman that ’ud do anythink for notoriety. I’ve always noticed *that* in her.

*Captain (to Mate).* Ease the brails!

*Mate (frivolously, after obeying).* They’re feeling better *now*, darlin’! If no one else’ll sing a song, I’ll give you “*The Midshipmite.*”

*The Stout Lady.* I do like the way those two go on together; it’s as good as a play. I shall begin laughin’ presently; it takes a deal to set me *off*, but when I once *am* off, I can’t stop myself. (*The Mate sings.*) A sweet singer *he* is, too. Lor! it’s like goin’ for a sail in a Music-’All!

*The Chirpy Man.* Yes, I’m comin’ to set down a bit. Not so much motion ’ere, yer know. No use trying to smoke in this breeze. No, I was on’y yawning. Makes yer sleepy, this see-saw does. Don’t *you* find it so?

*Mate (to Sailor).* Now, WILLIAM, it’s your turn—you’re goin’ to sing us something?

*William (gruffly).* No, I ain’t. But there’s a gen’lman ’ere as says he’ll recite.

*[After some persuasion, a Mild Young Man is induced to step forward on the foredeck, and recite as follows:—*

*The Mild Young Man (balancing himself with some difficulty).*

“Pirate, that’s what I was, Sir. Talk about Captain KIDD—  
His cruellest acts were kindness, compared with the deeds *I* did!  
Never a pitying pang felt I for youth, sex, age, or rank—  
All who fell into my clutches were doomed to pace a protruded plank!  
Yet the desperate demon of those days is now a Churchwarden mild,  
Holding the bag at Collections—and all through a golden-haired  
child!”

*[Here the Mate suppresses a groan, and is understood to remark that he “knows that golden-haired child;” the Stout Lady sighs, and inwardly reflects that you can never go by appearances; the Chirpy Man becomes solemn and attentive.*



*The Ex-Pirate (who meanwhile has sighted an East-Indiaman, and given chase).*

“Well, soon as we’d overhauled her, our ‘Jolly Roger’ we flew,  
We opened our dummy deadlights, and the guns gleamed grinning  
through.  
And, panther-like, we were crouching—”

*[Here he attempts to suit the action to the word; the boat  
heels over—and the Pirate’s crouch becomes a sprawl.*



## Page 8

I—I *beg* your pardon.—(*Picking himself up.*)

“Under the Indiaman’s side;  
When—a baby-face from her bulwarks, looked down on us open-eyed:  
I can see him now—with his fluttering curls, and his cheeks so  
chubby and round,  
Which a cherub might have been proud of, in snowiest linen bound!  
Then—he hailed us, in infant accents, so innocent, fresh, and  
blithe—  
That our nest of human snakes was stirred to a conscience-stricken  
writhe!  
(*In soft falsetto, as Child*). Dear Pirates, I *am* so  
sorry—I *did* want to see you so.  
I’m afraid you’ll be disappointed—but you mustn’t come *near*,  
you know!  
I wish I could ask you on board to tea, for I feel so down in the  
dumps,  
But I *can’t* invite you—for, if you came, you’d be certain to  
catch my Mumps!  
I’ve given it all of the passengers, and the Captain, and Mate,  
and Crew,  
And it would be a *dreadful* pity if *you* were to catch it too!”

[*Pause. The Chirpy Man hides his face.*

We looked at each other; our utterance choked by irrepressible  
lumps,  
Though we feared neither man nor devil—we all had a *horror* of  
Mumps!  
And, but for this Cherub’s candour, ere many mere days had sped—

[*Here the Pirate is stopped by uncontrollable emotion, and  
his audience, from the Captain downwards, express sympathy.*

*The Reciter (huskily, after wiping his eyes).* I’m very sorry—it’s foolish, I know, but I  
always *do* break down just here. I—I think I can go on now.

[*Illustration: “WITH THE HONOURS OF WAR!”*]

“Had sped,  
Each buccaneer would have kept his bunk, with a bandage about his  
head!”

*[Here a fresh diversion is effected by The Chirpy Man, who suddenly achieves unpopularity by becoming aggressively ill, and causing a general stampede from his neighbourhood.]*

*The Reciter—*

“We wouldn’t have boarded her, after *that*, for all the treasure  
on earth,

So we sailed away—to the sweet salute of a peal of childish mirth!”

*The Chirpy Man (resuming his seat, much relieved, and almost as chirpy as ever, to his neighbours, confidentially). I’m all right agen now. It was takin’ a glass o’ stout on top of black currant pudden done it, yer know!*

*[This piece of information is coldly received, which evidently both surprises and pains him; the Pirate brings his experiences to an end by relating how he realised his effects, and retired from business on a modest competence, and the “Daisy” regains the Pier.]*

\* \* \* \* \*



## Page 9

“WITH THE HONOURS OF WAR.”

After long fight and strenuous defence,  
Tenacity tremendous, toil immense,  
The garrison surrenders!  
'Tis the doom  
Of desperate war; and though a sombre gloom  
Sits on each brow, each brow is lifted high,  
No petulant pusillanimity  
Makes poor this last parade of stout defenders,  
Or shames this most unwilling of surrenders.  
Six lingering years, and more, of hot attack,  
By confident cool valour beaten back!  
Six baffling years of sortie, and of sally,  
Sudden alarm, stubborn stand, stout rally!  
How the besiegers in their bannered host  
Banded at first around this bastion'd post,  
In sanguine, fierce assault, and shook their spears,  
Strong hopes derided, mocked at fancied fears.  
The Citadel's defence was all in vain,  
They vowed; a year should end the brief campaign;  
Yet year to year succeeded slow, and still  
The garrison held out. Strategic skill  
And not impetuous onset nought availed;  
The battering-ram and scaling-ladder failed.  
Brief breaches scarcely made were swift repaired,  
United still all deadly arms they dared,  
Those linked defenders who, aforesaid foes,  
Their lately-banded ranks could firmly close  
Against old friends, now common enemies.  
Black CECIL was Commander, BALFOUR brave  
The Union Standard in his wake would wave,  
The *Reiter* JOACHIM, of German breed,  
And the Scot swordster RITCHIE, good at need,  
With him, the fox-eyed Freelance, JOE DE BRUM,  
Brave with the trumpet, valiant with the drum,  
Proud to be capped and curled with Cavaliers,  
The Gentlemen of England, now his peers,—  
These, and a many more good men and true,  
The ramparts manned, the warning clarion blew;  
Stood in the breach, and to the bastion swarmed,  
Whene'er loud blares that citadel alarmed.



But now slow sap and steady siege have wrought  
The conquest long delayed. The Chiefs that fought  
So long together, feel the touch of fate,  
Bow to its bidding. Calm though not elate,  
Swart CECIL yields him at discretion. So  
The garrison marches forth! But e'en the foe  
Gives chivalrous salute to beaten men  
Unshamed by forced surrender. Hail them, then,  
With sympathetic cheers! The white-haired Chief,  
Lifts hat in greeting. He, all brawn and beef,  
WILLIAM of Malwood, bears the banner high,  
But scarce looks fired, with conquest's ecstasy.  
JOHN of Newcastle, reins a restive horse;  
*He's none too eager for another course.*  
The one-armed Irish Chief looks pale and grim;  
E'en cheery LARRY, of the cynic whim,  
Hath a less careless chuckle than his wont.  
"Beshrew me! but they bear a gallant front!"  
Mutter the pikemen ranged in order round.  
Sore-battered RITCHIE,—may he soon be sound!—  
Bates not a jot of courage; that stark fighter  
And shifty swordsman, JOACHIM: the

## Page 10

*Reiter,*

Snuffs the air proudly; with his nose a-cock  
Steps JOE DE BRUM, and, steady as a rock,  
Strides forth Chief CECIL!  
Hail the beaten band,  
You Grand, and grey-haired, Old Campaigning Hand;  
For you have seen good fighting, and you know  
Game foemen when you see them. Conquest's glow  
Mantles that pallid cheek. After long strain,  
Victory at last is yours, nor all in vain,  
Perchance, although its fruits precarious be.  
What you will do with it, we wait to see.  
Meanwhile *you*'ll own the foes you've put to rout.  
With all war's honours unashamed march out.

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[Illustration: SO MATTER-OF-FACT.

*Jones (who prides himself on his French).* "DESOLE, MON CHER, NOT TO BE ABLE TO ACCEPT YOUR HOSPITALITY, BUT TO-NIGHT I AM DINING *EN VILLE*."

*Brown (who is so matter-of-fact, and never will understand Jones's French).* "DINING 'ON VEAL,' ARE YOU? WELL, THERE'S NOT MUCH DIFFERENCE; IF YOU COME TO ME, YOU'LL HAVE A LEG O' MUTTON!"]

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MAKE IT HOT.—Dean KITCHIN says that one of his reasons for voting for the Gladstonians is that he is "a warm Liberal." Quite so. A cold KITCHIN would be a contradiction in terms.

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[Illustration: MEMBERS WE SHALL MISS.

F.A. Hankey. Sir H. Tyler. M.W. Mattinson. J. Bazley White. J. Stack. The Bruce. T.L. Bristowe. Hermon-Hodge. Alfred Giles. J. Woodhead. Baron Dimsdale. T. Milvain.]

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ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Thursday, August 4.*—New Parliament met to-day in great force. Ambition stirs noble minds in different ways. Some embark on Parliamentary life with determination to outshine BRIGHT or GLADSTONE in field of oratory. Others will not be pacified till they emulate PITT. Others again aim at the lofty pedestal on which stands through the ages the man who is first in his place, on first day, of first Session, of new Parliament. Exciting race to-day. At night, both BIGWOOD and SPENCER (not BOBBY, who has affairs of graver State to look to just now) sailed in together. At a quarter to ten SAVORY turned up, sermon in hand, and found he was forestalled.

“What, MOORE of them!” cried SAVORY. “The bane of my life.”

“Yes,” said LOGAN, arriving a few minutes later; “wherever there’s one SAVORY you’re sure to find MOORE, and in this case they precede you.”

Six minutes later DIXON-HARTLAND arrived, mopping his forehead. When he found others on spot, pretended he’d only looked in accidentally. “Passing by, you know; thought I’d see how old place looked.” But it wouldn’t do. Other men, especially BIGWOOD, saw through it all. Then DIXON HARTLAND grew anecdotal. Told fabulous story about imaginary Scotch Member, who, at opening of Parliament of 1880, brought down his plaid, a stoup of whiskey, and a thimbleful of oatmeal. Camped out all night in Palace Yard, and staggered into House as soon as doors were opened.

## Page 11

"That beats you, BIGWOOD," the Evesham Banker said, with a tartness of voice that betrayed his chagrin.

Rest of the 665 Members content to look in later. By one o'clock House full, Lobby overflowing. Difficult to move through the close ranks, and yet there were many gaps. Ranks of old House more than decimated. "There they go," said my young but fiery friend FURNISS, whom I came upon in corner of Lobby, rapidly sketching with blurred eyesight.

"Who go?" I asked, remembering with a start I had left my gold-nobbed stick in the corner by the Post Office.

"The Members we shall miss," he sobbed, lingering fondly over the truculent curl of HERMON-HODGE's moustache.

But if gone are some familiar faces, others come back. Glad to see MACFARLANE in his old place below Gangway, and to find him later in old seat in smoking-room. MACFARLANE didn't often speak in debate, but usually had something to say. Was a Home-Ruler long before the majority found salvation. Remember across the years how he put whole case in crisp sentence when he adjured the deaf Government of the day "not to attempt to enforce Greenwich-time at Dublin." If BRIGHT had said that, or DIZZY, or Mr. G., the happy phrase would have echoed down the corridors of time. But it was only an Irish Member; MACFARLANE, then Member for Carlow. So it passed unnoticed—unremembered rather than forgotten.

*Business done.*—Speaker elected. ARTHUR WELLESLEY PEEL for the fourth time. House evidently under impression it can't have too much of good thing.

*Friday.*—Pretty to watch growth of full-blown SPEAKER in New Parliament. First stage—enters in ordinary morning dress, and seats himself with other Members, diligently trying to look as if he expected nothing to happen. Sore temptation for Members sitting near him. Would like to slap him on the back, and ask how he got on through his Election. Short of that, feel they must ask if he wants a pair? Is he dining here? Is he going to have a smoke, or a stroll on the Terrace? Next day, having meanwhile been proposed, seconded, and inducted to Chair, SPEAKER-ELECT turns up in Court-dress, with Bob-wig. This is Development-stage. Having reached it, proceeds to the House of Lords, where he is patronisingly received by LORD CHANCELLOR. ("HALSBURY," SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE says, "peculiarly well up in patronage.") This done, returns to Commons; disappears behind Chair; SERGEANT-AT-ARMS counts twenty-three; presto! door re-opens; SPEAKER re-appears in butterfly-trim, with full-bottomed wig, silk gown, and shoon on which shimmer the sheen of silver buckles.

No trifling with SPEAKER when this final stage reached. KEIR-HARDIE took early opportunity of trying a fall with him—and got it. HARDIE fresh from the coal-pit,

represents West Ham; evidently determined to pose as Stage Workman. “DON’T KEIR-HARDIE is my name,” he said, swaggering into House just now. “Don’t keer a —— for SPEAKER, or any black-coated bloke. I’m the true British Workman, and will soon make all you blooming gentry sit up.”

## Page 12

"Are you going to take the Oath?" said COBB. COBB always asking questions.

"Oath!" cried DON'T KEIR-HARDIE, "I'll take 'em in a moog."

Put on his cap, and swaggered towards the table. "Order! order!" cried SPEAKER, in tones of thunder. "DON'T KEIR-HARDIE is my name," said Hon. Member for West Ham; "and blow me if—". Turned, and saw flashing eye of SPEAKER bent upon him. Slowly his hand went up to his head; the cap came off, was crumpled up, and put in his pocket.

"Will you take the oath, or make affirmation?" asked MILMAN, stuck between two tables, but always ready to oblige.

"Don't keer which," said DON'T KEIR-HARDIE; but, possibly from force of habit, took the oath.

"If OLD MORALITY was still with us, my friend," said BURT, gravely, "he would be able to cite for your edification a copy-head showing how Don't Care came to a bad end."

*Business done.*—Swearing going on in both Houses. Our Army in Flanders quite respectable by comparison.

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[Illustration: BLASE.

*Enthusiastic Lady Amateur.* "OH, WHAT A PITY! WE'VE JUST MISSED THE FIRST ACT!"

*Languid Friend.* "HAVE WE? AH—RATHER GLAD. I ALWAYS THINK THE CHIEF PLEASURE OF GOING TO A THEATRE IS TRYING TO MAKE OUT WHAT THE FIRST ACT WAS ABOUT!"]

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[Illustration: A SKETCH FROM NATURE.

LITTLE MISS FACING-BOTH-WAYS AND HER DOG DOUBLE-OR-QUITS!]

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ASPIRATION.

BY A WEARY SECULAR SCRIBE.



Oh, to be a Pulpiteer!  
Purists may fie-fie, or sneer.  
But, when wit and fancy fail,  
To produce your twice-cooked kail  
(As “a traveller”) must be nice.  
Nor are you confined to *twice*;  
Hashed, rehashed, and hashed again,  
Garnished—from another brain,  
Seasoned—from another cruet,  
You may roast, or boil, or stew it  
O’er and o’er, year in year out,  
As you perorate about,  
Seek, when weary,—o’ertasked elves!  
“Inspiration” from your shelves.  
Salt it here, and sauce it there,  
Saying nothing, since none care  
To make question, taking pay,  
Yes, and praise upon your way,  
For—well, ere the thing is through,  
What is what and who is who,  
It might puzzle you to tell;  
Still you “think it right”! Ah, well!  
This philosophy peripatetic  
Strikes a chord that’s sympathetic  
In the breast of secular scribe;  
Nothing, it is true, would bribe  
Him to play the pious prig,  
But—he heaves a sigh that’s big  
Murmuring, enviously I fear,—  
Oh, to be a Pulpiteer!

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A CAUDAL LECTURE;

*OR, DARWINISM IN THE CRICKET FIELD.*

## Page 13

When Man first arose from the primitive Ape,  
He first dropped his tail, and took on a new shape.  
But Cricketing Man, born to trundle and swipe,  
Reversion displays to the earlier type;  
For a cricketing team, when beginning to fail,  
Always loses its "form," and "developes a tail"!

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### ROBERT ON THINGS IN GINERAL.

I was only jest a thinkin the other day, what werry distinguisht honner Her Most Grashus Madgesty the QUEEN would bestow on the Rite Honerabel the LORD MARE, when the rite time cum. But I was arldy prepaired for the acshal fack!

I reelly coudn't have bleeved it if I hadn't a had it red out to me from a most respecfool Mornin Paper; so in course it must be trew. Yes, the Rite Honorabel the LORD MARE is not only to be a Nite, like other Lord Mares, but the QUEEN has acshally made him a Nite Commander of the most xtinguisht Order of Saint Mikel, and, not sattisfide with ewen that, Her MADGESTY has also made him a Nite Commander of the other most xtinguisht Order of Saint George!

It is fortnit that Sir DAVID's year of offis will soon end, or he mite have fownd it diffikult to carry out his ushal LORD MARE's numerus dootys, while Commanding two sitch xtinguisht Orders as them as is named above.

My Americane Friend has turnd up agane at our bewtiful Grand Otel. He says as they has had orful whether wear he has cum from, but all the hole week he has had in grand old Lunden has bin most luvly Sun-Shine, as it amost allers is in Spring, he says he's told. As he luckily didn't appen for to arsk for no arnser, of course I didn't give him not none; but I coudn't help a thinkin as how as if he had bin here in our late hurly Spring, he might ha bin inclined jest a leetel to halter his good opinyon.

We had qwite a plezzent chat while I atended upon him at Lunch. He wants to kno more about our LORD MARE. Fust of all, how much munney he gits; and, when I told him jest ten thowsand pounds for his year of offis, he xclaimd, "Why, that's the werry same sum as we gives our President, who, you know, is reelly our King!" So I said, "Does he find it enuff for him, Sir?" "Oh yes," he says, "quite." "Well," says I, "it don't seem a werry big salery for the King of such a big plaice as Amerrikey, when I appens to know that the LORD MARE of our little Lunden, which is ony about one mile big, has to spend more than another ten thousand pounds out of his own pocket afore he's finished his year!" "Well," he says, "you do estonish me; but everythink's estonishing in your grand old Citty! How do they send him his money?" I told him as the Chamberlane, who was allers cram full of munney, took it him every quarter-day. "Ah," says he, "we send

our President, on the 26th of evry month, exakly eight hundred and thirty-three pounds, six-and-eight pence." "Ah," I said, "I am rayther serprized as he shoud condersend to take the odd six-and-eight.

## Page 14

I'm quite shure our LORD MARE woudn't do so. I bleeve as he never has not nothink less than Bank-notes and suvreigns, but allers plenty of 'em." "How many dinners does he give during the year?" says he. "Ah, Sir," says I, "that's rayther a staggering qweshun to arnser. Me and BROWN has often tried our hands at it, but ginerally breaks down about Witsuntide; but I shoud say sumwares about three thowsand, and about twice as many lunchons." "Good grayshus!" says the Amerricane, "what a number!" "Yes," says I, "and so much is they thort on, that p'raps the werry greatest trubbel that has worrited the manly bussoms of Lord SORLSBUBY and all his brother Ministers is the mellancolly fack, that they has bin compell'd to decline the LORD MARE's customery Ministerial Bankwet this year, coz they couldn't tell for serten whether they would be the Ministers to go to it! And the LORD MARE to drown his sorrer has gone and berried hisself in the 'art of Scotland!" "What a sad story to be shure!" said my Amerricane, with a sigh! "Yes, Sir," I replied, "these are sum of the many trubbels as our werry greatest men has to endewr, and happy is he who does not quiver when he has his arrow full of 'em!" And so we parted.

ROBERT.

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TO MISS AIDA JENOURE.

(ON THE WITHDRAWAL OF "THE MOUNTEBANKS.")

Dear AIDA, good-bye; since it must be, it must; Yet your slaves view your absence from Town with disgust. For myself, I'd as soon live at Shipston-on-Stour As endure life in London without our JENOURE. Sprightly Mountebank AIDA, sweet Mistress of Arts, You smiled as you danced yourself into our hearts. And now from the Strand to the Vale of far Maida There's only one chorus—"Come back to us, AIDA!" *Les absents*, you know the old maxim, *ont tort*, Wherefore dance yourself back, and be present once more.

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