

Anonymous (1871) *The Battle of Dorking* - Punch 20th May 1871

MAY 20, 1871.]	PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.	207
<p>THE BATTLE OF DORKING.</p> <p>(See "<i>Blackwood</i>" for May.)</p>		
<p>THERE'S a Tory alarmist article in <i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> ; It's called the "Battle of Dorking," and has made a great sensation ; It's put in the mouth of a Grandfather, who describes what he has seen, When England was invaded, and ceased to be a nation.</p> <p>It tells how a German army landed, somewhere 'twixt Deal and Dover,— Our fleet, at the time, being, most of it, just where it should not have been ; How the few ships that were in the Channel were sunk, smashed, and sailed over ; How our Line, Volunteers, and Militia by the foe were chawed up clean :</p> <p>How, about Leith Hill and Dorking, we got an awful thrashing, And a second somewhere near Richmond ; then further resistance was idle ; How through our suburban roofs and walls the German shells came crashing ; Till BISMARCK put his hook in our nose, and in our jaws his bridle :</p> <p>By our bungling defence on land and sea shows us utter noodles and silly asses ; Paints our parlours and pantries made free with by High and Low German fellers, And harrows up the best feelings of <i>pater-</i> and <i>mater-familiaes</i>, By describing British ratepayers shot down in their own cellars,</p> <p>While their fair-haired little darlings—which a horror even worsen is Than general <i>bouleversement</i>, bombardment, beating, and bobbery— Are having their dear little brains dashed out at the doors of their own nurseries, Till Old England is given up helpless to organised German robbery.</p> <p>Her colonies rent from her, her dependencies independent ; Her youth deserting her stagnant shores, no longer a land of Goshen ; Her manufactures gone with the coal, the basis of her ascendant ; And BRITANNIA a rotten hulk upon an idle ocean.</p>	<p>So easy it is for the foe to invade this Mammon-worship- ping island— So easy to prove the foundations we build our hopes on, vapour— So easy to turn a Channel of twenty miles' sea to dry land— So easy, in fact, to crumple up Old England—upon paper !</p> <p>There's a fable, how once in Æsop's days a Man with a Lion beside him, Was admiring a group—say in Ebony—where some artist of the day Had carved a Lion on the ground, and a hunter trium- phant astride him : "Behold," said the Man, "how human brains bring brute force under sway."</p> <p>The Lion smiled—as one that smiles when treated to pompous platitudes— "Ah," said he, "my friend, if the sculptor had been Lion instead of Man, How easy it would have been for him to have reversed the attitudes, And, instead of the Man the Lion, made the Lion bestride the Man."</p> <p>So Ebony's Article-writer might have shifted colours and figures— Have given England the Lion's part and Germany that of the mouse, Made <i>our</i> fleet floor <i>their</i> transports, <i>our</i> Enfields <i>their</i> needle-triggers, Had he but hailed from GLADSTONE'S, 'stead of DIZZY'S, side of the House.</p> <p>The "Battle of Dorking" he calls his fight—'tis clear he's no game chicken— In fact, I believe, that fighting fowls your Dorkings never are— Though they take kindly to cramming, and when roasted are pretty picking— But <i>this</i> Dorking bird seems to be a cross between Dung-hill Cock and <i>Canard</i>.</p> <p>War-Office and Admiralty may have their share of bungle and blunder ; But JOHN BULL is not yet the brainless ass that <i>Black-</i> <i>wood's</i> prophet would make him ; We may grudge the cost of our Army's strength, and of our Navy's thunder, But if the British Lion's asleep, 'twill prove no joke to wake him.</p>	