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\*\*\* START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI,  
VOLUME 105, JULY 15TH 1893 \*\*\*

[pg 13]

## Punch, or the London Charivari

Volume 105, July 15TH 1893

*edited by Sir Francis Burnand*

### AN AFTERNOON PARTY.

... "The room is full of celebrities. Do you see that tall woman in black, talking to the little old lady? That is Mrs. ARBUTHNOT—a woman of some importance—and the other is CHARLEY'S Aunt. The sporting-looking young man is Captain CODDINGTON, who is 'in town' for the season."

"And who are the two men, exactly alike, tall and dark, who are smoking gold-tipped cigarettes, and talking epigrams?" I asked. I like to know who people are, and the person in the silver domino seemed well-informed.

"Those are Lord ILLINGWORTH, and Lord HENRY WOTTON. They always say exactly the same things. They are awfully clever, and cynical. Those two ladies talking together are known as NORA and DORA. There's rather a curious story about each of them."

"There seems to be one about everyone here," I said.

"Well, it seems that NORA and her husband did not get on very well. He thought skirt-dancing morbid. Also, he forgave her for forging his name—in type-writing—to a letter refusing to subscribe to a wedding-present for Princess MAY. She said a man who would forgive a thing like that would forgive anything. So she left the Dolls' House."

"Quite right. Is that not the Comtesse ZICKA? I seem to recognise the scent."

"It is—and the beautiful Italian lady is Madame SANTUZZA. One meets all sorts of people here, you know; by the way, there's Mrs. TANQUERAY."

"Princess SALOMÉ!" announced the servant. A little murmur of surprise seemed to go round the room as the lovely Princess entered.

"What *has* she got on?" asked PORTIA.



"The uninvitable in pursuit of the indigestible," murmured Lord Illingworth.

"Oh, it's nothing," replied Mr. WALKER, London.

"I thought she was not received in English society," said Lady WINDERMERE, puritanically.

"I can assure you, my dears, that she would not be tolerated in Brazil, where the nuts come from," exclaimed CHARLEY'S Aunt.

"There's no harm in her. She's only a little peculiar. She is particularly fond of boar's head. It's nothing," said Mr. WALKER.

"The unavoidable in pursuit of the indigestible," murmured Lord ILLINGWORTH, as he lighted a cigarette.

"Is that mayonnaise?" asked the Princess SALOMÉ of Captain CODDINGTON, who had taken her to the buffet. "I think it is mayonnaise. I am sure it is mayonnaise. It is mayonnaise of salmon, pink as a branch of coral which fishermen find in the twilight of the sea, and which they keep for the King. It is pinker than the pink roses that bloom in the Queen's garden. The pink roses that bloom in the garden of the Queen of Arabia are not so pink."

"Who's the jaded-looking Anglo-Indian, drinking brandy-and-soda?" I asked.

"That is a Plain young man. From the Hills. Which is curious. I am much attached to him. By the way, I know who I am. And why I wear a silver domino. You don't."

"That's another story," I said. "Let's go to the smoking-room. We shall find the Eminent Person, the Ordinary Man, the Poet, the Journalist, and the Mere Boy, and they will all say delightful things on painful subjects."

"Barry Payful," suggested the Mere Boy, with his usual impossibility. They were trying to "draw" Lord ILLINGWORTH.

"What is a good woman?" asked the Journalist.

"A woman who admires bad men," answered Lord ILLINGWORTH.

"What is a bad man?"

"A man who smokes gold-tipped cigarettes."

"Which would you rather, or go fishing?" inquired the Mere Boy, irreverently.

"Because it's a jar, of course. There are two kinds of women, the plain and the coloured. But all art is quite useless."

"I say!" exclaimed Lord HENRY, taking from his friend's pocket a gold match-box, curiously carved, and wrought with his initials in chrysoprases and peridots. "I say, you know, ILLINGWORTH—come—that's mine. I said it to DORIAN only the other evening. You're always saying my things."

"Well, what then? It is only the obvious and the tedious who object to quotations. When a man says life has exhausted him——"

"We know that he has exhausted life."

"Women are secrets, not sphinxes."

"Mine again," exclaimed Lord HENRY.

"It would be useful to carry a little book to note down your good things."

"Very useful. And I can forgive a man for making a useful thing as long as he does not admire it."

"That's New Humour, isn't it? And you're a New Humourist?" said WALKER, satirically. "Why, it's a contradiction in itself! The very essence of a joke is, that it should be old. Where would you find anything funnier than the riddle, 'When is a door not a door?' and, 'Why does a miller wear a white hat?' Ah! it won't last—we're bound to go back to the 'Old Humour'—there's nothing like it—what is that noise?"

"A dispute has arisen in the ladies' cloak-room about a shawl. It's frightfully thrilling!" said HILDA WANGEL.

"They seem to be going on anyhow. It's nothing," said WALKER.

It appears that CHARLEY'S Aunt had accused Princess SALOMÉ of taking her shawl. The Princess had indignantly thrown it at her, and was making rather rude personal remarks about it.

"I don't want your shawl. Your shawl is hideous. It is covered with dust. It is a tartan shawl. It is like the shawl worn in melodrama by the injured heroine who is about to throw herself over the bridge by moonlight. It is the shawl of a betrayed heroine in melodrama. There never was anything so hideous as your shawl!"

"Impertinence! To dare to speak to me like this! I'm the success of the season, and *you* were forbidden the country," said CHARLEY'S Aunt, furiously.

The second Mrs. TANQUERAY here chimed in, giving her opinion, which did not add to the harmony of the gathering, and a secondary quarrel was going on, because Captain CODDINGTON had said that the scent Comtesse ZICKA used "was not quite up to date," and the latter was offended. In fact, there was a regular row all round. NORA banged her tambourine, and WALKER playfully pretended to hide his head behind Lady WINDERMERE'S fan.

At last, however, we managed to calm the indignant ladies, and the party began to break up.

"The fact is," I said, "Society is getting a great deal too mixed. Now, I like to go away from an afternoon party feeling a purer and better man, my eyes filled with tears of honest English sentiment——"

"Great Scott! don't go on like that. Come and have a drink," said the SILVER DOMINO.

"Valour is the better part of indiscretion," murmured Lord ILLINGWORTH. "Good-bye, HENRY. It has been a most interesting afternoon."

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### LORD'S AND SANDOWN.

[*"The Eclipse Stakes of 10,000 sovs., to be run at Sandown Park on Friday, July 14, is looked upon as practically a match between Baron DE HIRSCH'S filly, La Flèche, and the Duke of WESTMINSTER'S colt, Orme."*—*Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.*]

The match between Eton and Harrow at Lord's  
This week, which commences on Friday,  
Because of the sport that it always affords,  
Will draw a large crowd on that high-day.  
But the interest taken in drive, cut, or catch,  
Or as to which school will be beaten,  
Will be nothing to that in the other great match,  
The same day, 'tween The Arrow and Eaton.



### ROSEBERY TO THE RESCUE!

*Unjust Steward.* "FOILED! BUT NO MATTAH! A TIME WILL COME!!!"



### THE ART OF WAR.

*Inspecting-General (galloping up to Mounted Yeoman, placed on Vedette duty). "Now, SIR, WHAT ARE YOU?"*  
*Yeoman. "WELL, I DO A LITTLE BIT I' PIGS, SIR!"*

## ROSEBERY TO THE RESCUE!

*Or, the Young Squire, the Unjust Steward, and the Grateful Ratepayer. An Urban Drama, as lately performed at the County Hall, Spring Gardens.*

*(Enter Steward, bearing plans of a splendid, and expensive, Palace.)*

*Steward (looking lovingly upon plan). Aha! Now shall I triumph, despite mean Moderates, and cheese-paring Economists, and reluctant Ratepayers. GR-R-R! how I hate the whole penurious brood! Housed appropriately I must and will be, though Rate Incidence be as yet ill-adjusted, and that blessed word Betterment be but an ear-soothing sound. But hold!—she comes!*

*Enter Injured, but Beauteous, Ratepayer, wringing her hands.*

*I. but B. R. (aside). Hah! Whom have we here? Merciless Master D-CK-NS-N, as I'm a living woman! Was't not enough that Vestries should vex me, Boards o'erburden me, Pedagogues oppress, and Precepts perplex, but *he* too must turn against me? (Aloud.) Give you good den, Master D.! Hast news of comfort for me?*

*Steward (harshly). Woman, I know not what *thou* wilt deem news of comfort. But if a superb site and a splendid structure (*pointing to Plan*) have charms for thy something straitened and sordid soul, then, verily—*

*I. but B. R. (shrieking as she catches sight of the Plan, and the fair round Figures attached thereto). Alas, Mr. Steward! 'tis, as thou sayst, superb—splendid—and, what is more, prodigiously expensive withal! It is *magnifique*, but it is *not*—Economy!*

*Steward (scornfully). Expensive? Pooh! What matters a Million or twain so London's Guardians be well housed?*

*I. but B. R. But, in the words of the old game, where's the money to come from? Moreover, is it not understood that *all* Metropolitan Improvements be postponed till such time as those ghouls of ground-renters, those ogres of property-owners, are compelled proportionally to disgorge?*

*Steward. Ahem! Truly so! But verily *this* matter is exceptional and urgent. "Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat;" and they who superintend the People's housing should surely themselves be adequately, not to say magnificently, housed. As to the money—why, fear not for thy pockets Dame, which are not yet utterly depleted by that Briarean blood-sucker, BUMBLE. Why, we shall right soon save the money in cab-fares, and—ahem!—other comforts and conveniences for our committees, not to mention the purchasing of supplementary tenements "at the rate of two houses a year." Oh, be content, Dame; pay up, and look pleasant! (*Imperatively.*)*

*I. but B. R. (frantically). Alas! Is there, then, no hope? Will *no* one bring a rescue or two? "Oh, where is County (Council) Guy?"*

*Enter the Young Squire, hastily.*

*Young Squire (hurriedly arrived from heavy business and urgent elsewhere, but impelled by a*

*sense of public duty to intervene on this occasion*). HERE!! (*Chord.*) Be consoled, Dame—I will protect thee! And for thee, Sir Steward, what the mischief art up to, with thy Aladdin Palaces, and thine Odd Millions?

*Steward (confused, and displaying Plan)*. Why, my lord—deeming it befitting—that so illustrious and important and ubiquitously influential a Body—as—Ourselves—should have a Local Habitation—as well as a Name—I have prepared—this little Plan—which, with the aid—of "a little cheque"—say for a trifle of Two Millions—

*Young Squire (snatching Plan from his grasp and gazing angrily thereon)*. Aha! A veritable Castle in the Air! An Arabian Nights' Phantom Palace!! The House that Jack (in Office) *would have* built!!! (*Tears it, and treads it under foot.*) Nay, Sir Steward, thou hast much misunderstood thy trust. The housing of the poor, rather than of the rich, is thy prime function. Attend first to this little list of Metropolitan Improvements, which cannot be unfamiliar to thine ears and eyes. Or if *they* must perforce be postponed until the attainment of "a fairer adjustment of the incidence of taxation," prythee, *à fortiori*, postpone also until that uncertain date this precious scheme for an expensive Municipal Palace, and this premature and impudent assault upon an already sufficiently depleted Pocket!

*I. but B. R. (clasping her hands in gratitude)*. Ah, thanks, noble youth! Heaven reward thee for thy magnanimous championship of the poor gyurl's purse!

*Steward (aside)*. Foiled!!! But no mattah! a time will come!!!

(*Curtain.*)

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"M. G." AND "G. M."—The first whispered proposal is, we believe, generally formulated thus, "May I then hope? May I?" But H.R.H. the Duke of YORK's proposal must have been even more simple than this, for hope being changed into certainty, there was only the whispered question, "MAY GEORGE?" and the gentle answer, "GEORGE MAY." Then—all ended happily.

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## THE POLICE PHRASE-BOOK.

### AS USED IN FRANCE.

I have no time to answer questions.

The slightest protest will mean arrest.

You will cause me to draw my sword.

I have a loaded revolver.

We must take that barricade.

We must obtain the help of the army.

We can assist bayonets with bullets.

We have no cause to succour the wounded.

We must preserve order.

And, to do this, we cry, "Long live France! Fire upon any one! Charge!"

### AS USED IN ENGLAND.

The first turning to the left. Sir, and then keep straight on until you meet another constable—then ask again.

You have taken too much; you had better go home quietly. Shall I call a cab?

Now don't forget you are a gentleman, Sir, but help me to do my duty.

Now, coachman, wait a moment. Must let these pass before you can come.

We don't want any help, Sir. Why the crowd's as meek as sheep and as good natured as sandboys.

Here, Sir, you have had an awkward tumble. Let me hold you up while my mate goes for an ambulance.

We must preserve order.

And to do this we have only to observe "move on."

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### TOO AWFUL TO CONTEMPLATE!

*A Confidence. After the Garden Party.*

"OH, SUCH A DREADFUL THING HAPPENED TO ME! I WENT UP TO LADY EXE,—I HAD SOMETHING VERY PARTICULAR TO SAY TO HER,—AND I DIDN'T SEE SHE WAS TALKING TO ONE OF THE ROYAL PRINCES. WELL, JUST FANCY! I TOOK NO SORT OF NOTICE OF HIM, BUT I JUST SAID WHAT I HAD TO SAY TO *HER*. WHEN I DISCOVERED WHAT I HAD DONE, I CALLED ON LADY EXE, AND I SAID, 'I'M AFRAID HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS WILL BE AWFULLY ANNOYED WITH ME.' AND DEAR LADY EXE QUITE COMFORTED ME, YOU KNOW. SHE SAID, 'IF I WERE YOU, I WOULDN'T TROUBLE MYSELF ABOUT IT. HE WON'T TAKE ANY NOTICE OF IT; AS REALLY, MY DEAR, PEOPLE HAVE SUCH *BAD MANNERS NOWADAYS!*'"

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## PROPHETIC DIARY OF THE L.C.C.

*(For the Next Ten Years.)*

- 1894. Scheme accepted for building Hôtel de Ville at a cost of £3,000,000.
- 1895. Purchase of Kensington Gardens as a Recreation-ground for the Improvement Committee.
- 1896. The Council buys St. Paul's Cathedral as a Private Chapel for the marriage of its members and their families.
- 1897. Completion of *The Bumble* Steam-yacht of the L. C. C., costing £100,000.
- 1898. Uniforms for the Members ordered at an expense of £500,000.
- 1899. Purchase of a Crown and other Jewels for the Chairman on State occasions.
- 1900. The Palaces erected for occupation by the Members in Eaton, Belgrave, Grosvenor, and Berkeley Squares acquired and taken into use.
- 1901. A sum not exceeding £5,000,000 voted by the L. C. C. for statues commemorating themselves, their wives, and their families.
- 1902. Resolution carried by acclamation confiscating the entire sum received from the ratepayers for the L. C. C. Secret Service Fund.
- 1903. Petition for Metropolitan Improvement unanimously rejected.
- 1904. Act abolishing the L. C. C. passed in Parliament at a single sitting.

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"COMMONS PRESERVATION SOCIETY."—A most useful body, no doubt. "But," asks Lord T. NODDIE, "as our Upper House is so often threatened, why isn't there a "Lords Preservation Society?"

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DANCE TILL DAWN.

Charming maidens, smiling brightly,  
Moving gracefully and lightly  
As the fawn,  
Linger still, let me invite you,  
Surely on this short June night you  
Dance till dawn.

Till the early bird will get the  
Worm, and seaside shrimpers net the  
Shrimp or prawn.  
Whilst they print the morning paper,  
Let us glide and whirl and caper  
Till the dawn.

Till, with waking chirp of sparrows,  
Early costermongers' barrows  
Forth are drawn.  
Till the candles flare and gutter.  
And the daylight, through the shutter,  
Peeps at dawn;

Till the cock is crowing; listen!  
And the dainty dewdrops glisten  
On the lawn;  
Till my pretty partner's posies,  
Made of June's delightful roses,  
Droop at dawn;

Till my collar's limp and flabby—  
Then I hail the sleepy cabby,  
As I yawn;  
Home, to dream of sweet cheeks blushing  
Like the sky, now rosy flushing  
At the dawn.

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TRÈS BEAU-TANICAL.—An Aladdin-like Magic-Lamp and Magic-Lantern Night at the Botanical Gardens on Wednesday. A thousand additional traditional lamps. The Flower of the Aristocracy, being at the State Ball, is represented by the Aristocracy of Flowers (in the absence of Lord and Lady BATTERSEA, without whom no Floral *Fête* can be absolutely perfect) in every part of these beautiful gardens. Bands playing; but not sufficient distance between them, so that when they performed, simultaneously, entirely different tunes, the effect was far from soothing to the listeners' nerves. Why not adopt the plan admirably carried out at the Marlborough House Garden Party, where one band having finished, another, at a distance, commenced? Why among the harmony of colours at the Botanical should there be produced by the conflict of two tunes, taken in different times, but played at the same moment, an inharmonious whole?

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LADIES' FASHIONS.—Extremes: *Minimum*—Bonnet; a ribbon and rosette.  
*Maximum*—Hat; a Flower Garden on a Yard of Straw.

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## THE MODERN NYMPH'S REPLY TO THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD.

If times were as when time was young,  
And reason ruled each shepherd's tongue,  
Thy pretty speeches might me move,  
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But times are changed in field and fold,  
At shocking prices sheep are sold,  
And farmers look exceeding glum,  
Foreboding darker days to come.

The weeds do choke the thriftless fields,  
No profit now the harvest yields;  
Honey is sought, but only gall  
Is found, for still the prices fall.

Thy pinks, thy stocks, thy Provence roses,  
Are pretty, and I'm fond of posies;  
But wages may not long be gotten  
When folly's rife, and business rotten.

A man of straw thy master seems,  
No grain of sense is in thy dreams,

And my Papa would not approve  
Even if I would be thy love.

But, when times mend, sheep-farms succeed,  
And all on English mutton feed,  
Ask me again, and thou may'st move,  
To live with thee, and be thy love.

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## OPERATIC NOTES.

*Tuesday, July 4. State Visit to the Opera.*—Yes, "TODGERS's could do it when it liked," as CHARLES DICKENS remarked in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, and Sir COVENTGARDENSIS DRURIOLANUS can do it when *he* likes, rather! The front of the house is quite a "mask of flowers," which the Master of the Gray's Inn Revels, himself present in a gorgeous and awe-inspiring uniform, regards with a benign and appreciative smile. Interesting to note a number of ordinarily quiet and unobtrusive individuals, personally known to me as the mildest-mannered men, who now appear as the fiercest, and, on such a night, the hottest of warriors; seeing that if it is 98 in the shade, the temperature must be ten degrees higher to those who are buttoned up to the chin in a military uniform, with straps, belts, buckles, boots, weighted too with a dangling, clattering sword, and having to carry about a thickly-furred hat, with a plume in it like a shaving-brush, that obstinately refuses to be hung up, or sat upon, or put out of sight, in any sort of way whatever, and which, like a baby in arms, must be carried,—or dropped. The Venetians on the stage in all their mediæval bravery are not arrayed like one of these simple English yeomen, for, as I am given to understand, to that glorious body of our country's agricultural defenders do these dashing Hussars, in their Hessian-fly boots, belong! Ah! with such warriors England is safe!



"Pas de Druriolanus; or, All  
among the Roses."

Then there are what *Mr. Weller* would have termed "My Prooshan Blues," and likewise the diplomatic Muscovite, in hard-looking cap, blue, naval-looking coat, and (apparently) flannel boating trousers, falling, rather short, on to ordinary boots, with plain unornamental spurs; a costume which, on the whole, suggests that its wearer, at the command of the Autocrat of all the Russias, must be ready at a second's notice to execute a forced march, dance a hornpipe, run as a footman, take somebody up as a policeman, head a cavalry charge, or (still in spurs) steer a torpedo boat on its dangerous errand. Opera going strong, with the DE FRISKY Bros. & Co. The Last Act (by Royal Command) is omitted, and so for the first time in dramatic history the story of *Romeo and Juliet* ends as happily as possible. The lovers are only interrupted by the fall of the curtain, and there are no sleeping draughts, poisonings, or burials. It is a realisation of the line in *The Critic*, "In the Queen's name I charge you all to drop your swords and daggers!" Only the order is given in the Princess's name, and the swords, daggers, and deadly draughts are all dropped accordingly. Greatest possible success. *Gloria* DRURIOLANO!

*Friday Night.*—First performance of *I Rantzau*, and first-rate performance, too. The Plot is simply a Plot of Land. Scene laid—laid for seven *dramatis personæ*—in a Vague Village of the Vosges; time, present century. The Rantzaus are the Capulets and Montagues of this district; the son of one faction is in love with the daughter of the other; but it doesn't end tragically, and the lovers marry. That's all. It was played as a Drama at the Français, with GOT in it; when subsequently it was turned into an Opera, it had the "Go" taken out of it. DE LUCIA, ANCONA, CASTELMARY, BISPHAM, and CORSI doing their very best, as do also the lamplighter and his assistant, who deftly perform their "Wagnerian watchman" "business" to characteristic music. Mlle. BAUERMEISTER great in a small part; and Madame MELBA does her very best with the singularly uninteresting part of *Luisa*, who is a very "Limited Loo." Signor MASCAGNI conducted the Opera, and was himself conducted on to the stage as often as possible in order to receive the congratulations of his "friends in front." *I Rantzau* not "in it" with MASCAGNI's *Cavalleria*, which, like the Rantzau family at the end of the piece, "still holds the field." Thermometer 95° in the stalls. House animated and appreciative.

*Saturday.*—*Les Huguenots*. Grand Cast. Thermometer down again.

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## A DITTY OF THE DOG-DAYS.

Ninety-one in the shade, by NEGRETTI and ZAMBRA!

'Tis O that I dwelt in an ice-crevasse,  
Or rented a share in the *Mer de Glace*,  
Or hired (ere I melt and resolve to gas)

That *patio* cool in the chill Alhambra  
(Not "Lei-ces-ter Squarr," but Granada far),  
Where fountains sprinkle and splash and tinkle—



Ay me! that my dream can ne'er come to pass!  
 "Fourteen hours of the sun!" says the "Jordan Recorder"—  
 Each day it grows hotter in London town!  
 The plane-trees are withered and burnt and brown;  
 Ere Lammas has come the leaves are down!  
 The months have been mixed—they're out of order;  
 We'd the weather of June six weeks too soon;  
 And now we swelter and gasp for shelter—  
 We're grilled alive from toe to crown!  
 There's drought in the fields, and drought in my gullet!  
 I would that I sat in a boundless tank  
 Of claret and soda, and drank and drank!  
 My thirst with PANTAGRUEL'S OWN would rank—  
 Gargantuan draughts alone may lull it!  
 A shandygaff "chute" à la BOYTON would suit,  
 Or of Pilsener lager a Nile or Niagara—  
 Would that it through my œsophagus sank!  
 I'd long to be NANSEN, that bold Norwegian,  
 Who's off to the north like a sailor-troll;  
 Dry land I prefer in my inmost soul,  
 And his tub-like *Fram* will pitch and roll,  
 But she's bound at least for a glacial region!  
 Or stay, to be sure! here's Professor D—R  
 To cold can consign us untold degrees *minus*—  
 There's no need to visit the Northern Pole!  
 With this decuman "heat-wave" I grow delirious,  
 And babble a prayer to the Maid who sways  
 The Weather-department (on working-days)  
 Of the *Daily Graphic*—in crazy phrase—  
 The bale-fire to quench of far-distant Sirius!  
 To the Man in the Moon at noon I croon  
 For a lunatic boon, if that lone buffoon  
 Can stay this canicular, perpendicular,  
 Bang-on-my-forehead, horrid, torrid,  
 Beaming, gleaming, and ever-streaming  
 Blaze of rays that maze and daze!!

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### ROBERT AT THE MANSHUN HOUSE.

I have long nown as how as the present LORD MARE was one of the werry nicest, as well as one of the werry liberallists, of Lord Mares as we has had for many years, but I most suttently did not kno, till larst Saturday, that, noticing, as he must have done, how shamefoolly the County Counsellors is a trying for to destroy the grand old Copperation, and take puseession of Gildhal and the Manshun House, he had the courage to assemble round his ospiterbel Table all the most princiblest of the great writers of our wunderful and powerful Press, and let them judge for theirselves whether sich a hinstitootion as he represented was worth preserwin or not! Ah, that was sumthink like a Bankwet that was! Why amost eweryboddy was there as was anyboddy. And the ony trubble as that caused was, that they was all so jolly glad to meet each other, under sitch unusual suckemstances, that nothink on airth coud keep em quiet, no, not ewen when the Amerrycan Embassader torked to em for about arf a nour!

One of the most distinguiust of the skollars as I was waiting on told one of the most butiful Painters, in my hearing, as how he thort it wood be rayther a wise thing of all future Lord Mares if they himmitated the present LORD MARE'S exampel; and I wentur, with all umility, to say Ditto to the distinguiisht Skoller. ROBERT.

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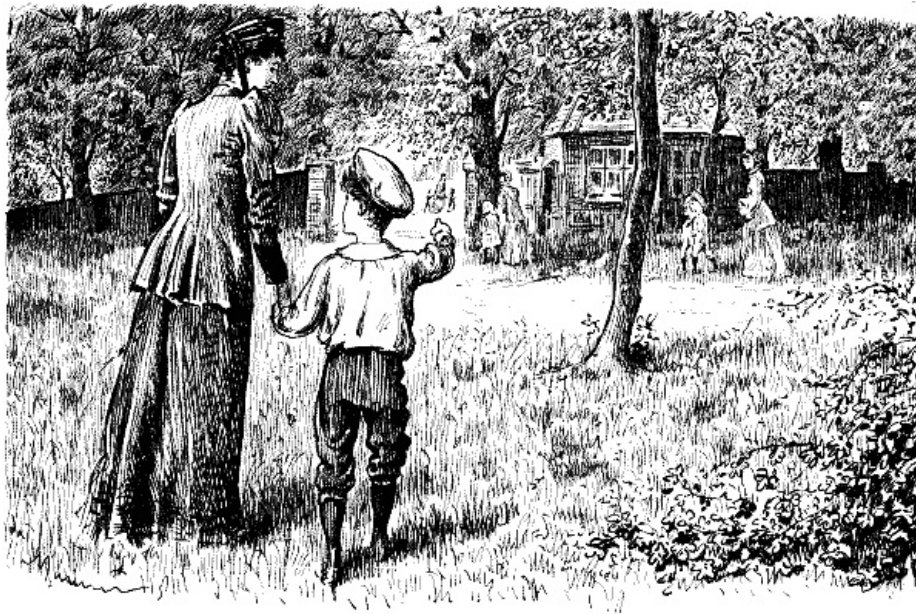
GE-O-M-ETRICALLY CONSIDERED.—The illuminations were as good as they could be everywhere. The brilliant initials, "G. M.," wanted nothing to render them perfect. If that want had been supplied, then, as "nothing" is represented by a cipher, the initials would have commemorated the G. O. M.

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FROM HENLEY TO THE OPERA ON THE NIGHT OF THE STATE PERFORMANCE.—"Rich and rare were the gems they wore;" and two ladies, with magnificent tiaras, if they had only shown up at Henley, would have won the prize for "*The Diamond Skulls*."

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Mrs. R. caught sight of a heading in a daily paper—"Board of Trade Returns." Our old friend at once exclaimed. "Then where has the Board of Trade been to? Where is it returning from? I really don't call this attending to business."



### A DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

*Tommy (on his way to the Browns' Juvenile Garden Party). "Now, NURSE, REMEMBER, WHEN ONCE WE'VE PASSED THAT GARDEN GATE, YOU DON'T BELONG TO ME!"*

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### FATHER WILLIAM.

*(Latest Anglo-Teutonic Version, as repeated to the Caterpillar of State by Alice, in Blunderland, from vague and mixed reminiscences of Southey, Lewis Carroll, and the Reports of the Debates in the British Parliament and the German Reichstag, concerning the Home-Rule Bill and the Army Bill respectively.)*

"I'm afraid I am changed, Sir." said ALICE; "I can't remember things as I used—and I don't keep to the same author for ten minutes together!"

"Can't remember *what* things?" said the Caterpillar of State.

"Well, I've tried to sing '*Rule, Britannia*', but it all came different, and got mixed up with '*The Watch on the Rhine!*'" ALICE replied, in a very melancholy voice.

"Repeat '*You are old, Father William,*'" said the Caterpillar of State.

ALICE folded her hands, and began:—

"Good-morrow!" the youth to the Woodcutter cried;  
"Father WILLIAM, you're 'sniggling,' I see!"  
With a smile of bland 'cuteness the Old Man replied,  
"Master WILLIAM, good morrow! I *be!*"

"You are old, Father WILLIAM," the young KAISER said,  
"And your hair, what there is of it, 's white;  
And yet you still stand at the Government's head—  
Do you think, at your age, it is right?"

"Some twenty years since," Father WILLIAM replied,  
"I'd a passionate wish to retire;  
But as I grow younger each year, I have tried  
To subdue that untimely desire."

"You are old," said the youth, "yet your seat appears firm,  
You are still pretty good over timber;  
Your double back somersaults make your foes squirm.  
What keeps you so nimble and limber?"

"In my youth," said the Senior, "I kept all my limbs—  
And some say my principles—supple;  
And that's why old age neither stiffens nor dims,  
And years with alertness I couple."

"You are old," said the youth, "and your 'jaw' should be weak,  
I've often heard BIZZY pooh-pooh it.  
Yet you polish off JOE, and tap GOSCHEN's big beak;  
Pray, how do you manage to do it?"

"In *my* youth," said the Sage, "Fair Debate was the law,  
And genuine Eloquence rife;  
And so in an age of mere Brummagem 'jaw'  
I can still hold my own in the strife."

"You are old," said the youth; "one would hardly suppose  
That your eye was as steady as ever;  
Yet you balance that eel on the end of your nose—  
What makes you so awfully clever?"

"*You* are young," smiled old WILL; "you don't yet understand.  
The point—of the eel—you'd be missing;  
But when you're an Old Parliamentary Hand  
You will find it as easy as kissing!"

"I've caught an eel, also," observed the young 'sniggler,'  
"I'm not, like you, beaked *à la* Toucan;  
Mine's still smaller than yours, and a terrible wriggler;  
I wish I could work it as *you* can!"

"The equilibrist's art," the Old Juggler replied,  
"Is not to be learned in a jiffy.  
With the help of your Eyes (*Ayes*), and your Nose (*Noes*), and  
good 'side,'  
You *may* win—if you do not turn 'squiffy.'"

"That is not said right," said the Caterpillar of State.

"Not *quite* right, I'm afraid," said ALICE, timidly; "some of the words have got altered."

"It is wrong from beginning to end," said the Caterpillar, decidedly; and there was silence for some minutes.

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### "FATHER WILLIAM."

"YOU ARE OLD," SAID THE YOUTH; "ONE WOULD HARDLY  
SUPPOSE  
THAT YOUR EYE WAS AS STEADY AS EVER;  
YET YOU BALANCE THAT EEL ON THE END OF YOUR NOSE—  
WHAT MAKES YOU SO AWFULLY CLEVER?"

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### AN ORATOR "POUR RIRE."

(A STUDY IN HYDE PARK.)

*The Scene is that Forum for Fadmongers—the angle of the Park fronting*

*Cumberland Gate. A large and utterly irreverent crowd is listening with cheerful intolerance to a Persevering Gentleman, of a highly respectable and almost scholarly appearance, who is addressing them from a three-legged stool on nothing in particular, though he has apparently committed himself by charging a certain Statesman with at least two political murders.*

*The Orator (haltingly).* We who are fighting the battle—(*uproarious laughter from Crowd, which he endures with dignified resignation*)—I say—we who are fighting the battle!

*The Crowd.* 'Oo's talking about fightin' a battle?... You wouldn't be 'ere if there was any battles about! 'E's a fair ole fraud, 'e is—that's about 'is sort! Shet up, you idiotic ole ass, do! (&c., &c.)

*The Orator (patiently).* I say once more—we who are fighting the—(*Howls of derision, at which he smiles, but perceives, regretfully, that the battle must be abandoned.*) One of my friends here has seen fit to describe me as an idiotic old ass. ("*So you are!*") Well, I am glad, at least, that he pronounced it *ass* with the vowel short, and not *ass*, for it shows that he has at least a certain regard for the Queen's English (*The Crowd hasten to give the vowel sound all the breadth in their power*). I think I was—(*here he consults a sheaf of notes*)—offering some remarks upon Mr. WILLIAM WOBLER. Now we are told, "Speak evil of no man!"

*The Crowd.* That's a good un! 'Oo spoke evil of Mr. BAGWIND jest now?

*The Orator (mildly hurt).* I never said a single unkind word about Mr. BAGWIND!

*The Crowd.* Yer lie! Why, didn't you say as he murdered JETTISON and SCAPEGOAT? Wot yer call *that*, eh?

*The Orator.* I may have made some such observation—but far be it from me to speak evil of any man. If I spoke evil, it was on public grounds. I should scorn to attack any individual in his private character. I think I have satisfactorily answered *that* matter. And I tell you this—it is largely owing to me that Mr. WILLIAM WOBLER OWES his seat in Parliament to-day! (*His hearers receive this with frank incredulity.*) Ah, but it *is*, though, and I denounce him, as I have denounced him before, and *shall* denounce him while I have power to raise my voice, as a man who has proved himself utterly unworthy of the efforts I have made on his behalf. Some people are saying they want THOMAS TIDDLER in North Paddington. I say—*Never!* Not as long as I've breath in my body shall THOMAS TIDDLER be returned for any constituency! No, gentlemen: here I stand before you, with no money, and only one lung. I have rich and high relations, to whom I might apply for relief if I condescended to do so; but I scorn to abase myself in any such manner. I prefer to appeal to you, the people of London. It's a disgrace—a public disgrace—that you people should allow such a man as myself to walk the streets without food! (*A voice.* "Why don't yer *work?*") Work? Am I *not* working? Am I not in my proper place here to-night?

*The Crowd (with hearty unanimity).* No!

*The Orator (with exultation).* Then support me in the name of all you hold dear! I have my work to accomplish, and I *shall* accomplish it by the aid of the People's pence, by the aid of the People's sixpences,—aye, and by the aid of the People's *shillings!* Will you help me?

*The Crowd (more heartily than ever).* No!

*The Orator.* Then I will now proceed to make a collection.

[*He descends from his stool, and circulates among the crowd proffering a highly respectable hat. A Rival Orator mounts the stool; he has a straw hat, side whiskers, and a style of concentrated and withering invective.*

*The Rival Orator (fluently, and with much enjoyment of his own eloquence).* I shall preface what I have to say by protesting in the strongest terms at my disposal against the most disgraceful attack we have had the pain of listening to to-night, against the character of a Statesman we all revere, by the unspeakably offensive and degraded individual with a black coat, a clean collar, and only one lung, who has just concluded his contemptible remarks, and is now debasing himself, if possible, still further by going round cringing, actually cringing, for the miserable halfpence which he hopes his foul-mouthed virulence will extract from the more foolish among his hearers! (*Applause at this spirited opening; the First Orator imperturbably continues to protrude his hat.*) I have no hesitation in saying that if such language as he has favoured us with was uttered against a public man in any other community, in any other country, in any other hemisphere in the civilized globe, the audience would have risen in righteous indignation, and chased the cowardly aggressor back to the vile den from whose obscurity he would have done



"I say—*Never!*"

better never to emerge! Gentlemen, he has appealed to your sympathy on the ground, forsooth, that he has only one lung! I venture to assert that it is nothing short of a public calamity that he *is* the possessor of one lung; for had he none at all, he would have been incapable of outraging the general intelligence by the utterance of such sentiments as he has disgusted you by this evening. When I first became acquainted with this man, before he had sunk into the besotted state in which he now wallows, he used, I remember, to condemn the practice of making a public collection. Now I've never been against that practice myself. *I* hold that a man who is capable of attracting an audience by such gifts of oratory as he may possess, is perfectly justified in making a collection afterwards, whether he requires the money or not. But this person has become so degraded, so destitute of any sense of honour, so soaked and sodden with gin, that he now turns round on the principles he once professed, and is to be seen going round with a hat laden with the coppers of those who are infinitely worse off than—judging from his dress and prosperous appearance—he evidently is himself!

*The First Orator (exhibiting his empty hat).* It don't look much like it at present, GABBITT!

*Mr. Gabbitt.* He has boasted to you of having rich relations, and said he scorned to apply to them. I want to know why, instead of coming here begging to you, he *don't* go to them?

*The First Orator.* I've *been*, GABBITT.

*Mr. G. (triumphantly).* You hear? he's been to them. That proves they've found him out; they know him for the grovelling soaker he is, a wretch tottering on the verge of delirium tremens, and, rightly, they'll have nothing to do with him. It's very possible, gentlemen, that he *may* have rich relations in the place where most of us have rich relations—I refer to the workhouse! (*Cheers and laughter.*) And it is this wretch, this indescribable mixture of meanness and malignity, who has dared to come here and charge Mr. BAGWIND with crime! He asked you—and let him not deny it now—"What about Mr. SCAPEGOAT?" Well, there may be a good many things about Mr. SCAPEGOAT, but what I tell *you* is—an observation like that is one that doesn't convey any concrete idea whatever; in short, it is the observation of a drivelling and confirmed lunatic!

*Voice in the Crowd.* With on'y one lung; don't forgit that, ole man!

*Mr. G. (magnanimously).* No, I've done with his lung, now; it doesn't do to carry personalities too far, and I've disposed of that already, and have no desire to return to it. And, as I observe that the wretched object of the strictures which I have felt it my duty to express, has concluded his efforts with the hat, and met with the freezing contempt and indifference which are only to be expected from intelligent and fair-minded men like yourselves, I will now bring my exposure of the sophistries, the base insinuations, and the incoherent maunderings which he had the effrontery to impose upon your understandings as argument, to a premature close, and proceed to make a collection on my own account, and thereby afford you the opportunity of showing on which side your real sympathies and your confidence are enlisted.

[*He goes round with the straw hat, which his delighted audience fill liberally with the coppers that the previous speaker has ignominiously failed to extract from them. But the tender-hearted Reader may be relieved to hear that, as soon as the crowd has dispersed, the victor shares the proceeds of his eloquence in the handsomest manner with his adversary, who shows a true elevation of mind in betraying no abiding resentment at his oratorical defeat. So may all such contests terminate—as, for that matter, they generally do.*]

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## "THE PLAY IS NOT THE THING."

(*A Farce which is running in most of the London Theatres, but which should not be tolerated for a single Night.*)

SCENE—*Auditorium of the T. R.— during the performance of a Modern Comedy. Enter a party of four Playgoers into private box.*

*First Playgoer.* Rather a pity it has begun! I always like to see a play from first to last. Don't you?

*Second P.* Quite. So much more interesting. Of course if you don't catch what they say at first, how on earth can you catch the idea of the plot?

*Third P.* Not that the plot matters much nowadays. All dialogue, don't you know? Smart hits at somebody, and all that sort of thing.

*Fourth P.* Quite. Really better fun than the other sort of thing. Much better fun to have to listen to epigrams and all that sort of thing, than to have to follow something or other with interest.

*Second P.* Quite. In fact, nowadays, you can come in when you like, and listen to what you like.

*Third P.* Yes, much better plan, than having to take it all in. Think it a first-rate idea to allow talking all through, instead of keeping that sort of thing until between the Acts.

*Second P.* Quite. Between the Acts a fellow wants to smoke. Much jollier to talk when the other fellows are talking too. Divide the labour with them—half the conversation on one side the

Curtain, half on the other.

*Fourth P.* Capital idea, and much less fatiguing than the old style. Fancy having to take it all in! Why, ten years ago, one had to get up a play as if one had to pass an examination in it next morning! Awful bosh!

*Second P.* Quite. No, it's much jollier to chat. Is there anyone in the house you know?

*First P.* Only that Johnnie over there! The fellow in the dinner-jacket, who's gone to sleep. He's rather a sportsman. (*Applause.*) Hallo! What's that row about?

*Third P.* End of the First Act. I say, you fellows, I don't think there's much in the piece, so far.

*Fourth P.* I am blest if I know what it's all about.

*First P.* More do I.

*Second P.* And I. Why should we stay any longer? Seems awful rot.

*Fourth P.* Quite. Let's go to a Music-Hall, where we can smoke and chat.

*First P.* Quite.

[*Exeunt the party, to the great relief of the remainder of the Audience.*

*Curtain.*



### PESSIMISM v. OPTIMISM.

(*From the City.*)

"YOU'RE GETTING QUITE A CORPORATION, BROWN!"

"YES; THE RESULT OF A *CONTENTED MIND*, OLD MAN!"

"NO. YOU MEAN THE RESULT OF A *CONTINUAL FEAST!*"

AN OMISSION IN LAST WEEK'S CEREMONIAL ACCOUNTED FOR.—It was first proposed to make a *détour* from Piccadilly by way of Park Lane, Stanhope Street, and so forth, round again to Piccadilly. But as H. R. H. the Duke of YORK pointed out, there was no necessity for specially visiting May Fair, as from start to finish he took MAY Fair with him.

### PUNCH'S "GOD-SPEED" TO THE POLE-SEEKERS.

[Dr. FRIDTJOF NANSEN'S Arctic Expedition sailed from Christiania in the *Fram* on June 24.]

So Dr. FRIDTJOF NANSEN'S off!  
Cynics will chuckle, and pessimists scoff.  
What a noodle, that Norrway chap,  
Who'd drift to the Pole to—complete our map!  
Year after year in the broad-beam'd *Fram*,

Far from Society's "Real Jam,"  
 Away from the fjords, and Five o'Clock Tea,  
 Amidst the ice of the Kara Sea;  
 Certain of darkness, discomfort, and frost,  
 With an excellent prospect of getting lost,  
 Crunched in the ice-pack, frozen, or starved,  
 Whilst Mansion-House Banquets are being carved;  
 Over the snow like pale ghosts flitting,  
 Missing the sweets of an All-Night Sitting!  
 Alone in a canvas-bottom'd bunk,  
 When gossip is gabbled, and toasts are drunk,  
 Where Good Society's geese gregarious,  
 Hiss malignant, or cackle hilarious!  
 Well, who knows? Those Arctic snows  
 May bore *men* less than our Social Shows;  
 And utter aridity starve the soul  
 More in the House than the Northern Pole!  
 Here's to NANSEN! Here's to his crew!  
 We know they'll venture what men may do.  
 Good luck and good cheer be Heaven's gift  
 To the *Fram* and her men on that long, long drift!  
 And if they win through the Polar pack,  
 May *Punch* be foremost to welcome them back.

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## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, July 3.*—The fat in the fire again. Who put it there? "I," said JOEY C., "with my ready ladle; I swooped it in." So he did, lighting up with sudden flame embers that seemed quite dead. At end of speech on WOLMER'S Amendment, seeing JOHN DILLON sitting opposite, asked him what about few remarks made at Castlereas, in which he had threatened, when Irishmen came to their own on College Green, they would have police, sheriffs, and bailiffs, under their control, and would "remember" their enemies? DILLON, amid scene of tumultuous excitement, admitted that phrase not in itself defensible, but pleaded that words had been spoken amid great provocation. The massacre at Mitchelstown had taken place just before; its memories were hot within him, and, out of the indignation of his heart, his tongue had spoken.

AS DILLON urged this plea, T. W. RUSSELL made a hurried remark in JOSEPH'S ear. J. smiled grimly; the Lord had delivered the enemy into his hand. Some men would have maimed their chance, if not spoiled the game, by jumping up with hot interruption, and hurriedly exposed the blunder upon which DILLON had stumbled. JOSEPH never loses his head. He lay low, sayin' nuffin', but regarding the unconscious victim opposite with dangerously smiling face. When DILLON sat down, the crowded House plainly moved by his effective speech, JOSEPH literally leaped to his feet, and flung across the floor the most complete and dramatic blow ever dealt at a man in House of Commons. It was Mitchelstown, was it, that had rankled in DILLON'S breast when he uttered the phrase he now regretted? Would the House believe that the massacre at Mitchelstown took place on September 9, 1887, and this speech at Castlereas was made on December 5, 1886?

"Remember Mitchelstown!" JOHN DILLON had remembered it nine months and four days before it had taken place. Several moments the Unionists cheered, JOSEPH standing with accusatory finger pointed at JOHN DILLON, who sat silent with folded arms, the habitual pallor of his face changed to a ghastlier white.

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"My dear JOHN," I said to him later, "how on earth could you make such a terrible mistake? The only amelioration it has is that it was so stupendous and obvious that it was plainly stumbled upon without intent or purport to deceive."

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"Thank you, TOBY," said JOHN DILLON. "I suppose that is clear enough to the generous mind. But I know a blunder is sometimes worse than a crime. The fact is, about the time I spoke at Castlereas, things were so bad in Ireland, the police so little hesitating to shoot, that I got mixed up in my dates, and remembered Mitchelstown when I was thinking about something else."

*Business done.*—Home-Rule Bill in Committee.

*Tuesday.*—TRITTON descending amongst the minnows has brought up CONYBEARE. Not much heard of late of that eminent legislator. Seems he's been compensating enforced silence in House by "saying things" of SPEAKER in letter to newspaper. More than hints SPEAKER, moved by political motives, has acted unfairly in Chair. Perhaps TRITTON had done better to leave him alone. Comparatively few were aware of the little excursion into print. Now blazoned forth to all the world. Since 'twas done 'twas well 'twas done admirably. SPEAKER moved to one of those outbursts of passionate though restrained eloquence of which, upon occasion, he shows himself capable. As Baron FERDY remarks:—"Since G.P.R. JAMES was sent as Consul to Venice, the only city in the world where the solitary horseman of his many novels could not be 'observed,' nothing so quaint

as condemning one of the few parliamentary orators of the day to the silence of the Chair."

Mr. G. delivered brief but magnificent speech, instinct with the true spirit of Parliamentarian. PRINCE ARTHUR said a few words; everybody looked round for CURSE OF CAMBORNE but unwonted access of modesty had seized him. Here was opportunity with crowded House waiting on his words. And where was he? Not in his place; so episode closed.

Though CONYBEARE's intention probably not kindly meant, SPEAKER certainly under considerable obligation to him. Opportunity afforded House of enthusiastically applauding the most capable, dignified, upright SPEAKER that ever faced the fierce light that beats upon the Chair of the House of Commons.

Came across HERBERT MAXWELL just now; haven't seen him since Saturday; met at dinner to Art and Literature given at Mansion House by Lord Mayor KNILL. "BAYARD finished his speech yet?" I asked.

"Not sure," said MAXWELL; "fancy not. When I was carried out, in state approaching coma, I observed on table before him two or three other volumes of manuscript, containing further passages of the prodigious recitation."

BAYARD is the new American Minister, doncha; made his first public appearance at the Mansion House on Saturday; felt he must rise to occasion; and did.

"Yours is a mere speck of a country, TOBY," he said, before we went in to dinner. "Your public speeches are, very properly, planned in proportion. Now America, as you may have heard, is a vast Continent, and I've got up a little thing to scale."

"Otherwise a very pleasant dinner," said MAXWELL. "I sat next to a Citizen and Loriner. Don't know what a Loriner is, but fancy, from look in my friend's eyes, it's something to do with fish. When turtle soup appeared on table there was phosphorescent gleam in the worthy Loriner's eyes. He prodded me genially in ribs with a fat elbow, and said with ungent chuckle, 'Ah, I s'pose you writing fellows don't often sit down to a dinner like *this*?'"

*Business done.*—In Committee on Home-Rule Bill. Much cry and few Amendments.

*Thursday.*—At ten o'clock to-night guillotine descended; simultaneously Opposition lost their head; for hour and half there raged succession of angry scenes that beat a gorgeous record. Mr. G. and PRINCE ARTHUR, coming and going from division lobbies, were made objects of rival ovations. Liberals and the Irish leaped to their feet, madly cheering when PREMIER dropped in. Few minutes earlier or later came PRINCE ARTHUR; instantly Unionists on their feet wildly cheering. Outside all London making holiday. Here hon. gentlemen almost clutching at each other's throats across the beneficently wide floor. Instead of wedding festivities and national holiday depleting House it was fuller than ever. VILLIERS came down to give his vote against Closure; Unionists rapturous round their Grand Old Man. The other side had Mr. G. with his fourscore years and four. VILLIERS of Wolverhampton topped him by seven years. Nearly carried him into division lobby shoulder high; beat hasty retreat after doing this last service to his country.

"Fact is, you know, TOBY," he said, "I'm not quite the young fellow I used to be; can't stand the racket as was easy enough some sixty or seventy years ago. If they'll kindly excuse me, I'll go and take a walk with the crowd to see the illuminations in Piccadilly. That will be delightfully quiet after this turmoil."



**THE WEEK OF THE YEAR.**





"THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE."

On Clause 6 SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, accompanied by half-a-dozen unpurchaseable Radicals, voted in Opposition lobby; brought Government majority down to 15; crowd, streaming by Palace Yard, clearly heard terrific cheers that welcomed this falling off. Proposed to bring back the SAGE and his merry men in triumph. Floral decoration being order of day, why not let them enter rose-garlanded, led by PRINCE ARTHUR on one side, and JOEY C. on the other? Guaranteed a noble reception from grateful and gratified Opposition. But some difference of opinion arose within little circle of Stalwarts, and proposal abandoned. Drifted in one by one, amid stream of Opposition.

*Business done.*—Clauses 5, 6, 7, and 8 added to Home-Rule Bill.

*Friday Night.*—CONYBEARE went out a-shearing, and came home shorn. Asked leave to make personal explanation; House naturally thought this would assume form of apology for attack on SPEAKER, of which note was taken on Tuesday. Permission accordingly given. Turned out nothing further from CONYBEARE'S thoughts. First began by scolding unnamed persons for not rising in his defence on Tuesday; then proceeded to argue with Mr. G. and SPEAKER on point of order involved in his earlier attack. Incidentally, as the SPEAKER, in indignant tones, pointed out, he repeated the charges embodied in his letter. House long listened, with amazing patience. But there are limits to forbearance; at end of quarter of an hour the CURSE OF CAMBORNE had reached these; his letter declared by unanimous vote to be a breach of privilege; a lame apology wrung from his unwilling lips, under penalty of a week's suspension. "Curses," said the Member for Sark, "come home to roost, no exception being made in the case of CAMBORNE." *Business done.*—None.

MRS. R.'S LATEST OBSERVATION.—Our excellent friend was disappointed with the Royal Bridal Procession. Finding the King and Queen of DENMARK in the procession, she naturally looked out for *Hamlet*, and does not, to this hour, see why he should have been left out of the play.

**Transcriber's Note:**

This issue contains some dialect. (Specifically page 17, in 'Robert at the Manshun House').

Page 13: 'A' corrected to 'At'. "At last, however, we managed to calm the indignant ladies,..."

The correction is also indicated by dotted lines underneath.  
Scroll the mouse over the word and the original text will appear.

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