

**The Project Gutenberg eBook of Punch, or the London Charivari, Volume 103,
November 5, 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. 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 103, November 5, 1892

Author: Various

Release date: April 21, 2005 [EBook #15677]

Most recently updated: December 14, 2020

Language: English

Credits: Produced by Malcolm Farmer, William Flis, and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team.

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI,
VOLUME 103, NOVEMBER 5, 1892 ***

**PUNCH,
OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.**

Vol. 103.

November 5, 1892.

CONVERSATIONAL HINTS FOR YOUNG SHOOTERS.

LUNCH (*continued*).—Perhaps the best piece of advice that I can give you, my young friend, is that—for conversational purposes—you should make a careful study of the natures and temperaments of your companions. Watch their little peculiarities, both of manner and of shooting; pick up what you can about their careers in sport and in the general world, and use the knowledge so acquired with tact and discretion when you are talking to them. For instance, if one of the party is a celebrated shot, who has done some astonishing record at driven grouse, you may, after the necessary preliminaries, ask him to be good enough to tell you what was the precise number of birds he shot on that occasion. Tell him, if you like, that the question arose the other day during a discussion on the three finest game-shots of the world. If you happen to know that he shot eighteen hundred birds, you can say that most people fixed the figure at fifteen hundred. He will then say,—“Ah, I know most people seem to have got that notion—I don't know why. As a matter of fact, I managed to get eighteen hundred and two, and they picked up twenty-two on the following morning.” Your obvious remark is, “By Jove!” (with a strong emphasis on the “by”) “what magnificent shooting!” After that, the thing runs along of its own accord. With a bad shot your method is, of course, quite different. For example:—

Young Shot. I must say I like the old style of walking up your birds better than driving, especially in a country like this. I never saw such difficult birds as we had this morning. You seemed to have the worst of the luck everywhere.

Bad Shot. Yes—they didn't come my way much. But I don't get much practice at this kind of thing—and a man's no good without practice.

Y.S. That was a deuced long shot, all the same, that you polished off in the last drive. When I saw him coming at about a hundred miles an hour, I thanked my stars he wasn't my bird. What a thump he fell!

B.S. Oh, he was a fairly easy shot, though a bit far off. I daresay I should do well enough if I only got more shooting. I'm not shooting with my own gun, though. It's one of my brother's, and it's rather short in the stock for me.

That starts you comfortably with the Bad Shot. You soothe his ruffled vanity, and give him a better appetite for lunch.

Now, besides the Good Shot, and the Bad Shot—the two extremes, as it were, of the line of shooters—you might subdivide your sportsmen further into—

(1.) *The Jovial Shot.* This party is on excellent terms with himself and with everybody else. Generally he shoots fairly well, but there is a rollicking air about him, which disarms criticism, even when he shoots badly. He knows everybody, and talks of most people by nick-names. His sporting anecdotes may be counted upon for, at any rate, a *succès d'estime*. "I never laughed so much in my life," he begins, "as I did last Tuesday. There were four of us—Old SANDY, BUTCHER BILL, DICK WHORTLEBURY, and myself. SANDY was driving us back from Dillwater Hall—you know, old PUFFINGTON's place—where we'd been dining. Devilish dark night it was, and SANDY's as blind as a bat. When we got to the Devil's Punchbowl I knew there'd be some warm games, 'cos the horse started off full tilt, and, before you could say knife, over we went. I pitched, head first, into DICK's stomach, and SANDY and BILL went howling down like a right and left of rabbits. Lord, I laughed till the tears ran down my face. No bones broken, but the old BUTCHER's face got a shade the worst of it with a thorn-bush on the slope. Cart smashed into matchwood, of course."

(2.) *The Dressy Shot.* Wonderful in the boot, stocking, and gaiter department. Very tasteful, too, in the matter of caps and ties. May be flattered by an inquiry as to where he got his gaiters, and if they are an idea of his own. Sometimes bursts out into a belt covered with silver clasps. Fancy waistcoats a speciality. His smoking-suit, in the evening, is a dream of gorgeous rainbows. Is sometimes a very fair shot. Generally wears gloves, and a fair moustache.

(3.) *The Bored Shot.* A good sportsman, who says he doesn't care about sport. Often has literary tastes. Has views of his own, and is, consequently, looked upon as a rather dangerous idealist by honest country gentlemen, who confine their reading to an occasional peep at the *Times*, and an intimate quoting acquaintance with the novels of Mr. SURTEES. Often shocks his companions by telling them he really doesn't care much about killing things, and would just as soon let them off. However, he shows a perfectly proper anger if he misses frequently. Is not unlikely to be an authority on sheep and oxen, and may, perhaps, be accepted as the Conservative Candidate for his County division, dumb but indignant County magnates finding that he expresses their views better than they can do it themselves. Don't talk to him about sport. Try him with books, interesting articles in the Magazines, and so forth.

(4.) *The Soldier Shot.* This kind is generally a Captain, dresses well, but not gaudily, and smokes big cigars. There seems to be a general idea that a man who can teach privates to shoot targets must be able to shoot game himself. Yet the Soldier Shot misses birds quite beautifully. He will have often shot big game in India with an accuracy that increases in proportion to the number of miles that separate him from the scene of his exploits. After all, the ability to "brown" a herd of elephants does not guarantee rights and lefts at partridges. Apt to declaim tersely and forcibly about the hardships of a military career.

(5.) *The Average Shot.* Talk to him about average matters, unless you hear he is a celebrity in some other branch of sport. In that case, get details from him of his last Alpine climb, or his latest run to hounds, or ask his views on racing matters. Most average shots go racing, and think they understand all about it.

I say nothing here about the Dangerous Shot, because it is never right to get within talking distance of him. In fact, he ought not to be talked to at all. I am not sure he ought to be allowed to live. Still, his exploits furnish material for many an animated conversation amongst the survivors.



—"ANIMIS CÆLESTIBUS IRÆ!"

A MODERN SCIENTIFIC DISCUSSION.

Miss Fanny (a gentle and most veracious Child). "YAH! YOU CRUEL COWARD! YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS SKINNED A LIVE FROG!"

Master Victor (an industrious but very touchy little Boy). "YOU'RE A LIAR! THE FROG WAS DEAD, AND *YOU KNOW IT!*"

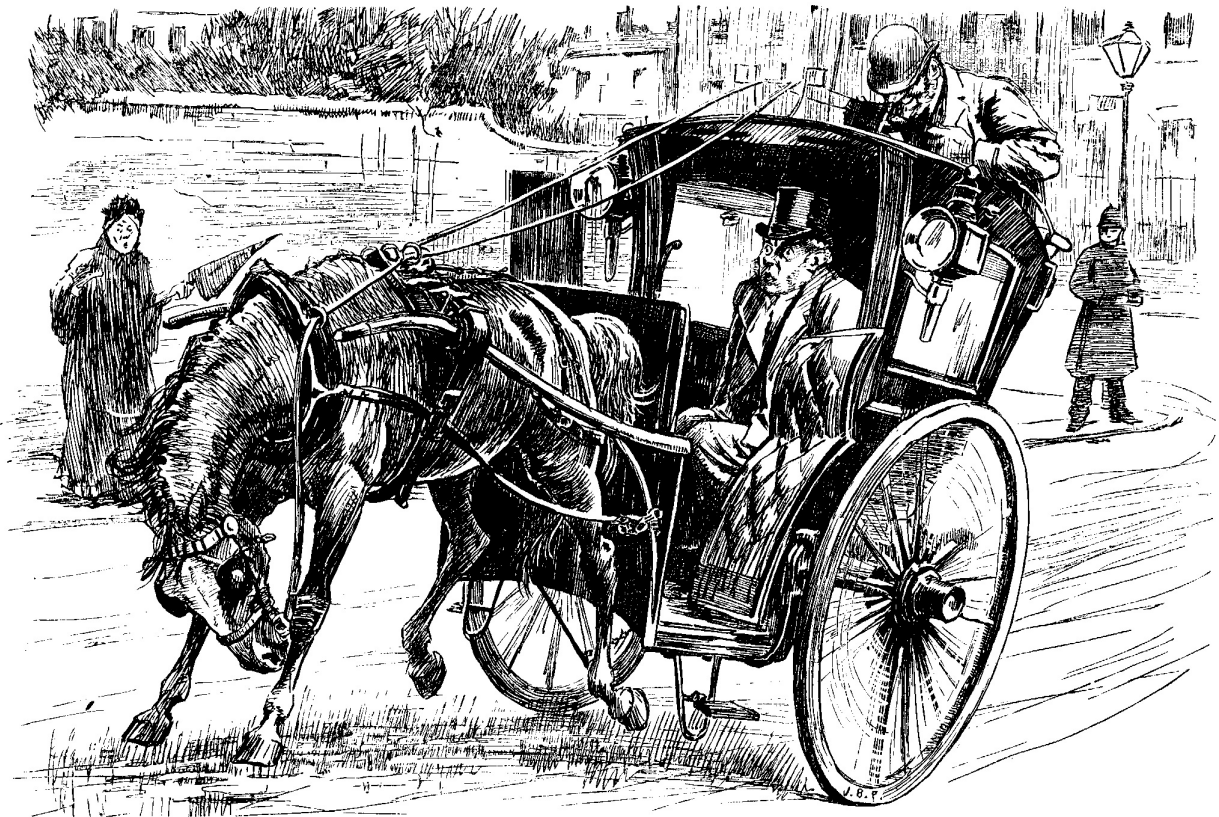
Miss Fanny. "BOOHOO! WHETHER IT WAS DEAD OR NOT, YOU'VE GOT NO RIGHT TO CALL NAMES; 'COS I'M A GIRL, AND CAN'T PUNCH YOUR HEAD!"

Master Victor. "IT'S JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE A GIRL THAT *I* CAN'T PUNCH *YOURS!* YOU SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF THAT BEFORE YOU CALLED ME A COWARD!"



THE CABINET MEET.

[pg 207]



A BUCKJUMPERISH SENSATION.

[It is rumoured that some of BUFFALO BILL's Broncos have been bought by the Cab Proprietors of London.]

Cabby. "SIT STILL, SIR! THIS AIN'T NOTHIN' TO WOT 'E CAN DO. YOU'LL SEE 'IM TURN 'EAD OVER 'EELS PRESENTLY!"

A QUESTION OF POLICE;

Or, What it may come to.

SCENE—*Trafalgar Square just before sunset. Police in abundance; number of Processionists in various parts of the open space seen to be dispersing.*

Police Inspector. Now, my good friends, I am going to be as polite as possible, but I must obey the regulations of the Commissioners of Her Majesty's Works and Public Buildings. And I say you cannot speak, because you have not given proper notice to the authorities.

First Orator. But I have—I tell you I wrote to the Commissioner four days ago.

Pol. In. Oh, did you? Then that of course alters the case. What are you, Sir?

First Or. I am the "Friends of the Horny Hands of Labour."

Pol. In. (after referring to note-book). Ah, I *thought* I was right. Your application came in second, Sir—the "Decayed Washerwomen" got in before you. Look here. (*Pointing out regulation.*) "Not more than one Meeting shall be allowed at the same time, and if notices of two or more Meetings are given for the same day, preference shall be given to that Meeting of which notice shall have been first received." So you see, Sir, you are not in it. Better luck next time. There is another Bank Holiday six months hence.

First Or. But the "Decayed Washerwomen" are not here, and I—

Pol. In. Very sorry. Sir, but you must move on. (*First Orator disappears with grumbling followers.*) I say, BILL, I do really think these regulations are working quite pleasantly.

Bill (a subordinate). Yes, Sir.

Second Orator. (entering hurriedly, accompanied by some aged females). Here, I say, where are we to make speeches?

Pol. In. (genially). Nowhere, unless you have the proper authority. Who may you be when you are at home?

Second Or. (fussily). Why, the "Decayed Washerwomen," to be sure. Now, look sharp, and find us a place to deliver speeches. You know you *must* do it, by order of the—

Pol. In. Yes, I know. Well, what do you say to the top of that lamp-post?

Second Or. Now, none of your chaff. Mind, you are the servants of the public, and—

Pol. In. Yes—but don't deliver a speech to me—I am not a "Decayed Washerwoman."

Chorus of Indignant Females. We should think not. It would be a good thing if you were!

Second Or. Now, look sharp. We have been longer coming than we expected. The cabs and omnibuses were so troublesome. Now, where shall I stand?

Pol. In. (considering). Well, I think you would be out of the way if you got up there, and spoke to them down below.

[*Points out elevated position in front of the National Gallery.*]

Second Or. But they won't be able to see, much less to hear me!

Pol. In. Can't help that. The Commissioners of Her Majesty's Works and Public Buildings don't provide telescopes nor yet ear-trumpets.—*Bill (saluting).* Sunset, Sir!

Pol. In. There, you see! Thought you would be too late. Time's up. Glad to see you another day. But now—move on!

[*And the Police Regulations are obeyed. Curtain.*]

THE GOOD OLD (SUNDAY) TIMES REVIVED.—The specimen number of *The Sunday Times* as it was at its commencement in 1822, given on Sunday, October 23rd, 1892, is most interesting. Theatrical advertising was quite "a feature" at that time, when only two Theatres, Drury Lane and Covent Garden, seem to have advertised. The names there are of EDMUND KEAN simply as Mr. KEAN, of Messrs. DOWTON, HARLEY, YOUNG, MUNDEN, Mrs. GLOVER, and of Madame VESTRIS as *Ophelia*. BRAHAM is there, as also LISTON and Miss STEPHENS. Prize Fights are done in the good old Tom-and-Jerry style, and the Police Reports are made so amusing as to suggest that such a light touch as is occasionally given in the "Day by Day" of the *Daily Telegraph*, might be nowadays welcome in (Police) Court News. Altogether, a happy thought to reproduce the *Sunday Times* of 1822, and may the *Sunday Times* of 1892 live up to it, and be

GUY-FOX POPULI.

The proceedings of the Midnight Mass Meeting of Unemployed Guys at Vauxhall on the fifth of November were of a somewhat disorderly nature, several of the speeches being characterised by a distinctly incendiary tone, as will be seen from the following account by *Mr. Punch's* Special Reporter, who was present throughout.

The Chair-guy (whose appearance was comparatively respectable) said he was proud to occupy the chair— notwithstanding that the bottom was out of it. (*Shame!*) Oh, he was used to that, although he could tell the meeting he had driven his own donkey-cart once upon a time, if he had come down to a wheelbarrow now! (*Cries of "Toff!" and "Aristocrat!" from the more extreme Guys.*) He did not understand those expressions of disapproval—a wheelbarrow with one leg missing was surely an unostentatious conveyance enough. Well, they had met that evening to discuss the means to be taken to obviate the depression in the important branch of out-door industry in which, if he did not mistake, they were all interested. (*Hear, hear!*) That such depression existed, and was on the increase, there was, unhappily, no doubt—it was becoming more and more difficult, as they knew without his telling them, for the steadiest Guy to maintain himself in a proper position, without extraneous support. He knew, for a fact, that there were hundreds of Guys at that very moment who, when their present job was over, would find themselves—through no fault of their own—thrown out of employment for another twelvemonth, at least. Did they call *that* justice? (*No! and groans.*) The whole system was iniquitous—the question was, how they were to put a stop to it. He invited suggestions from the Audience.



"A Guy in Spectacles and a Tall Hat."

A Guy said that, in his opinion, their decline was entirely due to their inability to supply themselves with the apparel necessary and suitable to their calling. What were their duties? Why, to keep alive the memory of their famous Founder, the author of the great, and never-to-be-forgotten Gunpowder Plot—he need hardly say he alluded to GUIDO FAWKES! (*Enthusiastic and prolonged cheering.*) He was no scholar himself—he had never enjoyed a University education—and he did not pretend to be an authority on historical costume. Still, he felt safe in asserting that a Guy who, like himself, was compelled to represent their glorious Predecessor in an old tail coat, a pair of baggy tweed trousers, and a pot hat with a hole through the crown, did so under a cruel disadvantage. He had heard that, in former times, every Guy was sent out provided, as a matter of course, with a dark lantern and a box of matches. Who ever saw a Guy so equipped nowadays? They had been robbed of the very implements of their trade by the grasping greed of their so-called superiors. (*Shame!*) In his opinion every Guy had a right to be furnished with the correct costume of the period—whatever that might be—at the public expense. (*Loud cheers.*)

A Guy in a Cocked Hat said he did not think the previous speaker had mentioned the real cause of their fallen fortunes—their *clothes* were right enough; they had to thank their own shortsighted policy for their present position—yes, he was there to speak plainly, as Guy to Guy, and he told them that it was nothing short of social suicide for a Guy to carry about a placard, such as he saw too many of them wearing that evening, inscribed with the name of a recent murderer or some other popular but ephemeral favourite. (*Some murmuring.*) *That* was not the way to preserve the name and fame of their revered Chief. No; let every Guy be true to himself and his order, let him indignantly refuse to sully his descent by such vulgar and unworthy devices, and then—(*Uproar, amidst which the Speaker was compelled to resume his seat.*)

A Guy in a Blue Mask, who carried a placard bearing the name of the Ex-Premier, described the remarks of both his brother Guys as pestilent drivel. It was not clothes that made the Guy. A Guy was a Guy in any guise! (*Loud cheers.*) But no Guy ever rose in the world yet without combustibles of some sort inside him, and how many of them ever knew what it was to get their fill of crackers? They were starving amidst an abundance of squibs! Society was responsible, and must be forced to do its duty. He had had enough of it, he meant to get a good blow-out before he was much older, he could tell them, and if the Government refused to provide it free, he must loot a firework factory, that was all—he was ready to lead the way—if they would follow! (*Applause.*)

A Guy in a Yellow Mask said he was in favour of proceeding by peaceable and constitutional methods if possible. Much could be done by organising and bringing their grievances before Parliament, with a view to remedial legislation. They might begin by agitating for the Franchise.

"One Guy, one vote!" would be a popular cry just now, when some Electoral Reforms were believed to be in contemplation. Fortunately they had a Home Secretary whom they might reasonably hope to find sympathetic—he thought they should ascertain his views before taking any other steps.

A Guy in a Pink Mask said he had organised till he was sick of it. As for the Home Secretary, he happened to have headed a deputation to the Home Office that very afternoon—and what did the Meeting think was the result? Why, the Home Secretary had declined to receive him! (*Shame!*) Ah, he might call himself a Radical—but did he treat a Guy as a Man and a Brother? Did he recognise that, creatures of rags and shavings as they were, they had their feelings? Not he! they were all alike, these politicians, directly they got into office. How long, he asked them, were Guys to be chivied, and harried, and moved along into back-streets by the brutal minions of a corrupt middle-class? If they wanted to get their rights, they must make themselves a nuisance to the Authorities, like other people. It was all very fine to talk about the Franchise, and "One Guy, one vote!" and all the rest of it, but they all knew that Home Rule blocked the way at present. They must go to Trafalgar Square in their thousands; it was the finest place for a bonfire in all London, and they had been kept out of it long enough. *He* meant to go, if he had to be carried there! (*Loud cheers.*)

A Guy in Spectacles and a Tall Hat, said that a demonstration in the Square would, no doubt, be an excellent way of drawing public attention to their wrongs. He advised that when they had succeeded in capturing the Square, they should proceed to pass a resolution calling upon the London County Council to find instant and permanent employment for such Guys as were out of work. (*Cheers.*) They could do it easily enough if they liked, and he would tell them how. All over London, nay, in the very Square itself, there were innumerable pedestals at present usurped by Statues which were a disgrace to the Metropolis. All the Council had to do was to remove those Statues from positions they had so long abused, and promote the most deserving and destitute Guys to fill their places. (*Uproar.*)

A Guy in Fustian and a Red Comforter rose excitedly to protest against the last speaker's proposals, which he declared were an insult to their common Guyhood. They might have come down in the world, but hitherto, whatever might be said of them, they had, at least, never rendered themselves publicly ridiculous. Now they were asked to degrade themselves by accepting the ignominious position of London Statues! Was there a Guy who would ever hold up his head again, after such an infamous surrender of his self-respect and independence? He felt it his duty to denounce the Guy who was guilty of such a suggestion as a wolf, in sheep's clothing, a base traitor to his order, and a paid spy!

[Intense excitement; charges and countercharges, and vain attempts by the Chair-guy to restore order. Several Guys, unable to control their indignation any longer, exploded, and the Meeting finally dispersed without attempting to pass any resolution, amidst a scene of indescribable confusion.]

A PATRON OF THE GAIETY THEATRE AND MODERN VARIETY EXTRAVAGANZA SHOW ANTICIPATED BY CHARLES DICKENS.—"There's a lot of feet in SHAKSPEARE's verse, but there ain't any legs worth mentioning in SHAKSPEARE's Plays. * * * What the people call dramatic poetry is a collection of sermons. Do I go to the theatre to be lectured? No, PIP. If I wanted that, I'd go to church. What's the legitimate object of the Drama, PIP? Human nature. What are legs? Human nature. Then let us have plenty of leg-pieces, PIP, and I'll stand by you, my buck!"—*Martin Chuzzlewit.*

N.B.—This is the Pip of our puzzle to Dickensian Students last week. The reference, chapter and verse, was given immediately by Mr. COMYNS CARR, who, on the spot received his reward, and went away rejoicing. We regret that there are no second and third prizes, otherwise Messrs. WALTER WREN and VAN TROMP would have been "placed."—ED.

REFRESHERS.

"The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE said, 'The extent to which Refreshers are carried in these days makes my historical mouth water. In my younger days at the Bar'—"



(Cue for Song.)

"In my younger days at the Bar, Tra la la la!" &c.

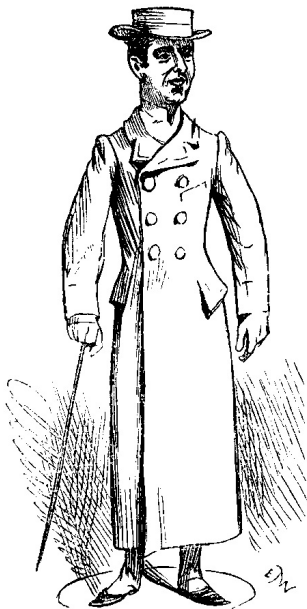
THE NEW BROOM, AND THE BLACK PEERAGE.

(Rhyme by a Rad.)

[Lord SALISBURY, in his article in the *National Review* for November, makes fun of Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON's assertion that the Government could, at a pinch, secure a majority in the Upper Chamber by elevating five hundred Sweeps (which Lord S. calls the "Black Peerage") to the House of Lords, with the assent of the Crown.]

Five hundred? Good gracious! there's no need of that.
 "Black Peerage," indeed! Though as black as my hat,
 They could hardly be blacker than SALISBURY's lot;
 But to talk of such sooty recruits is sheer rot.
 That bad Upper House to reform—or degrade—
 We don't want the charge of this queer Dark Brigade.
 Five hundred? FRED HARRISON, you *are* a green one!
 I'd settle the business with *one* sweep—a *clean one*!

THE COURT JESTERS.



An Inhabitant of Noah's Ark.

Thanks to Messrs. SIMS and RALEIGH and the Court Company for a good hearty laugh, and many of them at their new three-act farcical comedy, *The Guardsman*. It Raleigh is good, and Sims likely to be in for a long run. Therefore, congratulations to Mr. CHUDLEIGH, who is in the proud position of "Sole Lessee and Manager," of the Court. Odd, as a correspondent remarked in a letter to *Mr. Punch* last week, is the coincidental resemblance of the master-motive of the plot to that of *Incognita* at the Lyric; viz., the young man refusing to marry the girl with whom he is really in love, because he is in love with the very same young lady without knowing her name or anything about her. But hath not the old Spanish Comedy-writer, GONZALES, used it three times? hath not his fellow-countryman, VEGA MORVEGA, used it in his now obsolete play of *The Distressed Mother*? and hath not VODENDOL, the Norwegian dramatist, absolutely nauseated us with it, not to mention its constant use by that imitation of GOLDONI, Count ERFITO D'ALUMINIO? And to come nearer home, did not the German—but why pursue the "motive" until you run it to earth, and even then it won't be killed, but will be flourishing thousands of years hence, when the New Zealand playwright among the ruins of London shall take up his note-book and commence a scenario on the old, but to him, quite original idea.

Then, in the last Act of *The Guardsman*, if we have a French room with half-a-dozen doors, leading to half-a-dozen different places, with which arrangement not a few of us are familiar in pieces brought over fresh from the Palais Royal, and occurring in farces of which *Bébé*, *Anglicè Betsey*, at the Gymnase and Criterion is a type, shall we complain? Shall we not rather laugh heartily over the good old game of Hide-and-Seek, which on the stage is invariably the cause of much amusement to one person for whom, at all events, I can answer? What does it matter if to some it recalls a few farcical comedies all excellent material? Not a bit! I gather from the genuine laughter and applause of the crowded house at the Court, that this amuses and will continue



Arthur Cecil's Collard Head à la G.O.M.

to amuse some hundreds nightly, as long as it is all done so well, and at such high pressure, as it is now in *The Guardsman*. The First Act is good; the Second is the best; but the Third is like the last figure in an after-supper early-in-the-morning Lancers, ending in a whirligig *galop*, when everything is fast and furious, and just the tune and its measure taken *prestissimo* and *fortissimo* keep the couples going till everybody is breathless and exhausted.

WEEDON GROSSMITH is excellent. In brief, he plays the part of a thorough donkey, who wishes to appear "horsey." ARTHUR CECIL is admirable as the Ex-Judge of the Divorce Court—suggesting the idea of a gay old gentleman, who is still a bit of a dog—but a dog who has had his day. If this is not his character, how is it he is on such friendly terms with the *Modiste*, carefully played, and with great spirit too, by Miss AGNES THOMAS? Mr. ELLIOT is all go and bustle; if he were not so, pop would go the piece. The makeup of Mr. LITTLE for the old Captain is uncommonly good; it is a small part, but, with a LITTLE in it, it is big. Mr. NAMBY, as the Irishman, *Miles*, first-rate; quite *Miles gloriosus*. But I can't go on with praise, they're all so good, and ELLALINE TERRISS charming. Miss CAROLINE HILL, fresher than the proverbial paint, makes a rattling part of *Lady Jones*, and, as the motto of this Company is that of Racing Eights, "Swing, swing together!"—which might, in another sense, have been the refrain sung by a brazen band of Highwaymen in the good old times—it is likely that they'll keep the Court-Boat going the pace, with the tide of popular favour, for many months to come.



Miss Ellaline Terriss with her Special Train—to be continued in our next.

As a Postscript, I may add a letter on the subject addressed to *Mr. Punch*.

Oct. 25th.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

In the admirable letter of "AN OLD SOLDIER" in your paper this week, there are a few unimportant errors due, no doubt, to your Correspondent's age, and the shortness of memory consequent upon it that mar, in a measure, the trenchant force of his criticism. I feel sure he will pardon my reminding him that the Coldstream Guards do *not* wear varnished or patent-leather boots with a tunic, except in "*Levéé* dress;" that Mr. CHARLES WARNER did not play a private soldier in "the same distinguished regiment," but in the Grenadiers; that a Captain could never, by any possibility be "on guard" at the Tower; that the officer on duty at the Tower is called the "Picquet," and not the "Orderly" officer, and is never a Captain; that no Guardsman has ever, in the memory of man, worn a "scarf" in uniform; and that no soldier, worthy of the name, considers the mess of his own Battalion "an odd sort of place to dine at," even "in the height of the Season."

I may add that my mother tells me she has often had her Court-dress altered on the very morning of the "Drawing-Room." With these few trifling exceptions, "AN OLD SOLDIER's" letter is most accurate and just.

I am, Dear *Mr. Punch*,
Your enthusiastic Admirer,

A PRESENT GUARDSMAN.

"HERE WE ARE AGAIN!"—Last Friday, a Correspondent of the P.M.G., onboard the *Angola*, interviewed "the Marine-mystery, the Sea-serpent," off the West Coast of Africa. It showed "two tremendous green eyes." The narrator counts upon there being a considerable amount of green in the eyes of those who don't happen to be Sea-serpents—unless after using very strong glasses (hot) and plenty of 'em.

"WE ARE NOTHING IF NOT CORRECT."—In last week's number the title of Picture, p. 198, should have been "Studies in *Contrapuntal* (not 'Continental') Perspective;" and at p. 201, in EFFIE's reply to the Governess, "AN" was a misprint for "no." This information will relieve a vast number of perplexed inquirers.



THE GENTLE EGOTIST.

The Doctor. "AND WHICH OF YOU TWO LADIES IS THE INVALID?"

Elder Sister. "I'M SORRY TO SAY IT'S *ME*, DOCTOR!"

THE ROAD TO RUIN;

Or, The Real Military Long-Distance Ride.

["A quarter of a century hence, France will have more than four million trained soldiers, and Russia more than four millions and a half. We may deplore, as we will, this conversion of Europe into a vast camp, but the German Government, witnessing the development of such colossal armies on either hand, cannot be said to propose anything excessive or unnecessary when it asks, as it now does, for the means of raising the trained soldiers of the Empire to 4,400,000."—*The "Times" on the German Army Bills.*]

Ride on! Ride on! 'Tis a pace will kill!
 Like Smuggler BILL and Exciseman GILL,
 In the *Ingoldsby Legends*, you ride a race
 On a perilous path, at a breakneck pace,
 In a mingled spirit of hate and fear,
 Too hot to heed, and too deaf to hear;
 With a fierce red eye on each other cast,
 And a rate of going that *cannot* last,
 On a road that leads, as such roads lead all,
 To a crumbling cliff, and a crashing fall.

"The Road to Ruin? Pooh! preacher trite!
 'Tis a gallant race, and in glorious flight,
 With the clinkety-clank of scabbard and spur,
 O'er moor and meadow, by linden and fir,
 With the wind of speed blowing brisk in one's face,
 A Long-Distance Ride is a soul-stirring race!"

Verily yes,—for the riders gay,
 Saddled softly, in armed array,
 Hand on the bridle, heel at the flank,
 And that martial music, clinkety-clank!
 Charming the ear in galloping time
 With the hoofs' hard rattle in clattering chime.
 Clumpety-clump! Clankety-clink!
 Out on the caitiff who'd pause or shrink!
 Clinkety-clank! Clumpety-clump!
 The stout steed's heart at his ribs may thump,
 In spasms the breath through his nostrils pump,

The strained neck droop, though 'tis held at stretch,
The labouring lungs in sheer agony fetch
Blood-mixed breathings, red-dappled foam,—
Let the lash descend, let the spur strike home!
Are they not *racing*? Is not their pride
Engaged in winning *this* Long-Distance Ride?

Excessive? No! Who dares hint so?
The going's hot, and the steeds must *go*!
Chargers entered for such a race
Must not complain of the pounding pace;
Must not grumble at crushing weight.
Yes; they appear in a piteous state,
Almost foundered, and well nigh blown,
With the burden big o'er their shoulders thrown.
Ever swelling, like miser's sacks;
But why have horses such broad strong backs,
If not to *bear*—to the death at need,
Though lungs may choke, and though flanks may bleed?
Ride, ye *militaires*, ruthlessly ride!
Shouting Emperors hail with pride,
"Gallant" riders, who lash and goad
Their staggering steeds on this desperate road;
Their whips are wet, and their spur-points gory,
But—beasts must bleed, in the name of Glory!

Beasts of burden, ye peoples, still
Ridden hard by a ruthless will!
Militarism is mounted firm.
The saddled slaves may shudder and squirm,
The bridled brutes may shy and shrink,
The road is long, and the gulf's black brink
Seems distant yet, and is scarcely seen
By the rival riders, whose pride and spleen
Blind them—save to each other's glare,
To the pace they make, and the weight they bear,
Those hot-urged horses! Lash and goad,
Rash riders!—but, at the end of the road,
When the growing burden's last possible pound
Is piled; when the steed's last staggering bound
Is made, when the last short, labouring breath
Is breathed, when over, in shuddering death,
The charger rolls, with a sickening crash,
And responds no more to the spur or lash;
And the gulf yawns close, sheer slope to air,
Black, unavoidable, ruinous there—
Then, gallant rider, how will *you* fare?

In the County Council.

CHARRINGTON forgot his manners,
Pleading for the *Jolly Tanners*;
He gave his tongue, at serious cost,
The Licence which the *Tanners* lost.



THE ROAD TO RUIN.



THE TROUBLES OF STALKING!!

Irate Gillie (on discovering in the distance, for the third time that morning, a "Brute of a Man" moving about in his favourite bit of "Forest"). "OH! DEIL TAKE THE PEOPLE! COME AWA,' MUSTER BROWN, SIR; IT'S JUST PEKKADILLY!!!"

AN AUTUMN AFTERNOON

AT NAZARETH HOUSE.

O wealthy and world-weary triflers, O idle and opulent folk,
For whom time is a foe to be slain, and life's self but a bore or a joke,
Take yourselves, and your hearts, and your purses to Nazareth House and
behold

The brave service of well-bestowed time, the brave uses of well-applied gold!

Where is Nazareth House, then, and what? 'Tis in Hammersmith, Madam, a
place

That you probably seldom illumine with the light of your beautiful face.
But *what?* That's a far larger question, full answer to which would take time.
Far better go see for yourself. If there's aught of the moral sublime
In these gold-grubbing days, 'tis in scenes where love-service unbought and
unpaid—

A vastly unbusiness-like thing in the eyes of the vassals of Trade!—
Is devoted in silence unseen to the outcast, the old, and the poor.
Five hundred such waifs are here housed, and *they yearn to find refuge for
more!*

That's the pith of the matter, dear Madam! And as for the rest, I've returned
From a visit, and fancy your heart, like my own, would have lightened and
burned!

Had you walked through the wards, as I walked, with a Sister as frank and
unfeigned

As sweet Charity's servant should be. There was nothing o'er piously strained
In this unrigid Refuge for helplessness. Cheeriness, confidence, mirth
Seemed to reign in these child-crowded rooms—in these wards where the
aged, whose birth

Dated well-nigh a century back, whether sewing, or smoking, or prone
On the pallet of sickness, all *smiled*, and no soul seemed forlorn or alone.
How they sang, those close clustering toddlers, their curly heads tier above
tier,

With never a trace of restraint, and unknowing the shadow of fear!
Here timidity checks not the young, and here weariness haunts not the old.
There is laughter on age-shrivelled lips, and the eyes of mere babies are bold
With the confidence born but of love. Even imbeciles, helpless and blind,

Shut out at each sense from full life, yet can feel unseen tendance is *kind*,
And sit silently placid, or burst into song of a heart-searching sort—
Muffled speech from unplumbed spirit-depths, yet inspired by the impulse of
sport.

Have a chat, my dear Madam—shrink not, they are women!—with age-
wrinkled dames,

Who are busily bed-quilting here, while the Autumn sun ruddily flames
On the walls from the liberal windows. Bestow but a smile and a jest,
They'll respond with a jest and a smile, for there's life in each age-burdened
breast,

And confidence, comfort, and cheer. Here again clustered close round the fire
Are a number of grizzle-look'd men, every one is a true "hoary sire,"

Bowed, time-beaten, grey, yet alert and responsive to kindness of speech;

And see how old eyes can light up if you promise a pipe-charge a-piece.

For the comforting weed KINGSLEY eulogised is not taboo in this place,

Where the whiff aromatic brings not cold reproval to Charity's face.

Ah! the tale is o'erlong for full telling; but never a bright afternoon

In London's chill leaf-strewn October was better bestowed. 'Tis a boon

To be able to speak on behalf of Samaritan kindness so schemed,

In a way in which lovers of man, not of mummeries, ever have dreamed.

On such wise, wide, benevolent lines, with no bondage of class or of creed.

But the helpless Five Hundred still swell, and the Sisterhood feel sorest need

Of enlarging their borders and branches. The children especially swarm,

And for every poor, pale, helpless mite, who can here find a pallet and form,

Home, food, clothing, schooling, life-settlement, *love*, there are hundreds for
whom

And their piteous appeal the response must unwillingly come, "No more
room!",

Room, not in their hearts but their wards is this unselfish Sisterhood's lack;

There you, my dear Madam, can help, if your purse-strings a little you'll slack.

The Home for Poor Age, Helpless Childhood, Incurable Sickness, depends

Not on fees or on wealthy endowments, but alms and free service of friends.

Gifts, not only of money, but garments and furniture, beds, tables, chairs,

The Nazareth ladies will welcome—Come! Is there a Christian who cares

For God's poor and the Christ-welcomed children, who will not respond in
some way

To the modest appeal of these ladies, who care for the Waif and the Stray?

TO MANKIND IN GENERAL—

THEREFORE TO MR. GLADSTONE IN PARTICULAR.

(See *Speech by Miss Cozens at Meeting of Woman's
Emancipation Union at Birmingham, Oct. 27.*)

The time is come, beware of "us,"

There's thunder in the air;

Your future's in the care of "us;"

Beware of "us"—beware!

We'll cease to coax and "Cozen" you

By fascinating smiles,

And gaily now impose on you

By dynamitic wiles.



A JUDGE'S LAMENT.

[Q.B.D. = Queen's Bench Division.]

After the labours of Vacation,

Ten long weeks with nothing to do,

I feel that I need some recreation,

I'll sit in Court for a week or two:

It's just as well, now and then,

To show yourself to the public ken.

Ah me! who would be

Judge of the High Court, Q B.D.?

But it's tiring work to sit on the Bench,

Hearing the Counsel, day by day,

Canting and ranting, while they clench

Their fists, and thump and hammer away:

Be their arguments weak or strong,
Whatever I say I'm in the wrong.
Ah me! who would be,
A badgered Judge of the Q.B.D.?

Whenever I crack a judicial jest,
Witnesses, jurors, suitors smile,
They quite understand I do my best,
A wearisome action to beguile:
"Silks" and "Juniors" seem to force,
A jeering laugh as a matter of course.
Ah me! who would be,
A jocular Judge of the Q.B.D.?

The public, solicitors, counsel, frown
And grumble and growl at the law's delay;
I'm never allowed to stop in town,
Off on Circuit I'm hurried away:
Election Petitions I'm made to judge,
On Irish Commissions I have to drudge.
Ah me! who would be,
A toiling Judge of the Q.B.D.?

To a *cause célèbre* I don't object,
Leaders of fashion around me sit,
My robes and ermine command respect,
I rather fancy I'm making a hit:
I feel there's a chance of getting, who knows?
Into *Vanity Fair* or Madame Tussaud's.
Ah me! who would not be,
A popular Judge of the Q.B.D.?

When the Sittings are in full swing, I'm bound,
From half past ten till the clock strikes four,
In Court or in Chambers to be found,
With half an hour for my lunch or more:
Summons and motion and cause I hear,
I'm only paid, five thousand a-year!
Many a man would like to be,
Judge of the High Court Q.B.D.

ANTI-TEETOTAL OPERA, "*Eugène Onegin*" at the Olympic. Will it be followed by *Ourjane Twobrandi*? and subsequently, by the celebrated Opera, *Lotowiski*?



Ethel (who has picked up a few sporting phrases, and thinks she can instruct her Governess). "NO, I HAVEN'T HEARD FROM MUMMY, BUT I'VE HEARD FROM POPPA. HE HAS KILLED 137 GROUSE, BUT I DON'T KNOW WHETHER THEY'RE BRACES."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"For graphic touch and keen appreciation of humour, for easy conversational narration, give me," quoth the Baron, "the papers now being published in *Household Words* (most appropriate place for them), written by MONTAGU WILLIAMS, Q.C. and Magistrate." His paper on Ramsgate, telling how he travelled down, who his companions were, is as thoroughly amusing and interesting as his tribute to the health-giving climate of Ramsgate is true. These papers under the comprehensive title of "Round London," are to be republished in book-form by, as I believe, Messrs. MACMILLAN, and assuredly they will be as popular as were the same author's "Leaves" and "Later Leaves." False sentiment, MONTAGU WILLIAMS, as man or magistrate, does not encourage. "Strongly do I recommend his 'Round London,'" says

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

"THE MORRIS DANCE."—NEW FIGURE.—The *Premier Danseur*, holding laurel-crown, dances up to WILLIAM MORRIS offering him the laurel-crown. Will MORRIS? MORRIS won't. Premier retires gracefully, and is seen approaching LEWIS MORRIS.

TO SOME AUTHORS.

"How did I like that book?" I gained,
 From reading it, joy unrestrained;
 'Twas perfect—had it but contained
 An Index!

Brilliant, yet also erudite,
 Profound, in facts, in diction light,
 Why failed its writer to indite
 An Index?

'Twas history, on its social side,
 With stories, good to quote, supplied,
 Yet how quote anything, denied

An Index?

A book that "He who reads might run"—
MACAULAY, BOSWELL, GREEN, in one!
Its Printer, too—what made *him* shun
An Index?

I missed a date, harked back. "A fad!"
You'll say? Perhaps. It made *me* mad.
My hunt was vain, because, it had
No Index.

O Authors of instructive chat,
Supply this want when next you're at
A book! "*Bis dat qui citò dat*,"
An Index.

OUR NEW EXAM.

Answer any three of the following five questions:—

I. (a.) What is a cassowary? (b.) Does its internal construction render it capable of anthropophagy? (c.) Describe its habits, nature and food, and draw an outline sketch of its skeleton.

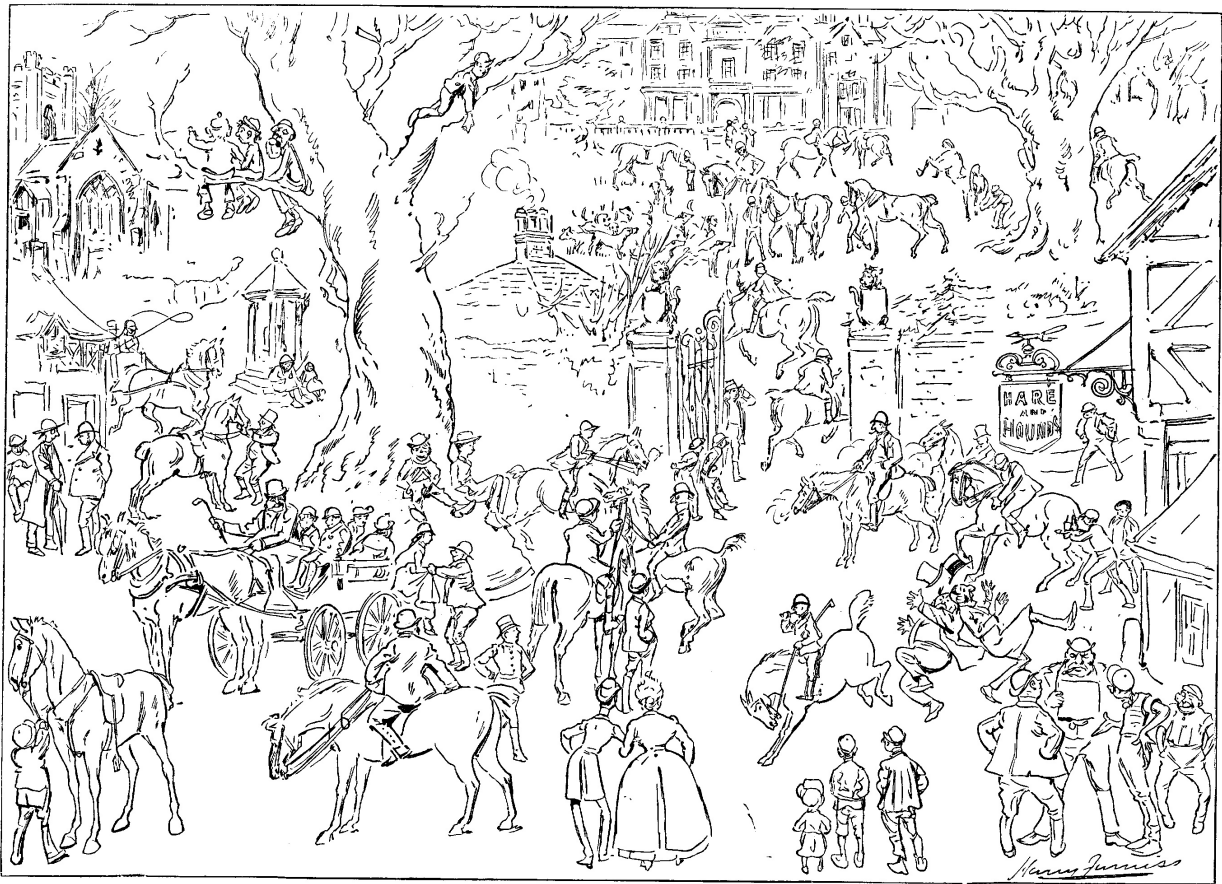
II. (a.) Give the latitude and longitude of Timbuctoo. (b.) State the number and religious belief of its inhabitants. (c.) Discuss its natural advantages; (i.) as a port, and (ii.) as a centre for missionary enterprise.

III. (a.) Is a missionary best when served (i.) *au naturel*; (ii.) *à la maître d'hôtel*, or, (iii.) *aux petites livrettes de psaumes*? Discuss the advantages of each method of preparation; (b.) Quote any advice given by (i.) LUCULLUS, or (ii.) EPICURUS on this subject.

IV. What version of the Prayer-book is in use amongst the natives of Central Africa?

V. Discuss the authorship of the poem entitled *Timbuctoo*, and adduce any reasons for believing JULIUS CÆSAR to have written it.

THE OTHER PAPER.—MR. NEWNES is bringing out a rival to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Is it to be published before the *P.M.G.*, or later in the day? If the first, its title might be *The Noon's Paper*; if the latter, *The After-Newnes Paper*. Whichever you like, my little dear! Mr. N. pays his money and takes his choice. Anyhow, "NEWNES' Paper" is a marketable commodity.



THE HUNTING SEASON. THE MEET.

[pg 216]

THE STEPNEY THAT COSTS.

["The circumstances will indeed have to be very remarkable to take two Judges into Stepney."—*Baron Pollock, re Stepney Election Petition, Oct. 26.*]

I chanced to meet a man the other day,
 Whose store of legal knowledge was amazing,
 He stormed at me in quite the stormiest way,
 With, fiery indignation simply blazing.
 I wondered if he'd lost his (legal) hair
 (Forgive the phrase) against a demi-rep? Nay!
 They'd really ventured to presume to dare
 To ask a Judge or two to go to Stepney!

Now if it had been merely Peekham Rye,
 They would have gone at once, and gone right gladly.
 Then Brondesbury, Barnet—New or High,—
 Or Shepherd's Bush would not have done so badly.
 Penge would have brought the Crystal Palace near,
 And Kensington's Olympia made their soul burn,
 They'd have enjoyed the jaunt to Greenwich Pier,
 And Heaven had been synonymous with Holborn.

Oh! had it been Soho or Maida Vale
 It would have been of course another story. A
 Delightful trip to Euston could not fail
 To please as much as Broad Street or Victoria.
 Belgravia would have suited very well,
 They could have done with Balham, Bow, or Brixton,
 With Flower-laden Battersea. But tell
 Me if you can—oh! why was Stepney fixt on?

ROBERT'S VISIT TO IRELAND.

Well, it isn't for one like me to say as how as good luck means wirtue rewarded, cos I have, in my long xperiense, seen not a werry few cases where it wasn't so—no, not by no manner of means.

But this I can most trewly say, that my slice of luck during this larst munth is worthy of being



"I was that staggered, that I could 'ardly answer him."

called a reel staggerer! And this is how it cum about:—

The Amerrycain Gent, at the Grand Hotel, wanted a change for about a weak or two, and he naterally arsked me what he shoold do. I made lots of wise suggeshons, in course, such as Margate, and Grinnidge, and Hern Bay, and other hily arristercratick places, but they none on 'em woodn't do. So presently he calls out, "Did you ever go to Ireland?" I was that staggered, that I could arldly arnser him; but then I says, "Yes, Sir—but it were sum time ago." Then he staggers me much more wiolently, for he says, says he, "Why shoudn't you go with me then, and be my Wally!" When I recovered my breth, I says, "I don't know as our gentelmanly Manager here woud spare me." So he says, "I'll soon see about that." So he rings the bell wiolently, and arsk for him—and he cums—and, to my serprize, he doesn't make not no objecshun at all, which was, in course, werry complementary to me, and, strange to say, no more did Mrs. ROBERT, when I told her of it.

Well, I passes over all prelimmenerry derangements, till we finds ourselves on board a lovely steemer, bound for Old Ireland, as we allus calls her, tho' I don't spose as she's any older than the rest on us. It was that ruff that I perposed waitin till the sea got smooth; but my Master ony larft, and sed I shoold be all rite if I follered his advice, as he was used to the sea, and rayther liked it a little ruffish. So he got me a sheet of brown paper to put on my manly chest, and gave me some champane, and one glass of Perettic Sline, I think he called it, and, with their ade, I got over much better than I xpected.

We went as strate as we could go to the Lakes of Killarny, and if that isn't jest about as lovely a plaice as the hole world can show, why then let sumbody show me another as is. If anyboddy arsked me if it never rained there, truth wood make me say yes, it most suttenly does sumtimes, but then so it does ewerywheres in ollidly time

excep where it's most speshally wanted.

My Guvner's fust harty larf was at dinner on the fust day, when he told me to ring for sum pepper. TIM the Waiter arnsered the bell, and I told him what was wanted, and I scarce xpecs to be bleeved when I says, as he cums back and he says, says he, "If you plase, Sir, sure the Pepper's engaged!" I thort the Guvner wood ha larfed hisself hill, but he soon recovered, and said, "Thin niver mind TIM, we'll do without it to-day, but let us have fust turn at it to-morrow." "Suttenly, your honour," says TIM, and wanishes.

The next day, after driving us round the naybourhood, he came in without being arsked, and goes to the fire and warms his hands, and then says with a broad grin, "Sure it's a jolly lucky cupple as you are, for the rains a bustin down like thunder!" When handing the unpeeled Potatows to the Guvner he wood pint his finger at one and say, "That's a rale buty, Sir!"

I spose as the Guvner was rayther libberal to TIM, when we left, as all reel gennelmen allus is, for the tears acshally came into the pore feller's eyes, and he blessed us both, and wished as a few more genelman like *us* woud sumtimes wisit poor old Ireland!

We stayed about a fortnight, but we didn't see another Waiter like poor TIM, who was the werry fust humane being as hever called me a gennelman, pore feller! but we had a werry nice time of it on the hole, which I may p'raps elude to sum day, when things ain't quite so brisk as they is just now, and I must say as my Guvner behaved like the reel Gennelman as he is, when we cum for to settel up.

ROBERT.

SECUNDUM HARTY.

["I have even gone so low as *1d.* a course ... with enough success as to elicit effusive eulogies from some distinguished literary persons ..."—*Mr. Ernest Hart in "Where are the Cooks?"—Daily Graphic, Oct. 18.*]

Oh! where are the Cooks; where on earth can they be?
 Pray, hark to the Housekeeper's pitiful moan.
 Mr. HART seems to know, and he tells us, with glee,
 Of a plan which is his, and is his, too, alone.
 It's a plan for a dinner, that's easily shown
 To be cheap, and of pleasure the joy-giving source,
 'Tis a wonderful plan—hear the epicure groan—
 It costs just exactly one penny a course.

The dinner's Hartistic. Sweet HART says that he
Had a meal fit to soften the heart of a stone,
There were guests men of letters, and lofty degree—
Who wore pleased, and not only saw fit to condone,
But who ransacked each country, land, continent, zone,
For encomiums of praise, till they really grew hoarse.
But would they have done so, had only they known
It cost just exactly one penny a course?

Yes, a penny a head. It's not easy to see
How it's done for the price of a bun or a scone.
When the Mistress and Cook find it hard to agree,
And the former of these is provokingly prone
With the latter to pick a most terrible bone,
When it seems that disaster must follow perforce,
Oh! whisper them this in a Hart rending tone—
It costs just exactly one penny a course!

L'ENVOI.

O Host, if all other ideas have flown,
Remember this plan as a final resource,
Be Harty! Be Earnest! Make *his* plan your own!
It costs just exactly one penny a course!

THE REAL ART OF BOOK-KEEPING.—Never to lend!

☞ 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 103, NOVEMBER 5, 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.

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. 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), 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.

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

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.

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

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.

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.