

**The Project Gutenberg eBook of Punch, or the London Charivari, Volume 102,  
April 23, 1892, by Various**

This ebook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this ebook or online at [www.gutenberg.org](http://www.gutenberg.org). If you are not located in the United States, you'll have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

Title: Punch, or the London Charivari, Volume 102, April 23, 1892

Author: Various

Release date: December 29, 2004 [EBook #14514]  
Most recently updated: December 19, 2020

Language: English

\*\*\* START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI,  
VOLUME 102, APRIL 23, 1892 \*\*\*

**E-text prepared by Malcolm Farmer, William Flis,  
and the Project Gutenberg Online Distributed Proofreading Team**

---

**PUNCH,  
OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.**

**Vol. 102.**

---

**April 23, 1892.**

---

**TOWN THOUGHTS FROM THE COUNTRY.**

*(With the usual apologies.)*

Oh, to be in London now that April's there,  
And whoever walks in London sees, some morning, in the Square,  
That the upper thousands have come to Town,  
To the plane-trees droll in their new bark gown,  
While the sparrows chirp, and the cats miaow  
In London—now!  
And after April, when May follows  
And the black-coats come and go like swallows!  
Mark, where yon fairy blossom in the Row  
Leans to the rails, and canters on in clover,  
Blushing and drooping, with her head bent low!  
That's the wise child: she makes him ask twice over,  
Lest he should think she views with too much rapture  
Her first fine wealthy capture!  
But,—though her path looks smooth, and though, alack,  
All will be gay, till Time has painted black  
The *Marigold*, her Mother's chosen flower,—  
Far brighter is my *Heartsease*, Love's own dower.

---

A WANT.—"There is only one thing," a visitor writes to us, "that I missed at Venice, S.W. I've never been to the real place, which is the Bride, or Pride, of the Sea, I forget which, but, as I was

saying, there's only one thing I miss, and that is the heather. Who has not heard of 'the moor of Venice'? And I daresay good shooting there too, with black game and such like. I only saw pigeons flying, who some one informed me are the pigeons of SAM MARK. Next time I go, I shall inquire at the Restaurant for fresh Pigeon Pie. However, if Mr. KIRALFY will take a hint, he will, in August provide a moor. It will add to the gaiety of the show. 'The moor the merrier,' eh?"

---

### Neo-Dramatic Nursery Rhyme.

MRS. GRUNDY, good woman, scarce knew what to think  
About the relation 'twixt Drama and Drink.  
Well, give Hall—and Theatre—good wholesome diet,  
And all who attend will be sober and quiet!

---

SPRING'S DELIGHTS IN LONDON.—"VIA MALODORA"—clearly a lady, "DORA" for short—wrote to the *Times* complaining that the result of the splendid weather for the first ten days of the month was the reproduction of "summer effluvia rank and offensive" in Piccadilly. Poor Piccadilly! Oh, its "offence is rank," and Miss DORA might add, quoting to her father from another scene in *Hamlet*, "And smells so. Pa'!" West-Enders, in a dry summer, must be prepared to have "a high old time of it."



### SANCTA SIMPLICITAS.

*Orthodox Old Maid.* "BUT, REBECCA, IS YOUR PLACE OF WORSHIP  
CONSECRATED?"

*Domestic (lately received into the Plymouth Brotherhood).* "OH NO,  
MISS—IT'S GALVANISED IRON!"

---

### MY SOAP.

I'm the maker of a Soap, which I confidently hope  
In the advertising tournament will win,  
And remain the fit survival, having vanquished every rival  
Which is very detrimental to the skin.

I will now proceed to show, what the public ought to know,  
Unless they would be blindly taken in.  
How in every soap but mine certain qualities combine  
To make it detrimental to the skin.

But surely at this date it is needless I should state  
That the cheaper soaps are barely worth a pin,  
For they all contain a mixture, either free or as a fixture,  
Which is very detrimental to the skin.

And every cake you buy is so charged with alkali,  
To soda more than soap it is akin;  
It is really dear at last, for it wastes away so fast.  
And is very detrimental to the skin.

The public I must warn of the colours that adorn  
The soaps ambitious foreigners bring in;  
They are often very pretty, but to use them is a pity,  
For they're very detrimental to the skin.



There are soaps which you can see through. I ask, What can it be through?  
Is it resin, or some other form of sin?  
There are soaps which smell too strong, and of course that must be wrong,  
And extremely detrimental to the skin.

And too much fat's injurious, and so are soaps sulphureous,  
Though they say they keep the hair from growing thin;  
They may keep a person's hair on, like the precious oil of AARON,  
And yet be detrimental to his skin.

In short, the only soap which is fit for Prince or Pope  
(I have sent some to the KAISER at Berlin)  
Is the article I sell you. Don't believe the firms who tell you  
It is very detrimental to the skin.

---

A LIQUOR QUESTION.—Why does a toper—especially when "before the beak"—always say that he was "in drink," when he evidently means that the drink was in him? The only soaker on record who could rightly be said to be "in drink" was,

"Maudlin *Clarence* in his Malmsey butt."

He was "in liquor" with a vengeance. But less lucky wine-bibbers need not be illogical as well as inebriate.

---

MR. GOSCHEN'S BUDGET.—"From a fiscal point of view, the Tobacco receipts are extremely good." So unlike JOKIM. Of course, as he never loses a chance of a *jeu de mot*, what he must have said was, that "the Tobacco 'returns' are extremely good." "A birthday Budget,—many happy 'returns,'" he observed jocosely to PRINCE ARTHUR, "quite japing times!" And off he went for his holiday; and, weather permitting, as he reclines in his funny among the weeds, he will gently murmur, "*Dulce est desipere in smoko.*"

---

## THE NEWEST NARCISSUS;

### OR, THE HERO OF OUR DAYS.

["—The curious tendency towards imitation which is observed whenever some specially sensational crime is brought into the light of publicity."—*Morning Post.*']

NARCISSUS? *He*, that foul ill-favoured brute,  
A fevered age's most repulsive fruit,  
The murderous coxcomb, the assassin sleek?  
Stranger comparison could fancy seek?

Truly 'tis not the self-admiring boy  
Nymph Echo longed so vainly to enjoy;  
Yet the old classic fable hath a phase  
Which seems to fit the opprobrium of our days.  
Criminal-worship seems our latest cult,  
And this strange figure is its last result.  
Self-conscious, self-admiring, Crime parades  
Its loathly features, not in slumdom's shades,  
Or in Alsatian sanctuaries vile.  
No; peacock-posing and complacent smile  
Pervade the common air, and take the town.  
The glory of a scandalous renown  
Lures the vain villain more than wrath or gain,  
And cancels all the shame that should restrain:  
Makes murder half-heroic in his sight,

And gilds the gallows with factitious light.

And whose the fault? Sensation it is thine!  
The garrulous paragraph, the graphic line,  
Poster and portrait, telegram and tale,  
Make shopboy eager and domestics pale.  
Over the morbid details workmen pore,  
Toil's favourite pabulum and chosen lore,  
Penny-a-liners pile the horrors up,  
On which the cockney *gobe-mouche* loves to sup,  
And paragraph and picture feed the clown  
With the foul garbage that has gorged the town.  
"Vice is a monster of such hideous mien  
As to be hated needs but to be seen."  
So sang the waspish satirist long ago.  
Now Vice is sketched and Crime is made a show.  
A hundred eager scribes are at their heel  
To tell the public how they look and feel,  
How eat and drink, how sleep and smoke and play.  
Murder's itinerary for a day,  
Set forth in graphic phrase by skilful pens,  
With pictures of its face, its favourite dens,  
Its knife or bludgeon, pistol, paramour,  
Will swell the swift editions hour by hour,  
More than high news of war or of debate,  
The death of heroes or the throes of state.  
From club-room to street-corner runs the cry  
After the newest fact, or latest lie:  
The hurrying throng unfolded broad-sheets grasp,  
And read with goggled eyes and lips a-gasp,  
Blood! Blood! More Blood! It makes hot lips go pale,  
But gives the sweetest zest to the unholy tale.

What wonder if the Horror, homaged thus  
By frenzied eagerness and foolish fuss,  
Swells to a hideous self-importance, struts  
In conscious dignity, and gladly gluts  
With vanity's fantastic tricks the herd  
Whose pulses first by murderous crime it stirred.  
Narcissus-like, the slayer bends to trace  
Within Sensation's flowing stream its face,  
And, self-enamoured, smiles a loathsome smile  
Of fatuous conceit and gloating guile;  
Laughs at the shadow of the lifted knife,  
And thinks of all things save its victim's life.  
The "Noisy Nymph," the Echo of our times,  
The gossip, with an eager ear for crimes,  
Lurks, half-admiring, all-recording there,  
Watching Narcissus with persistent stare,  
And ready note-book. Nothing but a Voice?  
No, but its babblings travel, and rejoice  
A myriad prurient ears with noisome news,  
Fit only for the shambles and the stews.  
These hear, admire, and sometimes imitate!—

Narcissus is a danger to the State,  
And Echo hardly less. Vain-glorious crime;  
That pestilent portent of a morbid time,  
Would flourish less could sense or law avail  
To strangle coarse Sensation's clamorous tale,  
Silence the "Noisy Nymph," for half crime's ill  
Would end were babbling Echo's voice but still.

---





**"THE MISSING CIPHER."**

"OH, PAPA, ONLY FIFTY POUNDS FROM SIR GORGIUS MIDAS! SUCH A MILLIONAIRE—WHY HE *OUGHT* TO HAVE SENT FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS AT LEAST!"  
"AH, I'M AFRAID HE FORGOT THE *OUGHT*, MY DEAR!"

[pg 195]



**THE NEWEST NARCISSUS; OR, THE HERO OF OUR DAYS.**

FETTERED.—In reply to the Unemployed Deputation which found employment in paying a visit to the L.C.C. at Spring Gardens, Messrs. BURNS and BEN TILLET (Alderman) intimated that as Mr. POWER, the U.D.'s spokesman, was not a member of the L.C.C., that body was Power-less to assist them in their trouble. A nasty time of it had the Labour Candidates on this occasion. Nothing like putting men of Radical revolutionary tendencies into responsible positions.

A SHADY VALET.—One DONALD CROSS was a Valet in the service of an absent master, whose best clothes and jewellery DONALD wore, while he kept his flat well aired by giving little supper-parties to young ladies who took him at his own valuation,—for a very superior swell. Alas! he was but a *valet de sham*! "Cross purposes," but Magistrate "disposes"; and the once happy Valet is in the shade for the next six months.

[pg 196]

## IN FANCY DRESS.

### A Sketch At Covent Garden Theatre.

*Before Supper the proceedings are rather decorous than lively; the dancers in fancy dress forming a very decided minority, and appearing uncomfortably conscious of their costume. A Masker got up as a highly realistic Hatstand, hobbles painfully towards a friend who is disguised as a huge Cannon.*

*The Hatstand (huskily, through a fox's mask in the centre of his case, to the Cannon).* Just a trifle slow up to the present, eh?

*The Cannon (shifting the carriage and wheels to a less uncomfortable position.)* Yes, it don't seem to me as lively as usual—*drags*, don't you know.

*The Hatstand (heroically).* Well, we must wake 'em up, that's all—put a little *go* into the thing!

*[They endeavour to promote gaiety by crawling through the crowd, which regards them with compassionate wonder.*

*A Black Domino (to a Clown, who is tapping the barometer on the Hatstand's back).* Here, mind how you damage the furniture, SAMMY, it may be here on the hire system.

*[The Hatstand executes a cumbrous caper by way of repartee, and stumbles on.*

*A Folly (to a highly respectable Bedouin in a burnous and gold spectacles).* Well, all I can say is, you don't seem to me to behave much *like* an Arab!

*The Bedouin (uneasily, as he waltzes with conscientious regularity).* Don't I? How *ought* I to behave then?

*The Folly.* I should have thought you'd jump about and howl, the way Bedouins *do* howl. *You* know!

*The Bed. (dubiously).* Um—well, you see, my dear, I—I don't feel *up* to that sort of thing—*before* supper.

*The Folly (losing all respect for him).* No—nor yet after it. I expect you've told some old four-wheel caravan to come and fetch you home early, and you'll turn into your little tent at the usual time—that's the sort of wild Bedouin *you* are! Don't let me keep you. [*She leaves him.*

*The Bed. (alone).* If she only knew the absolute *horror* I have of making myself conspicuous, she wouldn't expect it!

*Mephistopheles (to a Picador).* This was the only thing I could get to go in. How do you think it suits me?

*The Picador (with candour).* Well, I must say, old fellow, you *do* look a beast!

*[Mephisto appears wounded.*

*A Masker (with his face painted brown, and in a costume of coloured paper decorated with small boxes and packets, to a Blue Domino).* You see what *I* am, don't you? The Parcels Post! Had a *lot* of trouble thinking it out. Look at my face, for instance, I made *that* up, with string—marks and all, to look like a brown-paper parcel.

*The Blue Domino.* Pity you haven't got something *inside* it, isn't it?

*The Parcels Post (feebly).* Don't you be too sharp. And it really is a first-rate idea. All these parcels now—I suppose there must be fifty of 'em at least—

*The Blue Domino.* Are there? Well, I wish you'd go and get sorted somewhere else. I haven't time

for it myself.

*Sardonic Spectator* (*pitilyngly—to a Masker in a violent perspiration, who represents Sindbad carrying the Old Man of the Sea*). 'Ow you are worrying yourself to be sure!

*A Polite Stranger* (*accosting an Individual who is personifying the London County Council by the aid of a hat surmounted by a sky-sign, a cork bridge and a tin tramcar, a toy Clown and a butterfly on his chest, a portrait of Mlle. Zoeo on his back, a miniature fireman under an extinguisher, and a model crane, which he winds up and down with evident enjoyment*). Excuse me, Sir, but would you mind showing us round you—or is there a catalogue to your little collection?

[*The L.C.C. maintains a dignified silence.*]

*Pierrot* (*critically to Cleopatra*). Very nice indeed, my dear girl,—except that they ought to have given you a serpent to carry, you know'

*Cleopatra*. Oh, they *did*—only I left it in the Cloak-room.

*A Man with a False Nose* (*to a Friend who is wearing his natural organ*). Why, I thought you said you were coming in a nose?

*His Friend*. So I did (*he produces an enormous nose and cheeks from his tail-pocket*). But it's no mortal use; the minute I put it on I'm recognised (*plaintively*). And I gave one-and-ninepence for the beastly thing, too!

*Young Man of the Period* (*meeting a female acquaintance attired in ferns, rock-work, and coloured shells, illuminated by portable electric light*). Hul-lo! You are a swell! And what are you supposed to be?

*The Lady in Rock-work*. Can't you see? I'm a Fairy Grotto. Good idea, isn't it?

*He*. Rippin'! But what the mischief have you got on your shoulder?

*She*. Oh, that's an aquarium—real goldfish. See!

[*Exhibiting them with pride.*]

*He*. Ain't you lettin' 'em sit up rather late? They *will* be chippy to-morrow—off colour, don't you know.

*She*. Will they? What ought I to do for them, then?

*He*. Do? Oh, just put a brandy-and-soda in their tank.

[*Later; Supper is going on in the Boxes and Supper-room, and the festivity has been further increased by the arrival of a party of Low Comedians and Music-Hall Stars. The Lancers have been danced with more abandonment, and several entirely new and original figures.*]

*The Chevalier Bayard* (*at the Refreshment Bar—to a Watteau Shepherdess*). I say, you come along and dance with me, will you?—and look here, if you dance well, I'll give you a drink when it's over. If you don't dance to please me, you'll get nothing. See?

*The Watteau Shepherdess* (*with delicate disdain*). 'Ere, you go along, you silly ass!

[*Hits him with her crook.*]

*A Gentleman who has obviously supped* (*catching hold of a passing Acquaintance, whose hand he wrings affectionately*). Dear ole HUGHIE! don't go away just yet. Shtop an' talk with me. Got lotsh er things say to you, dear ole boy—mosh 'portant things! Shure you, you're the on'y man in the wide world I ever kicked a care—cared a kick about. Don't you leave me, HUGHIE!

*Hughie* (*who is looking for his partner*). Not now, old man—can't stop. See you later!

[*He makes his escape.*]

*The Affect. G.* (*confidentially—to a Policeman*). Thash a very dear ole pal o' mine, plishman, a very dear ole pal. Worsht of him ish—shimply imposhble get a lit' rational conversation with him. No *sheriousness* in his character!

[*Exit unsteadily towards Bar, in blissful unconsciousness that somebody has attached a large false nose and spectacles to the buttons of his coat-tails.*]

*A Troubadour* (*jealously—to an Arlequina*). No—but look here, you might just as well say right put which costume you like best—mine or—(*indicating a Cavalier on her other side*)—his.

*Arlequina* (*cautiously—not desiring to offend either*). Well, I'd rather be *him*—not as a *man*, I wouldn't—but, as *myself*, I'd like to be *this* one.

[Both appear equally satisfied and soothed by this diplomatic, but slightly mystic response.]

A *Vivandière* (to a Martyr, who is shuffling along inside a property-trunk, covered with twigs, and supposed to represent a Bird in the Hand). Well, that's one way of coming out to enjoy yourself, I suppose!

A *Middle-aged Man* (wandering behind the Orchestra). It's beastly dull, that's what it is—none of the give-and-take humour and practical fun you get in Paris or Vienna!... That's a nice, simple-looking little thing in the seat over there. (*The simple-looking little thing peeps at him, with one eye over her fan, in arch invitation.*) Gad, I'll go up and talk to her—it will be something to do, at any rate—she looks as if she wouldn't mind. (*He goes up.*) Think I know your face—haven't we met before?

*The Simple Little Thing* (after an elaborate wink aside at a Fireman). Shouldn't wonder. Don't you run away yet. Sit down and talk to me—do now. No, not *that* side—try the arm-chair, it's more comfortable.

*The M.M.* (throwing himself gracefully into a well-padded chintz chair). Well, really—(*The chair suddenly digs him in the ribs with one of its elbows.*) Eh, look here now—'pon my—(*He attempts to rise, and finds himself tightly pinioned by the arms of the chair.*) There's some confounded fool *inside* this chair!

*The Simple Little Thing* (tickling him under the chin with her fan). Shouldn't call yourself names! I'm going—don't get up on *my* account. [*She goes off, laughing; a crowd collects and heartily enjoys his situation.*]

*The M.M.* (later—very red after his release). If I could have found a policeman, I'd have given that chair in custody! It's scandalous to call *that* coming in Fancy Dress! [*Exit indignantly.*]



"Exit unsteadily towards Bar."

[pg 197]

## THE BROWN-JONES INCIDENT.

(Adapted from the French.)

SCENE—A Street. Enter BROWN and JONES. They meet, and regard one another for a moment, fixedly. Then they salute one another respectfully.

*Brown.* I have been looking for you everywhere.

*Jones.* Then I am delighted to have met you.

*Brown.* I have said of you that you are a trickster, a scoundrel, a fool, and an idiot!

*Jones.* Yes—and I have regretted the saying, because it shows to me that you have misunderstood the great literary movement of the present day, in its vast and varied effort.

*Brown.* Of that I know nothing, for I confess I have never read your books.

*Jones* (reproachfully). Yes—and yet you accuse me of being a trickster, a scoundrel, and a fool, without knowing my works?

*Brown.* It was my duty. But still I had no wish to be guilty of an outrage.

*Jones.* An outrage—how an outrage?

*Brown.* Had I known you had been present to hear me I would not have caused you the pain of listening to me.

*Jones* (with admiration). But it was the act of a brave man! Did it not occur to you that had I been within reach of you that you too would have suffered pain?

*Brown.* It did not, I was unconscious of your presence. I would have preferred to have spoken behind your back. It is brutal to speak before any face. It might lead to an unpleasantness.

*Jones.* No, it is your duty to do what you think is right. It is also my duty to do what I think is right. We are now face to face. Have you anything further to say to me?

*Brown (hurriedly).* You have immense gifts—gifts which are those of genius.

*Jones.* I thought you would understand me better when we met. My dear friend, I am delighted at this reconciliation. Give me your hand.

*Brown (clasping palms).* With all the pleasure in the world. But still I owe you reparation. How can I—

*Jones (interrupting).* Not another word, my dear friend. That is a matter we can leave in the hands of our Solicitors.

[Scene closes in upon the suggestion.]



#### A SOLILOQUY.

*Youthful Mercury.* "WHAT'S THIS 'ERE ON THE PLYTE?  
'KNOCK AND RING!' BLOWED IF THEY WON'T BE  
HASKING YER TO 'WALK HINSIDE,' NEXT!!"

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.



"Oliver asking for More."

It is curious to find a coincidence in style and in idea between an earnest, witty and pious English author of the Sixteenth Century, and an American author of our own day. Yet so it is, and here is the parallel to be found between the quaint American tales about the old negro, *Uncle Remus*, by JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS, in this year of Grace, 1892, and the fables writ by Sir THOMAS MORE in 1520, or thereabouts, which he represents as if told him by an old wife and nurse, one Mother MAUD. Here are "The Wolf,"—"Brer Wolf"—and the simple-minded Jackass, both are going to confession to Father Fox—"Brer Fox." Æsop is, of course, the common origin of all such tales. The extracts which I have come across, are to be found in a small book compiled by the Rev. THOMAS BRIDGETT, entitled, *The Wit and Wisdom of Sir Thomas More*. The Baron wishes that with it had been issued a glossary of old English words and expressions, as, to an ordinary modern reader, much of Sir THOMAS MORE's writing

is well-nigh unintelligible; nay, in some instances, the Baron can only approximately arrive at the meaning, as though it were a writ in a foreign language with which his acquaintance was of no great profundity. Certes, the learned and reverend compiler hath a keen relish for this quaintness, but not so will fifteen out of his twenty readers, who, pardie! shall regret the absence of a key without which some of the treasure must, to them at least, remain inaccessible. With this reservation, but with no sort of equivocation, doth the Baron heartily recommend The Reverend BRIDGETT's compilation of Sir THOMAS MORE's "English as she is writ" in the Sixteenth Century, to all lovers of good books in this "so-called (O, immortal phrase!) Nineteenth Century." The Rev. THOMAS hath well and ably done his work, and therefore doth the Baron advise his readers to go to their booksellers, and, being there, to imitate the example of DICKENS's oft-quoted *Oliver*, and "ask for MORE."

Quoth the Baron, "Much liketh me the Macmillanite series of *English Men of Action*, and in a very special manner do I laud the latest that, to my knowledge, hath appeared 'yclept *Montrose*, by Master MOWBRAY MORRIS—a good many 'M's' in these names—who hath executed his *Montrose* with as loving a heart and as tender a touch as ever did use old IZAAK towards the gentle that he, and the simple fish, did love so well. Did not the very hangman burst into tears as he thrust the unfortunate nobleman off the step? and did not a universal sob of pity break from the vast crowd assembled to see the last of the noble cavalier, victim to an unfortunate tradition of loyalty? What wonder then if we sympathise with this luckless hero of romance? The weak-knee'd villain of this historical drama was '*Charles* (his friend),' in which character, be it allowed, this sad dog of a Merry Monarch not infrequently appeared. Thank you much, Mr. MOWBRAY MONTROSE MORRIS," quoth

THE BENEFICENT BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

[pg 198]



SYMPATHY.

*Mamma (to Cook)*—"AND MRS. STUBBS, THE CREAM WITH THE APPLE-TART YESTERDAY OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN WHIPPED."

*Ethel (who has a grateful remembrance of the dish in question)*. "OH, MUMMY DEAR! 'OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN WHIPPED!' I THOUGHT IT WAS PARTICULARLY GOOD!"

APRIL SHOWERS;

OR, A SPOILED EASTER HOLIDAY.

(*A Vacation Cantata.*)

*Master George (stretching forth his fingers to feel if the shower is abating) sings:—*

Rain! Rain!  
Go away!  
Come again

Another day!

*Master Arthur (gloomily).* Pooh! Rain won't go away, not in these times,  
By being sung at to old nursery rhymes:  
Especially in such a voice as yours!

*Master George.* Needn't be nasty, ARTHUR!

*Master Robert.* How it pours!  
Thought we were going to have a real jolly day,  
And now it's set in wet, to spoil our holiday.

*Master George.* Always the way at Easter. Shall we trudge it?

*Master Arthur.* Not yet. What have you got, GEORGE, in your Budget?

*Master George.* Not very much, I fear!

*Master Arthur.* Ah, that's vexatious!  
It might have cheered us up a bit.

*Master George (indignantly).* Good gracious!  
You're always down on me, with no good reasons.  
You know I'm not the ruler of the Seasons.  
Now if I'd been in *your* place—but no matter!

*Master Robert.* By Jingo, how the raindrops rush and clatter!  
Ah, Primrose-gathering is not half so jolly  
As once it used to be.

*Master Arthur.* Ah! my dear SOLLY,  
The springs are now so awfully wet and cold,  
The "cry" don't seem so fetching as of old.

[Pipes up.

*Recitative.* "Who will buy my pretty, pretty Pri-im-ro-o-ses!  
All fresh gathered from the va-a-a-ll-ey?"

*Master George.* The wet and cold have got into your throat,  
A quaver and a crack on every note!

*Master Robert.* Don't aggravate each other, boys; 'tis wrong,  
But while it rains I'll tootle out a song:—  
(Sings.) The days we went a-Primrosing!  
AIR—"The days we went a-Gipsying!"  
The days are gone, the happy days  
When we were in our Spring;  
When all the Primrose loved to praise,  
And join its gathering.  
Oh! we could sing like anything,  
We felt the conqueror's glow,  
In the days when we went Primrosing,  
A long time ago.

*Chorus.*—In the days, &c.  
Then April's flowery return  
Was "Peace-with-Honour's" goal.  
And the bright brimstone-bunch would burn  
In every button-hole.  
Our Dames were gaily on the wing,  
With blossoms in full blow,  
In the days when we went Primrosing,  
A long time ago.  
*Chorus.*—In the days, &c.  
But now Progressive storms prevail  
Election blizzards chill;  
The Primroses seem sparse and pale  
In valley and on hill.  
Yon cloud looks black as raven's wing!  
Things did not menace so.  
In the days when we went Primrosing  
A long time ago!  
*Chorus.*—In the days, &c.

*Both.* Oh, brayvo, BOBBY!

*Master Robert.* Thanks. Yet my song's burden



Is dismal as the croakings of *Dame Durden*.  
Our holiday is spoilt by driving showers.  
I fear we shall have no great show of flowers;  
But—anyhow my boys we're under cover;  
And let us hope that storm-cloud will pass over  
Without first giving us a dreadful drenching,  
And all our April-hopes entirely quenching.

*All (singing together).*

Rain! Rain!  
Go away!  
Come again  
Another day!

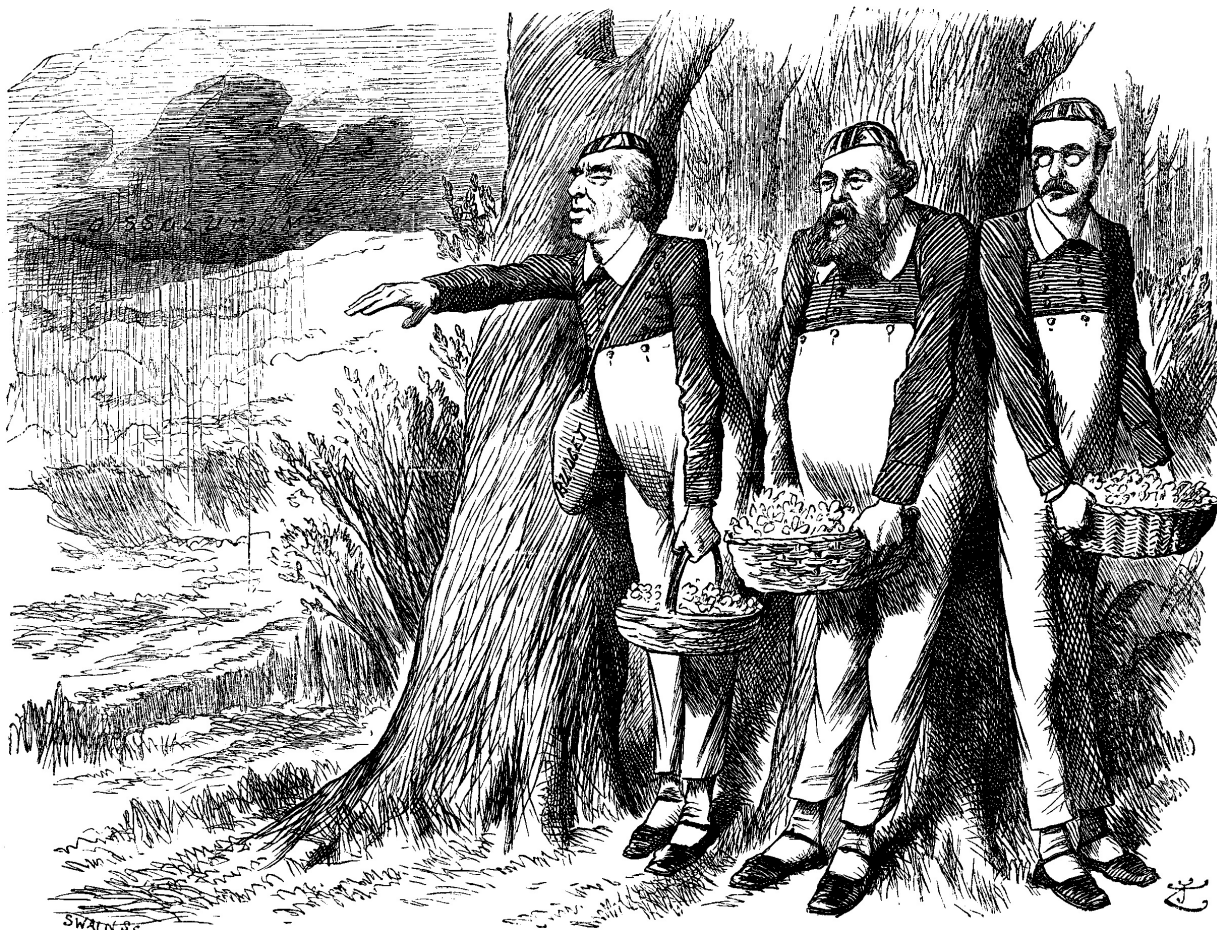
*[Left crouching and singing.*

---

FROM THE THEATRES, &C. COMMISSION.—"I am afraid," said Mr. P.S. RUTLAND, speaking of the Music Halls, and in answer to a question of Mr. BOLTON's, "we cannot do a wreck. (*Laughter.*)" Mr. WOODALL: "Without being wrecked in the attempt. (*Renewed laughter.*)" Oh, witty WOODALL! Why, encouraged by this applause, he may yet be led on to make a pun on his own name, and say, "*Would all were like him!*" or some such merry jest. The proceedings in this Committee were becoming a trifle dull, but it is to be hoped that they may yet hear something still more sparkling from the wise and witty WOODALL.

---

[pg 199]



**APRIL SHOWERS; OR, A SPOILT EASTER HOLIDAY.**

TRIO. "RAIN! RAIN! GO AWAY! COME AGAIN ANOTHER DAY!"

---

[pg 201]

## TO MY COOK.

Oh, hard of favour, fat of form,  
How fairer art thou than thy looks,  
Whose heart with kitchen fires is warm,  
Thou plainest of the plainer Cooks!

Low down upon thy forehead grows  
Thick hair of no conducive dye;  
Short and aspiring is thy nose,



Watched ever by a furtive eye.  
 In shy defiance rarely seen  
   Where kitchen stairways darkly tend,  
 A foe to judge thee by thy mien,  
   Proclaimed in every act a friend!  
 I know thee little; not thy views  
   On public or on private life,  
 Whether a single lot thou'dst choose,  
   Or fain would'st be a Guardsman's wife;  
 For who can rightly read the change  
   When, still'd the work-day traffic's din,  
 In best apparel, rich and strange,  
   Thou passest weekly to thy kin!  
 A silken gown, that bravely stands  
   Environing thy form, or no;  
 Stout gloves upon thy straining hands,  
   For brooch, the breastplate cameo.  
 Shod with the well-heeled boots, whose knell  
   Afar along the pavement sounds,  
 Blent with the tinkling muffin-bell,  
   Or milkman, shrilling on his rounds.  
*Nil tangis quod non ornas.* Nay,  
   'Tis not alone the parsley sprig,  
 The paper frill, the fennel spray,  
   The Yule-tide's pertly-berried twig;  
 But common objects by thy art  
   Some proper beauty seem to own;  
 Thy chop is as a chop apart,  
   Fraught with a grace before unknown;  
 The very egg thou poachest seems  
   Some work of deft *orfèvrerie*,—  
 A yolk of gold that chastely gleams  
   Through a thin shrine of ivory.  
 From thee no pale and wilted ghost,  
   Or branded by the blackening bar,  
 But crisp and cheery comes the toast,  
   And brown as ripening hazels are.  
 Thy butter has not lost the voice  
   Of English meads, where cowslips grow,  
 And oh, the bacon of thy choice—  
   Rose-jacinth labyrinthed in snow!  
 And mutton, colder than the kiss  
   Of formal love, where loathing lurks  
 Its deadlier chill doth wholly miss,  
   Fired with the spirit of thy works.  
 To true occasion thou art true,  
   As upon great occasions great;  
 Doing whatever Cook may do  
   When PHYLLIS, neat, alone will wait,  
 As when the neighbouring villas send  
   Their modish guests to statelier fare,  
 And PHYLLIS, neat, is helped to tend  
   By that staid man the Greengrocer.  
 Though thou art more than plain in look,  
   Thou wieldest charms that never tire—  
 O Cook—we will not call thee Cook,  
   Thou Priestess of the Genial Fire.




---

## LAYING A GHOST!

PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS.—Owing to the continued success of *Hamlet*, it has

been decided (by arrangement with the Author) to postpone, &c.—*Extract from Advertisement in Daily Paper.*

SCENE—*Sanctum of Popular Actor-Manager of Theatre Royal Haymarket, Popular Actor-Manager dozing over a submitted Play. He closes his eyes and slumbers. When to him enter Master WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.*

*Master W.S. (shouting).* What ho, Sir Player! Wake up, Sir, wake up!

*P.A.-M. (rousing himself).* Delighted to see you, Mr. SHAKSPEARE. I hope you have been in front and seen us?

*Master W.S.* Yes, I just had a glance. Find you have put in some new business. When will all you fellows leave me alone?

*P.A.-M. (earnestly).* I hope, Sir, that in the cause of Art you do not object, that—

*Master W.S. (interrupting).* Oh, no! It makes little difference to me what you do. *My* author's fees ceased years ago! But look here, What do you mean by this? (*Produces Press-cutting of advertisement and reads*)—"Theatre Royal, Haymarket, Prospective Arrangements. Owing to the continued success of *Hamlet*, it has been decided (by arrangement with the Author) to postpone" another play. Now, Master TREE, or as I may call ye, "Master up a Tree," what have you to say to that? You see your advertisement has caught my eye. I am here to answer it!

*P.A.-M.* Most wonderful! I do not know how or wherefore my pen slipped, but slip it did, indeed. However, I apologise. Is that enough?

*Master W.S.* More than enough!

*Enter the Ghost of HAMLET's Father suddenly.*

*Ghost (with a glance at W.S.).* Ah, the Governor here already! Still, I may have my chance as well as he! I gave the plot of *Hamlet*! Why shouldn't I have another shot? (*To P.A.-M.*)—

But that I am forbid  
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,  
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word  
Would harrow up thy soul.

*P.A.-M. (eagerly).* The very thing for a melodrama. Delighted to make your acquaintance—hem—in the Spirit!

*Master W.S.* Nay, good Master Player, this is scarcely business! If anything in *that* line is to be done, I should do it. (*To Ghost of HAMLET's Father*). Begone, Sirrah!

*Ghost.* Nay, this is professional jealousy! (*To P.A.-M.*). I find thee apt—

[*A book falls, and Master WM. SHAKSPEARE and Ghost of HAMLET's Father vanish together.*]

*P.A.-M. (opening his eyes).* Was I dreaming? (*With a recollection of "The Red Lamp"*) I wonder!  
[*Left wondering.*]

---

## TAKING A SIGHT AT RINGANDKNOCK.

(*By Ruddier Stripling.*)

After the roughness of the Atlantic, in which to my taste there is far too much water moving about, I stepped on to America with considerable relief. I was quite satisfied, after that excellent dinner, the first I had enjoyed since Liverpool slid away eastward, to walk aimlessly through the streets till I fell into the arms of a broad-shouldered, pug-nosed, Irish New York policeman. I remember no more till New York passed away on a sunny afternoon, and then I fell asleep again and slept till the brakeman, conductor, Pullman-car conductor, negro porter and newsboy somehow managed to pull me out into the midnight temperature of 80 below freezing. It was just like having one's head put under the pump, but it did not quite revive me, for I mistook my host in his sleigh for a walrus, and tried to harpoon him with my umbrella. After matters had been explained, we went off, at least I did, and never woke up till I fell out into a snow-drift, just as we turned a corner at our journey's end.

In the morning, I had some idea that the sky was a great sapphire, and that I was inside it, and that the fields were some sort of velvet or wool-work, going round and round with the sun rioting over them, whatever that may mean, till my head ached. I can't quite understand all this now, but it seemed a very picturesque, impressionist description when I wrote it. Then I went for a walk down Main Street. I think it is about 400 miles long, for I got nowhere near the end, but this was perhaps owing to my uncertainty as to which side was the pleasanter to walk on. At last I gave it

up, and sat down on the side-walk. Now, the wisdom of Vermont, not being at all times equal to grasping all the problems of everybody else's life with delicacy, sometimes makes pathetic mistakes, and it did so in my ease. I explained to the policeman that I had been sitting up half the night on a wild horse in New Zealand, and had only just come over for the day, but it was all in vain.

The cell at Vermont was horribly uncomfortable. I dreamt that I was trying to boil snow in a thimble, to make maple syrup, and to swim on my head in deep water, with a life-belt tied to my ankles. There was another man there, and in the early morning he told me about Mastodons and Plesiosauri in a wood near the town, and how he caught them by the tails and photographed them; and also that Ringandknock, a mountain near, was mentioned by EMERSON in a verse, which I remembered, because he made "co-eval" rhyme with "extended." Only a truly great Philosopher could have done that.



"Ta-ra-ra-Boom!"

It was all new and delightful; and it must have been true, because my informant was a quiet, slow-spoken man of the West, who refrained from laughing at me. I have met very few people who could do that. Next day all the idleness and trifling were at an end, and my friends conveyed me back to New York.

---

### EPITAPH ON A DYER.

This Dyer with a dire liver tried  
To earn a living dyeing, and he died.

---

## THE CONFESSIONS OF A DUFFER.

### No. VIII.—THE DUFFER AS A HOST.

Of course I don't try to give dinners at home. The difficulties and anxieties are too enormous. First there is inviting the people. I like to have none but very clever men and very pretty women, but nobody's acquaintance is limited to those rare beings, and, if I did invite them, they would all have previous engagements: I do not blame them. But suppose that two or three of the wits and beauties accept, that is worse than ever, because the rest are a Q.C. (who talks about his cases) and his wife, who talks about her children. An old school-fellow, who has no conversation that does not begin, "I say, do you remember old JACK WILLIAMS." This does not entertain the beauty, who sits next him.

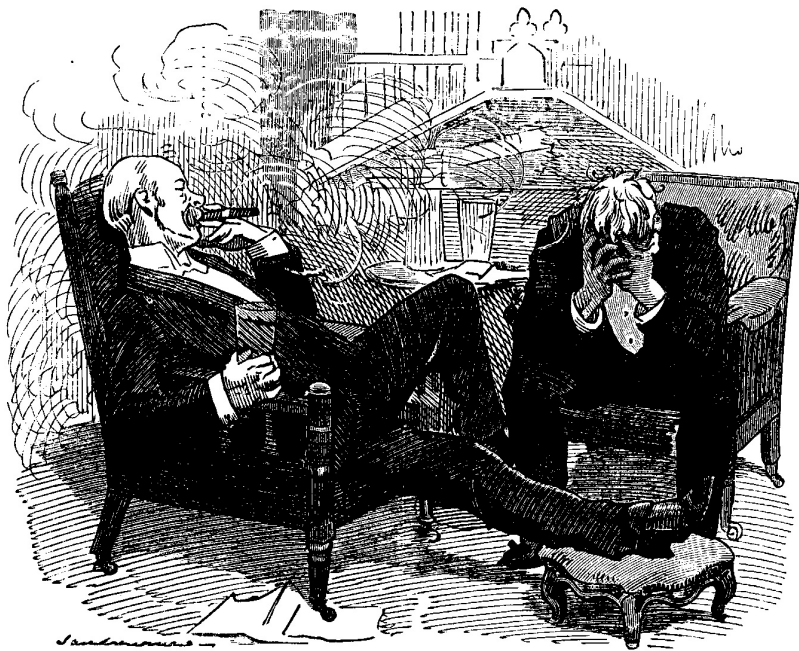
A Dowager Duchess, she knows none of the other people and wonders audibly (to me) who they are. A clever young man, whose language is the language of the future, and whose humour is of a date to which I humbly hope my own days may not be prolonged. A Psychological Researcher, with a note-book; he gets at the Duchess at once, and cross-examines her about a visionary Piper who plays audible pibrochs through Castle Blawearie, her ancestral home. Does she think the pibroch could be taken down in a phonograph. Could the Piper be snapped in a kodak? The Duchess does not know what a phonograph is; never heard of a kodak. She does not like the note-book any more than *Mr. Pickwick's* cabman liked it. She is afraid of getting into print. Then there is the Warden of St. Jude's, a great scholar; he pricks up his ears, not the keenest, at the word kodak, and begins to talk about a newly-discovered *Codex* of PODONIAN the Elder. Nobody knows what a *Codex* is. There is a School-board Lady, but, alas, she is next the Warden of St. Jude's, not next the enthusiastic Clergyman, who prosed about a Club for Milliners. There is GRIGSBY, who develops an undesirable interest in the Milliners' Club. Have they a Strangers' Room? Do they give suppers? Are they Friendly Girls? Everyone thinks GRIGSBY flippant and coarse; I wish I had not asked him to come. There is a Positivist, who sneers at the Clergyman; there are a Squire and his wife from Rutlandshire: she is next the Radical Candidate for the Isle of Dogs. They do not seem to get on well together. GRIGSBY and the humorist of the future are chaffing each other across the table: nobody understands them; I don't know whether they are quarrelling or not. Miss JONES, the authoress of *Melancholy Moods* (in a Greek dress, with a *pince-nez*: a woman should not combine these attributes) is next the Squire: he has never heard of any of her friends the Minor Poets: she takes no interest in Hay, nor in Tithes. I see the Guardsman and the Beauty looking at each other across the flowers and things: the language of their eyes is not difficult, nor pleasant, to read. Why is the champagne so hot, and why are the ices so salt and hard? I know something is the matter with the claret: something is always the matter with the claret. It has been iced, and the champagne has been standing for days in an equable temperature of 65°.

When they want to go away, it is a wet night, and those who have come in cabs cannot get cabs to go back in. The Duchess's coachman lost his way, coming here, she was half-an-hour late: she is anxious about his finding his way home. GRIGSBY has got at the Psychological-Researcher, and I hear him telling stories, as personal experiences, which I know are not true. Psychological-Researchers have no sense of humour. "S.P.R.," why not "S.P.Q.R.?" I hear GRIGSBY asking, and suggesting "Society for Propagating Rubbish." It is very rude of him, and not at all funny.

However, they do go away at last, that advantage a dinner at home has over a dinner at the Club, there they often seem as if they would never go away at all.

On the other hand, the wine is all right at the Club, I believe, for I know nothing about wine myself. Some men talk of nothing else, and seem to know the vintages without looking at the names on the bottles.

The worst of giving a dinner at the Club is, that I never know how many men I have asked, nor even who they are. It is enough if I remember the date. It might be a good thing to write these matters down in a Diary, or on a big sheet of paper, pinned up in one's room. I know I have written to ask some Americans whom I have not seen: they brought letters of introduction. I forget their names—there is a Professor who has written a novel, there is a General, I think, and a Mad Doctor.



"It is midnight; I am tired to death. Yes, Bielby *will* have something to drink, and another cigar—a very large one."

My best plan will be to stand about in the drawing-room, and try to select them as they come in. Here is WILKINSON, who was at St. Jude's with me: I shake hands with him warmly. He looks blank. It is not WILKINSON, after all; it is a stranger, he is dining with somebody else. Some other men have come in while I am apologising. One of them comes up and says, "Mr. McDUFFER!" He must be an American. Which? He tells me: he is the Mad Doctor. He introduces his countrymen; they all say "Mr. McDUFFER!" How am I to remember which is the General and which is the Professor? Other people drop in. Here is CRIMPTON. He is a Reviewer. Clever fellow, CRIMPTON. Here is old BEILBY—he is hot from the University Match. He begins to tell me all about it. JONES was awfully well set, but that muff SMITH ran him out. BEILBY does not believe it *was* out. Odd the spite umpires always have at our side. Feel that I must tear myself from BEILBY, the only man whose conversation really interests me. Here is an English writer on military subjects. I introduce him to the American General. Find he is the Professor, after all. We get down-stairs somehow. BEILBY is opposite me. CRIMPTON is next the Professor. The Military Writer is next the General. Things do not appear to go very smoothly. It seems that the Military one has said something about General BEAUREGARD which he should not have said. The General is getting red. I hate it, when men begin to talk about the American War. Any other war they are welcome to: the Danish War, the war of 1866, the war of 1870, the glorious affair of Majuba. But Americans are touchy about their war, not easy to please them whatever you say. Much best to say nothing. CRIMPTON is laughing at American novels. He does not know that the Professor is an American novelist. What am I to do? I try to kick him under the table. I kick the Mad Doctor, and apologise. Was feeling about for a footstool. BEILBY is trying to talk about Base Ball to the General, who is still red. Nothing is more disagreeable than these international discussions at dinner.

Now, a clever host would know how to get out of this; he would start some other subject. I can think of no other subject. Happy thought: gradually glide into American cookery, clams, canvas-backed ducks, what is that dish with a queer name—Jumbo? I don't feel as if it were Jumbo. Squambo? Terapin soup? It sounds rather like the Hebrew for a talisman, or an angel of some sort. However, they are talking about cookery now, and wines. Is there not an American wine called Catawampus? The Mad Doctor has his eye on me; he seems interested. I thought I heard him murmur *Aspasia*, or *Aphasia*, or something like that. It is not Catawampus—it is Catawba. I feel that I *patauge*—flounder, I mean. I am getting quite nervous; feel like a man in a powder-magazine, with lighted cigarettes everywhere. If one can withdraw them to the smoking-room, they will settle down somehow. They do. The Military Critic gets into a corner with BEILBY. The Americans and I consort together. Most agreeable fellows; have been everywhere, and seen everything. CRIMPTON, luckily, is reading one of his own reviews in the evening paper. I glance at it; it is a review of the Professor's novel. Not a kind review—rather insulting than otherwise. He hates BEILBY, and he does not know the Military Critic. If he joins us, there will be more international discussion. I get them on to the balcony, and pretend to go to ring the bell for coffee. I whisper to CRIMPTON. He is quite taken aback. "Awfully sorry; never dreamed the Professor was not English." He wants to tell the Professor that, thinks he will be pleased. He apologises to me; it is dreadfully disagreeable to be apologised to by a guest. "All my fault," I say; and, really, so it is. CRIMPTON remembers an evening engagement, and goes off *à l'Anglaise*.





When I was a young girl of twenty-eight—it is not so very long ago—I had my Diary bound in pale blue watered silk; it had three locks and a little silver key which I wore on a riband round my neck. I never took it off except to—I mean for the purposes of the toilette. There was a pocket at the end of the book, which would hold a faded flower or any little souvenir. I always wrote it in solitude and by night. Secresy has its ritual, and it is infinitely sweet and consoling. If you should ever choose to read any passage from your Diary to the dearest of your girl-friends, the confidence becomes in consequence so much more confidential; for she will know that you are reading to her what was never intended for any human eye to see, and will enjoy it more. If you have the least appreciation of what sentiment really means, if you feel that you are misunderstood, or if you suffer from the most sacred of all emotions, you will most certainly keep a Diary.

The entries in the Diary need not be of any great length. I once had a dear girl-friend who, during the happy season of her first love, became in the pages of her Diary almost entirely interjectional. I think this was from natural delicacy. I was recently stopping at her house, and owing to circumstances over which she had no control, I am able to reproduce here the entries which she made in the few days which culminated in her engagement.

"September 6.—Why?"

You observe that she is puzzled to account for her own emotions, and yet hesitates to give the inevitable solution. The intense reticence of this entry seems to me peculiarly beautiful.

"September 7.—I hate MARY BINDLER."

I can remember the circumstances very well, and I am inclined to think that she had some reason to be jealous of MARY BINDLER. MARY was not at all a nice girl.

"September 8.—Joy, joy, joy!"

I think I can explain this entry. MARY BINDLER had been called away hurriedly. Somebody was dead, or something of that sort. My friend's expression of relief seems to me very pretty and natural.

"September 9.—Ah!"

"September 10.—Oh!"

In that little word "Ah!" there is the whole history of a pic-nic and a carriage accident. It was there that she first guessed his feelings towards her. I am sorry to say that I have not been able to obtain any adequate explanation of the "Oh!" But I know they went out after dinner to see if it was possible to play tennis by moonlight. I conclude that it was not, for the next entry, which consists simply of a note of exclamation, is really a record of her engagement.

Of course I need not point out the impropriety of mixing in the pages of your Diary the record of the most sacred emotions, and notes of things more commonplace. I knew a girl who invariably did this. She always commenced with an account of any money that she might have spent during the day. I have managed, with considerable difficulty, to make a copy of one of these entries, and I give it as a warning:—

"Chocolate, one-and-six. ALGERNON has written to me, asking me to see him again for the last time. I have written back that my decision is unalterable. It breaks my heart to have to be so cruel—but fate wills it, and it's no good fighting against Mamma. Sent my grey to be cleaned—but it won't look anything when it's done."

In another entry I found the following:—

"A dear long letter from EGBERT. How perfect his sympathy is! Not feeling very well to-day—will always refuse *vol-au-vent* in future."

I need hardly say that a girl who would chronicle the state of her digestion and the sympathy of her lover in one paragraph could not possibly have any soul.

The perfect Diary is something of a paradox. It should be composed chiefly of what is unpublishable—of one's secrets and sentiments—but it should always be written as if with a view to publication. In your Diary you can say things about yourself which it would be conceited to say openly, and you can say things about your friends which it would be unkind to say openly; you can make your own pose seem more real to yourself. So, my dear young girls, take my advice, and commence Diaries. And remember I shall be very glad to answer any questions on the subject.

## Jokim's Latest Little Joke.

(By a many times disappointed Income-Tax Payer.)

It is out at last, but it falls very flat;  
Such a very big "bag," such a very small "cat"!  
Popularity Budget? It can't be called *that!*  
The Budget that was to have been such "good biz,"  
And have caused the Election to go with a "whizz,"  
Fizzles out in—reducing the duty on Fizz!  
Ah, JOKIM, my joker, you've hardly the knack  
Of holding the Bag, so we'll give you "*the Sack!*"

---

"MEET IT IS I SET IT DOWN."—"Mr. J. McN. WHISTLER," it was remarked by one of his visitors on the closing day of his recent Exhibition, "has in his Catalogue put down all unfavourable criticisms." How, in this respect, would all of us like to imitate the Eccentric Knight of the Order of the Butterfly, and put down all adverse criticism.

---

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

---

\*\*\* END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI,  
VOLUME 102, APRIL 23, 1892 \*\*\*

Updated editions will replace the previous one—the old editions will be renamed.

Creating the works from print editions not protected by U.S. copyright law means that no one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG™ concept and trademark. Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for an eBook, except by following the terms of the trademark license, including paying royalties for use of the Project Gutenberg trademark. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the trademark license is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. Project Gutenberg eBooks may be modified and printed and given away—you may do practically ANYTHING in the United States with eBooks not protected by U.S. copyright law. Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial redistribution.

### START: FULL LICENSE THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG LICENSE PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

To protect the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the phrase "Project Gutenberg"), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project Gutenberg™ License available with this file or online at [www.gutenberg.org/license](http://www.gutenberg.org/license).

#### **Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works**

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg™ electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. "Project Gutenberg" is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg™ electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg™ electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation (“the Foundation” or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is unprotected by copyright law in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg™ works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg™ name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg™ License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg™ work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country other than the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg™ License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg™ work (any work on which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” appears, or with which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at [www.gutenberg.org](http://www.gutenberg.org). If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is derived from texts not protected by U.S. copyright law (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase “Project Gutenberg” associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg™ trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg™ License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg™ License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg™.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg™ License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg™ work in a format other than “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg™ website ([www.gutenberg.org](http://www.gutenberg.org)), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg™ License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg™ works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works provided that:



- You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg™ works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, "Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation."
- You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg™ License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg™ works.
- You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work.
- You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg™ works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the manager of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

#### 1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread works not protected by U.S. copyright law in creating the Project Gutenberg™ collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain "Defects," such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the "Right of Replacement or Refund" described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you 'AS-IS', WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg™

electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg™ work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg™ work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

## **Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg™**

Project Gutenberg™ is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg™'s goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg™ collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg™ and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation information page at [www.gutenberg.org](http://www.gutenberg.org).

## **Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation**

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non-profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's business office is located at 809 North 1500 West, Salt Lake City, UT 84116, (801) 596-1887. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's website and official page at [www.gutenberg.org/contact](http://www.gutenberg.org/contact)

## **Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation**

Project Gutenberg™ depends upon and cannot survive without widespread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine-readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations (\$1 to \$5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit [www.gutenberg.org/donate](http://www.gutenberg.org/donate).

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: [www.gutenberg.org/donate](http://www.gutenberg.org/donate)

## **Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg™ electronic works**

Professor Michael S. Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg™ concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For forty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg™ eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg™ eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as not protected by copyright in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our website which has the main PG search facility: [www.gutenberg.org](http://www.gutenberg.org).

This website includes information about Project Gutenberg™, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.