

Punch, or the London Charivari, Volume 103, September 3, 1892 eBook

Punch, or the London Charivari, Volume 103, September 3, 1892

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Page 1

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PUNCH,

Or the London charivari.

Vol. 103.

September 3, 1892.

[Illustration: *Happy thought.*

Obliging Country Butcher. "Let me cut it into cutlets for you, ma'am,—leaving just enough Bone for you to hold 'Em by, while you're eating 'Em!"]

* * * * *

Not going away for the holidays.

Cookson Gaze, Q.C. Because *Maria* votes Eastbourne vulgar, and the girls (sorry now I sent them to that finishing-school at Clapham) laugh so consumedly whenever I open my mouth to address a native if we go to Trouville or Dinard.

C. Jumper. Because the Governor thinks three days in the year enough for anybody.

Eastend Dr. Because that fiver will just give little *Sally* the breath of sea-air she wants, and she'll never make a good cure unless she has it.

Reg. Rake. Because wife says she shall certainly accompany me.



Barmaid. Because I've just been ill for a fortnight from overwork, and the Company say they can't give any more leave.

Eastend Clergyman (of any church.) Because there are hundreds who want it more than I do, and I must help them to get a change first.

Major Hornblower. Because MACCRACSHOTT (the only man who has asked me) was in the smoking-room the night I was fool enough to tell that Snipe and Rhinoceros Story of PEYTON's in the first person.

Quiverful. Because there's another pair.

* * * * *

Epitaph on an old CRICKETER'S Tombstone.—"Out at 70."

* * * * *

Musical notes.

Popping a Question.—The *Daily News*, in its last week's "Music and Musicians," informs us that "Mr. CHAPPELL has now definitely decided that the season of Monday Popular Concerts shall this year commence on a Tuesday." Sure then it must be Mister O'CHAPPELL, the CHAPPELL by the hill-side, who arranges to have his first "Monday Pop" on a Tuesday? If he be going out shooting



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on his own native heath, his name O'CHAPPELL, then there's no reason why he shouldn't have his first pop on a Tuesday, only it couldn't be his Monday Pop, could it now? Or if he drinks *Mr. P.*'s health in Pommery '80 (*grand vin!*), or let's say Poppery '80, he could do so on a Tuesday, only it would no longer be the "Monday Pop." That's all. Sure 'tis mighty confusing and upsets the week entirely. If Tuesday is to have all the Pop, what's to become of Monday? For further particulars inquire at the Pop-shop, Bond Street.

The next great Musical Event is at the Gloucester Festival—it is Dr. HUBERT PARRY "on the Job." This, though the work of a thoroughly English Composer, may yet be considered as an "*Article de Parry.*"

* * * * *

"MARS IN OPPOSITION."—"Mother says I mustn't."

* * * * *

THIS PICTURE AND THAT.

(EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A LOVER OF THE BEAUTIFUL.)

First Extract.—Really an excellent notion to buy an estate, instead of picking up what Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING calls a "smeared thing." Got one, too, pretty cheap. Twenty miles from a railway station, but so much the better. RUSKIN hates railway stations, and so do I. Never can make them look picturesque. The Agent tells me my place is famous for its sunsets; also good moonlight effects on occasions. Pretty village, too, in the background. Altogether, most satisfactory. After all, Nature is much better than Art.

Second Extract.—Dullerton-on-the-Slush is a charming spot, but it has its drawbacks. Pretty, but damp. Fog interferes a good deal with the sunsets, and hides the moon at the wrong moment. Village deliciously out of repair. But tenants unreasonable. Offered to put up some red brick roofs for them, which would have looked charming, but they insist upon having slates. Wish they would consent to having a few cows in the fields, but they say they prefer pigstyes. Have consulted a builder and a gardener, and they think that they could "run up" a sty between them, and cover it over with shrubs. Tenants object. They say the pigs would not like it, and might eat the shrubs with fatal results. All this annoying, but still the view from my dining-room window charming. It reminds me not a little of CONSTABLE, LINNELL, not to say Old CROME.

Third Extract.—Further troubles. Tenants are really very disagreeable, and they have no feeling for Art. They have cut down a lot of ornamental trees, and they won't grow the right sort of crops,—I mean from a picturesque point of view. As agriculturists they



may be all right, but that's not my point. I did not buy the estate to try how "roots" would thrive. Then they will burn weeds, and hang out clothes to dry—clothes without any regard to contrast of colour. Eyesores meet me everywhere. I am really not sure whether I acted wisely in trusting to a House-agent instead of a Picture-dealer. "Pictures by Nature" are not as reliable as they should be.



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Fourth Extract.—This is really too bad! A perambulating Circus has pitched its tent on the Village Green! When I say tent, I make a mistake; it is a beastly ugly iron thing, that looks simply hideous, and from the durable stoutness of its construction, it evidently is going to be a fixture for some time. My tenants support the Circus people, and my Agent tells me, that if I interfere, my life will be made a burden to me. It appears my tenants are “a very unruly lot when they are irritated.” Pleasant!

Fifth Extract.—The Circus won’t go. And now I find I can’t get any of my rents. My agent tells me, that my tenants never would settle with their last landlord. Besides, they expect me to pay for the damage done to their dwellings by the floods. They say it was my fault, because I would put up a bank and plantation in my back garden. Only light in the general gloom is, the prospect my Agent holds out to me of getting rid of the property for me to another lover of the picturesque. Scarcely fair; but after all, or rather before all, must take care of Number One.

Last Extract.—Hurray! Sold my estate to another fellow. However, on looking over my accounts, I fancy I should have found it cheaper if, in the first instance, I had bought a chromo lithograph!

* * * * *

EPITAPH.—An Alpining Traveller sends us, on the “Baer” Hotel lately destroyed at Grindelwald, the following adapted and reversified quotation:—

“Good-bye to the Baer—
And it’s moaning” we are!

* * * * *

[Illustration: “SUMMER VOLUPTAS.”

Toby (sings). “MY BARQUE IS ON THE SEA!”]

* * * * *

SONGS OUT OF SEASON.

NO. I.—DISORGANISED.

Still in London now you’ll find me,
Still detained against my will;
And I wish, distinctly, mind me,
To accentuate the “*still*,”
It’s a sort of consolation,
As I sit, and fume, and frown,



That the greatest botheration
Of my life is out of town.

He who used to grind "*She Wore a
Wreath of Roses*" every day,
And "Selections from *Dinorah*,"
And—"Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay."
With his execrable smiling,
And exasperating din,
Must, I needs infer, be riling
Some one else with grind and grin.

He who seemed, in fact, delighted,
And a kiss—the fiend!—would blow,
When I got a bit excited,
And exclaimed "*Al Diavolo!*"
Who, with unabashed assurance,
Only beamed the more, and kissed,
If, incensed beyond endurance,
In his face I shook my fist.

He has earned his little outing,
This excruciating cove,
And his instrument is flouting
Bath, or Scarborough, or Hove.
For the moment I can get a
Peaceful interim, and free—
But he cherishes vendetta,
This Italian count, to me.



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Yes! Perhaps, indeed, 'twere kinder,
Had he ne'er relaxed his track;
He'll return, that grinning grinder,
Reinvigorated, back!
Then, as I remarked before, a
Spell of doom for me remains,
With "Selections from *Dinorah*,"
And his other worse refrains.

* * * * *

WHY I DON'T GO OUT OF TOWN, FOR THE AUTUMN?—Because I've been pretty well everywhere, but always *quite* well in London.

* * * * *

[Illustration: BRIC A BRAC.

Lady Croesus. "OH, WHAT A SWEET TABLE! WHERE DID YOU GET IT, MY DEAR? OH, I SEE HERE'S THE MAN'S CARD." (*Spelling the label*.) "'TABLE—LOUIS QUINZE.' LOUIS QUINZEY! WHAT A HORRID NAME! AND WHY HASN'T HE PUT HIS ADDRESS?"]

* * * * *

THE GERMAN WATERS.

A promenade with tongues alive
That every phrase of OLLENDORFF use;
And "*Luther's Hymn*" at half-past five
To drag you from the arms of Morpheus;
Fat Germans in their awful "Fracks,"
Pale Frenchmen, too, a bit *decolletes*,
And dapper Britons with attacks
Of livers and digestions faulty.

A garden fair with "Quellen" foul—
Ach, Himmel! How they taste those "Quellen"!
Then rolls and coffee, next a prowl
Among the shops with JANE or ELLEN;
The mid-day meal at *table d'hote*,
All windows closed—a climate hellish!—
With dishes too crackjaw to quote,
And sometimes difficult to relish.



An afternoon of drowsy drives—
How these poor foreigners love driving
To places where, when one arrives,
There's nought for which it's worth arriving!—
A "Belvedere"—like Primrose Hill,
A "Gartenhaus," tobacco-scented;
Yet there they smoke, and moon, and swill,
Quite adipose, and self-contented.

A "Kursaal," very large, and fine;
A Theatre, small, and shabby-splendid;
More beer, more music, ditto wine
(This latter can be much commended).
The Military (each salutes!)
With HANNCHEN on their arm or MARIE;
I wonder where they get those boots—
I mean, of course, the Military.

Lawn-Tennis and an "English Club,"
Frequented now by Lords and Princes,
Where every snobling likes to rub
His elbows with a Peer, who winces;
The tittle-tattle of the cliques,
Some half-proposals for our daughters—
Such is the life that makes for weeks
A fortune—for the German Waters!

* * * * *

CHOOSING HIS WORDS.

(MADE IN GERMANY.)

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According to the *Hochliche Zeitung*, His Imperial Majesty said that although the sky was apparently cloudless, the atmosphere might be charged with electricity. He knew what that electricity denoted. There were thunderbolts in the clouds and thunderbolts on earth. Those on earth meant war and invasion. He warned those who threatened the Fatherland, that there were a million of swords ready to spring forth from a million of scabbards. It was well enough to be neighbourly when those who lived in your vicinity were benevolently inclined. But when they showed a disposition to be offensive, then it was necessary to sharpen your swords and keep your power dry. They had already conquered France, and were not afraid of Russia. Besides, the Army contained young soldiers who would be the better for a real campaign. He himself had no objection to visiting Paris and St. Petersburg, as a German Emperor should—at the head of a German Army. Still he might again remark, it was splendid weather, he saw nothing but blue sky.

[Illustration: Nose Everything.]

According to the *Nichtgeboren Zeitung*, His Imperial Majesty said that, although the sky was apparently cloudless, he recognised dangers a-head. He was willing to put himself forward as the Leader of the toilers. It was their duty to secure the best possible constitution, and then to force that constitution upon all neighbouring people, if needs be, at the point of the bayonet. He was not an alarmist, and said exactly what he meant. He had no wish to beat about the bush. War was the Hand-servant of Peace, and the sooner that servant came back the better. He did not wish to threaten, but he told Russia and France that Germany was ready to begin, when and where they chose to meet him. But he might again remark it was splendid weather, and he saw nothing but blue sky.

Authorised Version (all others declared to be misleading and inaccurate).—His Imperial Majesty merely observed that it was a fine day.

* * * * *

ON BOARD A YACHT.—The conversation at lunch-time had turned on recent publications. A learned Theban from Oxford inquired of the Skipper, if he had seen the “*Rig-Veda*.” “What sort of Rig’s that?” asked the Skipper, a bit puzzled. But the Oxonian wisely declined a rigmarole explanation, and told him that all further inquiries must be made to Professor MAX MUELLER.

* * * * *

FEELING THEIR WAY.

(A STUDY IN THE ART OF GENTEEL CONVERSATION.)



SCENE—*The Drawing-room of a Margate Hotel. Time—evening. Mrs. ARDLEIGH (of Balham), and Mrs. ALLBUTT (of Brondesbury), are discovered in the midst of a conversation, in which each is anxious both to impress the other, and ascertain how far she is a person to be cultivated. At present, they have not got beyond the discovery of a common bond in Cookery.*

Mrs. Allbutt. You have the yolks of two eggs, I must tell you; squeeze the juice of half a lemon into it, and, when you boil the butter in the pan, make a paste of it with *dry* flour.



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Mrs. Ardleigh. It sounds delicious—but you never can trust a Cook to carry out instructions exactly.

Mrs. All. I never *do*. Whenever I want to have anything specially nice for my husband, I make a point of seeing to it myself. He appreciates it. Now *some* men, if you cook for them, never notice whether it's you or the Cook. My husband *does*.

Mrs. Ard. I wonder how you find time to do it. I'm sure *I* should never—

Mrs. All. Oh, it takes time, of course—but what does that matter when you've nothing to do? Did I mention just a small pinch of Cayenne pepper?—because that's a *great* improvement!

Mrs. Ard. I tell you what I like Cayenne pepper with, better than anything—and that's eggs.

Mrs. All. (*with elegant languor*). I hardly ever eat an egg. Oysters, now, I'm very fond of—*fried*, that is.

Mrs. Ard. They're very nice done in the real shells. Or on scollops. We have silver—or rather—(*with a magnanimous impulse to tone down her splendour*), silver-plated ones.

Mrs. All. How funny—so have we! (*Both women feel an increase of liking for one another.*) I like them cooked in milk, too.

[The first barrier being satisfactorily passed, they proceed, as usual, to the subject of ailments.

Mrs. Ard. My doctor *does* do me good, I must say—he never lets me get ill. He just sees your liver's all right, and then he feeds you up.

Mrs. All. That's like *my* doctor; he always tells me, if he didn't keep on constantly building me up, I should go all to pieces in no time. That's how I come to be here. I always run down at the end of every Season.

Mrs. Ard. (*feeling that Mrs. ALLBUTT can't be "anybody very particular" after all*). What—to Margate? Fancy! Don't you find you get tired of it? I should.

Mrs. All. (*with dignity*). I didn't say I always went to Margate. On the contrary I have never been here before, and shouldn't be here now, if my doctor hadn't told me it was my only chance.

Mrs. Ard. (*reassured*). I only came down here on my little girl's account. One of those nasty croopy coughs, you know, and hoops with it. But she's almost well already. I will



say it's a wonderful air. Still, the worst of Margate is, one isn't likely to meet a soul one knows!

Mrs. All. Well, that's the charm of it—to me. One has enough of that during the Season.

Mrs. Ard. (*recognising the superiority of this view*). Indeed one has. What a whirl it has been to be sure!

[Illustration: "Dear, dear! *not* a county family!"]

Mrs. All. The Season? Why, I never remember one with so little doing. Most of the best houses closed—hardly a single really smart party—one or two weddings—and that's positively all!



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Mrs. Ard. (slightly crushed, in spite of a conviction that—socially speaking—Balham has been rather more brilliant than usual this year.) Yes, that's very true. I suppose the Elections have put a stop to most things?

Mrs. All. There never was much going on. I should rather have said it was Marlborough House being shut up that made everything so dull from the first.

Mrs. Ard. Ah, that *does* make such a difference, doesn't it? (*She feels she must make an effort to recover lost ground.*) I fully expected to be at Homburg this year.

Mrs. All. Then you would have met Lady NEURALINE MENTHOL. She was ordered there, I happen to know.

Mrs. Ard. Really, you don't say so? Lady NEURALINE! Well, that's the first I've heard of it. (*It is also the first time she has heard of HER, but she trusts to be spared so humiliating an admission.*)

Mrs. All. It's a fact, I can assure you. You know her, perhaps?

Mrs. Ard. (who would dearly like to say she does, if she only dared). Well, I can hardly say I exactly *know* her. I know *of* her. I've met her about, and so on. (*She tells herself this is quite as likely to be true as not.*)

Mrs. All. (who, of course, does not know Lady NEURALINE either). Ah, she is a most delightful person—requires *knowing*, don't you know.

Mrs. Ard. So many in her position do, don't they? (*So far as she is concerned—they ALL do.*) You'd think it was haughtiness—but it's really only *manner*.

Mrs. All. (feeling that she can go ahead with safety now). I have never found anything of *that* sort in Lady NEURALINE myself (*which is perfectly true*). She's rather odd and flighty, but *quite* a dear. By the way, *how* sad it is about those poor dear CHUTNEYS—the Countess, don't you know!

Mrs. Ard. Ah (*as if she knew all the rest of the family*), I don't know *her* at all.

Mrs. All. Such a sweet woman—but the trouble she's had with her eldest boy, Lord MANGO! He married quite beneath him, you know, some girl from the provinces—not a county-family girl even.

Mrs. Ard. (shocked). Dear, dear! *not* a county family!

Mrs. All. No; somebody quite common—I forget the name, but it was either GHERKIN or ONION, or something of that sort. I was told they had been in Chili a good while. Poor MANGO never had much taste, or he would never have got mixed up with such a set.



Anyway, he's got himself into a terrible pickle. I hear Capsicums is actually to be sold to pay his debts.

Mrs. Ard. You don't say so! Capsicums! Gracious!



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Mrs. All. Yes, *isn't* it a pity! Such a lovely old place as it was, too—the most comfortable house to stay at in all England; so beautifully *warm*! But it's dreadful to think of how the aristocracy are taking to marry out of their own set. Look at the Duke of DRAGNET—married a Miss DUCKWEED—goodness only knows where he picked her up! but he got entangled somehow, and now his people are trying to get rid of her. I see so many of these cases. Well, I'm afraid I must wish you good evening—it's my time for retiring. (*Patronisingly.*) I've quite enjoyed this conversation—such a pleasure in a place like this to come across a congenial companion!

Mrs. Ard. (*fluttered and flattered.*) I'm sure you're exceedingly kind to say so, and I can say the same for myself. I hope we may become better acquainted. (*To herself, after Mrs. ALLBUTT has departed.*) I've quite taken to that woman—she's so thoroughly the lady, and moves in very high society, too. You can tell that from the way she talks. What's that paper on the table? (*She picks up a journal in a coloured wrapper.*) *Society Snippets, the Organ of the Upper Ten. One Penny.* The very thing I wanted. It's such a comfort to know who's who. (*She opens it and reads sundry paragraphs headed "Through the Keyhole."*) Now how funny this is! Here's the very same thing about the dulness of the Season that she said. That shows she must be really in it. And a note about Lady NEURALINE being about to recruit at Homburg. And another about her reputation for eccentricity, and her "sweetness to the select few privileged to be her intimates." And here's all about Lord MANGO, and what a pleasant house Capsicums is, and his marriage, and the Duke of DRAGNET's too. Her information was very correct, I must say! (*A light begins to break in upon her.*) I wonder whether—but there—people of her sort wouldn't require to read the papers for such things.

[*Here the door opens, and Mrs. ALLBUTT appears, in some embarrassment.*]

Mrs. All. (*scrutinising the tables.*) Oh, it's nothing. I thought I'd left something of mine here; it was only a paper—I see I was mistaken, don't trouble.

Mrs. Ard. (*producing Society Snippets.*) I expect it will be this. (*Mrs. ALLBUTT's face reveals her ownership.*) I took it up, not knowing it was yours. (*Meaningly.*) It has some highly interesting information, I see.

Mrs. All. (*slightly demoralised.*) Oh, has it? I—I've not had time to glance at it yet. Pray don't let me deprive you of it. I dare say there's very little in it I don't know already.

Mrs. Ard. So I should have thought. (*To herself, after Mrs. ALLBUTT has retired in disorder.*) Fancy that woman trying to take me in like that, and no more in *Society* than I am—if so much! However, I've found her out before going too far—luckily. And I've a good mind to take in this *Society Snippets* myself—it certainly does improve one's conversation. She won't have it *all* her own way *next* time!



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* * * * *

POPULAR SONGS RE-SUNG.

NO. IX.—“IN THE MORNING.”

The Music-hall Muse, if not exactly impeccably moral, is, at least, good at moralising. Not only to toppers, Totties, larky Benedicts and spreeish servant-maids, is there pregnant meaning in the warning words “But oh! what a difference in the morning!!!” As may thus—*pace* “NORTON ATKINS” and “FELIX MCGLENNON”—be made manifest:

—

[Illustration: “He curses speculation in the morning!”]

AIR—“*IN THE MORNING!*”

I'd sing of the singular triumphs we see,
At night, at night!
In Politics, Pleasure, Love, Art, L.S.D.,
At night, at night!
The “Johnnies” of Sport and the “Oof-birds” of Cash,
The Statesmen who shine, and the Beauties who mash,
Are in champagne spirits and cut quite a dash,
At night, at night!
But oh! don't their hearts ache,
In the morning?
Then cometh disillusion and self-scorning.
Things look their natural size
Unto hot awaking eyes,
For no gingerbread is gilded,
In the morning!

A Premier potent may perorate free,
At night, at night!
And pretty Primrosers will shout and agree,
At night, at night!
He'll say those brave Orangemen Home Rule will quash,
He'll hint that raised Tariffs trade rivals must smash,
And his eloquence sounds neither rabid nor rash,
At night, at night!
But oh! what a difference
In the morning!
He vows he merely meant a friendly warning,
But fuss and fad 'twill boom.



And his colleagues growl with gloom
O'er the "*Times*" upon their tables,
In the morning!

Observe what the Specials call "News of the Day"
At night, at night!
The Dalziel Telegrams startle, and slay,
At night, at night!
There's war in the East, or the CZAR is laid low,
Financiers have failed—Fifty Millions or so!—
Or they've found Jack the Ripper in far Jericho,
At night, at night!
But oh, what a difference
In the morning!
Those Latest Wires were lies, small facts adorning.
"It is not as we stated,
For the cable's mutilated,"
And "we hear 'tis contradicted"
In the morning!

Regard the young Clerk who's been out for the day,
At night, at night!
First to the Derby, and then to the play,
At night, at night!
He "spotted a winner" at twenty to one,
His winnings will far more than pay for his fun;
He's happy, free-handed, and "sure as a gun,"
At night, at night!
But oh, what a difference
In the morning!
The bookie bolts, his "gaffer" gives him warning,
He's not worth half-a-dollar,
His prospect's "out of collar,"
And he curses speculation
In the morning!



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Behold the young playwright who hears his own piece,
At night, at night!
He thinks that (ironic) applause will ne'er cease,
At night, at night!
His "little one-act thing" is stodgy and slow,
But the Pit is good-natured, the youth's in a glow,
And he thinks—with some "cuts"—it will be "a great go,"
At night, at night!
But oh, what a difference
In the morning!
The critics call the thing "an awful warning,"
They "guy," and sneer, and scoff,
And his bantling's taken off,
"To make room for some old farce, Sir!"
In the morning!

* * * * *

TAKING THE OAT-CAKE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I was very much interested in the statement I saw in the papers the other day, that the best preservatives of a Lady's complexion are—Oatmeal and Oranges! I at once began the diet, but have not succeeded very well at present. Porridge, even with milk and cream, and plenty of sugar, is such *commonplace* stuff, and one can't really be expected to eat oatmeal *raw*, though Scotch gamekeepers are said to do so. But then they are out in the open air all day, and I am not. Oranges are nice enough—but oh, *Mr. Punch*, what a lot of them one has to take before one feels as if one had had a meal! As I have stopped all other food, I am becoming rather weak. My complexion is, I think, improved—at all events, it is far less red or pink than it used to be—but I really haven't the strength to go out of doors to show it off. Even writing is a burden—so I will close, hoping that my experiences may benefit others who like to try the regimen.

LYDIA LANGUISH.

P.S.—My Doctor has just stopped the diet!

DEAR SIR,—We are sure that the Oatmeal-and-Orange prescription is an invaluable one for the complexion. We recently tried it on a Street Arab, and after one or two doses—accompanied by the employment of soap and water—he developed such a beautiful pink-and-white skin, that his parents failed to recognise him. This was unfortunate in one way, as he has now become chargeable on the rates. Talking of rates, we may mention that we supply finest Midlothian Campaign Oatmeal at a more reasonable figure than any other firm in the trade. Price-list on application.



Yours obediently, McCANNY & Co.

Edinburgh.

SIR,—I am not less than fifty years' old, and marked with small-pox, and therefore I think that Oatmeal and Oranges would be sure to do my complexion good. As mine is perhaps a rather unusual case, I am trying the remedy in a peculiarly thorough way. I have an Oatmeal-bath twice a day, during which I suck six oranges. My breakfast consists of porridge and marmalade. I have engaged a policeman to knock at my front door three times every night, to wake me. I then sit up in bed and consume oat-cakes soaked in orange-juice. I also dress in yellow, and I have written to Belfast to ask if I can be admitted to an Orange Society there, but hitherto I have received no reply. You will, I think, agree with me that I am giving the new treatment a fair trial. Yours truly,



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TABITHA NUPKINS.

* * * * *

[Illustration: UNLUCKY COMPLIMENTS.

Shy but Susceptible Youth. “ER—COULD YOU TELL ME WHO THAT YOUNG LADY IS—SKETCHING?”

Affable Stranger. “SHE HAS THE MISFORTUNE TO BE MY WIFE!”

Shy but Susceptible One (desperately anxious to please, and losing all presence of mind). “OH—THE MISFORTUNE’S ENTIRELY YOURS, I’M SURE!”]

* * * * *

THE BAMSGATE SANDS.

It’s hey for the sands, for the jolly Ramsgate Sands,
Where the children shout and tumble, spade and bucket in their
hands.

Where sandy castles rise in scores, I trow a man might float
A fleet of six-inch pleasure-skiffs on many a deep-dug moat.
Where, while the banjos discord make, the German bands make noise,
And nursemaids by the hundred shepherd flocks of girls and boys.
Where the boys tuck up their trousers, and the girls tuck up their
frocks,
A paddling tribe who scorn their shoes and customary socks.

Ye loud-voiced men of cocoa-nuts, what is it that you say?
“Come try yer luck, roll, bowl, or pitch; the lydies stand’
alf-way.”

One youth I saw who took his stand, a clerk of pith was he,
He shut one eye and aimed with care, then let the ball fly free.
Twice, thrice, nay, thirty times he flung, his BETSY standing by,
And scornfully advising him to close his other eye.
Yet, when at last he had to own he could not do the trick,
No solitary cocoa-nut had toppled from its stick.

Papa is in his glory here, that proud and happy man,
But in spite of all his efforts, he can’t get coloured tan.
Yet every week-day morning, from ten o’clock till one,
He turns that British face of his unflinching to the sun.
Mamma she sits beside him; I overheard her say,
“Lor, Pa, you’ll soon be brown as brown, you’re not so red to-day.”



But wives can't flatter tints away, and when he leaves the place,
I'd guarantee to light my pipe at Pa's tomato face.

A front-row stall I quick secured, a green and gaudy bench,
And paid my humble penny to a very buxom wench.
The tide was running out amain, and slowly, bit by bit,
She moved her back seats forward till she left me in the pit.
Stout Mr. BIGGS, the hair-dresser, the Bond-Street mould of form,
Sat next me with his family, and seemed to find it warm;
And, while admiring Mrs. B. hung on her BIGGS's lips.
He favoured me, as is his wont, with all the sporting tips.

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But the most delightful object I saw upon that shore
Was a ruddy-faced and chubby-legged philosopher of four.
Though his sisters capered round him, the sage refused to budge,
He continued quietly digging just as solemn as a judge;
And if he fell, as men may fall, he spurned their proffered aid,
But lay awhile and pondered, while he clutched his wooden spade;
Then, having thought some problem out, and found that life was vain,
He slowly raised his three-foot form, and set to work again.

And so the round of pleasure goes; a man could scarce believe
How swift the merry hours spin by from dewy morn to eve.
The goat-carts never want for fares fresh from their nurses' arms,
All day the patient donkeys bear some maid's or matron's charms.
The haughty ones may carp and sneer, we know their sorry style,
But we who revel on this shore can hear them with a smile.
We may be vulgar; what's the odds? We're cottage-folk, not "Grands,"
And our simple pleasures please us on the jolly Ramsgate Sands.

* * * * *

DRURIOLANUS'S NEXT.—*The Prodigal Daughter* is to be produced, when she's of proper age to come out, at Drury Lane. Who gave her that name? Is it her "*Pettitt nom*," or was it her Godfather, Sir DRURIOLANUS LE GRAND, or was it the joint effort of GRAND *et* PETTITT, so as to satisfy all comers Great and Small? *The Prodigal Son* has already served as the title of an Opera directly founded on the Scriptural parable of the Prodigal, and has recently been used as the title of the now famous *ballet d'action*. There was also a *Pere Prodigue*—which the English schoolboy thought was French for an uncommonly big Marie Louise specimen; so there is justification and authority for bringing this new member of *The Prodigal* family before the Public. Having once started, there maybe no end to the family of Prodigals. There will follow—*The Prodigal Aunt*, *The Prodigal Uncle*, *The Prodigal Second Cousin by first Husband's Marriage*, and so on, *ad infinitum*.

* * * * *

[Illustration: "THE LITTLE VULGAR BOY."

MASTER LABBY (*to the Butler*). "WON'T GIVE ME A SITUATION, WON'T YER?
THEN I'LL BREAK YER WINDOWS! YA-AH!!"]

* * * * *

THE LAND OF THE (RATHER TOO) FREE.



SCENE—*The Landing-Stage of an English Port.*

Custom-House Officer (through an interpreter). Do you speak English?

Emigrant (ditto). No.

Cust.-H. Off. (as before). Have you any money?

Emi. (ditto). Not a kopeck.

Cust.-H. Off. Where do you come from?

Emi. Polish Russia.

Cust.-H. Off. Have you any family?



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Emi. A sick wife and eight sick children.

Cust.-H. Off. Do any of you know a trade?

Emi. None of us.

Cust.-H. Off. Are you well enough to work?

Emi. No.

Cust.-H. Off. Have you any friends in England?

Emi. Don't know a soul.

Cust.-H. Off. Have you any luggage?

Emi. Only the Cholera!

* * * * *

A COMPENDIOUSLY GRAMMATICAL TREE.—A Yew Tree. First it may be a 'lgh Tree, but it is a Yew Tree. It is either a He Tree or a She Tree. If small, it represents the first person plural by being a "Wee Tree;" the second person plural is the Manager and Manageress of the Haymarket, "Ye Trees;" and the third person plural would be expressed by a Devonshire Gardener indicating this talented couple as "They Trees."

* * * * *

TEE, TEE, ONLY TEE!

(SONG OF THE GOLF ENTHUSIAST. AFTER THOMAS MOORE.)

AIR—"Thee, thee, only thee."

[Illustration]

The dawn of morn, the daylight's sinking,
 Shall find me on the Links, and thinking
 Of Tee, Tee, only Tee!
 When rivals meet upon the ground,
 The Putting-green's a realm enchanted,
 Nay, in Society's giddy round
 My soul, (like Tooting's thralls) is haunted
 By Tee, Tee, only Tee!



For that at early morn I waken,
And swiftly bolt my eggs and bacon,
For Tee, Tee, only Tee!
I'm game to start all in the dark
To the Links hurrying—resting never.
The Caddie yawns, but, like a lark,
I halt not, heed not, hastening ever
To Tee, Tee, only Tee!

Of chilly fog I am no funkier,
I'll brave the very biggest bunker
For Tee, Tee, only Tee!
A spell that nought on earth can break
Holds me. Golf's charms can ne'er be *spoken*;
But late I'll sleep, and early wake,
Of loyalty be this my token,
To Tee, Tee, only Tee!

* * * * *

INNS AND OUTS.

NO. II.—THE HEAD-WETTER.

I entitle him as self-pronounced. If "Mr." is the Grand-Hotel Jupiter, the Head-Waiter is its Mercury. Nothing modern is so versatile as the Head-Waiter. The first thing about the Head-Waiter is his cigars. These are covered with tinsel and colours: very gay—almost as gay as the Head-Waiter. They are of unpronounceable and unknown brands. They vary in price and size, but agree in flavour—liquorice, tempered by ink. Like the fabled fruit, they crumble to ashes in your mouth. If you are only a bird of passage, you will often find a box or so in your room. "Great opportunity—veritable Pestarens of Nockudaun—one whole box for a sovereign English," the Head-Waiter assures you. The memory of that man is astounding; he remembers all the numbers, all the wines, all the names, and all the Lady's-maids. For he is a bit of a *Leporello*, is the Head-Waiter.

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[Illustration: "One whole box for a sovereign English."]

After dinner, where he takes a dozen orders, makes a dozen recommendations, and tells a dozen lies at once, you may see him philandering by the Lake with MARY ANN, JEANETTE, and KLARA, all jealous, and all adoring, teaching each the language of the other, and all the art of love. I have often envied him. The Head-Waiter's life is a "happy one." He is ubiquitous; Egypt, The Riviera, Switzerland, and Italy, see him by turns; in each he has a white waistcoat, of which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN might be proud, infinite occupation, and infinite diversion; his nimbleness, his light-heartedness, his languages, and his cigars, are inexhaustible.

How we besiege him in the morning! "Luncheon, ADOLF, for a party of seven, in a basket—a *nice* basket, you know—and don't forget the corkscrew." "Yes, yes, I know—and you take the bottle-bier—it is much better nor the warne. Ha! Ha!" What a laugh!—a roguish, child-like merriment of a Greek-godlike character—or want of it. Old Ladies talk to him quite trustingly at first sight; it's "ADOLF, *have* you such a thing as a bottle of gum—*gummi*, gum, you understand"; or, "*Could* you get me another cushion"? He can, and does. As for the children, they love him; he romps with them, and does conjuring tricks, and warbles innumerable songs. That man gets through more in one day than the Prime Minister of England—and, between you and me, I believe he is fully as capable—and yet he finds time to write a letter to his old mother at Hamburg—I have seen him do it. Perhaps it was about the cigars! The only people who hate ADOLF are the Under-Waiters; he rules them with a rod of iron, marshalling their heated battalions at *table d'hote*, and plundering them of their sweethearts; if he breaks anything (hearts included), it is they who have to pay. It is ADOLF's only weakness—he is a bully to underlings of his own trade. But then he has been an Under-Waiter once himself, and suffering brutalises; however, he is outside the sphere of morality, and I could pardon him almost anything.

From time to time his fascinations induce an Englishman or Englishwoman to take this treasure home as a servant. But ADOLF in livery, and ADOLF with his magic order-book, are two very different people. Little things are missing; he becomes quarrelsome; the gipsy-spirit returns—and he is off again, blithe as ever, on his travels. "London very naice," he says, as you buy that infernal Pestarena; "Porebier, very naice; 'Ampton Court, very naice; I know dem, hein? But, is no sunshine, no air, no gaiety." And ADOLF cannot exist without sunshine, air, and gaiety. Also he prefers being his own master, which, as Head-Waiter, he practically is.



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How insinuating he is about the food, “Some naice fishes? Dey was laiving dis morning.” And then, how accommodating! I was once in the Grand Hotel during the usual “exceptional season,” when it rained unintermittently for a fortnight; the place was empty; “tristeful,” as ADOLF styled it. The genius played billiards with me every day, and always won, though I rather fancy myself; and then how mindful he is of your individual bettings. “I gif you dis place by de window—to *do you joy!*” he ejaculates. The simple creature, he is constantly trying to “make you please.”

I always present ADOLF with ten shillings—five on arrival, and five on departure. This procures me many harmless little privileges; and when old BROWN calls him an impertinent brute, I know that BROWN and ten shillings are difficult to part.

There is nothing ADOLF will not do for you for a sovereign—but I cannot run to this; and yet this is the impression he has made.

* * * * *

[Illustration: A LITTLE VAGUE!

Affable Landlady (to her new Artist Lodger), “AND I SUPPOSE, SIR, YOU COMES FROM ABROAD!”

Foreign Lodger. “SO! I GOME VROM AUSTRIA.”

A.L. “DO YOU HINDEED, SIR? FROM HOSTRIA! AH! HOW THAT’S WHERE THE HOSTRICHES COMES FROM, I SUPPOSE?!”]

* * * * *

AN OLD AND NEW PEER.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Look here! I’ve done good service in my time, and no one likes to see himself deprived of an honoured title, or forced to take a back seat. I’ve been trodden under-foot over and over again—but I’ve borne it with fortitude, and never, never given way. Now, what do I hear? That a Gentleman, a Government Whip, for whom I have the highest esteem and respect, is now to assume the title which, by right of position, place, time, and prescription, belongs to me, and *to me only*, I can bear much, but, after so many years of devoted service, during which, with all my opportunities, I have never once made any attempt to leave my place to go higher up, or to go lower down, or, in either case, to go with the tide, I cannot, and, indeed, will not, yield my title to anyone, however good and useful to his Party he may have been, but proudly declaring myself as good as any “Sprig of Nobility,” even as this one who cometh up as a Flower, I beg, protestingly, to remind the world at large that I am “*Nulli Secundus*,” and *de facto et de jure*,



THE ONLY BATTERSEA PEER.

P.S.—Spell it with an “i” or “e,” it’s all one. If my “i” is put out, and “*he*” has got in instead, that’s a mere quibble or quebble.

* * * * *

[Illustration: Cowley Lambert.]

[Illustration: H. Campbell.]

MEMBERS WE SHALL MISS.



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Our Old Parliamentary Artistic Hand been at it again; looking with eyesight blurred with sorrow on familiar forms of some Members stranded at General Election. Dismembered, and, for some time at least, not to be remembered. COWLEY LAMBERT always been a rover. Went Midland Circuit for short time, and having made the Circuit, made for home. Then he accomplished "A Trip to Cashmere and Ladak." Opportunity now for varying itinerary, and making a "Trip to Ladak and Cashmere." Must be moving somewhere. Wrote himself down in *Dod* "a Progressive Conservative." Has now progressed out of sight of the Chair. This particular CAMPBELL is neither coming nor going. He's gone.

PULESTON seems quite pleased to find LLEWELLYN sitting there, all unconscious of his doom. PULESTON a little astonished himself when things went bad at Carnarvon. Only short time ago made Constable of Castle; thought P.C. PULESTON sure to come in at head of poll; but, "from information received," appears he didn't.

[Illustration: E.H. Llewellyn.]

[Illustration: Sir J.H. Puleston.]

Observe the eye of HAVELOCK-ALLAN on the alert. He cannot see behind his back, but instinctively knows there is an Irish Member in the vicinity. His teeth close, his moustache curls, his eyes glare. He once publicly, in course of debate, sat upon an Irish Member; not metaphorically, but physically. Irish Member, when he wriggled from under, appealed to SPEAKER on point of order. SPEAKER ruled proceeding decidedly out of order. "But I sat on him, TOBY, dear boy," HAVELOCK said, triumphantly; "and I shall retain the impression to end of my life."

[Illustration: THE GRAND OLD GARDENER.]

[Illustration: Sir H. Havelock-Allan.]

[Illustration: A.A. Baumann.]

"So will he," I observed, when HAVELOCK was safe out of hearing. He doesn't like retorts.

The sketch of BAUMANN evidently taken at the moment he heard the announcement of poll at North Salford. Seems to have knocked him rather of a heap. Was known in House as Cupid's Bowman; a smart able, useful Member, whom we shall all be glad to see back again.

* * * * *

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.



[Illustration: A Poppylar Writer in Poppy Land.]

“Over the Hills and far away!’ follow yours faithfully CLEMENT SCOTT.” This is the full title, and signed advice to the public given on the frontispiece of his little shilling book published by EGLINTON. It is dedicated to Sir EDWARD LAWSON—“right thing to do my boy!”—and appropriately so, as if the Baron’s memory runneth not to the contrary, most if not all the articles in this author’s little holiday-book have appeared at some time or other in the *D.T.*, and do not suffer any D.T.rioration by being bound up together in this shilling volume. It tells of a visit to Hayling, where he picked up health, strength, and an aspirate, when he went there



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ailing; he tells of Suffolk, where a branch of the Great Punchian Family is settled, known as The Suffolk Punches; he prattles of *Honeymoon Land*, where he met the man with seven wives, each of whom had a cat, and to each cat there was a kit, and to each wife a kit too, it is to be hoped, in the shape otherwise of a *trousseau*, and of many other pleasant restful places and refreshing jaunts he tells delightfully. "But of all the pleasant places in which his lines have fallen, commend me," quoth the Baron,—“and the lines he has written will send many to these pleasant places—(But O the Trippers!)—of all these give me the *Flower Farm at Holy Vale* and the *Valley of Ferns*.” If the reader cannot go to all the sweet resorts herein mentioned, let him be induced by the first article to visit *Holy Vale*, and he will find CLEMENT SCOTT an admirable guide for “the Scilly Season.” Of course our NOT-YET-DUN-SCOTUS hath visited the Cyril-Flower-Farm on the Norfolk Coast. Advice: Stand not on the money-order of your going, but go at once, and stop there. As to money, remember your Uncle dwells in Poppy Land, quoth their true friend,

THE TRAVELLED BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

P.S.—A youthful shootist bought the Poppyland book because he thought that it would tell him all about where to go popping. Also a bashful suitor was misled by the title, hoping that in Poppy Land he would learn how to “Pop—the question.” The Learned Author has not said one word about the “weasels that go pop,” which, of course, are natives of Poppy Land.

* * * * *

“THE RIFT WITHIN THE LUTE.”

[Illustration]

It surely sounds a pretty phrase,
Some poeesy for woe it wins,
Commemorating roundelays
And troubadours and mandolins:
We seem to view some minstrel-boy
Beside his shattered music mute,
The shattered string, the ruined joy—
The Rift within the Lute.

How swift the slip from tune to twang!
Sweets bitter grow, as aye they did;
For e'en the Roman poet sang
“*Surgit amari aliquid*.”



Our pigmy worries turn us grey;
And sorrows fierce are less acute;
Our hearts are riddled every day
With Rifts within the Lute.

You envy FORTUNATUS—rich—
A charming bride—subservient friends.
To rival him were something which
The dream of Avarice transcends.
That charming bride a mother owns
Whom FORTUNATUS brands a brute:
She mars his life's entrancing tones—
His Rift within the Lute!

Then, PEREGRINE—he journeys far;
Unshackled, he by toil's routine:
By turns he quaffs a samovar
Or sherbet, as he shifts his scene.
“Strong as a horse!”—ah! there's the string
That snaps asunder—“to recruit.”
He wanders, manufacturing
A Rift within his Lute.



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And DULCINEA! What a life!
 Adoring crowds, adornments rare
 And many fain to call her wife,
 And sue her smiles in Belgrave Square.
 And yet her Fetch-and-carry swears
 He heard her, while he pressed his suit,
 Sigh, "Bored to desperation!"—there's
 A Rift within that Lute.

What need more trivial ills to quote,
 The freshly-furnished house that shines,
 The coxcomb's fashionable coat,
 Both brushed and polished "to the nines,"
 Both yielding to some fatal flaw;
 A crack; a fiend who plays the flute;
 Both, both examples of the law
 Of Rift within the Lute.

Whate'er the dulcet instrument
 We favour, still the lilt will stop;
 And with a gorgeous chalice blent
 Oft lurks the tiny poisoned drop.
 I'm not so spry myself to-night;
 I'll try a dose of arrowroot.
 You'll own that Indigestion's quite
 A Rift in any Lute!

* * * * *

"WALKER ART GALLERY."—Show commences this week at Liverpool. *The WALKER was a Genius.* But is this show all "Walker," or the genuine article? Has Mr. J.L. TOOLE, of *Walker, London*, anything to do with it? No doubt it's quite "'O.K.' WALKER, Liverpool."

* * * * *

POLITICAL PRIZE RING RIDDLE.—Why was the win of the Gladstonian Party at Newcastle like the triumph of a single-fisted pugilist over his two-handed opponent? Because the victory was achieved with one "MORLEY."

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