

# The Project Gutenberg eBook of Punch, or the London Charivari, Volume 105, July 29th 1893, by Various and F. C. Burnand

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

**Title:** Punch, or the London Charivari, Volume 105, July 29th 1893

**Author:** Various

**Editor:** F. C. Burnand

**Release Date:** March 30, 2011 [EBook #35713]

**Language:** English

**Credits:** Produced by Lesley Halamek, Malcolm Farmer and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team at <http://www.pgdp.net>

\*\*\* START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI,  
VOLUME 105, JULY 29TH 1893 \*\*\*

[pg 37]

## Punch, or the London Charivari

Volume 105, July 29th 1893

*edited by Sir Francis Burnand*

### MUSCULAR EDUCATION.



Mr. PUNCH has much pleasure in recommending the following Prospectus to the notice of parents desirous of finding a thoroughly practical school where boys are educated according to the real requirements of modern life.

#### CLOANTHUS HOUSE, MARKET DREPANUM, OXON.

Mr. J. PEN-RULLOX, M.A. Cambs., and the Rev. WILFRID BAILS, B.A. Oxon, receive pupils to prepare for the great public schools and universities.

The well-known qualifications of Mr. PEN-RULLOX, who rowed stroke in his university boat in the celebrated race at Amwell in 1878, and of the Rev. Mr. BAILS, who played for Oxford in the famous university match in the Common Fields in 1882, will be sufficient guarantee that the boys will be thoroughly well instructed.

Besides Rowing, Cricket, and Football; Swimming, Racquets, Boxing, and Hockey, are specially attended to by competent Assistant-Masters, under the personal supervision of the Principals.

Billiards, Lawn-tennis, Poker, Nurr and Spell, and some other minor games, now too frequently neglected in the education of youth, will find their due place in the curriculum of Cloanthus House.

It is in contemplation, should a sufficient number of boys show a marked inclination for such studies, to engage a Board-school Master, of approved competence, to direct literary and scientific work.

Terms, inclusive, £250 per annum, payable in advance: the only extras at present being Reading, Writing, Polo, and Arithmetic.

Reference is kindly permitted to the following:—The Right Rev. the Bishop of ISTHMIA; the Editor of the *Sporting Life*; the Rev. R. E. D. HORGAN, M.A., Jesurum Col., Cambs; the Sports Editor of the *Field*; the Warden of Mortlake College, Putney; Dr. S. A. GRACE, LL.D.; the Hon. and Rev. HURLINGHAM PEEL.

# THE BITTER CRY OF THE BROKEN-VOICED CHORISTER.

(*A long way after Tennyson.*)

Break, break, break,  
O voice on that clear top C!  
And I would that my throat could utter  
High notes as they used to be.

O well for old BUNDLECOOP'S boy  
That he still shouts his full round A!  
O well for that tow-headed lad  
That he sings in his old clear way.

And the anthems still go on  
With boy-trebles sharp and shrill;  
But O for *my* "compass," so high and grand,  
And the voice that I *used* to trill!

Break, break, break,  
Like a creaky old gate, top C!  
But the high treble notes of a voice that is cracked,  
Will never come back to me!

---

## QUEER QUERIES.

THE WHITE CURRENCY QUESTION.—Can nothing be done to prevent the Indian VICEROY from carrying out his monstrous proposal about the Rupee? I was just off to Bombay (having recently completed a period of enforced seclusion in Devonshire, occasioned by a too successful competition with a monopolist Mint) on the strength of a newspaper paragraph that "Free Coining of Silver" was permitted in that happy land. Free Coining! In my opinion it beats "Free Education" hollow, and is just what I have always wanted. I felt that my fortune was made, when suddenly the news comes that the free coinage business is stopped. What an injustice! In the name of the down-trodden Hindoo, to whom my specially manufactured nickel-and-tin Rupee would have been quite a new revelation, I protest against this interference with the immemorial customs of our Oriental fellow-subjects.—JEREMIAH D'IDDLA.

---

CONTRIBUTED BY OUR OWN WELSH-HARPER'S MAGAZINE.—With the AP MORGANS, AP RHYS, AP JONES, and many others, Wales is the ideal "'Appy Land."

---

## SEASONABLE.

(*By a future Lord Chancellor.*)

The close of the season, the close of the season,  
It leaves a man rifled of rhino and reason;  
And now, with hot rain and a westerly breeze on,  
I don't opine racketing London agrees on  
The whole with Society. "*Kyrie Eleison*"  
I'll chaunt when I stand with my wife and my wee son  
Some windy "Parade" or exuberant "Lees" on,  
In the splash of the salt and the flash of the free sun,  
And am garbed in a fashion that, sure, would be treason  
To Bond Street; and ruminates, sprawling at ease on  
The sands with their bands and extempore speers on.—  
"Table d'Hôte-ards," repair to your Homburgs or freeze on  
Cosmopolitan Alps, and eat kickshaws to tease one;  
But *me* let the niggers marine and the sea's un-  
Translateable sing-song, and bathers with d—s on,  
Delight, and bare children, their noses and knees on,  
Till quite I forget Messrs. WELBY AND MEESON  
(Those despots of law) and my failures, and fees un-  
Liquidated as yet, and myself—and the season!

---

## AT COVENT GARDEN LAST THURSDAY.

Production of new Opera, *Amy Robsart*, arranged (and very well arranged, too) from Sir WALTER SCOTT'S novel, by Sir AUGUSTUS HARRIS and PAUL MILLIET, the English adaptation by FREDERIC WEATHERLY, and music by ISIDORE DE LARA. CALVÉ in the title *rôle*, splendid; going through everything—three rather lengthy Acts, two impassioned love-duets, and the trap-door in the bridge—with

unflagging spirit and charm.

In the Second Act, Kenilworth shown illuminated for the reception of *Elizabeth—Leicester* having evidently borrowed one of the band kiosks from Earl's Court. *Elizabeth*, according to stage directions, should have entered "seated upon a magnificent white horse," but preferred to walk in. Possibly her steed detained by business engagements. As represented by Madame ARMAND, an easy-going, sunny-tempered sovereign, with an amiable dislike of any "unpleasantness" among her courtiers. The *Earl of Sussex* the most impressive mute (next to his contemporary the *Earl of Burleigh* in *The Critic*) on the boards,—nothing to do but look haughty, and at last, at the Queen's command, consent to become reconciled to *Leicester*,—but the subtle suggestion in his "shake-hands" that he did so on compulsion, and reserved himself the right of punching *Leicester's* head at the first convenient opportunity, very artistically conveyed. Part most carefully thought out. The Revels cut short by the inconsiderate appearance of *Amy Robsart* when they were just beginning, which must have been annoying for the Lady of the Lake, who had just arrived to pay homage to the Queen, and found herself obliged to get upon her floating island again, and go home in the most ignominious manner, without waiting even for the "shower of stars," which were to have fallen over the water. *Elizabeth*, however, seemed quite unruffled by the interruption, perhaps thinking that anything was a relief which put an end to the revels. *Finale* to this Act dramatic, and well worked up. Third Act in two short *tableaux*, concluding with a duel and explanation (in two lines) between *Leicester* and *Tressilian*, after which the opera ends abruptly with *Varney's* highly ungentlemanly practical joke upon poor *Amy Robsart*, and *Leicester's* request to *Tressilian* to take his sword and run him through—which, however, he had no time to grant, as the curtain fell at that moment. After that, well-deserved floral tributes to Madame CALVÉ, and enthusiastic calls for singers, composer, manager, and carriages.



---

## "FOLLOW ON!"

(A Cricketer's "Catch." AIR—"Come Follow!")

*First Voice.* Come follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow on!

*Second Voice.* Why then should I follow, follow, follow, why then must I follow, follow on?

*Third Voice.* When you're Eighty runs or more behind our score you follow on!

---

## ACCOMMODATING.

*G. O. M. (to Radical Member).* My dear Sir, will you vote for this clause?

*Rad. Mem.* I will, Sir. What is it?



---

## "TOO KIND BY HALF."

*John Bull, A.B.* "THE MAN WHO LAYS HIS HAND UPON A WOMAN——"  
*Jacques Bonhomme.* "PARDON, MON AMI! 'SAVE IN THE WAY OF KINDNESS——'"



### A NEW LANGUAGE.

*Mamma (severely).* "DON'T SQUINT, EFFIE, MY DEAR!"

*Effie.* "I WASN'T SQUINTING, MAMMA. I WAS ONLY MAKING 'DINNER EYES' AT MAJOR STUFFAM. I HEAR HE GIVES SUCH CHARMING DINNER PARTIES, AND I SHOULD SO MUCH *LIKE TO BE ASKED!*"

### TOO KIND BY HALF.

["The independence and integrity of Siam ... is a subject of great importance to the British, and more especially to the British Indian Empire."—*Lord Rosebery.* "We have in no way any intention of threatening the independence of Siam."—*M. Develle.*]

***British Tar sings, someway after Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Tommy."***

**AIR—"Mandalay."**

"By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' eastward to the sea,  
There's a Burma girl a settin'," an' she takes 'er time from *me*.  
But this Siam puss looks pooty, and I'm sorter bound to say  
"You stand back, you sailor Frenchy! that's a game as two can  
play!"

'Twas *my* game at Mandalay,  
And *you* seem on the same lay:

You can twig my Jack a-flaunting from the Nile to Mandalay;  
But this I've got to say,  
If your 'and on 'er you lay,

I shall ask you to take a 'and in a game as *men* can play!

'Er petticoat is yaller, and 'er little cap is green,  
And—I shouldn't half object to interjuce 'er to my Queen!  
I don't want to see 'er suckin' of a Paris cigarette,  
And a-wastin' purchased kisses on French Bullyvards—you bet!

No, I wouldn't shed no blood,  
But by Mekon's yaller mud,

I 'ave always felt it "bizness" to take care no rival stud  
On my road to "far Cathay."

Wot? She's fired upon your gunboats? Well, I'd like to know,  
yer see,

If them gunboats wos cavortin' where they didn't ought to be.  
Your clutch upon 'er wrist, eh? Well, that's like your bloomin'  
cheek!

She shrinks from you, my Frenchy. No, yer know if she *should*  
squeak—

Give a reglar woman's squeak,  
Though she looks carved out o' teak—

I should think o' my own womankind, my friend, and I should  
—*speak*

In the British sailor's way!

You'll "respect 'er Independence and Integrity," you say?  
Well, a man who on a woman 'is 'and would dare to lay—  
Hay? *Save in the way o' kyindness!* Why, you've capped me  
there, I own,  
Which I didn't think *that* sentiment to Frenchies was beknown.  
It's a bit o' good old VIC!  
But you've nicked it quick and slick.  
Well, I 'ope you'll square it fairly, and not lay it on too thick,  
In the brave old *Bismarck* way!

The idea o' wasting ivory, silk, and peacocks' tails, and such,  
Upon merchants who're a trifle too much like GEORGE CANNING'S  
"Dutch."\*  
When a fair and square Free Trader, like—well, not *unlike*  
myself,  
Could stand by for to purtect 'er, and 'elp 'er—and 'im—pile  
pelf,  
Well—I can quite understand  
She may find your 'eavy 'and  
Too *kyind* by half, my Frenchy, and prefer the British land,  
And the British Tar's old way.

Yes; our ROSEBERY and your DEVELLE do agree—in words, no  
doubt,  
But, yer see, the Ten Commandments, in Bangkok, git turned  
about!  
"Independence and Integrity" for pooty dear Miss SIAM,  
Is wot *you're* "interested in" my Frenchy,—and so I am!  
Only—in the game we play,  
Cards do turn up in a way  
That would stagger sly AH SIN himself. If you git in my way  
On my road to "Old Cathay,"  
Or my aid this gyurl *should* pray,  
I *might* p'raps come down like thunder,—as I did in Mandalay!

\* "In matters of commerce, the fault of the Dutch  
Is giving too little and asking too much."

*Canning's "A Political Despatch."*

---

THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES.—*Middlesex v. Sussex.*

---

## AT THE WORLD'S WATER SHOW.

*The performance has begun. Captain BOYTON has just descended the Chute in a boat, with a bevy of lightly-clad young ladies waving flags with shrill enthusiasm. Canadians, Indians, and Negroes row various craft containing Beauties of the Ballet about the Lake. An elderly Negress stands on an island, and waves a towel encouragingly at things in general. Two Clowns, accompanied by a futile individual disguised as a Frog, start to run round the margin of the Lake with a gallant determination to be funny, but abandon the attempt after making a quarter of the distance, and complete the circuit with a subdued and chastened demeanour.*

*Mr. Bravo* (to Mr. BLAZZEY, *enthusiastically*). Capital show this—wonderfully well arranged!

*Mr. Blazzey* (*screwing up his eyes*). Y—yes. Better if they'd had *water* running down the incline, though, and sent *all* the boats in that way.

*Mr. Bravo*. Don't see how they could pump up water enough for that, myself; and if they did, it would all run through at the sides!

*Mr. Blazz*. (*ignoring any hydraulic difficulties*). Oh, they could have dodged that if they chose; anyway, that's how it *ought* to have been managed!

*Miss Frivell* (to Mr. HOPLIGHT). I can hardly believe this is the same place where BUFFALO BILL gave his performance only last year, can you? It all looks so different!



"I find no difficulty in recognising it, myself."

*Mr. Hopl. (after ponderous consideration.)* I find no difficulty in recognising it, myself. The difference you observe is due to the fact that the arena which was originally constructed for—er—displays of horsemanship requires to undergo some considerable—er—structural alterations before being equally well adapted to a performance in which—er—boating and swimming form the—er—principal features.

*Miss Friv. (with exemplary gravity.)* I see. You mean there must be *water*?

*Mr. Hopl.* Water is undoubtedly an—er—indispensable element in such an exhibition.

*Miss Friv.* How clever of you to know that! But perhaps someone told you?

*Mr. Hopl. (modestly.)* I arrived at it by the—er—light of my own unassisted intelligence.

*Miss Friv.* Did you? Not *really*! "How far that little candle throws his beams!" (*To herself.*) I didn't mean to be so rude as that! But he's no business to be such a bore!

*Mr. Bravo (after the Sculling-race between ROSS and BUBEAR).* That was a good race, eh? They're the champion scullers, you know.

*Mr. Blazz.* Don't see the point of setting 'em to race *here*, though. Rather like running the Derby in a riding-school!

*A Sympathetic Lady (during the Swimming-race).* How well those girls do swim! I suppose they go under first, and then come up again. But how damp they must get, to be sure, doing that twice a day! I daresay they never get their hair properly dry from one week's end to another. I should think that must be so uncomfortable for them, you know. However, they seem to be having plenty of fun among themselves. I wish we could hear what they are saying; but there's so much to look at, that one misses most of it!

[*A Pontoon is moved out into the centre of the Lake, and three "Rocky Mountain Wonders" give an entertainment on board. The first Wonder constructs the letter A with himself and two high ladders, up which the other two run nimbly. They meet at the top with mutual surprise, and a touch of resentment, as if each had expected at least to find solitude there. The Second Wonder lies down on his back resignedly, and the Third, meanly availing himself of the opportunity, stands on his friend's stomach, and strikes an attitude. Both descend and bow, in recognition of applause, and then each starts up his ladder again—only to meet once more at the top, more surprised and annoyed than ever. The Third Wonder refuses to be appeased unless he is allowed to hold the Second head downwards by the ankles. After further amenities of this kind they come down, apparently reconciled, and are towed back to the shore.*]

*Miss Friv.* Is that supposed to be an illustration of life on the Rocky Mountains?

*Mr. Hopl. (bringing the full powers of his mind to bear on the subject).* I should be inclined to doubt myself whether it afforded any accurate idea of either the industry or the—er—relaxations

peculiar to that region, which can hardly be favourable to such pursuits.

*Miss Friv.* They might find it useful for escaping from a grizzly, mightn't they?

*Mr. Hopl.* Hardly, if, as I have always been given to understand, the grizzly bear is an equally expert climber. I imagine their title of "Rocky Mountain Wonders" is merely indicative of their—er—origin, and that their performances would indeed excite more wonder in their native country than anywhere else. One should always guard against taking these things in too literal a spirit.

[*Miss F. assents demurely, and is suddenly moved to mirth, as she is careful to explain, by the sight of a Nigger, which, Mr. H. very justly remarks, is scarcely a subject for so much amusement.*

*Mr. Bravo* (after the *Corps de Ballet* have performed various evolutions on a large raft). I call that uncommonly pretty, all those girls dancing there in the sunlight, eh?

*Mr. Blazz.* Pretty enough—in its proper place.

*Mr. Bravo* (losing his patience at last). Why, hang it all, you wouldn't have the Ballet danced under water, would you?

*Mr. Blazz.* Well, it would be more of a novelty, at any rate.

[*Mr. BRAVO decides that "it was a mistake to come out with a chap like BLAZZEY."*

#### IN THE SHILLING SEATS.

*A Small Sharp Boy* (with an admiring Father, Mother, and Grandmother). Father, why ha' them Injuns all got feathers stuck round their 'eds like shuttlecocks, eh? Is it to show as they're in the terbaccer line, eh, Father? Is the gentleman on the bicycle a real demon, eh, Father? Ain't he like what a real demon is? *Why* ain't you never seen one, Father? Think you'll *ever* see one, eh? *Why's* that man going right up atop of that pole for? *Why* is he goin' to jump off? Will he git drowned, eh, Father? Don't he *ever* git drowned? Could *you* dive off from as 'igh as that with your legs tied? Could Uncle BILL? Could Gran'ma, with 'er legs tied?

[&c., &c.]

#### DURING THE WALRUS HUNT.

*Shilling and Sixpenny Spectators.* That's the police station on that boat where the two Bobbies are.... 'Ere's a rummy couple coming along in this boat! See the bloke with the bald 'ed, and the ole girl in a pink bonnet?... There, they've run slap into them others, and the ole bloke's got his 'eels in the air. Oh, dear, oh, dear!... Look at the bobbies tryin' to run 'em in. Lor, they're all pourin' water on to each other's 'eds as 'ard as they can go! 'Ere's the ole walrus swimmin' up now, d'ye *see*? And the ole Clown a fishin' for 'im. 'E's bin an' dragged 'im 'in 'ed foremost! Look at the walrus a duckin' o' the ole woman. Hor, hor, if ever I see the like o' that! Is that like 'ow they 'unt walruses, Father, eh? Blest if the ole walrus ain't got into the station 'ouse *after* 'em. Look at 'em all gittin' out on the roof—in they jump! And the ole girl goin' in backwards, hor, hor! And the other bloke any'ow. See the 'ole admiral in the cocked 'at a takin' sights through 'is spy-glorss! Now they're gittin' the 'arpoon ready. There, they've copped 'im—it's all over! Well, that *was* a good lark, and no mistake!

#### AT THE LANDING-PLACE—AFTER SHOOTING THE CHUTES.

Oh, it was perfectly splendid! We put the rugs right over our heads, and didn't get wet a bit!... I don't know if you're aware of it, my dear, but you've got black streaks all down your face. Gracious! it's the dye from my veil. Do I look very dreadful, dear? Well, it *shows*, of course—but I wouldn't touch it, or you'll make it worse.... This lot got a ducking, and no mistake—*look* at 'em—ho, ho!... I say, dear old chap, you *ought* to have come too—it was ripping! Splashed? No, nothing to speak of. Eh? "My hat?" What's *wrong* with it? Oh, confound it all! I only took a front seat to oblige those two girls. Yes, *I* can see they're giggling at me as well as you can. Look here, old fellow, *do* you know if there's a place here where I can get my hat ironed, and buy a collar and tie? Because I've got to meet the CHAFFINGTONS here, and dine with 'em and that. "So have *you*?" Then *that's* why you backed out of going down the Chute! Why the deuce didn't you *say* so? Oh, if you're going to stand there laughing like a fool, I'm off! I may just have time to— Hang it; there *are* the CHAFFINGTON girls! Is my collar too *beastly* limp? you might *tell* a fellow!

#### TO A DROSHKY-DRIVER.

(*By a Quondam Fare.*)

Here's a health to you, GOSPODIN IVÁNOFF—  
Or whatever your name may chance to be—  
Of *vodka* I'll toss you a full *stakán* off  
(A tumbler, I mean, of *eau de vie*);

And I'll sing you *fortissimo con furore*  
Your national hymn, in a cheerful key,  
(Twill colour with local tone my story,  
To start with your "*Bozhe Tsaryá khraní*").



'Twas a lively morning, my hirsute Jehu,  
In Petersburg once we together spent;  
And now in my sketch-book I still can see you  
(The annexed for your portrait's humbly meant).  
Your costume resembled in part a butcher's—  
A dull blue gown of a vast extent,  
With top-boots, like each of the other *kutschers*  
And shocking bad hat, all "bashed" and bent.

Ere long you called me your "little brother,"  
Or else—your knowledge of Court to show—  
(What one Russian "High Excellence" styles another)  
"*Vuisókoprevoskhoditelstvo*."  
You wanted to learn how to greet an acquaintance  
In English; I said, to be *comme il faut*,  
That "God save the Queen" was the proper sentence—  
I own that my hoax was a trifle low.

A large percentage, my gay *izvostchik*,  
I failed of your jokes to understand;  
But I safely say you displayed the *most* cheek  
Of any I've met by sea or land.  
When you pitched me clean out on the Nevski pavement,  
With syllable brief I loudly banned;  
But as *dam* in your lingo "I'll give" (you knave!) meant,  
You grinned, and for "tea-money" held your hand.

I shall never forget that awful jolting  
I got as you whirled me round about  
In your backless car; for your bumping, bolting,  
You really, my Vanka, deserved the knout.  
Well, I won't say "Good-bye," but "*Do svidanya*"—  
Though whether we'll meet again I doubt;  
If you ever *should* wander to far BRITANNIA,  
I fear you will probably find me "Out."

---

MOTTO FOR PROFESSORS OF PALMISTRY.— "*Palmam qui meruit ferat*." *i.e.*, "Who has paid his money may bare his palm."

---

It is proposed to establish a fire-station, "with fifty men, on the Thames Embankment." For what purpose? In case of anybody setting the Thames on Fire?

---

Mrs. R. says she never has toast for breakfast, but always "fresh-airated bread."

---

### THE MOAN OF A THEATRE-MANAGER.

Who gets, by hook or crook, from me  
Admittance free, though well knows he  
That myriads turned away will be?  
The Deadhead.

Who, while he for his programme pays  
The smallest silver coin, inveighs  
Against such fraud with eyes ablaze?  
The Deadhead.

Who to his neighbour spins harangues,  
On how he views with grievous pangs  
The dust that on our hangings hangs?  
The Deadhead.

Who, in a voice which rings afar,  
Declares, while standing at the bar,  
Our drinks most deleterious are?  
The Deadhead.

Who aye withholds the claps and cheers



That others give? Who jeers and sneers  
At all he sees and all he hears?  
The Deadhead.

Who loudly, as the drama's plot  
Unfolds, declares the tale a lot  
Of balderdash and tommy-rot?  
The Deadhead.

Who dubs the actors boorish hinds?  
Who fault with all the scenery finds?  
Who with disgust his molars grinds?  
The Deadhead.

Who spreads dissatisfaction wide  
'Mongst those who else with all they spied  
Had been extremely satisfied?  
The Deadhead.

Who runs us down for many a day,  
And keeps no end of folks away  
That else would for admittance pay?  
The Deadhead.

Who keeps his reputation still,  
For recompensing good with ill  
With more than Pandemonium's skill?  
The Deadhead.

Who makes the bankrupt's doleful doom  
In all its blackness o'er me loom?  
Who'll bring my grey head to the tomb?  
The Deadhead.

---

## **"THE WAY THEY HAVE IN THE NAVY."**

***(Adapted to the Requirements of the Army.)***

"There was no doubt about it," queried the Quartermaster to the Adjutant, "the Chief certainly desired me to execute him?"

"That is unquestionably my impression," replied the Adjutant.

"Yes, and it never does to question his orders," continued the Quartermaster; "it makes him so wild if he fancies that you are disobeying his commands."

"Quite so," admitted the Adjutant; "and so the best thing is to carry them out. As you know, obedience is 'the first law of a soldier.'"

"Still, to shoot a man for nothing, does seem a *little* hard."

"How do we know it's for nothing? You may be sure the Chief has his own reasons for everything."

And so the two warriors walked to the barrack square and sent for the unfortunate Private THOMAS ATKINS. As the order was conveyed to the quarters of the rank and file, men lounged out of the mess-room, and discussed the Colonel's orders. It seemed "a bit strange," but it was not for them to dispute the chief's command. And, as they spoke, Private THOMAS ATKINS was produced. He had a clean defaulter's sheet.

"On my word, I really trust that there may be some mistake," said a Brigade-Surgeon-Lieutenant-Colonel M.D. "But, as I am not now attached to the battalion, I have no right to interfere."

Private THOMAS ATKINS was marched to a wall, ordered to right-about turn, and then (under the command of the Quartermaster) shot.

Then the civil power, in the person of a police-constable, thought it time to interfere, and arrested the officer immediately in command.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the Colonel, subsequently; "how exceedingly absurd! I wanted the Quartermaster to give him a new suit, and he thought I asked him to shoot him! You fellows really ought to be more careful!"

But nothing could be done, because the matter had passed into the hands of the civil power.

And, all things taken into consideration, it was just as well that they had.

---

## THE BALLAD OF DEPARTED PIPPINS.

*(Some Way after Villon and Rossetti.)*

Tell me, now, where has *it* departed,  
That fine old apple, the Ribstone Pippin,  
The rosy-coated, and juicy-hearted,  
I loved, when a "nipper," my teeth to slip in?



Where is the Russet we boys thought rippin'?  
(Though its sharpness sometimes started the tears?)  
Oh! such-like often I've spent my "tip" in—  
But where are the apples of earlier years?

Where's the King Pippin, the sun-brown one?  
And where is the Catshead, light Spring green?  
Which gave, while eating, such glorious fun,  
If—after munching—some dule and teen)?  
And where is the Golden Knob, whose sheen  
Would draw the wasps all about our ears?  
(Sometimes in our mouths, if they were not seen)—  
But where are the apples of earlier years?

White watery things from the land of the Yankee,  
And sugary shams from the Austral seas,  
They sell us—at sixpence per pound! No, thankee!  
I have no palate for frauds like these.  
There's not an apple that now could please  
Poor EVE so much as to waken fears.  
Ah, the luscious Pippins youth crunched at ease!  
But where are the apples of earlier years?

Nay, never ask if your fruiterer's heard  
Of "a decent pippin" (the huckster sneers!)  
Except with this for, an overword—  
But where *are* the apples of earlier years?

---

RATHER MIXED.—In the sale of wines at CHRISTIE'S last week, Lot 136 is described as "3 dozen of sherry, 1842, been to West Indies, more or less." Now, why this mystery? Why not make a clean breast of it? Is it meant that the sherry called in at only one or two of the Indies? or did it only set half way on the voyage to the group? We should learn more or be told less.

[pg 42]



### FELINE AMENITIES.

*Fair Visitor.* "Do Play something, Dear! I love to hear your Music!"

*Fair Hostess.* "SORRY, DEAR, BUT THIS PIANO IS SO DREADFULLY OUT OF TUNE! THAT'S THE WORST OF LIVING IN APARTMENTS! MY MUSIC-MASTER SAYS THAT TO USE SUCH A PIANO AS THAT IS FATAL TO REAL PLAYING! BUT WON'T YOU PLAY SOMETHING, DEAR?"

---

## THROUGH THE LOCK.

**Grand Old Puntsman pipes up:—**

"*Lock! Lock! Lock!*"

Heaven be thanked, we're through it!  
Spite of crush, and jam, and shock,  
*That's* the way to do it!  
Now for a fair "flowing tide,"  
Verdurous banks and shady!  
Yes, we're through. *I'm* glad, aren't *you*,  
Eh, my little lady?

"*Lock! Lock! Lock!*"

Trim the punt, sweet, prythee!  
You look nice in your new frock!  
Fresh as osier withy.  
How they strove your togs to tear;  
Hinder, or capsize us!  
But, hurroo! we've scrambled through!  
Nought need now surprise us!

"*Lock! Lock! Lock!*"

Faint cry, far before us!  
Lot of toffs my efforts mock;  
Menace us in chorus.  
Swear they'll swamp us at the weir.  
Fate there's no controlling,  
But the Grand Old River Hand  
Puts his faith in pol(l)ing!

Sit tight, my dear, and as we drop down with the tide towards the next lock, I'll sing you a new river-song to an old air. [*Sings.*]

And did you ne'er hear of a jolly old punting man,  
Who near Westminster his calling doth ply?  
He handles his pole with such skill and dexterity,  
Winning each "No" and enchanting each "Aye."  
He looks so neat, he steers so steadily,  
The ladies all flock to his punt so readily;  
And he's so celebrated for courage and care,  
That he's seldom in want of a freight or a fare.

But o'er his last passenger rivals made merry.  
She *did* look so feeble, and frightened withal:  
"A fair sample this of your fine Irish ladies!  
In a Party like yours won't she kick up a squall?"  
Thus oft they'd be chaffing, and shouting and jeering,  
But 'twas all one to WILLY; he stuck to his steering;  
For hissing or hooting he little did care,  
He handled his pole, and looked after his fare.

And ah! just to think now how strangely things happen!  
He poled along, caring for no one at all;  
By a crush in the lock, foes his fare meant alarming,  
And hoped in deep water she fainting might fall.  
But he bade the young damsel to banish all sorrow,  
"If they block us to-day, dear, we'll get through to-morrow."  
And now the old Puntsman is through! But they swear  
They'll yet flummox the future of him and his fare!

---

GOOD GRACIOUS!—Mrs. R. went to Lord's the other day, to see Doctor GRACE play. She says, "Until then I had no idea he was a man of such splendid *physic.*"

---

**SYMPATHY.**

***A Colloquy after the Eton and Harrow Cricket Match.***

***Old Buffer to Small Boy, solicitously:—***

Why are you hoarse, my little lad,  
So husky and so hoarse?  
Your voice is almost gone! 'Tis sad!  
You'll seek advice, of course?

Diphtheria is much about!  
And—well you know, there's cancer!!!  
Dear me, you're choking now! Don't shout,  
But write me down an answer.

***Small Boy to Old Buffer, spasmodically:—***

Cancer—be blowed!—*Cricket*—of course!  
Harrow—for years—has beaten;  
And—I've been howling till I'm hoarse  
To see 'em—licked by Eton!!!  
Hooray!!!

---

### THE MOAN OF THE MINOR POET.

This (says Mr. JAMES PAYN) is what TOM HOOD wrote about the treatment meted out to the Minor Poet in his time:—

"What is a Modern Poet's fate?  
To write his thoughts upon a slate—  
The critic spits on what is done,  
Gives it a wipe—and all is gone."

And this (says *Mr. Punch*) is the Minor Poet's reply to-day:—

I write not on a slate, but foolscap fair:  
It falls to the Waste-paper Basket's care.  
If *not*, the Minor Poet's still ill-fated,  
'Tis by some Minor Critic now he's "slated."  
Far better than that stabber's spiteful lunge,  
Were "a clean slate" and kind oblivion's "sponge."

[pg 43]



**"THROUGH THE LOCK."**

[pg 44]

[pg 45]

---



### QUITE A LITTLE PARABLE.

*The Rector (returning from day's fishing—in reply to usual question).* "SPORT? OH! WRETCHED!! WRETCHED!!! TRIED EVERY DODGE I COULD THINK OF, BUT NOTHING WOULD TEMPT 'EM."

*Canny Scot (who rather suspects the Rector of a fondness for good living).* "A—WHEEL RECTOR, NA DOOT THEY SET SOME ON US A POORFUL EXAMPLE I' NO GIVIN' WAY TO THEIR CARNAL PROCLEEVITIES, AND REFUSIN' TO BE TA'EN IN BY THE FA'SE BLANDISHMENTS O' THE DEEVIL, I' THE SHAPE O' YER AWN ARTIFEECIAL FLEES."

---

### THE VOICE OF THE THAMES.

Leave, dweller in the smoke-bound street,  
Your native London's ceaseless noise.  
With aching head and weary feet  
Turn from the town's delusive joys.  
On dusty terrace, grimy square,  
A dismal pall seems settling down;  
Be not the Season's slave, and dare,  
Oh town-bred man, to leave the town.

The town can spare you; it may chance  
The Park will fill without your aid;  
And still at many a matron's dance  
Moist man will whirl with panting maid.  
Vast dinners still will be as slow,  
The night will still be turned to day,  
And all the giddy round will go  
As wild and well with you away.

But here the days are passing fair,  
The sun shines bright, the leaves are green;  
Cool on your forehead breathes the air,  
The very smoke seems fresh and clean.  
And over all the winding miles,  
Where erst his foaming torrents ran,  
The clear, calm Thames breaks forth in smiles  
Of welcome to the London man.

Bend to your oars, away, away!  
Then rest awhile, or deftly steer  
Where topped with rainbow clouds of spray  
The waters tumble o'er the weir.  
Nor scorn the man whom, moored for hours,  
Nor failure daunts nor jeers affront,  
Who sits, unheeding sun or showers,  
A fishless angler in a punt.

Then, when at eve the ringdove's call  
Is hushed upon the wooded hill,  
And slowly lengthening shadows fall  
On field and stream, and all is still,  
Drift homewards, thanking Heaven that made

You free to dream awhile your dream  
In this fair scene of sun and shade,  
On gentle Thames's crystal stream.

---

## EXAMINATION PAPER FOR LADIES.

*(To be set to Débutantes who have completed their first Season.)*

1. What do you think of London in comparison with the country?
2. Write a short Essay upon your initial ball, giving your impressions of (1) your partners, (2) your dances, and (3) the supper.
3. Given three dances a night six evenings a week, what will be the cost of bouquets a quarter?
4. Show how three dresses, with a clever ladiesmaid, and a deposit account at the Army and Navy Stores, can be made to do duty as a couple of dozen entirely different gowns.
5. Give a short history of the Opera Season, pointing out any special features of importance, and estimating the receipts of the Command Night.
6. Give a short biography of any two of the following Society lions: Signor MASCAGNI, Lord ROBERTS, Mr. OSCAR WILDE, Captain BOYTON, and the Siamese Ambassador.
7. Supply the true stories associated with "the lost opera-glass at Ascot," "the sun-shade at the garden party," "the ride to the horse-chestnuts," and "the interrupted honeymoon."
8. Show in a rough sketch the latest mode of shaking hands.
9. Give a brief account of any two of the following Society functions: (1) The Royal Wedding, (2) the Eton and Harrow match, (3) Sandown, (4) a first night at the Lyceum, (5) a wedding at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, and (6) Henley.
10. Correct the mistakes (if any) in the following passage:—"Mr. ALEXANDER, the Lessee of Drury Lane, appeared at the Haymarket as *Becket*, in Mr. PINERO'S sparkling comedy of that name. He was supported by Miss ELLEN TERRY as the *Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, and Lady MONCKTON as *Portia*—the woman of no importance. After a successful career of five hundred nights, *Becket* was transferred to Chicago, with the cast strengthened by Mrs. BERNARD-BEERE, who consented to accept, as a mark of respect to the management, the comparatively insignificant part of *Charley's Aunt*."
11. Give a list of the eligible *partis* of the season, with their rent-rolls, distinguishing idiots from sensible men.
12. In conclusion, after four months' hard work at Society functions, trace the benefit you have derived from your novel surroundings.

[pg 46]

---

## THE PROPRIETORS' VADE MECUM.

*(A Supplement for the Newspaper Press.)*

*Question.* What is the duty of a Newspaper Proprietor?

*Answer.* To use his periodical for the benefit of the public by obtaining and affording information.

*Q.* Is he expected to expose abuses?

*A.* Certainly, or he would be thought to be degrading the noble profession to which he has the honour to belong.

*Q.* What is the customary result of an *exposé*?

*A.* An action for libel.

*Q.* By whom is it frequently brought?

*A.* By a man of straw.

*Q.* And what is the alleged libel?

*A.* That the plaintiff was described as being manufactured of no more substantial material.

*Q.* If a man is made of straw, how can he obtain assistance from a solicitor?

*A.* By approaching a member of the junior branch of the legal profession who possesses no rooted objection to speculation.

*Q.* What is a speculative action?

*A.* It is an action brought to give a solicitor a chance of getting

costs.

*Q.* Is the length of trial a matter of importance to the plaintiff?

*A.* Certainly not, because he stands to win one way and not to lose on the other.

*Q.* What does a long trial mean to the defendant?

*A.* Solicitor's fees by the score and "refreshers" by the dozen.

*Q.* What is the outcome of the proceedings?

*A.* After many days, a verdict.

*Q.* In whose favour?

*A.* The defendant's.

*Q.* Does the defendant benefit in consequence?

*A.* Not at all—the reverse. For after the finding of the jury, he is at liberty to pay his own costs.

*Q.* Why does he pay his own costs?

*A.* Because his statement that the plaintiff is and was a man of straw is practically corroborated.

*Q.* But does not the *exposé* prove that he has done an action well-deserving of his country?

*A.* Certainly; but this consideration does not give him unmixed satisfaction.

*Q.* Why does it not give him unmixed satisfaction?

*A.* Because, although losing a huge sum of money may be patriotic and large-minded, it is scarcely business-like.

*Q.* Are not newspapers intended to benefit the public?

*A.* Unquestionably, but in that public the individuality of the proprietor should not be entirely overlooked.

*Q.* Then what would you recommend?

*A.* That instead of being regarded as prey, newspapers should be made to pay.

*Q.* And how can that be carried out?

*A.* By making a law calling upon a would-be plaintiff, in a questionable action for libel, to give security for costs.



### A DELICATE SNUB.

*Sir Pompey Bedell.* "Oh—ER—MOSSOO LE BARRONG, ESKER-VOO—ER—ESKER-VOO SAVVY—ER—ESKER-VOO SAVVY KER VOOS AVAY LE—LA—ER—ER—"

*Monsieur le Baron.* "Do not Sir Pompey, do *not* continue to speak French! You speak it so well—ah! But *so* well—zat you make me feel quite 'Ome-sick!'"

O WISE YOUNG JUDGE!—Mr. Justice HAWKINS has scored over and over again during the first act of the ZIERENBERG *v.* LABOUCHERE trial. One witness in cross-examination said "he thought he could tell people who were overworked." So Mr. Justice HAWKINS asked him, "Do you see anybody in this court who looks like being overworked?" Of course the witness looked straight at the Judge, but Sir HENRY was ready with a very practical answer to his own

question, as he instantly rose to the occasion and adjourned the case till next day, and from next day till next term.

---

AT THE T. R. H.—Mr. TREE substituted IBSEN for WILDE. Some evenings at the T. R. Haymarket may be pleasantly passed, *i.e.*, "*Wilde*" away.

---

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, July 17.*—"Et tu, Bowlesey!" said GRANDOLPH, a tear glistening on his long eyelashes. Of course he should have said "*Brute*," but that is not Member for King's Lynn's name. Remark followed upon incident that ruffled unusually dull evening. TOMMY was making one of his rare speeches; instructing Chief Secretary on intricate point in Home-Rule Bill; complaining of an omission in Amendment under discussion. GRANDOLPH, turning round, explained to him the bearing of things. Audacious, it is true. "The attempt," as JEMMY LOWTHER said, "to instruct your grandmother in the art of imbibing light but nutritious refreshment a slight thing compared with the temerity of teaching Tommy anything." When he detected GRANDOLPH in attempt, he for moment fixed him with surprised stare. Enough in ordinary circumstances to paralyse a rhinoceros. GRANDOLPH, who from precarious retreat in a tree-top in Central Africa has watched the noon slumbers of a horde of thirty lions, did not flinch. Then through the startled House rang TOMMY's withering rebuke: "Pray hold your tongue!" an injunction which drew from GRANDOLPH the pained remark quoted above.

Coming from such a source it was doubly painful. Always understood that TOMMY founded his Parliamentary style upon GRANDOLPH's earlier manner. Whispered that Member for King's Lynn had dreamed a dream of a new Fourth Party. He of course would play the part of GRANDOLPH; HANBURY (selected chiefly on account of his height and slimness of his figure) would stand for Arthur Balfour before he came into his Princedom. The glories of Gorst would live again in BARTLEY; and TOMMY had spent sleepless night in doubt as to whether he should enlist PARKER SMITH or AMBROSE in place of WOLFFY, who now, in distant Madrid, wears a sombrero, drapes his *svelte* figure in a cloak, and interlards his conversation with cries of "*Carramba!*"

This point was decided by curious incident. One afternoon TOMMY came upon PARKER SMITH conversing with TOMLINSON.

"Don't you think PARKER SMITH's getting something of a bore?" TOMMY asked, when that eminent statesman moved away.



"ANGELS IN 'THE HOUSE.'"

[pg 47]

[pg 48]

"Now that's very odd indeed," said TOMLINSON. "Just as you came up PARKER SMITH said to me 'Here comes TOMMY BOWLES; good fellow; means well; but don't you think he's making himself something of a bore?'"

So PARKER SMITH lost his chance, and perhaps will never know how or why. Thinking of these things 'tis quaint to find TOMMY turning and biting the hand which, so to speak, held for him the



Parliamentary bottle. "*Et tu, Bowley!*" GRANDOLPH sighed again, thinking of the days that are no more. "But I ought to have remembered that he who plays at BOWLES must expect rubbers."

*Business done.*—TOMMY declines to make room for his Uncle GRANDOLPH; even rudely repulses avuncular advances.

*Tuesday.*—SEXTON magnanimously relieved Mr. G., JOHN MORLEY, and, by implication, SQUIRE OF MALWOOD and other Members, from embarrassing imputation. Sometimes, when gentlemen in PRINCE ARTHUR'S suite have nothing nastier to say, they sketch lurid pictures of Mr. G. and the rest drawn at wheels of SEXTON'S chariot. All very well, they say, to talk of Cabinet Meetings, and statesmanship at Irish Office. The real boss, as TIM would put it, the arbiter of situation, is SEXTON. When these things are said, JOHN MORLEY smiles grimly; Mr. G. pretends not to hear; SQUIRE OF MALWOOD audibly raps fingers on his manly breast; Liberals cheer ironically; SEXTON blushes, and looks across to see if JOHN REDMOND is listening.

To-night he feels this thing has gone far enough. There may, perhaps, be some smattering of truth in it; but its disclosure cannot be pleasant to his right hon. friends on Treasury Bench. Accordingly SEXTON rose, and, taking Mr. G. by the hand, as it were, and giving a finger to JOHN MORLEY, declared that there was no foundation for the imputation. It was true he had from time to time offered suggestions, the appositeness and value of which it was not for him to determine. Occasionally they might have been accepted by the Government. That was due not to the pressure of dictation, but to the force of reason. Mr. MORLEY was a statesman not unacquainted with affairs, whilst Mr. G. had reached an age at which he might be trusted with some share in the conduct of a Bill. He could assure the House that he was not, in this matter, dictator. Such a charge was, he added, in burst of uncompromising self-abnegation, "imbecile."

"And they say," cried WEBSTER, for him unusually mixed, "that Irishmen have no sense of humour."

*Business done.*—SEXTON generously puts Mr. G. right in eyes of Universe.



"He declared that there was no foundation for the imputation."

*Thursday Night.*—Been remarked of late, in quarter behind Front Opposition Bench, that THEOBALD has appeared preternaturally preoccupied. Thought he was brooding over the drought, or the prospects of Home Rule. Secret out to-night. Been concocting a joke; taken him some time; but, then, consider the quality. Some weeks ago order issued in Ireland prohibiting hoisting of flags on hotels, and other private buildings. THEOBALD diligently concentrating his thoughts upon this fresh iniquity, gradually worked out his joke. Appeared on paper to-night in shape of question addressed to JOHN MORLEY. Supposing (so it runs) HER MAJESTY should visit Ireland, and stay in an hotel, would the Government take measures to legalise the hoisting of the Royal Standard on the building?

Delightful to watch THEOBALD when he had fired this bolt; fixed his eye attentively on Mr. G., to see how he took it, the paper in his hand trembling with excitement. Didn't often make a joke; doesn't remember a former occasion. Work somewhat exhausting, especially in hot weather; but when he did take his coat off and set to it must be admitted he turned out a rare article. All very well for JOHN MORLEY to affect to make light of the business. Not very probable that when the QUEEN visited Ireland she would put up at an hotel; a hypothetical question; deal with the question when it arises, and all the rest of Ministerial commonplaces. THEOBALD'S shaft had gone home, and when he saw Mr. G. wince, and SQUIRE OF MALWOOD grow pale, he felt that the continuous labour of nights and days was rewarded.

"Didn't think I could do it," he said when I warmly congratulated him. "Not used to that sort of thing, you know. Never know what you can do till you try. A little hard at first. The thing is to keep pegging away. Still, I'm glad it's over. Shan't try another this year. Shall go away now for a bit of a holiday to recruit."

*Business done.*—Got through Clauses Home-Rule Bill. Shall begin now to pick up dropped threads.

*Friday.*—Not heard much lately of HENNIKER-HEATON. Compared with what my dear old friend RAIKES used to suffer from this quarter, ARNOLD MORLEY'S withers are unwrung. "You've not given up the crusade, have you?" I asked HENNIKER, meeting him in the Lobby just now.

"No," he said; "I do not mean to rest till not only I get Ocean Penny Postage, but have introduced at home a smaller but much-needed reform. Custom here at Christmas is, as I daresay you know, to give postman present. That I hold to be a criminal reversal of natural course of events. It's the Post-Office should give its customers a Christmas-box, as in some places doth the grocer and eke the milkman. This tax upon the general public on behalf of a department of the State is another evidence of the grasping disposition of St. Martin's-le-Grand. I'll be up and at 'em again soon. Fact is, of late I've had my own troubles. Have mentioned them in letter to *Times*, so don't mind talking to you on a subject that has brought me from unknown admirers many expressions of sympathy, the comfort of which has, it is true, been somewhat lessened by the fact that postage was unpaid. It's this Australian Bank business. You know the proud motto of that great Colony beyond the Sea, 'Advance, Australia!' Well, having lived there sometime, I thought it only polite to fall in with the suggestion. I advanced Australia a good deal of money in the way of purchase of bank stock, which has melted away like snow on the river. CURRAN'S in the same box: but we shall get over this, and you may bet a shilling postage-stamp to a halfpenny newspaper-cover we'll Advance Australia no more."

*Business done.*—Entered last compartment Home-Rule Bill.

---

## "VOCES STELLARUM."

A great crowd of theatrical astronomers and star-gazers assembled at the Lyceum Observatory last Saturday night for the purpose of watching the movements of the brilliant Lyceum group. HENRY IRVING of the first magnitude, ELLEN TERRY one of the brightest of the astral bodies, and the Mars-like TERRIS, with the other lesser brilliancies, all of whom we shall be unable to reckon as among the "Fixed Stars" until next Spring, when they shall have returned from their American tour. Enthusiastic reception from all parts of the House of IRVING-BECKET'S parting address, which he delivered, standing before the Curtain, in his monk's habit (one of the old "Orders," "not admitted after seven"), and wearing the *pallium*, which is the special and peculiar "property" of the Lyceum See. *Mr. Punch* wishes them "*Bon voyage*," and many happy "returns" after every performance, ending with the happiest return of all, their reappearance at the Lyceum.

---

## CONS. FOR THE CHAIR.

### *On very Old Models.*

*Q.* Why should a MELLOR put on a "considering cap"?—*A.* To keep his head cool. *Q.* When is a "Chair" not a "Chair"?—*A.* When it is "sat upon." *Q.* When does the Closure a Premier surprise?—*A.* When he finds the "Noes" above the "Ayes." *Q.* Where was PEEL when he put the SEXTON out?—*A.* In a passion. *Q.* Why does an angry Party "cross" the House?—*A.* To get on the other side.

---

## An Unpleasant Paradox.

That "great conflagration" at "Simmery Axe"  
Brings woe to the burthened with Rate and Tax,  
For it tells him that Rating must still go higher—  
He must "raise the Wind" to keep down the Fire!

---

GOOD LEGAL SECURITIES.—De-Benchers of Lincoln's Inn.

---

### Transcriber's Note:

Sundry missing or damaged punctuation has been repaired.

Page 41: 'everthing' corrected to 'everything' ... "You may be sure the Chief has his own reasons for

everything."

The corrections is also indicated in the text by a dashed line under the word:  
Move the mouse over the word, and the original text, or the explanation, appears.

---

\*\*\* END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI,  
VOLUME 105, JULY 29TH 1893 \*\*\*

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

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

## START: FULL LICENSE

### THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG LICENSE

PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do

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

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

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

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

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

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg™ work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg™ work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

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

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

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

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

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

The Foundation’s business office is located at 809 North 1500 West, Salt Lake City, UT 84116, (801) 596-1887. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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