UNIVERSITÄTS-
BIBLIOTHEK
HEIDELBERG

Erstellungsdatum: 17. November 2026

Titel: Punch
Jahr: 83.1882

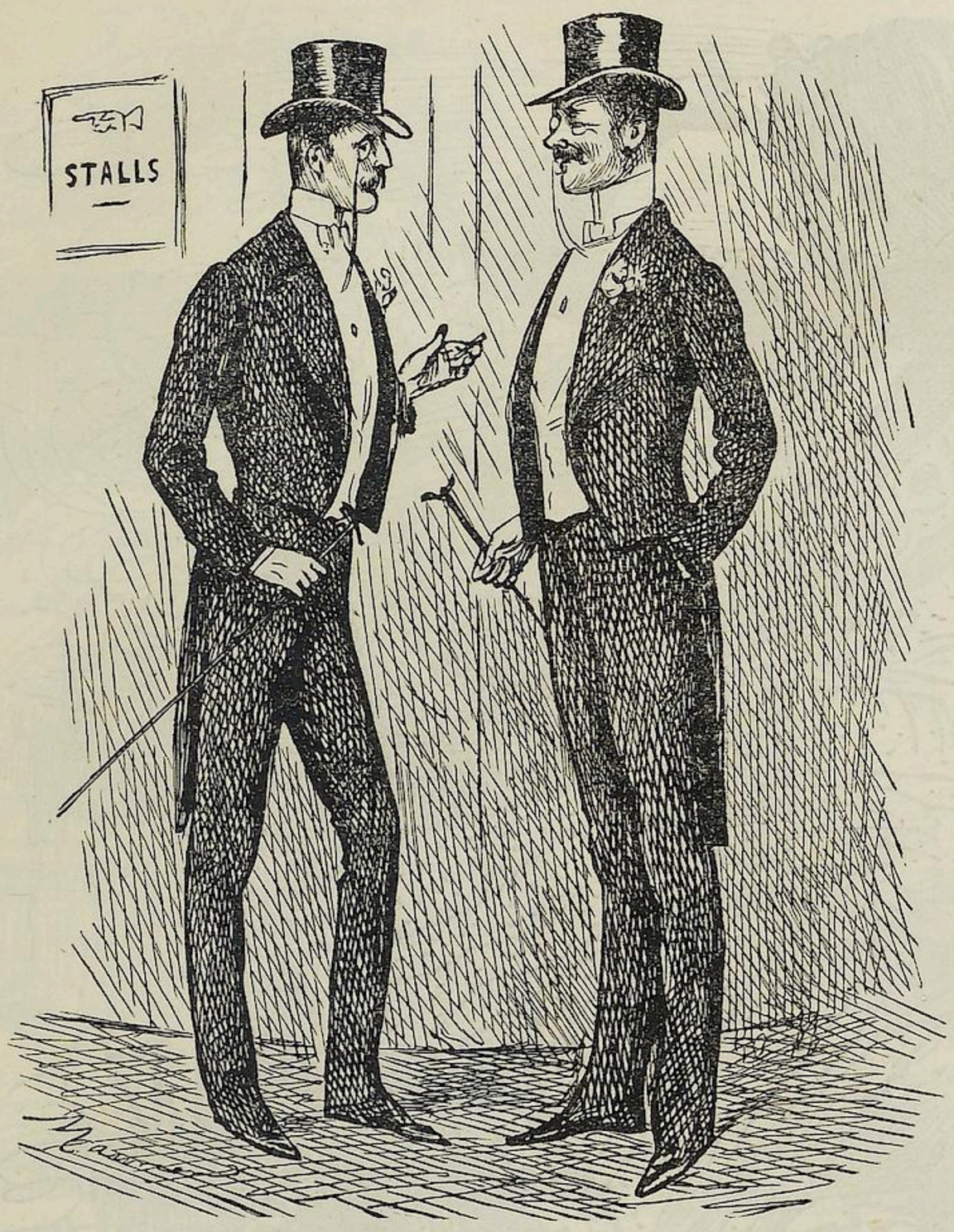
PUBLIC DOMAIN

DOI / Zitierlink: https://doi.org/10.11588/diglit.17753#0164

In diesem PDF ab Seite: 157

Nutzungsbedingungen der Digitalisate der Universitätsbibliothek Heidelberg:

https://www.ub.uni-heidelberg.de/helios/digi/nutzung/Welcome.html



NOT SO BAD FOR AN "OLD CHAPPIE."

First Old Chappie. "THINK WE 'VE TIME FOR A CIGARETTE, OLD CHAPPIE?"

Second Old Chappie. "WELL, OLD CHAPPIE, CONSIDERING THIRTY YEARS ARE SUPPOSED TO ELAPSE BETWEEN THIS LAST ACT AND THE NEXT, I THINK WE HAVE!"

FANCIES ON FANS.

"An exhibition of lace, old and modern, and of fans, will be opened at Brighton, in the Aquarium building, on October 7."—*The Queen.*

THE Fans from each famous Collection
Are gathered before us to-day,
Arranged for a careful inspection,
Laid out in an elegant way.
They speak of past days and old glories
Of fashion, when woe to the man,
The hero of tea-table stories,
Once told with the flirt of a Fan.

Some Fans here are huge and extensive,
And others as small as you please,
Some cheap and some very expensive,
These English, and those Japanese.
The skill of the painter could cover
The silk with the triumphs of Art;
Fit gift from an ardent young lover,
To her who had captured his heart.

What tales of old times might be uttered
By Fans, could they speak at our call,
Of routs where they used to be fluttered,
Of modish assembly and ball.
Time was when a lady could capture
And drive to distraction a man,
Could keep him 'twixt raving and rapture,
And all by the twirl of a Fan.

What love has been whispered behind you,
What scandalous tales have been told;
How handy young ladies would find you
When lovers became over-bold.
You hid all the exquisite blushes
That came with the compliments paid;
You signalled a sweetheart 'mid crushes
That parted a man and a maid.

And now you are brought from oak presses,
Once more to the light of the day;
The lavender laid with the dresses,
Perfumes you in old-fashioned way.
You bring back past years and strange fancies,
Of antique enjoyment and glee;
While Beauty rewards you with glances,
At Brighton—our London-on-Sea.

DEAR BOYS!

"The School of Dramatic Art formally opens for the instruction of histrionic aspirants on the fourth of the present month."—*Daily Paper.*

Roscius House Academy,
Oct. 5th, 1882.

MY DEAR PARENTS,

YOU will be glad to hear that I arrived here yesterday evening, quite safely, before seven, after which hour not even the Chaplain, who generally comes with orders, is admitted under any pretext whatever. There were several other new boys at the Station, and we found a vampire trap, sent from the Establishment, waiting for us. I could not help thinking we formed a motley company as we drove along with our private boxes and hampers full of property eatables piled up behind the vehicle. Picture to yourself a Chairman of a Gas Company, two broken-down half-pay Officers, several youthful Dukes who had run away from home, a mad Doctor over seventy, and a Pork Butcher who means to play *Romeo* in the agricultural districts, and you can conceive what an eager and striking little group we made as we were received by the kindly and attentive Matron, who, with a gracious smile, instantly directed us to our dormitory.

We found ourselves, I own, rather high up, having been entered at first as "sky-borders;" but the room, which, to accustom us to the possible contingencies of our future career, had been lavishly but judiciously papered, was bright and cleanly; and after rehearsing a capital supper with *papier mâché* viands and some of the best wool-headed porter I have ever met with in a property goblet, to slow music and with lamps down, we retired to rest on our little trick bedsteads.

Once or twice, my dear Parents, during the night as the Regius Professor of East End Harlequinade looked in, in his diagonally spangled and parti-coloured official robe, and striking the floor smartly, first near this one of us, and then near that, changed our modest canvas couches, much to our surprise, at one moment into a cumbersome and blazing kitchen-range, at another, into a costermonger's cart attached to a donkey with a moveable tail, I confess that my thoughts wandered back to the grand old ivy-covered ancestral home, and the succession to two baronetcies that, after mature consideration at the ripe age of five-and-forty, I had relinquished that morning for the excitements of a more stirring artistic career. But, by keeping my eyes fixed on the prompter, who has to give us the signal for waking with a red flag, I managed to feign an excellent sleep, and was soon up betimes eager to begin the work of the day.

Chapel over—(a touching little service conducted by processional Monks and Archbishops walking two-and-two round a quadrangle to a cathedral door, with the organ playing outside)—I presented myself to the Principal, who happened to be laid up from the effects of a severe frost in which he had been caught the night before, but who very kindly put me at my ease by addressing me at once as "Dear Boy," and advising me, if I wished to get on, without delay to start a stage-coach, *i.e.* private tutor. Meantime I have been to my first lecture on dramatic trigonometry, and I can already, from a given centre, fairly describe an empty Dress-Circle, and show how upon a couple of well-worded under-lines, a very pretty figure can often be constructed by the Management.

But I must close this, as the "Rally" Professor has just arrived. Do not forget to send me my Pantomime fork, knife, and spoon. I enjoy our recreations immensely, and am quite a dab already at making a butter-slide outside a frequented shop-door; and I hope to show you some screaming fun at home in the holidays when all the old tenants over eighty come down the Hall steps to give you their usual Christmas greeting. Mr. HAMILTON AÏDÉ's annual prize of a large pasteboard head with winking eye, given for the best bit of "demon business" to appropriate music, has just been carried off much to everybody's surprise, and to his own, by a retired Rural Dean who came here, so he said, to learn elocution. However, as I am going to be coached by a celebrated tragedian, I hope to run him close next Easter.

Ever your dutiful and dramatic Son,
SHERIDAN FITZ-HOWARD NORTHUMBERLAND.

UNIVERSITÄTS-BIBLIOTHEK HEIDELBERG
http://digi.ub.uni-heidelberg.de/diglit/punch1882a/0164
gefördert durch die DFG



MANCHESTER-SUR-MER. A SEA-DUCTIVE PROSPECT.

FIGARO IN BERLIN.

WE are indebted to our solemn and highly respectable contemporary, the *Tagblatt* of Berlin, for a report of a meeting of the Barbers of that dusty capital, at which the following resolutions were adopted, after a lengthy and animated discussion.

The first shows that the spirit of innovation has penetrated even into Prince BISMARCK'S own capital, for it was solemnly and unanimously determined that, from that day forth, the more or less painful operation of shaving should always be commenced with the left, instead of the right cheek. The reasons for this somewhat startling innovation are not reported, but they were evidently of a most convincing character. We shall be glad to hear that but few accidents have followed from the sudden adoption of this somewhat rash resolve.

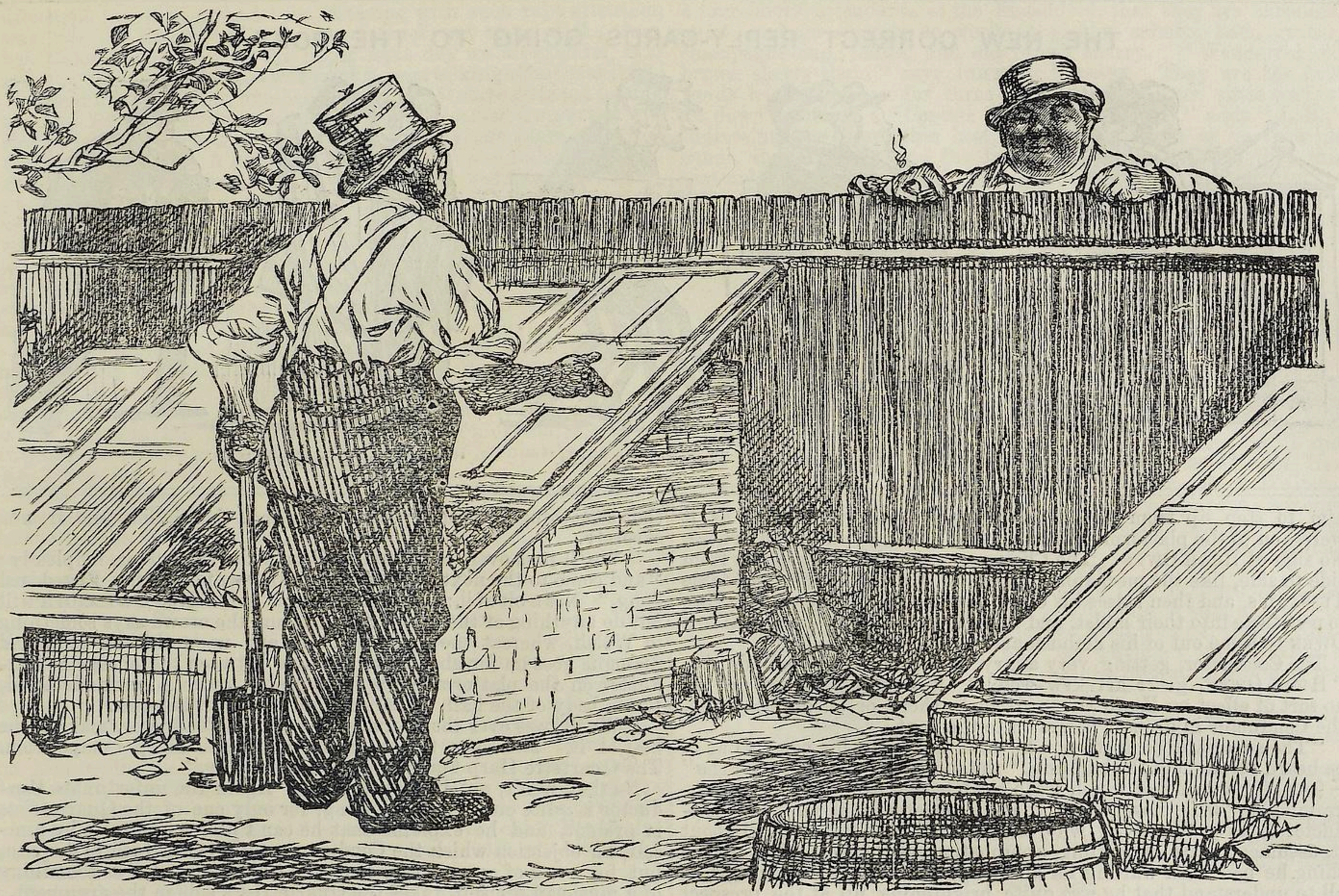
The long disputed point as to whether the brush or the hand should be used in the important preliminary operation of lathering, remains still a vexed question, and is left, as before, to the discretion, or taste, or fancy of the individual shaver.

But the next, and by far the most important resolution submitted to the Congress, was unanimously and enthusiastically adopted, not only so, but it was also resolved that no one should be allowed to remain a Member of the Association who continued to resort to the degrading and offensive practice of holding a customer by the nose! Such a practice may have been all very well in olden times, when the dignity of Manhood was unheard of; but, in these days of Citizenship and Equality, such an insulting procedure must be at once and for ever abolished.

To the next and final resolution we regret we cannot give the same cordial approval as to the rest; but it was decided by a large majority of the shavers present, that the conversation with the victims, during the process of the operation, should not be allowed to wander into remarks as to the state of the weather or similar exciting topics, but should be strictly confined to business, meaning, of course, the customary recommendation of "our own hair-wash," or hair-restorer, or hair-dye, as the case may seem to require.

The grave and earnest and solemn character of our Teutonic friends, has seldom been more forcibly, or more amusingly shown than in the proceedings of the Barber's Congress at Berlin.

UNIVERSITÄTS-BIBLIOTHEK HEIDELBERG
http://digi.ub.uni-heidelberg.de/diglit/punch1882a/0165
gefördert durch die DFG



BY PROXY.

Facetious Gardener (to Individual who had looked so long upon "the bloom on the Rye" that its radiant colour had been imparted to his Countenance). "'MORNIN', MR. WATTLES. WOULD YOU JUST COME ROUND AND GIVE A LOOK FOR TEN MINUTES OVER THESE 'ERE COWCUMBERS. THEY 'RE A SHADE BACK'ARD, SIR!"

A LITTLE HOLIDAY.

The Eisteddfod—Bards—Enthusiasm—Chairman—Competition—Eminent M.P.—Progress—Disappointments—Refreshment.

I NOTICE several semi-clerical-looking and decidedly aged persons about on the platform, decorated with what appear to be a number of small tin cheese-plates and variegated ribbons. At a distance I imagine them to be distinguished Freemasons who have forgotten their aprons, but on inquiry I find that these tin cheese-plates are medals, and that these aged semi-clericals are the Bards who have won prizes in many former Eisteddfods. If this information be correct, it occurs to me that these inspired geniuses must be the sole living representatives of all the Prize Bards for the last half-century at least. The united ages of these poetic patriarchs—there are about five of them—must be over four hundred years. The youngest and most energetic Bard is an enthusiastic person, whose lineaments suggest a curious mixture of BEETHOVEN and BRADLAUGH. He evinces a strong desire to shake hands with anybody, slap everybody heartily on the back, and whisper jokes in Welsh, or it may be poetry,—I rather think they 're jokes, because he laughs himself, and smacks me on the back after one of these confidentially genial communications,—to anyone to whom he can cling affectionately for a minute or so. I have never set eyes on him before, and have not been introduced to him now, but he seems to take a fancy to me, and wants to embrace me publicly on the platform, while he murmurs, in an unknown tongue, what I am sure is a genuine Welsh side-splitter in my ear.

Judging from a curious poetic perfume which hangs about these Old Minstrel Boys, and which may be the somewhat stale though still forcible remains of the day before yesterday's inspiration, I should say that they had been taking their divine afflatus hot and strong after some Bardic Banquet, whereat the national leek and the uncompromising onion had formed important items in the bill of fare.

The Beethoven-Bradlaugh Bard, who insists on rapturously throwing his arm round my shoulders and hugging me,—in mistake I am sure for somebody else, only I do wish the right person would come and remove him,—must have taken the Chair at this symposium, and obtained the lion's share of everything.

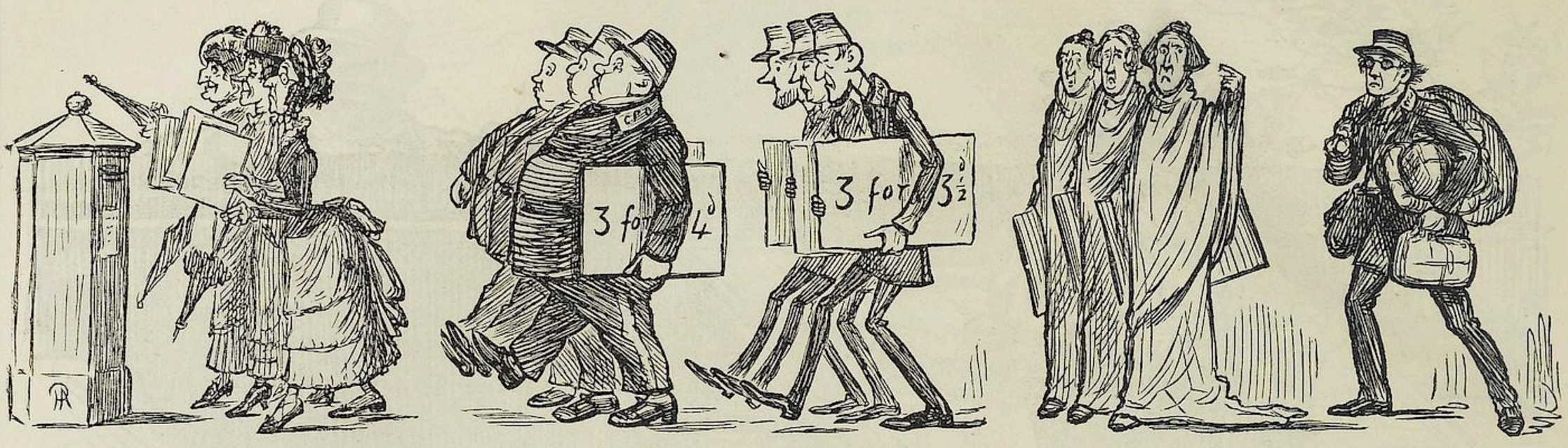
At the present moment he is all inspiration and perspiration, and I take advantage of his accidentally treading on somebody's toe to get away from him, and to dodge him whenever I become aware of his approach. Thank goodness he is a very busy man, and is soon sufficiently occupied with his fellow Bards, who seem to depend upon him, and are all huddled together like sheep in bad weather, and have become somehow or other mixed up with other peoples' umbrellas and waterproofs in a corner of the platform, whence their leader occasionally bounds forward, with papers in his hand, and relieves his feelings in short impulsive Welsh speeches, which, judging from the way in which they are received, have a decidedly depressing effect on the people.

There is an active Conductor of the Festival, who announces what is going to take place in English and Welsh, and is perpetually being disappointed by nothing coming of it. During all this, WYNEVAN'S *rôle* is to preserve a negligent, patronising air, as he sits in the Chair, giving an occasional condescending nod of approval to the Conductor, when the latter appeals to him with a look; and when there is a song sung, or a harp played, or a recitation made, WYNEVAN closes his eyes, and gently pats the arm of the chair, as if it were getting restive and had to be kept quiet.

Now and then he looks round, in a modest, dreamy, self-effacing sort of manner, at the audience, as much as to say, "I taught 'em all this, you know—that composition is a little thing of my own, of course—they 're really doing it very well—very well, considering," and then he bows gracefully to any performer, and courteously thanks him or her, rising from his chair to do it, and glad of the opportunity for a change of attitude, as he has to return to his former position immediately afterwards, while the active Conductor announces the next number of the entertainment, and is, as usual, disappointed. "HUGH OWEN will recite the Prize Poem," shouts the Conductor, reading out Number Seven (for example) in the programme. Applause. The Conductor repeats this announcement in Welsh. Louder applause. We look about to see where HUGH OWEN is, naturally expecting

UNIVERSITÄTS-BIBLIOTHEK HEIDELBERG
http://digi.ub.uni-heidelberg.de/diglit/punch1882a/0166
gefördert durch die DFG

THE NEW CORRECT REPLY-CARDS GOING TO THE POST.



"Single Cards." Three "Stout Cards." Three "Thin Cards." "Single Cards in Sheets."

him to step up from the Artists' quarter—the green-room as it were—on to the platform. Dead silence. No movement anywhere. No sign of HUGH OWEN. The Chairman moves his head slowly from side to side, like the mechanical figure of Mr. COBBETT at Madame TUSSAUD'S, and then raises his eyes towards the Gallery, as if trying to penetrate into their midst, and force the conscience-stricken HUGH OWEN to come out of his ambush and declare himself.

The Conductor, getting very angry, shouts out what sounds like "HUGH OWEN, gr-rr-krr-krw-wch!" But as this invocation has no sort of effect on HUGH OWEN, if he be there, or on anybody else, the Conductor in despair passes on to the next.

"The successful competitor," he says, straining his voice so as to be heard throughout the building, "the successful competitor for the"—(something or other which I can't catch, and can't find in my programme)—"will now recite the"——whatever it is. The Conductor looks at WYNEVAN, who, clearly knowing nothing at all about it, assumes an air of smiling approbation, as though this were the thing he had been waiting for all along, and that he now wished us all to understand that he was quite brightening up at the prospect of the real treat that is coming.

"Plas-ig-crr-wd-crr-squelch?" shouts the Conductor, interrogatively, and throwing his voice cleverly forward into the farthest part of the building.

"Squeak!" answers a little, thin voice, issuing, apparently, from somewhere just below the Conductor's toes, who immediately answers sternly in English,

"Then come up,"—adding in Welsh something that sounds like "Horslyvoidoid," whereat the ancient Minstrel Boys with the tin cheese-plate decorations chuckle slily and mumble something to one another, while the Beethoven-Bradlaugh Bard pushes back his long hair and appears as if he were just expecting an inspiration, which, however, on this occasion doesn't arrive in time. So he only frowns on the subordinate Bards, whose decorations quiver with terror as they collapse before the nod of the Master-singer, and they once more subside feebly among the waterproofs and umbrellas in the corner.

A harp is brought on to the platform, and two chairs, on one of which somebody sits to play the instrument, while on to the other a small boy, about seven years old, is lifted. He is dressed in a bobtail brown coat, and looks like TOM THUMB about to recite "My name is Norval." Considerable applause greets his appearance.

"This," whispers Professor EDWARDS to me, "is very remarkable. He has a prize for a sort of improvisation. A tune is played, and he has certain rhymes given him, and then he makes the verses as he goes on." At least this is what I understand the Professor to mean. I do not like to bother him with questions, and so I "leave it at this" and attend.

To an idiotic tune, occasionally singing a whole verse, but more often coming in wherever he can, the child, in a sharp, piping treble, sings something in Welsh, generally contriving to finish on the correct note. This is the competitor of whom all the other competitors, with the exception of one old man, who is rather hard of hearing, were evidently so frightened that they gave in, and let him walk over. The exceptional old man comes forward to compete, but he is a lamentable failure after the boy, who is at once decorated with a ribbon and a small tin plate by one of the Ladies, and some one in the hall gives him a sovereign.

The Conductor announces the next—"AP WILLIAMS will now sing so-and-so." But AP WILLIAMS won't do anything of the sort, at least so I gather from a surly reply from the very back of the hall, up in the Gallery, from which very safe position AP WILLIAMS, I fancy, says something rather rude in Welsh to the Conductor, which draws from the latter a crushing Welsh repartee. WYNEVAN, seeing that something is wrong, peers up towards the Gallery and frowns severely.

"We'll pass over that Number," says the Conductor, helplessly; "and come to the next. Miss GWILLIOTH will sing the Eisteddfod Song." Not a bit of it: Conductor wrong again. Miss GWILLIOTH will not do anything of the sort. A voice from the crowd says something in Welsh, whereat the Gallery laugh, and upon this an animated dialogue goes on for about five minutes between the energetic Conductor on the platform and several people audible, but undetected, in the body of the hall. Chairman puzzled, but helpless.

"We'll pass over that Number," says the Conductor, making the best of it, "and come to the next. Quartette Harp Competition. The Quartette Harp Competitors will now play."

No they won't, not if they know it. Again the unfortunate Conductor is quite out of his reckoning, for only one of the Quartettists is present, and he explains that he can't play a quartette by himself, an objection which the Conductor would be inclined to dispute, but for a nod of approbation from the Chairman, who, as something of a musician himself, takes the Quartettist's side in the argument.

"I can't stand this," whispers "J. B." to HUGHIE. "Come and have a whiff and a liquor-up."

They appeal to me. I reply that, as WYNEVAN'S party, we can't with propriety quit the platform.

Happy Thought.—"I never will desert Mr. MICAWBER."

"Yes," says HUGHIE, "but when something turns up——"

"I shall turn it up altogether, and go home," cuts in "J. B." "Why, it's not 'in it' with a third-rate music-hall."

During this there has been a pause. Audience impatient. Quartettists do not appear. Sudden inspiration occurs to Conductor. There is an Eminent M.P. on the platform. Why shouldn't Eminent M.P. address the crowd, just to fill up the time? WYNEVAN, being consulted, replies, "Certainly," and the Conductor announces that the Eminent M.P., who, perfectly aware of what is going to happen, is trying to look as if he were quite unprepared and thoroughly taken by surprise, will address the meeting.

Great applause. "J. B." raps the piano and calls out, "Mr. GWYN WILLIAMS will oblige!" for which he is severely rebuked by a frown from the Chairman, who is however comforted to think that in the noise this ebullition passed unnoticed. The Eminent M.P., still preserving his expression of astonishment, as though he really were the one person in the world from whom a speech could not by any possibility be demanded, steps forward from behind the Chair, and faces the audience, which is so like what Mr. GLADSTONE does in the House, that the imitation is recognised and vociferously applauded. Eminent M.P. beaming and pleasantly apologetic. Of course he says that the last thing he had expected was to be called upon for a speech, but on such an occasion—and so forth. General idea of speech, as far as I am able to make out, is that there are no people like the Welsh people—that all Europe owes its cultivation to the Welsh—that there are no handsome people except the Welsh people—that they are the wisest, best, noblest, cleverest, most artistic people on the face of the earth, &c., &c. All which sentiments are received individually and collectively with every demonstration of unequivocal and unanimous approbation. Eminent M.P. repeats apology for not having prepared a speech, but they will welcome the sentiments as coming from his heart, which are far better than, &c., &c.

[Next day, when London papers appear, I see with intense surprise a column and a half headed "Mr. GWYN WILLIAMS on Welsh Education." So *that* was what we had been listening to! On comparing notes with others on the platform, I find that none of us, including WYNEVAN, had any idea that the subject of the Eminent M.P.'s

UNIVERSITÄTS-BIBLIOTHEK HEIDELBERG
http://digi.ub.uni-heidelberg.de/diglit/punch1882a/0167
gefördert durch die DFG

discourse, to which we had been listening with such rapt attention, was "Welsh Education." It never struck any of us at the time, but directly we see it in the paper next day we all exclaim, as if greatly relieved, "Oh, *that* was what he was talking about, was it!"]

After this excitement, another pause. The Quartettists not having arrived, the Conductor announces that "William Griffiths will sing a song," which the said William Griffiths there and then flatly refuses to do. A desultory dialogue in Welsh follows between the Conductor and some people in the hall; but nothing comes of it, except that the Conductor scratches the next two or three items out of the programme, and then there is an awkward pause, which startles Wynevan out of a gentle slumber, whereupon he suddenly sits very erect in the Chair, and looks round the house with a severe air, as though he had heard a snore somewhere, and should like to make an example of anyone who had presumed to go to sleep during an Eisteddfod.

Suddenly a tall man rushes out from behind the piano, where he had artfully concealed himself, and, waving a paper, bawls out something, which is evidently rhythmical, in Welsh. It is clearly an inspiration, and he can't keep it to himself any longer. It is not down in the programme; but you can't, of course, put an inspiration into the programme, and fix it as "Number So-and-so, Mr. Thingummy will oblige with an inspiration."

Nobody seems to take any notice of the man with the inspiration, who, having relieved his feelings (I think it was abuse of the boy competitor, in strong Welsh), retires once more behind the piano, and the Conductor, whose manner has been gradually becoming more and more subdued, as of a good man unable to cope with an adverse destiny, announces Number Fifteen, which is to be a tenor solo by John Morgan. But somebody calls out that John Morgan won't be here till four o'clock, and the Conductor is on the point of throwing up the whole thing in sheer despair, when the Beethoven-Bradlaugh Bard jumps up, and, followed by a respectable-looking undertaker, also decorated with ribbons and tin plates, which are so out of place on his sombre attire as to suggest the notion that they must have been stuck on him while he was asleep, rushes to the front, and reads a long and apparently stirring speech in Welsh, in which he appears to be denouncing everything and everybody with the greatest violence, and I am wondering if he will end by attacking the Chairman, when he suddenly finishes, and retires with the decorated undertaker to a back seat.

The audience look scared. Professor Edwards, with a pale and awestruck face, whispers to me that this wild Bard is a chief Adjudicator, and that he has just been telling the audience that everything sent in is so disgracefully bad that the Adjudicators won't give a prize to anyone, that there will be no crowning of the Bard, no chairing, no waving of swords, no nothing. From what I am able to gather, the only successful competitor has been the small boy with a shrill voice, who stood on a chair and joined in with a harp accompaniment whenever he could. "Surely," I say, "it isn't for this they have this grand National Eisteddfod! 'Tisn't for this that an Eminent M.P.,"——

"Come on, Sportsman!" says Hughie Grillston; "this is the most undefeated bosh I've ever heard. And—I say—there's a spiffing lunch at Dr. Richards's. Wynevan's coming, and he's got the Eminent M.P. to take the Chair in his absence."

The hall is gradually being deserted. The rain is penetrating, and umbrellas are opened freely in all directions, as if the damp weather had suddenly forced a crop of gigantic *fungi*. Everyone on the platform having heartily applauded the Resolution which moves the Eminent M.P. into the Chair, artfully takes advantage of the temporary confusion consequent on the shifting of places, to turn the Old Minstrel Boys out of their corner, and seize the waterproofs and umbrellas. Then most of us sneak quietly off the platform by the side-doors, either on the pretence of fetching somebody, or of speaking to somebody in the body of the building, and so we manage to get away. The last I see of the Eisteddfod, for the present, is an auditorium half full, a melancholy-looking platform deserted by everybody except the Eminent M.P. in the Chair,—with the table before him, on which stand the conventional and awfully dispiriting bottle of cold water and tumbler,—who is inwardly anathematising Wynevan and his own popularity which has tied him to this wearisome task, and wondering if there's any chance of his getting any luncheon, or, if not, if anyone will remember that he is starving, and send him up something from the town. The still undaunted Conductor is trying to make himself heard above the rustling of dresses, the shuffling of feet, and the chattering of more than a third of the assembly going out for refreshment. The Old Minstrel Boys have vanished; they have allowed themselves ten minutes for inspiration. Freddie Mickham rouses Johnnie Prosser from a sound sleep, just in time to save him from tumbling off his chair, and in the pelting rain we escort the Ladies through the slosh downhill to our destination.

Happy Thought.—Luncheon at Dr. Richards's. Saved! Saved!! Saved!!! The Johnnies turn up here, but they are so utterly exhausted by the mental and physical strain imposed upon them by a four-hours' attendance at the Eisteddfod, that they are harmless, quiet, and go steadily to work at pickled salmon, ham, grouse, champagne-cup, jellies, and old brown sherry. "Wonderful old brown sherry that!" says Johnnie Prosser. They are the first words he has spoken for three-quarters of an hour, since we first sat down to lunch. "Capital prescription, Doctor," adds "J. B.," addressing our hospitable host, who beams again as he rubs his hands, and, entering into the fun of the thing, tells us that this particular brown sherry is "highly recommended by the faculty."

"Is it?" cry The Johnnies, one after the other; and all make a rush to the sideboard. They are recovering, and showing signs of life.

"ROBERT" EN COLÈRE!

What a grumblin diskontented World this is becoming! Everybody seems a grumblin and a growlin! Fust it's hincum Tacks, then its Sea Side Land Ladies with the Tea and the Wine, then its the poor Survent Gals, that's allers a good subject for Grumblers, but I did think there was one class of Her Majesty's Subjects, namely Waiters, who, caring nothink about a Nincum Tacks and such like greevences, was pretty well satisfied with things as they are.



Robert with his Collar up. After a Study of the G. O. M.

And now I'm ashamed to say we has a grumblin Waiter a writin to the *Pell Mell Gazette*, and a grumblin 'cos he don't git so large a share of the Fees at his Hotel as the Hed Waiter!

Why in course he don't any more than a meer private Solger gits as much as a full blown Capting!

A pretty sort of a specimen of a perfeshunal Waiter he must be, when he meanly diwulges the most sacredest secrets of a ighly onerabel calling merely in hopes of gitting more fees.

Shame on such a Waiter!

Is his aspirations confined to Lucca? I'd raythor be a donkey and bray at the moon, as Brutus says, than such a Waiter!

I am myself of course an Head Waiter. *Slar var song Dear!* as a yung French Gassong of my aquaintance says, but by wot slow and weary and slippery steps have I arrived at my egsolted persition!

Did I grumble, when I was a mere green horn, wen I seed the Heads of my perfesshun pocketing all the Fees? Suttenly not, and for why? Becos I knew my turn would cum sum day, and cum it has, and I now reaps the arvest as I sowed so patiently years and years ago.

To judge large things by small. Think of the poor devvle of a breefless Barryster when he begins his hungry career. What keeps his Sperrits up but the thort of the Wool Sack or the Weakly Dispatch Box? See how pleased he is to pocket his little fees when he gits a chance, and how pashently he sets on an ard seat with a large empty blue bag, day after day, and munth after munth, in hopes of a chance of hatchin sumthink that will pay his rent or even his Larndress.

Does he grumble at the Turney General or the Slisster General taking all the plums and leaving him ardly enuff plane pudden to keep body and sole together? Not a bit of it.

On the contrary, he likes to hear of the immense fees they are pocketing, coz he knows, or at any rate hopes, if he's careful and civil and attentive to the Atturneys and their ugly daughters, if in fact he resembels a reel good Waiter, that is, smiles at everybody and has no back bone in partickler, his turn is sure to come.

I reelly amost blushes for my perfesshun wen a Waiter can be found to so demeen hisself as to menshun such a word as "tips"! and the sooner he quits the persishun he grumbles at and disgraces and jines the low herd of sportin profits and touts, or goes in for practising at the Bar of a low Pub, the better it will be for all concerned.

He has evidently mistook his wocashun. He cannot rise to the dignerty of the sittewashun as he has hitherto held. He lacks the patience and the humility and the faith and the opefulness of a Junier Waiter.

I wish him no harm, tho' he has struck a blow as all us Head Waiters feels wery sewerely, but, on the contrary, I hopes that in sum inferier stashun of life, more fitted to his umbel abilities, he may meet his dew reward.

Robert.

UNIVERSITÄTS-BIBLIOTHEK HEIDELBERG
http://digi.ub.uni-heidelberg.de/diglit/punch1882a/0168
gefördert durch die DFG



BARBAROUS TECHNICALITIES OF LAWN TENNIS.

Woolwich Cadet (suddenly, to his poor Grandmother, who has had Army on the Brain ever since he passed his Exam.). "THE SERVICE IS AWFULLY SEVERE, BY JOVE! LOOK AT COLONEL PENDRAGON—HE INVARIABLY *SHOOTS* OR *HANGS!*"

His Poor Grandmother. "GOOD HEAVENS, ALGY! I HOPE YOU WON'T BE IN *HIS* REGIMENT!"

GARNET.

AN IDYLL OF THE QUEEN.

GARNET the Brave, GARNET the Fortunate,
GARNET the Victor, made by Ashantee,
Heard once again War's summons to the East,
Heard and rejoiced, and straightway set himself
To strenuous strife, and subtle shift, to toil
All-various, and the crowning of his fame.

For from the sand-flats hard by Nilus' shore
Arose Rebellion's clamant voice, rang out
The cry of slaughtered Britons, echoed soon
By thunderous bellowing of brave BEAUCHAMP'S guns.
Then peaceful GLADSTONE sudden stood and smote
With rounded fist the Council-board, as though
It were the Commons' Table, and his foe,
DIZZY, once more before him, smote and cried,
"By Jingo, this *won't* do!!!"—lapsing in heat
To passing invocation of a name
Late odious in his ears. Whereon arose
Conflicting chorussings of praise and blame—
This atrabilious, half-ironic that—
From doubting Tories, dubious Liberals,
Much-gibing GREENWOOD, pert, implacable;
And peevish PASSMORE, sourly posing sole
As Abdiel—with the hump.
But GARNET, glad
With a great gladness Sand-boys may not match,
And cheer beyond the chirping cricket's, set
His face toward far Pharaoh-land, where still,
Pyramid-perched, the Forty Centuries
Of the thrasonic Corsican looked down,
Twigging the coming Pocket-CÆSAR.
He
Calm amidst much cabal, the pen-pricks sharp
Of amateur campaigners, and the hot
And hasty urgings of impetuous scribes,
The Jehu-Jeremiahs of the Press,
Planned with deliberate forethought, and what time
Deft DUFFERIN held Turkish Brer Fox in check,
With all Brer Rabbit's sleek astucity,
GARNET, with mustered hosts and gathered guns,
Swept gradually down on ARABI
Entrenched at Tel-el-Kebir.
Oh those days
In Egypt, oh the sun-glance and the sand,
The batteries and the strife! Then went the Guards,
The dandy Guards, in guise of utter guys—
Garb to shock all St. James's, and make wide
The eyes of many nursemaids. CONNAUGHT there
And TECK, the Postal Paladin, were seen
Doing devoir; there Pat and Sandy strove
In arduous emulation; there brave Jack,
Bluejacket Jack the ambidextrous, toiled
With cheer Tapleyan.
CÆSAR-GARNET these
Let, the hour ripe, from leash, like eager hounds
That scent their quarry. Oh that night-march dark
O'er foot-betraying sands, that sounding charge,
That ringing cheer!—a shout that sudden shook
ARABI'S Jericho of rebel fraud
About his luckless ears, and lo! 'twas done.
Our Cæsar, served of fortune as of skill,
His *Veni*, *Vidi*, closely followed up
With *Vici!*—*Vici* shrouded modestly,
Like an enigma 'midst the flow of rhythm,
In the decorum of a calm dispatch
Giving not taking *kudos*.
Kudos yet
Is his, our GARNET'S, praise from all men's mouths
Grudging or generous; guerdon too from her
The wariest watcher of her Empire's weal.

UNIVERSITÄTS-BIBLIOTHEK HEIDELBERG
http://digi.ub.uni-heidelberg.de/diglit/punch1882a/0169
gefördert durch die DFG

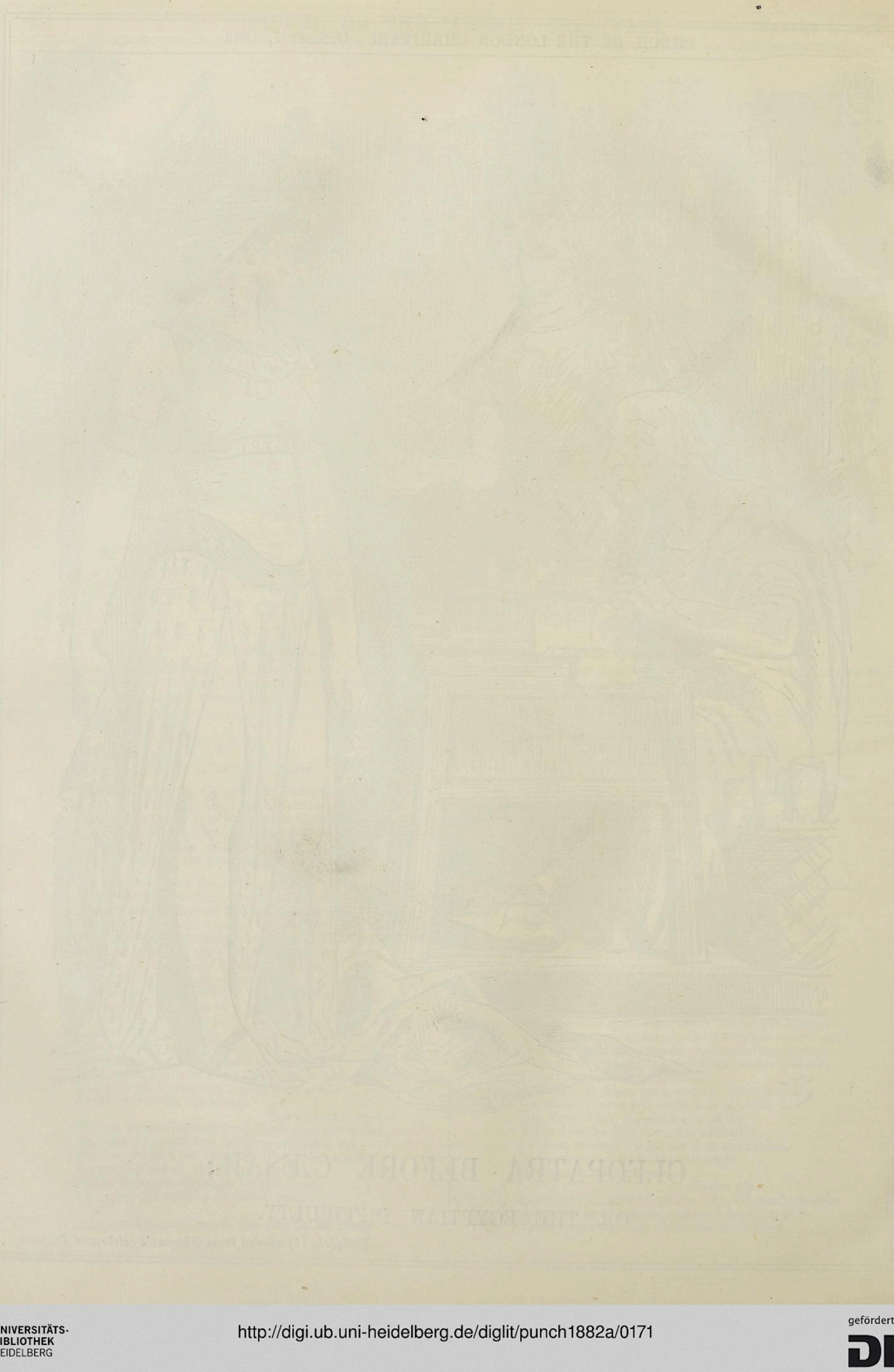


CLEOPATRA BEFORE CÆSAR;

OR, THE EGYPTIAN DIFFICULTY.

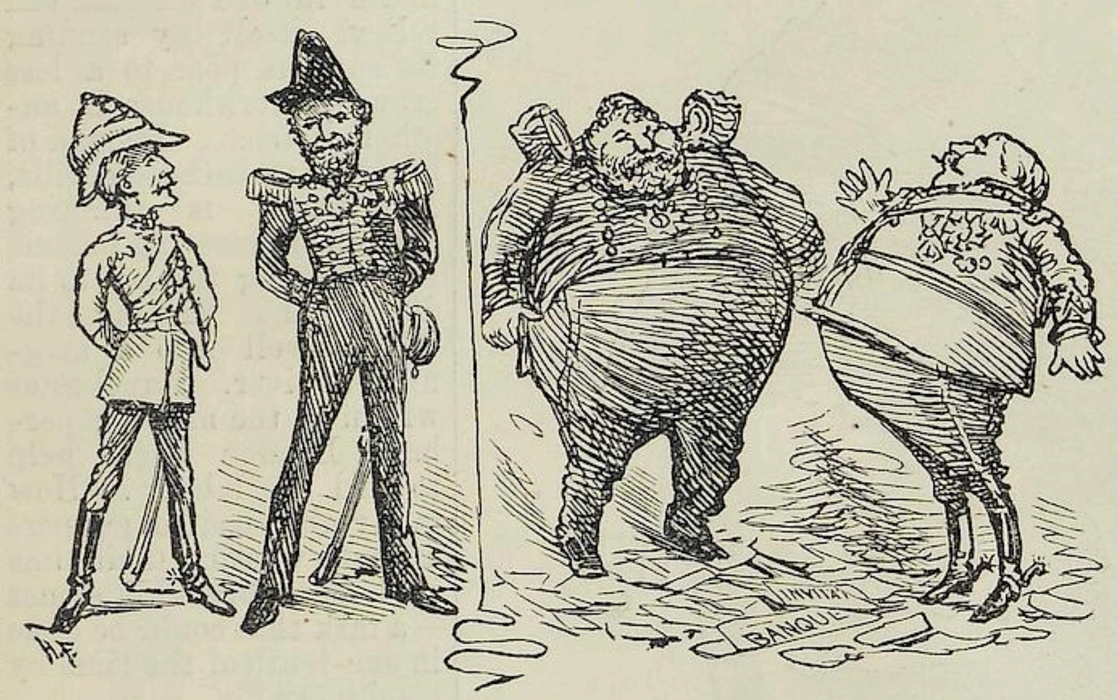
[*Slightly (!) altered from* Gérome's *celebrated Picture.*

UNIVERSITÄTS-
BIBLIOTHEK
HEIDELBERG
http://digi.ub.uni-heidelberg.de/diglit/punch1882a/0170
gefördert durch die
DFG



Great Queen, whose deftest, doughtiest knight he seemed,
Guerdon of solid honour, peering him
And brave Sir Beauchamp with the finer few
Whom merit levels with the blest of birth;
Nor least, the laud of *Punchius*, scatterer he
Of no cheap chaplets, yet well pleased to crown
With his most precious parsley-wreath of praise,
And "Bravo!" frank, so brave a bit of work
So fairly, featly done, so welcome eke
To toiling Gladstone at *his* Table Round,
Our loyal Island, and our Patriot Queen.

A WARNING.



Sir Garnet and Sir Beauchamp as they will appear on their return to England.

Sir G. W. and Sir B. S. as they will probably appear after a series of Banquets given to these gallant Officers.

MRS. R. IN A NEW PLACE.

My dear Nephew,

Mr. Hackson has been as good as his word to Lavvy and myself. He promised to take us to a French bathing-place which we should like ever so much better than Bullown, and he has done it. He acted as our Currier all the way, which saved us so much trouble in looking after ourselves, as he was always before us. Well, the place he took us to is called Rosendael, the Dale of Roses, because there are so many *jardangs day plants*, as they call 'em in French, in the pretty little village which we walked through on Sunday, though of course the rose season is over now. When Mr. Hackson told us that we must first go to Dunkirk to get to Rosendael, I thought he was joking, as I own I had always thought that Dunkirk was in Scotland; and I was right after all, as it *was* in Scotland till Charles the Second sold it to the French, and of course sent it over to them, carriage paid, and delivered it and set it down on the coast just where it is now. It's a delightful old town, with a fine church dictated to Scent Hullo, and a tower with a *carry-along* in it. The *carry-along* is a set of bells which plays a tune feebly every half-hour, and sounds like a second-hand musical box on a shelf.

The Dunkirkers are the respectablest people; there are very few *song cutlets*, as the French say, among them. And as to civility, they might be natives of Sweet Civil in Spain, instead of Frenchmen at Dunkirk. When the *Gossoons* hand anything to you, or take it away, they always say, "*Mair see*," which, as I observed to Mr. Hackson, proves that the Dunkirkers still keep their Scotch, as evidently "*Mair see*" means that there was something *mair* coming, and so there always was. The *Tarble doat* at the Grand Hotel at Dunkirk, in the Rude Kappysangs, that's the name of the principal street, was very good. The breakfast and dinner at the Restowrongs called the *Kaffy days Arcards* "were," as Mr. Hackson facetiously said, "quite first chop," though, of course, he meant *fillies*, which, I am bound to say, I refused to touch at first, thinking that *fillies* must be something to do with horses.

When we first arrived, we drove in an open *vulture* right through the town to the Casino (I objected to enter such a place, but Mr. Hackson told us that it was quite a different thing to what the Magistrates won't license in London) at Rosendael, and imagine our disappointment when a most respectable and nice-spoken lady told Mr. Hackson,—who interrupted what she said in French to us, though most of it was quite ineligible to me,—that the Season had finished on the fifteenth of September, that the Hotel and the *Cure-us-all* (which is the salutary department) was shut up, that there was nobody here, and the best thing we could do was to go back to the town, and come out to the bathing by tramway in the morning. This we did, and most enjoyable it was: the tramway, price twopence, took us in ten minutes to the bathing-machines, and the weather was so hot that we sat under sunshades, and actively breakfasted *all frisky* (as the Italians say) out in the open air, eating such *wheaters*, which is French for oysters, as I've never tasted in my life before, at two franks a dozen. They are the same sort as the celebrated *wheaters* of Dustend, on the Bulging Coast. It is a most healthy place, being famed for its general celebrity.

The sands at Rosendael are three times as long and as broad as those of Ramsgate; in fact, they are very fine sands, and get into your boots in spite of everything. At Dunkirk, in the Plarse Jang Bar—so called after a great naval hero, a sort of Brigadier, whose statute, in a sort of chandelier dress of the seventeenth sentry, with a sword in his hand, like the pictures of Richard the Third at the Battle of Wandsworth—is a market for everything, from lace and saucepans to pigs'-feet and cabbages, fruit and flowers. It lasts nearly all the morning, and I wish a certain noble Duke could just see it, for one cannot help substituting a caparison between it and Covent-Garden Market. At the latter place it is all muck and muddle, but at Dunkirk you can walk or drive round it, three abreast, at any time; and, before two in the afternoon, the whole thing, except a few flower-women with baskets, has disappeared as if by magic, like Saladin's palace, leaving, as the Swamp of Avon says, "not a rag behind." Not a sign that there's been such a thing as a market, not an odour anywhere, and no refusal lying in muck-heaps about the streets, and this, too, in very hot weather, which, at this time of year, is known in France as Sam Martin's Summér, though I had always, myself, heard of Sam Martin as a Judge; yet, when I come to think of it, no doubt his summing-up was called a summery because it was so clear, and the prisoner, as Mr. Hackson, who knows most legal lapidaries, says, "got it hot" in the Summer Allsizes; so, putting this and that together there is a fair reason for calling it Sam Martin's summery weather.

Mr. Hackson says he is sure that during the regular season this place is far better than Bullown—which I'm inclined to call Fly-Bullown—and much more of a genuine change for English people, who can get here just as easily as to the other place, for you start the same way, and go through to Kallous; and supposing you are the early bird, and take the 7·40 A.M. train, from Victoria, and get to Kallous at 11, or thereabouts, by the twin-ship the *Kally-two-for-her*, and then you have an hour and a half to revive and eat the excellent lunch which is provided for the travellers at the *Buffy*, and after that you walk up to the Town Gar, and go off by the 1·30 train for Gravel Lines, which is the direct root, without any change, to our final desecration, which was Dunkirk. Mr. Hackson says, that though he likes a direct line, yet he finds he can't go anywhere, however direct, without change, and plenty of it, from a Sue to a Frank. A Sue is a halfpenny, and a Frank is tenpence, which shows what value the French put on the male sex as compared with us poor women, who, in this country, seem to do most of the work, and be perfect smudges.

Mr. Hackson was quite right, and next year he promises to take us there in the Bathing-season, when I mean to buy for Lavvy and myself regular bathing-costumes, and come out in Spanish Flotillas. Mr. Hackson says there's still signs of the Rosendael part of Dunkirk having been originally Scotch, because there is so much that is Sandy about it. But that's one of his *caramboles*.

Yours,
M. A. R.

P.S.—I forgot to say that there are plenty of *millionnaires* about in full uniform, and we saw a lot of distillery practice on Monday afternoon from the rampants. Mr. Hackson says that they were firing shells, which is very likely, being so near the sea where they can be got so cheap. But when Mr. H. told us that they were only potting shrimps, I saw he was at his *caramboles* again. I like a man to be serious sometimes, and Mr. H. is too much of a "jesting Pilot," as the nautical people say, for me.

A PLUCKY RHYME.

"Bosh!" says G. Harris. "The *Romany Rye!* Umph!
'Tisn't a patch on my Drury Lane Triumph!"

Where's Barnum?—Under the heading, "A Curious Fact in Evolution," the *Times* quotes from the *American Journal of Science*, and tells us that "A single-cell creature known as a Protozoon," is immortal. "Protozoon" sounds uncommonly like a primitive Dutchman, that is, the single Dutchman: the "Protozoon" is a "single-cell creature"—— Well—one "sell," if it's a good one, will take us all in. This (if read between the lines) is perhaps what the *American Journal of Science* really means. Anyhow, where's Barnum?

The Geologists' Club.—The Kentish "Rag."

UNIVERSITÄTS-BIBLIOTHEK HEIDELBERG
http://digi.ub.uni-heidelberg.de/diglit/punch1882a/0172
gefördert durch die DFG

THE NEW SHERIFFS.

(*By Our Real Turtle.*)

MY SAVORY Sheriff! SAVORY 'tis meet
Should be for something in the LORD MAYOR'S *suite*.
We welcome you with cheers which lift the rafter.
A Sheriff SAVORY! thou 'lt be MOORE hereafter!*

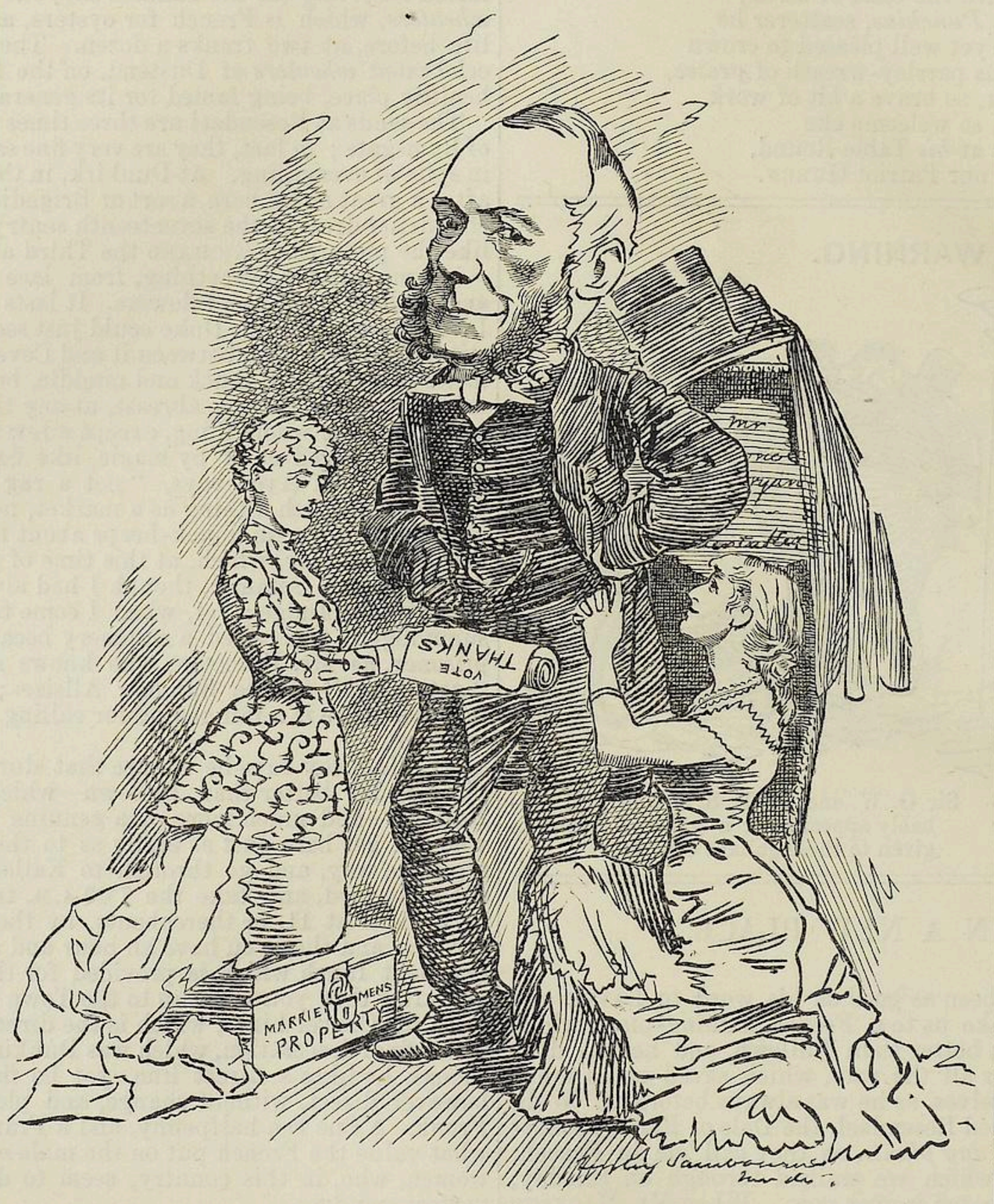
DE KEYSER some say, Sir, "Pronounce it DE KAYSER."
That can't be the way, Sir.
Perhaps those are wiser
Who call you DE KISER.
Now which shall it be, Sir, KAY, KI, or DE KEY, Sir?
Choose one of the three, Sir, And give us the key, Sir.

But, Sheriff de KISER, DE KAYSER, DE KEESIR,
No matter, *mon cher*, *if* a *Sher-iff* you be, Sir.

* Our Real Turtle Poet is evidently quoting from *Macbeth*, and intimates that in due course Sheriff SAVORY will be Lord MOORE—no, we mean Lord Mayor.

IMPRISONMENT OF THE REV. MR. GREEN.—Why remain there any longer? Why not follow the brave LOVETT'S example, who escaped from Millbank last week? It only requires a slight relaxation of the ordinary care on the part of the officials, a rope round the body, an umbrella to bore a hole with, chewed bread to fill up the hole, a couple of planks, a quiet evening, and there he is. If the worthy prisoner, with his *mens conscia recti*, doesn't take the hint—well—he *must* be Green!

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 104.



RIGHT HON. OSBORNE MORGAN, M.P.

HE UNDERTOOK THE BURIALS ACT, A MOST SUCCESSFUL UNDERTAKING! NOW HE 'S THE MAN FOR THE LADIES. *VIDE* HIS "MARRIED WOMEN'S PROP. ACT."

PAUPERS AND PORPOISES.

WHILE London is troubled as to what it shall do with its paupers, Manchester is troubled as to what it shall do with its money. Instead of building more workhouses, London is thinking over a "clearing-house" system, under which an overcrowded workhouse in one district can relieve itself by sending its surplus poor to a less crowded workhouse in another district. Instead of building more Cotton Mills, Manchester is thinking over an engineering scheme for bringing the sea to its doors, and turning the inky Irwell into a magnificent river. Manchester will find the money; perhaps London might help to find the labour? How many able-bodied paupers are now wasting their time in London breaking stones—a task that could be done in one-tenth of the time by machinery?

QUID PRO QUO.—The KHEDIVE presented Sir GARNET with the highest Egyptian Order in return for the perfect Egyptian order restored by Sir GARNET to the KHEDIVE'S dominions. The decoration given to Sir GARNET was the Osmanieh, and, consequently, the Orders presented to General DRURY LOWE and Colonel EWART will be those of the Heavy Ossmanly.

RADICAL-CONSERVATIVE OR FOURTH PARTY PROVERB.—"Nothing like LOWTHER."

THE VERY LATEST (DAILY) NEWS.

(*Vide somebody else's Special Correspondent at Cairo.*)

THE aromatic and spice-laden Eastern Zephyrs blowing now somewhat boisterously through the jewelled ivory-lattice down His Highness's back, with a sudden graceful and charming sneeze, he slid with perfect *ton* right across the polished jasper floor to the opposite side of the presence-chamber, where, drawing up with a courteous jerk, he deposited his head in the coal-scuttle, and smiled at us amiably. This little incident naturally gave rise to some quiet subacid humour, on our part, as to the financial embarrassments of His Highness's impecunious father, a piece of banter to which, with excellent breeding, he rejoined, by turning a double back-somersault that took him again into the very middle of the rose-coloured-satin feather-bed, on which he had previously been longing.

We smiled, hastily, and the conversation then turned upon inferior tinned oysters. The Khedive said, when they *were* bad, he did not like them. We reminded him that, if steeped in a powerful disinfectant, and swallowed hurriedly, with plenty of cayenne and chili-vinegar, and peppermint-drops taken after them, they could sometimes be got down. He said this was true. We then asked him the amount of his washing-bill. To this he made no rejoinder, but laughed pleasantly for about three-quarters of an hour. Altogether, we spent a most delightful morning.

HAPPY-THOUGHT PROVERB (*at a Table d'hôte without a Menu*).—Treat every Dish as though it were your last.

AN ANTI-SANITARY BALLAD.

"They would rather suffer martyrdom than give up its use."—Dr. CARPENTER *on the Modern Silk Hat*.

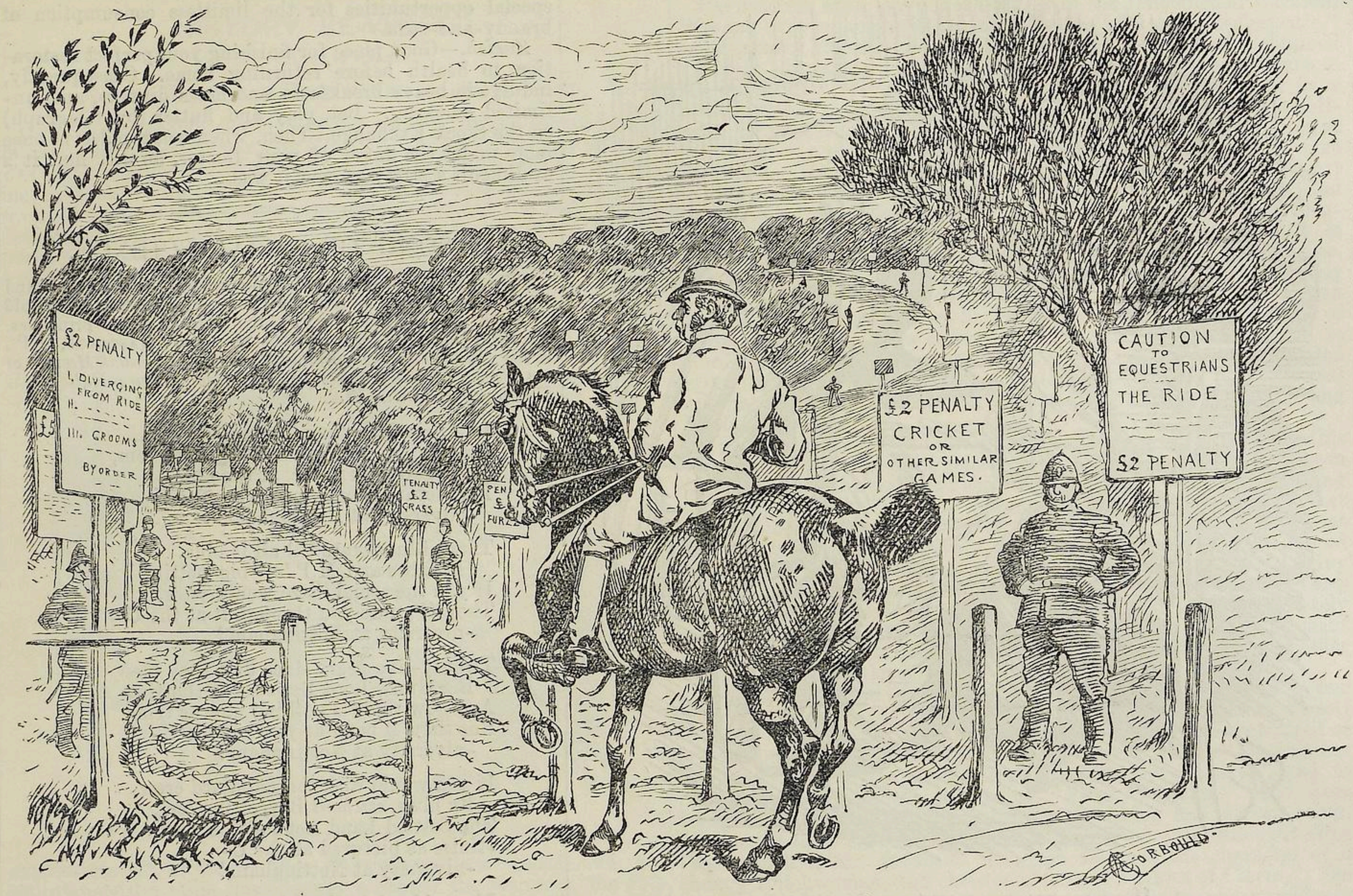
O WAYWARD Fashion, be thou kind,
Deal gently with thy child,
And, if thou art to change inclined,
Coy Goddess,—draw it mild!
With bitter scorn and satire pelt
The wretched clothes I 've got,
But bid me not resign for felt
My cherished Chimney-Pot!

Array me in a velvet vest,
Cheap lace around me tack;
With ribbon deck my Sunday best,
Sew buttons down my back.
Do what thou wilt with hem and frill,—
And I will heed it not,
If, midst the wreck of taste, I still
May sport my Chimney-Pot!

SIGNS OF "THE TIMES."—"The Divining Rod" has been lately used in France by the Director of Fine Arts to discover hidden treasure. For this "he has," says the *Times*, "incurred no little ridicule." Yet, were TOMMY or HARRY to secrete treasure anywhere, Mr. BARLOW would use the divining rod pretty freely, and with the greatest possible success. Oddly enough, in the same paper, there was a criticism on *The Question of Cain*, by Mrs. CASHEL HOEY. Either of those excellent preceptors, Dr. BIRCH, or Mr. BARLOW would decide "the question of cane," by saying that they had always found it answer.

SIR BEAUCHAMP SEYMOUR objects to being rewarded with Baron honours.

UNIVERSITÄTS-BIBLIOTHEK HEIDELBERG
http://digi.ub.uni-heidelberg.de/diglit/punch1882a/0173
gefördert durch die DFG



THE PLEASURES AND PAINS OF HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

HOLIDAY HAUNTS.

By Jingle Junior on the Jaunt.

EASTBOURNE.

TOWN dropped in the country judiciously—all trees considered sacred—BUGGINS the Builder compelled to "spare that tree" on all occasions—bad for BUGGINS—splendid for settlers—result charming—quite the Continental City in miniature—sea laid on in front—bright and sparkling—fresh and green—delightful very! Old Town quaint and curious—New Town capacious and convenient—place well kept—paths well swept—roads well watered—luggage well portered—drainage good—water plentiful—strict supervision of "Authorities" everywhere apparent—cheap trippery not offensively blatant! Superb Esplanade—upper and lower terrace—two miles of sea-walk—tamarisk plantation—green turf—gay flowers—brick pathways—dry after rain—nice wide seats—thousands of chairs—comfortable glazed shelters! Good hotels to suit every taste—capital shops—famous fruiterers—Devonshire Club—LEACH'S Library—pleasant Pier—sea-breezes without sea-sickness—The Links—Paradise—Compton Place! Devonshire Park—sylvan and sequestered—Devonshire Baths—swimming and splashing—rinking and resting—lawn tennis and laziness—Countless excursions—Wise people don't excurse—stop where they are—moon about—take things easy! Esplanade good enough for me. Sit in the sun—smoke cigarette—noddle my head to the Band—"the Bourne to which all travellers return"—good—shall come here again!

A Wink and a Sight.

IN an account of an interview held with the ex-Khedive ISMAIL Pasha, a character clearly too clever by half for the conduct of affairs, especially those of expenditure and finance, one of the *Times'* Correspondents notices a rather remarkable knack which ISMAIL is addicted to. He "generally closes one eye when particularly animated." Very likely. And, perhaps, he is occasionally so carried away with ungovernable vivacity, that, in the extremity of enthusiasm, he applies the termination of one of his thumbs to the tip of his nose, and extends his four fingers.

ASKAM AND ANSWER'EM.

UNDER the heading, "Another Egypt," in our Number dated Sept. 16th we made a few playful remarks on the state of "a town called Askam, in Furness," and intimated our opinion that the Duke of BUCCLEUCH, being interested in the place, could, if he would, set matters right in the above-mentioned locality. The idea, of course, was, "There's nothing, at all events, lost by Askam," and we expressed our earnest wish that the petitioners might obtain what they prayed for.

The Duke's agents, however, now write to inform us that "His Grace is not specially interested in Askam, but he has always lent his aid and assistance in any work or object which was for the benefit of that part of Furness," and that for the state of things represented as existing in Askam, His Grace "is not in any way responsible." We are delighted to hear it, as the moral of the article in question, as regards the Askamites in relation to the Duke, could be summed up in what a native of Furness said to an ignorant traveller who thought he was in Scotland: "You've only got to Askam." Exactly: you've only got to ask him.

Of course, anybody living in a perpetual Furness must expect to get it hot, occasionally,—the inhabitants must be all salamanders (no reference here intended to GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA-mander)—but we mustn't heap coals of fire on their heads when they don't deserve it, and in this instance we are very glad to give publicity to the fact that the Duke of BUCCLEUCH, whether as a Landlord, or as interested in the district, has, when "tried in the Furness," never been "found wanting." There's another Ducal Landlord, excellent in the country, of whom, in London, we should be only too glad to say the same, and more.

A Friend in Knead.

"BAKER PASHA has started for Cairo to organise the New Gendarmerie."—*Daily Paper.*

WHATEVER misfortune on Egypt now swoops,
No famine, 'tis clear, can o'ertake her,
Since she's willing to place all the flour of her troops
In the hands of a competent BAKER.

UNIVERSITÄTS-BIBLIOTHEK HEIDELBERG
http://digi.ub.uni-heidelberg.de/diglit/punch1882a/0174
gefördert durch die DFG



"ALL THE DIFFERENCE."

Dyspeptic Diner. "UM"—(*forking it suspiciously*)—"WHAT IS IT, WAITER?"

'*Robert.*' "IT SAYS 'RONYONGS SORTY' ON THE MENOO, SIR. BUT I CAN'T SAY WHAY IT MAY BE ON THE DISH!"

MEMS. FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A TRAVELLER.

(*Who has been sent Abroad to Recruit his Health.*)

Aix-la-Chapelle.—Take your Champagne in magnums, as the place is rather dull.

Boulogne.—On the wane. Your *déjeûner à la fourchette* of seven courses on the Pier, not so good as usual.

Cologne.—Capital *table d'hôte* at the Hôtel du Nord. Don't miss either the one at 1·30, or the other at 6.

Dieppe.—Best time for *baccarat* is between 11 P.M. and three in the morning.

Ems.—Lay in a good stock of Turkish tobacco. Your average will be, in this air, one hundred and twenty cigarettes a day.

Florence.—As pictures are tiring, you had better take your lunch in bed before you go to see them.

Geneva.—Good place for learning how to drink kummel by the mugful.

Heidelberg.—If you ever manage to walk up to the Castle, you may safely reward yourself with a slight repast of *potage à la bisque*, *paté de foies gras*, and a hundred of walnuts.

Lucerne.—Capital hotel, the Schweitzerhoff. If you have been very ill in Town from dyspepsia, you may safely stay here a fortnight, as you will not find a better *table d'hôte* in all Switzerland.

Manheim.—Dull. Capital place for practising the art of substituting *Chartreuse vert* for tea at breakfast.

Nancy.—Good pastry. At lunch-time you may eat it by pounds. Never mind the directions of your Doctor—it is really excellent.

Ouchy.—If walking has been ordered you, you will find it a pleasant stroll from the Dependance to the hotel. The rest of the day you can spend lounging in a chair in the garden. After dinner you can stroll back from the hotel to the Dependance.

Paris.—Average hour of retiring to rest, 3 A.M. Mind, you were told to go in for regular habits.

Stresa.—If you have been advised to bathe, you can watch the adventurous persons who take a plunge in the Lago Maggiore—from the shore.

Venice.—Good place for exercise (if ordered), as you may travel for miles—in a gondola!

Wiesbaden.—As everybody dines at half-past one here, the afternoon offers special opportunities for the limitless consumption of brandy-and-soda.

Zurich.—Good place for finishing your perfect restoration to health before returning home. Consequently, indulge in heavy breakfasts, enormous dinners, and unlimited smoking. Bet, play and flutter (by telegraph) on the Stock Exchange. Then, when your pulse is once more under the finger of your Doctor, he will find it's as difficult a study as ever it was.

A SONG OF SOCIAL SCIENCE.

"The Association was founded to elucidate the economical and moral principles on which the Constitution of Society should be based, and to influence, by the light of those principles, the course of future legislation."—Mr. G. W. HASTINGS, M.P., *in his Address at the Opening of the 25th Annual Meeting of the Social Science Congress, in the new Lecture Hall of the University at Nottingham.*

IF "principles" are "nuts" to you,
And promptly you'd be spotting 'em,
Best take a turn, Sir, at the new
Big lecture-rooms that grace the U-
-niversity at Nottingham!

There Blues orate till all is blue,
(Knights and M.P.'s "big-potting" 'em)
If you the social maze would view,
They'll guide you through it at the U-
-niversity at Nottingham!

Twenty-five years since first they blew
Big Guns, Lord BROUGHAM shotting 'em,
And now there's nothing new or true
But they'll bang at you—at the U-
-niversity at Nottingham!

If you would dish the Landlord crew,
By laws, *without* Boycotting 'em,
The Settled Land Act's action scru-
-tinise as pictured at the U-
-niversity at Nottingham!

If you'd rejoice in skies of blue,
With no big chimneys blotting 'em,
You'll probably learn what to do
By patient listening at the U-
-niversity at Nottingham!

If you tight-lacing would eschew,
See girls with "bags" *culotte*-ing 'em,
Or "dual garmenture," why few
Subjects more "fetch" them at the U-
-niversity at Nottingham!

You'd learn how Woman's rights first grew,
And how Man shirked allotting 'em!
On all such questions they'll adju-
-dicate serenely at the U-
-niversity at Nottingham!

Our Social Factors you'd review,
And learn the art of "totting" 'em?
Bless you! Statistics stiff are stu-
-diously fed on at the U-
-niversity at Nottingham!

Facts about drains, the Workman's "screw,"
Girls' boots, would you be jotting 'em?
They'll stuff you with enough to ru-
-minate for years on at the U-
-niversity at Nottingham!

Would you the World of Hobbies view,
Behold their riders trotting 'em,
That Universe they will elu-
-cidate completely at the U-
-niversity at Nottingham!

Battle of Hastings! Pun, Sir? Pooh!
Poor wags are always plotting 'em.
Yet twenty-five years war, 'tis true,
Culminates *this* year at the U-
-niversity at Nottingham!

"LORD MAYOR'S DAY"—no, not this year; Lord Mayor's KNIGHT.

UNIVERSITÄTS-BIBLIOTHEK HEIDELBERG
http://digi.ub.uni-heidelberg.de/diglit/punch1882a/0175
gefördert durch die DFG