

**The Project Gutenberg eBook of Punch, or the London Charivari, Vol. 108,
June 22nd, 1895, 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. 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, Vol. 108, June 22nd, 1895

Author: Various

Editor: F. C. Burnand

Release date: May 18, 2013 [EBook #42734]

Language: English

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

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI,
VOL. 108, JUNE 22ND, 1895 ***

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

VOL. 108. JUNE 22, 1895.

edited by Sir Francis Burnand

ROUNABOUT READINGS.



It has been noticed by philosophers that a mere name will often lead a man to his ruin. Why, for example, was JOHN DARLEY fined twenty shillings and costs at the Tynemouth Petty Sessions? He met a boiler-smith, RICHARD ROTHWELL, riding on a bicycle. Thereupon, without any apparent reason, he used abusive language, bashed the unoffending boiler-smith on the nose, brandished a knife, and shouted out, "Come on!—I'm JOHNNY DARLEY, from Byker." There you have it. Residing, as he did, in a perpetual comparative, he naturally despised and loathed the positive "byke." Hence his violent assault on its rider.

I observe, with deep regret, that Professor LLOYD, of Southport, has been fined for trespassing on a railway bridge at Preston. The Professor did not want to stay there. All he wished to do, and all that he actually did, was to dive off into the water below. He is an aquatic Professor, and informed the Bench that he was obliged to do these things to keep up his reputation.

I'll tell you a tale of Professor LLOYD,
Who dived off a bridge at Preston—
An act that the magistrates much
 annoyed,
 Though he kept both his coat and vest
 on.
They said "You mustn't repeat this joke,
 Professor, or else you'll rue it."
But LLOYD, the Professor, he up and
 spoke,
 And said, "I'm obliged to do it.
Up on the bridge I stand for awhile,
 I stand till I fairly shiver.
Then down I go—it seems like a mile—

And I plunge in the bubbling river.
I hope your worships won't "queer my
pitch,"
For I'm sorry to give you trouble
In maintaining a reputation which
Is so closely combined with bubble."

I wish I had been in Hawick lately. Ever since I first learnt the rudiments of the English language I have been haunted by a desire to know how a man looked and acted when he "bussed the Standard." They've done that at Hawick "in connection," as I read, "with the celebration of the ancient custom of the Common Riding." Later on "the local slogan 'Teribus' was sung with great vigour." There is something crushing, scattering, and battle-heralding about the mere sound of that fearful word.

J. B., who describes himself as "A Residenter in Oswald Road," writes to *The Scotsman* to complain of the flimsy material used in the construction of the lamp-posts near his dwelling. The other day a milk-van ran away—at least, the horse drawing it did. "One would think," says J. B., "the progress of such a small vehicle would have been arrested by coming into collision with one lamp-post, but four posts were destroyed by the van. On examination it is found that the foundation of a street lamp-post only goes three inches into the stone below it. With such a short hold the lamp-post is easily toppled over." Of course it is. To fix lamp-posts so inadequately gives a direct encouragement to milk-vans to run away and attempt their destruction. Let the Lord Provost of Edinburgh look to it.

The Master and the Matron of the workhouse at Stratford-on-Avon have resigned, and the guardians have been "considerably discussing" the appointment of their successors. Eventually it was resolved, not only to reduce the salaries, but also—hear this, ye licensed victuallers!—to cut off the beer-money hitherto paid. What dignity can possibly attach to a workhouse officer who has to pay for his own beer? It is by such insidious attacks as this that the foundations of public confidence are shaken, and the whole fabric of the Constitution is endangered. My mind misgives me when I attempt to forecast the future of Stratford.

At Tetbury there is a lodge of the recently-established Conservative Working Men's Benefit Society. It is called—*absit omen*—the Trouble House Lodge, and quite recently it held a *fête* and dinner. 'Tis always *fête*-day somewhere in the world. Indeed, the amount of *fêtes* that take place on any given day in provincial England is astounding. Without frequent *fêtes* no district can be considered respectable.

In the world that we live in our troubles
are great;
To add to their number is scarcely the
game.
Nay, how can these lodgers delight in
their *fête*,
With perpetual trouble attached to
their name?

At Owens College, Manchester, so I gather from the letter of "An Old Student" in *The Manchester Guardian*, some of the students are beginning to feel, that "while its teaching of specific subjects is admirable, in fact, unsurpassed, its general education—that education which consists in the development of men—has not yet reached the same level." They therefore wish to develop athletics, and by making the modest subscription of 10s. 6d. compulsory on all, "to decoy the unathletic man into taking exercise almost without knowing it." At present only 150 out of 800 students pay up. I heartily commend this proposal, though I confess I should like to know what sort of exercise it is that a man can take almost without knowing it. Let the unathletic man be decoyed by all means, but let him thoroughly understand that he is to take exercise, and take it, if possible, with reasonable violence.

MR. N. F. DRUCE, of Cambridge, is, as I write, at the head of the batting averages of this year, and next to him comes the marvellous W. G.

Ye batsmen attend, of my hints make a use,
And consider the greatness of GRACE and of
DRUCE.
If you wish to make hundreds your names,
you'll agree
Must be monosyllabic and end with c, e.

ASCOT.

To Monsieur Punch.

Cher Monsieur,—Last year I am gone to your races of Ascot. It is beautiful, it is ravishing, but how it is dear! Thousand thunders, how it is dear! I go to the *Grand Prix*, I pay twenty francs, that is also dear, but it is all, it is finished. Eh well, I desire to see one time your Gold Cup, and I go of good hour by railway. Arrived there I pay one pound, that what you call one sov., and I enter. I suppose I can go by all—*partout*, how say you? Ah, but no! I see by all some *affiches* "One Pound."

I can to write your language enough well, but I speak with much of difficulty. Therefore I read the affixes without nothing to ask. Thus when I read "One Pound" I go no more far. I walk myself in the charming garden and I see the beautiful misses. Ah how they are adorable! DAUDET has wrong, DAUDET is imbecile, they are adorable. It is not the pain to pay again some pounds for to see to run the horses, when I can to see the misses who walk themselves here, without to pay of more.

But in fine I am fatigued. Also I have great hunger, for it is the hour of the *déjeuner*. But without doubt one is obliged to pay one pound before to enter the bar. My word, I will not! I shall not pay one sov., and more, for a squashed lemon and a bun of Bath. I go to smoke at place of that, and I walk myself at the shade all near of an arch.

All of a blow all the world lifts himself and comes very quick towards me. I cannot escape, I am carried away by the crowd, I arrive to the arch. I think "*Du courage, AUGUSTE mon cher! Sois calme! S'il y a encore une livre à payer*—" But there is no sov., and I pass. Thousand thunders! What is, then, this noise? Is he a revolution, a riot of Anarchists? Ah, no! It are the bookmakers. The bookmakers in the midst of the ladies! Hold, it is droll! And I pay one sov. to stand with those men there! It is too strong! I go more far, I pass the barrier, I am alone on the grass. I go to left. I see some men, in a cage of iron, who cry also. It is—how say you?—"Tatersal." Then, ah heaven, I arrive at the true *Pesage!* Not of burgesses, not of villain beasts of bookmakers, not even of "Tatersals." But *partout* the ladies the most beautiful, the most charming, the most adorable! It is there I go! Even if I pay one sov., two sovs., three sovs., I go!

I essay to enter. The policeman stops me. I say, "One pound?" and I offer to him one sov. He looks all around, and then he says, quite low, "No good, Sir—the inspector's looking." I say, "She is good, that pound there, I assure you of it. Is there two to pay?" And I hold one other. Then the inspector comes and says I bribe the policeman. I say that no. He says that yes. I am furious. I say I pay the entrance. He says, "Get off the course." I refuse. He pushes me. I resist. Other policemen push me. Just heaven, they force me to go! I cannot resist. Then all the people in face cry furiously. They shout "Welshman!" How they are stupid! Can they think that I am a Welshman—me, AUGUSTE? Ah, that it is droll! Then the policemen run, and I run also. I wish not to run, but I am forced. And, in fine, we are at the railway station, and they put me in a train, and I arrive to London at three o'clock. See there all that I have seen of your races of Ascot, and I have paid one sov. It costs very dear.

Sincere friendships,
AUGUSTE.



"HONEY, MY HONEY!"

Chinaman. "MUCH OBLIGED TO YOU FOR THIS LITTLE ADVANCE; BUT I'M AFRAID I SHALL WANT SOME MORE SOON."

Bear (aside). "SO SHALL I! A GOOD DEAL MORE—FROM YOU."

[Hums "Oh, honey, MY honey!"



HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE.

Auntie. "ARCHIE, RUN UP TO THE HOUSE, AND FETCH MY RACKET. THERE'S A DEAR!"

Archie (preparing to depart). "ALL RIGHT. BUT I SAY, AUNTIE, DON'T LET ANYBODY TAKE MY SEAT, WILL YOU?"

THE MAN AND THE MAID.

(Up-to-date "Biking" Version.)

"Where are you going, young Man?" cried the Maid.

"I'm going a cycling, Miss!" he said.

"May I come with you, young Man?" asked the Maid.

"Why, ye-e-es, if you feel like it, Miss!" he said.

"But—why do I find you like Man arrayed?"

"Oh, knickers are cumfy, young Man!" she said.



"But the boys will chevvy you, Miss, I'm afraid!"
"What does *that* matter, young Man?" she said.
"Are you a Scorcher, young Man?" asked the Maid.
"Nothing so vulgar, fair Miss!" he said.
"Then I don't think much of you!" mocked the Maid.
"Neither does 'ARRY, sweet Miss!" he said.
"What is your ideal, young Man?" said the Maid.
"A womanly Woman, fair Miss" he said.
"Then *I* can't marry you, Sir!" cried the Maid.
"Thank heaven for *that*, manly Miss!" he said.

A RULE OF CONDUCT.

You *say* to a man what you *couldn't* write to him; and you *write* to a man what you *wouldn't* say to him.—JAMES THE TRAN-QUILL PENMAN, J.P.

SCRAPS FROM CHAPS.

A famous old mill has been burned to the ground. None other than that situate upon the river Dee, where a certain jolly miller sang songs and earned the envy of "bluff King HAL" in days of old, wearing the white flour of a blameless life. He also wore a white hat, for the purpose, it is said, of keeping his head warm. The modern miller wears one in summer to keep his head cool. No doubt he found it useful at the fire. Great thing to keep a cool head on such occasions. The mill has now been destroyed by fire four times. There was an ancient prophecy, according to a local paper, that it was doomed to be burned down three times. This Delphic oracle would, of course, have inspired the simple gentlemen of old Greece to give up insuring after the third fire. Probably the modern "miller of the Dee" has committed a paradox, and profited by a lofty disregard for his prophet.

All Saints Church, Old Swan, is the first Liverpool church which has adopted the innovation of lady choristers wearing the new surplices and caps, which have been specially designed for their use. The surplices are quite unlike those used by the clergy; they are more like dolmans. The caps are of the shape worn by a D.C.L., and are made of violet velvet. One of the most cogent reasons for their adoption is expressed by the Rev. Canon WILKINSON, who, as appears from the *Sheffield and Rotherham Independent*, writes thus:—"Since these garments have been introduced, the offertories in the church have been increased by at least one-third."

INTERNATIONAL DISCOURTESY.—The French law, it seems, requires the owner of a yacht, in which he is himself sailing, to supply stores of victual and drink for his crew. A French yacht put in at Dartmouth, says the *Field*, and the Dartmouth Custom-house officials darted down on her, and made the owner pay for what he used of his own. "They manage these things better in France." This would have been indeed, "a 'Custom' more honoured in the breach than in the observance."

RUS IN URBE

A SKETCH IN REGENT'S PARK.

SCENE—A railed-in corner of the Park. TIME—about 7 P.M. Inside the inclosure three shepherds are engaged in shearing the park sheep. The first shepherd has just thrown his patient on its back, gripped its shoulders between his knees, and tucked its head, as a tiresome and obstructive excrescence, neatly away under one of his arms, while he reaches for the shears. The second is straddled across his animal, which is lying with its hind legs hobbled on a low stage under an elm, in a state of stoical resignation, as its fleece is deftly snipped from under its chin. The third operator has almost finished his sheep, which, as its dark gray fleece slips away from its pink-and-white neck and shoulders, suggests a rather décolletée dowager in the act of removing her theatre-cloak in the stalls. Sheep, already shorn, lie and pant in shamed and shivering bewilderment, one or two nibble the blades of grass, as if to assure themselves that that resource is still open to them. Sheep whose turn is still to come are penned up at the back, and look on, scandalised, but with an air which seems to express that their own superior respectability is a sufficient protection against similar outrage. The shearers appear to take a humorous

view of their task, and are watched by a crowd which has collected round the railings, with an agreeable assurance that they are not expected to contribute towards the entertainment.

First Work-Girl (edging up). Whatever's goin' on inside 'ere? (After looking—disappointed.) Why, they aint on'y a lot o' sheep! I thought it was Reciters, or somethink o' that.

Second Work-Girl (with irony). They look like Reciters, don't they! It do seem a shime cuttin' them poor things as close as convicks, that it do!

First W. G. They don't mind it partickler; you'd 'ear 'em 'oller fast enough if they did.

Second W. G. I expeck they feel so ridic'lus, they 'aven't the 'art to 'oller.

Lucilla (to GEORGE). Do look at that one going up and sniffing at the bundles of fleeces, trying to find out which is his. *Isn't* it pathetic?

George. H'm—puts one in mind of a shy man in a cloak-room after a party, saying feebly, "I rather think that's *my* coat, and there's a crush-hat of mine *somewhere* about," eh?

Lucilla (who is always wishing that GEORGE would talk more sensibly). Considering that sheep don't wear crush-hats, I hardly see how—

George. My dear, I bow to your superior knowledge of natural history. Now you mention it, I believe it *is* unusual. But I merely meant to suggest a general resemblance.

Lucilla (reprovingly). I know. And you've got into such a silly habit of seeing resemblances in things that are perfectly different. I'm sure I'm *always* telling you of it.

George. You are, my dear. But I'm not nearly so bad as I *was*. Think of all the things I used to compare *you* to before we were married!

Sarah Jane (to her Trooper). I could stand an' look on at 'em hours, I could. I was born and bred in the country, and it do seem to bring back my old 'ome that plain.

Her Trooper. I'm country bred, too, though yer mightn't think it. But there ain't much in sheep shearin' to *my* mind. If it was *pig killin'*, now!

Sarah Jane. Ah, that's along o' your bein' in the milingtary, I expect.

Her Trooper. No, it ain't that. It's the reckerlections it 'ud call up. I 'ad a 'ole uncle a pork-butcher, d'ye see, and (*with sentiment*) many and many a 'appy hour I've spent as a boy—

[*He indulges in tender reminiscences.*]

A Young Clerk (who belongs to a Literary Society, to his Fiancée). It has a wonderfully rural look—quite like a scene in 'Ardy, isn't it?

His Fiancée (who has "no time for reading rubbish"). I daresay; though I've never been there myself.

The Clerk. Never been? Oh, I see. You thought I said *Arden*—the Forest of Arden, in SHAKSPEARE, didn't you?

His Fiancée. Isn't that where Mr. GLADSTONE lives, and goes cutting down the trees in?

The Clerk. No; at least it's spelt different. But it was 'ARDY I meant. *Far from the Madding Crowd*, you know.

His Fiancée (with a vague view to the next Bank Holiday). What do you call "far"—farther than Margate?

[*Her companion has a sense of discouragement.*]

An Artisan (to a neighbour in broadcloth and a whitechoker). It's wonderful 'ow they can go so close without 'urtin' of 'em, ain't it?

His Neighbour (with unction). Ah, my friend, it on'y shows 'ow true it is that 'eving tempers the shears for the shorn lambs!



"They ain't on'y a lot o' sheep! I thought it was Reciters, or somethink o' that."

A *Governess* (instinctively, to her charge). Don't you think you ought to be very grateful to that poor sheep, ETHEL, for giving up her nice warm fleece on purpose to make a frock for you?

Ethel (doubtfully). Y—yes, Miss MAJOR. But (with a fear that some reciprocity may be expected of her) she's too big for any of my *best* frocks, isn't she?

First Urchin (perched on the railings). Ain't that 'un a-kickin'? 'E don't like 'aving 'is 'air cut, 'e don't, no more shouldn't I if it was me.... 'E's bin an' upset 'is bloke on the gorss, now! Look at the bloke layin' there larfin'.... 'E's ketched 'im agin now. See 'im landin' 'im a smack on the 'ed; that'll learn 'im to stay quiet, eh? 'E's strong, ain't 'e?

Second Urchin. Rams is the wust, though, 'cause they got 'orns, rams 'ave.

First Urch. What, same as goats?

Second Urch. (emphatically). Yuss! Big crooked 'uns. And runs at yer, they do.

First Urch. I wish they was rams in 'ere. See all them sheep waitin' to be done. I wonder what they're finkin' of.

Second Urch. Ga-arn! They *don't* fink, sheep don't.

First Urch. Not o' anyfink?

Second Urch. Na-ow! They aint got nuffink to fink *about*, sheep ain't.

First Urch. I lay they *do* fink, orf an' on.

Second Urch. Well, I lay *you* never see 'em doin' of it!

[And so on. The first Shepherd disrobes his sheep, and dismisses it with a disrespectful spank. After which he proceeds to refresh himself from a brown jar, and hands it to his comrades. The spectators look on with deeper interest, and discuss the chances of the liquid being beer, cider, or cold tea, as the scene closes.]



Patti commence la Patti-série.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Tuesday.—Grand night. Memorable for *rentrée* of ADELINA PATTI. She has been absent from C. G. Opera many years. Welcome little stranger! Absence makes hearts fonder, and so Big Heart of Big House, crowded right up to tipmost topmost, goes out to ADELINA PATTI reappearing as radiant *Violetta*, the Consumptive Cocotte and heroine of *La Traviata*. Quite in best Tra-la-la-viata form is our PATTI to-night. The knowing ones observe high keys politely transposed to suit ADELINA. But what manager could refuse to *put down the notes* when ADELINA agrees to sing? All come in early. Upper parts of House at Lowest prices either breakfasted or lunched on doorstep, waiting for Warbler to commence. Warbler begins 8.30 sharp. "8.30 sharp" maybe, but Warbler neither sharp nor flat; in perfect tune. DE LUCIA first rate as poor, spoony little *Alfredo*; and ANCONA admirable as Old Original G. G., *i.e.*, *Georgy Germont*. "*Pura siccome*," and "*Parigi o cara*," old friends all, come out as fresh as ever, or fresher. Get story rather mixed up with that of *Manon*, which in some respects it resembles: *Violetta* evidently *Manon's* niece, or first cousin. Touchingly sympathetic acting on part of Mlle. BAUERMEISTER as the nurse (draught, &c., every hour, prescriptions carefully made up) attending on the suffering soprano. *Annina* deeply touched by sad meeting between *Alfred*, "such a Daisy,"—or, such a "Lack-a-Daisy,"—and his sweet *Violet*.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"Who won the battle of Tel-el-Kebir?" "I, said Cock HAMLEY, I won Tel-el-Kebir with my Highland Brigade." Mr. INNES SHAND's life of General Sir E. B. HAMLEY (BLACKWOOD) is obviously published with chief intent of placing in permanent form HAMLEY's claim in respect of this engagement. It is not a new story. It was published to the world soon after the event in the pages of a monthly magazine. The article, a model of terse, lucid, yet picturesque writing, is reproduced in these volumes. Whether accurate in detailed assertion and induction, or coloured by strong feeling, it is a melancholy story. Either HAMLEY was deliberately ignored in the Commander-in-Chief's despatches after Tel-el-Kebir, or he was under a remarkable hallucination. The affair is all the more curious since Sir GARNET WOLSELEY, as soon as he was appointed to the Egyptian command, sought out HAMLEY and offered him the command of one of the divisions of the expeditionary force. The secret of the estrangement which soon developed between the two soldiers is, my Baronite suspects, to be found in the characteristic fact that the very day the ship conveying Sir GARNET WOLSELEY arrived at Alexandria, HAMLEY went on board and proposed to show his chief how the enemy should be attacked. "He did not seem to wish to pursue the subject," HAMLEY writes in

his diary, "and I soon after took leave." Other incidents, which HAMLEY hotly resented, culminated in the despatch to the War Office reporting the fight at Tel-el-Kebir, and ignoring the Highland Brigade, which, in the view of its commander, had borne the brunt of the battle. Some day Lord WOLSELEY may give his version of the affair. Meantime it gloomily stands forth in this record of a strenuous but, on the whole, a disappointed life. It is pleasant to learn that HAMLEY gratefully recognised in one of *Mr. Punch's* Cartoons a powerful incentive to the course of public feeling which postponed his being shelved under the operation of the scheme of compulsory retirement by reason of age. The most charming passages in the book are the correspondence with the late Mr. BLACKWOOD, who opened to General HAMLEY the avenue to literary fame.

One of my Baronites of Irish extraction writes thusly:—"A *Tale of the Thames* is the title of the Summer Number of *The Graphic*. It is written by J. ASHBY-STERRY, and illustrated by WILLIAM HATHERELL. The course of the story—or, rather, the watercourse of the story—covers a good deal of ground, embracing as it does, on both sides, most places of interest between the Source in Trewsbury Mead, Gloucestershire, and Hampton Court." Quoth the Baron, "I am all anxiety to see this tale of the Thames uncoil itself."

The Baron welcomes a comparatively "handy" volume ("handy" relative term, depending on size of hand) of reference, entitled, *Men and Women of the Time*, new edition, brought out by Messrs. GEORGE ROUTLEDGE, edited by Mr. PLARR of Oxford; and the *plat* that is set before the public and the Baron appears to be a thoroughly satisfying one. "The first name for which I naturally looked," quoth the Baron, "was that of ROUTLEDGE himself, but searching from ROSSI, through Roumania, to ROWBOTHAM, nowhere did I light upon the name of ROUTLEDGE. Master MILLAIS is here, also MILLER, likewise MILLS; but I do not see the name of the author of the *'Arry Papers*, the inventor of 'ARRY in these columns, of immortal fame. "Name him!" In every other respect the compilers and publishers are to be congratulated, and do hereby stand congratulated, on their work by the ever-appreciative

BARON DE B.-W.

THE TWO GRACES.

[*"There was something pathetic in seeing old W. G. and young W. G. at the wicket together. It is not often we see father and son together at the wicket in first-class cricket."—The Star on the M. C. C. v. Kent match at Lords.*]

AIR—"The Two Obadiahs."

Says the old W. G. to the young W. G.,
 "Pat your wicket, dear son WILLIAM, pat your wicket!

In the pitch there are bad patches, that may lead
 to bowls or catches;
 And you're now in first-class cricket, first-class cricket.

I've already topped my fame; *you* have got to
 make your name.

I should like to see us both make a 'century' this
 time!"

Says the young W. G. to the old W. G.,
 "'Twould be prime, Father WILLIAM, 'twould be
 prime!"

Says the young W. G. to the old W. G.,
 "How I wish that I could time and place like you!
 I should like to hear them clap me, but my gig-lamps
 handicap me;

Still I'll do my little best to pile a few."

Says the old W. G., "Run for all you're worth, like me!
 You must always 'play the game.' You must ever 'look
 alive.'"

Groans the young W. G. to the old W. G.,
 "Caught—for Five! Father WILLIAM, only Five!"

Says the old W. G. to the young W. G.,
 "Bother HEARNE, dear son WILLIAM, JONES and HEARNE!
 But don't *you* get in a pucker! Caught and bowled for
 Fives's a mucker,
 But be patient, and you're sure to get your turn.

I am going to have a shy for another Cen-tu-ry.
 You must help me by-and-by to keep up the family
 name!"

Says the young W. G. to the old W. G.,
 "Right you are, dad! Wish you luck, and a good game!"



Tom Bowling.

"THREE WHICH'S?"—Will SARA B., ELEANORA DUSE, and Miss ADA REHAN be playing individually and separately at different theatres all at the same time? Were this concatenation to occur, the playgoer, at the height of the season, would be as puzzled as was the "anxious cit," who "each invitation views, And ponders which to take and which refuse." The "stayer" will win. Fly away, SARA, fly away, NORA—and so from three take two, and only ADA REHAN remains, which is a simple sum in subtraction, though Miss REHAN herself is always a most welcome Ada-ition to the English-as-she-is-spoken Drama in London. The Augustinians of Trafalgar Square return to their Daly avocations on the 25th.



UNDESIGNED COINCIDENCE.

Curate (to Parish Choir, practising the Anthem). "NOW WE'LL BEGIN AGAIN AT THE 'HALLELUJAH,' AND PLEASE LINGER LONGER ON THE 'Lu!'"

THE GRACEFUL TRIBUTE.

SIR,—Being "stumped," alas I can only send Dr. GRACE my best wishes, and a round 0, which is good for naught.

Yours, RUN OUT.

SIR,—To encourage "Our Boys" in the National Game, I am heartily glad to see the daily (*Telegraph*) increasing list of subscribers to *the* testimonial. Had poor H. J. BYRON been alive—the mention of "Our Boys" of course recalls him to our minds—he would no doubt have sent a coin, and further subscribed himself

PERKYN MIDDLEWICK-ET.

SIR,—The present enthusiasm for cricket and its distinguished Professor will spread to France. There *le cricquet* has already been introduced, and, when no misadventure occurs, the batsman, returning triumphant and grateful, records his "*actions de Grace.*"

Yours, HOMME D'UNE CHAUVÉ-SOURIS.

P.S.—*Je fais le cricquet, autrement je m'enGRAISSE.* (See?)

SIR,—I miss one important name from the *Telegraph* list of subscriptions to Grace Testimonial. What is GRACE the Batsman without T. G. BOWLES?

Yours, BATTER PUDDING, M.P.

SIR,—Here's something original. Lay out some of the coin subscribed in purchasing for Dr. W. G., the champion "Willow-wielder," a set of "Willow-pattern plates."

OLD CHINA.

P.S.—I happen to have by me a rare, almost invaluable set, which I can dispose of at a certain figure.

SIR,—Dr. GRACE is now getting on for fifty. In another four years he will complete his half century. *Therefore* he is no chicken. *Ergo*, he may one day have a duck's egg. I withhold my subscription, to accumulate with interest, till *that* occurs.

SIR,—Ah me! and well-a-day! it is the grand sorrow of my life! I cannot subscribe to this fund for Dr. GRACE. I dare not, except you allow me to send it confidentially through you, Sir, ever the Ladies' friend. Ah Sir! long ago my heart "went out"—to whom? no matter. It was a cricketer. I never told my love! I long-stopped! But never, never, shall I forget that memorable day when *he* was there, and when someone, Dr. G. will remember who it was, *bowled a maiden over!* I am not a heroine, but I may sign this (as I address it fervently to)



A Wicket Girl.

"GRACE DARLING!"

The Lighthouse, A Little off—the Coast.

SIR,—I belong to an "Impi" tribe—with "cunious" added. Otherwise would I contribute what I did to the first cricket-match I ever played, when, as the ball was thrown at me, to save my head *I gave a bob*. I cannot even do that now. But as a lover of the game I hope that there are many youthful Britons eager to follow "*Exemplum Gratiae*."

Yours, STUMP ORATOR.

DEAR SIR,—I think you are quite right to encourage cricket, as it is a noble game. The Duke of WELLINGTON ones said that Trafalgar was won on the Eton Playing-fields. I don't think he was quite right there, as I have always been told that the battle was fought abroad. I am last in my class, but I'm in the second Eleven. I'm often "not out," and to-day I've had to "stay in" all the time during the match, because I had a saying-lesson to write out and translate. The other day I made 27, including three fourers, against the United Thingummies.

I remain, yours enthusiastically, TOMMY.

The Only College.

P.S.—I will send my shilling as soon as I can get it from BATLEY *mi*. He owes it me for birds' eggs.

SIR,—I am only too happy to contribute my mite, for though it's some while—alas! how time flies—since I handled the willow, I well remember playing in the early forties against ALFRED PITCHER and JOHN TOSSEY. Ah, they were heroes in those days. I myself was no mean performer. I tell you, Sir, many's the time I have made double figures against the underhand bowling of JIMMY TRUNDLER, and he *could* bowl, too! before the round-arm style came in. I never took kindly to that, but these fifty years I have been an ardent looker-on, and I must tell you, &c. &c.*

JNO. WARDLE. (*Late Member of All-Muggleton C. C.*)

* "No you mustn't." Caught out by Editor.



"A FLYING VISIT."

EMPEROR WILLIAM (to MADAME LA RÉPUBLIQUE *leaving Kiel after very brief stay*). "MUST YOU REALLY GO? SO SORRY!"



"*Perfeck Lidy*" (who has just been ejected). "WELL, NEXT TIME I GOES INTO A PUBLICHOUSE, I'LL GO SOMEWHERE WHERE I'LL BE RESPECTED!"

PROVERBS BY AN ILLUSTRIOUS FOREIGNER ON TOUR.

The time of special trains was made for slaves, not Asiatic Princes.
You may take an Eastern Magnate to a manufactory, but you can only with difficulty get him to lunch with the local Mayor.
There is many a slip between the Prince and the lift.
A view of machinery in motion in hand is worth two invitations to receptions in prospective.
Cocked-hats of a feather flock together.
You cannot make pleasure out of the address of a corporation.
All roads lead to turtle soup.
It is an ill wind that causes a swell on the Ship Canal.
People who live in mosques ought not to throw sticks at the Derby.
A programme kept to time is not worth nine.
The early mayor has to wait longest.
Give a Highness a wrong title and report him.
Enough at a factory is better than a feast in a Town Hall.
It is a long explanation that has no turning.
A jerk is as good as a nod to a bowing multitude.
When a person of the first importance enters by the door all settled arrangements disappear through the window.
The Representative of an Illustrious Race laughs at Traffic Managers.
The English Public enjoys a sensation, but the Indian Empire pays for it.
When the Prince is away, to fill up the time the band will play.
The son proposes but the father disposes.
The autocrat through the telegraph waits for no one.
Welcome the coming quiet and speed the exhausted guest.

An Opportunity not to be Missed.

Tired Reviewer (to *Anxious Author*). Ah! old fellow! I'm fagged out! Come and dine with me to-night? Sorry to give you such short notice.

Anxious Author. "Short notice!" Oh, please, never do *that*.

"A SALE! A SALE!"

The Price Sale of pictures on Saturday last at Christie's will be ever memorable as "The Highest Price Sale." "What's the demd total?" was the first question *Mr. Mantilini* asked." To which the present answer is £87,144. A nice little sum to go on with, or off with. One of the incidents was most dramatic. GAINSBOROUGH'S "*Lady Musgrave*" was put up to be purchased. Then stood forward bold WILLIAM AGNEW with eight thousand guineas in his best gossamer. "The lady is mine!" he exclaimed, rapturously, and was advancing with arms outstretched to seize his prize, when suddenly his path was crossed by one CAMPBELL "of that ilk," who cried aloud, "Here are ten thousand golden sovereigns *plus* ten thousand silver shillings, all glittering on a tray! Advance no further!" And bold WILLIAM advanced no further. For once he was taken aback. "I didna ken the CAMPBELL was coming!" muttered WILLIAM A-bashed. And ere he could recover from his surprise, and while yet his frame was quivering with excitement, his picture, the Lady that should have been his, was gone. "They have given her to another!" he sang sadly, but the next moment he pulled himself together, and "taking heart of Grace" WILLIAM made such running, off his own bat, as would have astonished even the eminent cricketer just mentioned. And the last of the "Reynolds' Miscellany" in this collection succumbed to WILLIAM the Conqueror for 450 guineas. *Sic transit gloria Saturday!*

NEW NAME.—The Imperial Institute henceforward to be known as "The Somers Vinery."

A FINE SUMMER DAY'S OUTING.

Highly recommended by "The Faculty" (who has tried it more than once). Given a perfectly calm sea, a delicious light breeze, and anything else "given" that you can get, including pleasant company, then, with tears in your patriotic eyes, and a tremolo in your voice, bid farewell (for a couple of hours or so) to old England, cross the Channel, invade France *viâ* Calais, where, however calm the sea has been, you must be prepared for a "buffet"; but this "buffet" is not at all rough, just the contrary, and if by chance you should have at all suffered from any unevenness in the wave line, you are sure, on arriving at Calais, of a "restauration" which will send you back in another hour and a half quite the giant refreshed. That same evening you can pose as a real traveller just returned from "the Continent," which will serve you excellently both as reason and apology for not having answered any letters, and neglected epistolary business generally during the last month. "Been away, my boy!" "Ah, that's why you didn't answer my letter. Where have you been?" "Oh! France, about Normandy. Delightful. Ta! Ta!" And perhaps the expenditure of the day's trip will have saved you from all sorts of trouble, pecuniary and otherwise, that you might have got into had you remained at home, answering letters. *But*, as to the benefit of the sea air—there can't be two opinions about *that*.

A DISTINGUISHED COMMONER WHO CANNOT VOTE FOR DOING AWAY WITH "LORD'S."—DR. GRACE. Public school elevens and M. C. C. all against such a proposition.

BOLD J. H. TAYLOR.

[J. H. TAYLOR, an Englishman born and bred, has for the second time won the Open Championship (Golf) at the St. Andrews' Links.]

Oh! young J. H. TAYLOR is a fine young fellow,
At whom the Scotsmen may hardly scoff;
For though he's Saxon by birth and breeding,
He is champion now at the Game of Golf!

On St. Andrews' Links when the rain was
pouring,
He smote the ball with a manly blow;
And he distanced St. Andrews' ANDREW
—KIRKALDY—
Though TAYLOR was trained in far Westward
Ho!

And he went the four rounds fair and featly,
In strokes three hundred, and twenty, and
two,
Which SANDY HERD, and ANDY KIRKALDY,
And DAVIE ANDERSON, they *could* not do.

It may seem sheer cheek for "a gowk of a
Saxon"

To take the cake at the Gaelic Game;
But as imitation's the sincerest flattery,
Let 'em take a licking in the light o' the
same.

So here's a health to bold J. H. TAYLOR,
Lord of the Links, at the tee a toff;
Who takes first place for the slighted Southron
At the Ancient and Royal Game of Golf!



ANOTHER MISUNDERSTANDING.

'Arry (on a Northern Tour, with Cockney pronunciation).
"THEN I'LL 'AVE A BOTTLE OF AILE."
Hostess of the Village Inn. "ILE, SIR? WE'VE NANE IN THE
HOOSE, BUT CASTOR ILE OR PARAFFINE. WAD ONY O' THEM DAE, SIR?"

"HOUSE OF REST FOR ACTORS."

Beneath the spreading BEERBOHM
TREE
The Resting Actor stands,
And grateful takes the £ s. d.
From Active Actors' hands.
No more he'll strut upon the stage
Where he has done his best,
Nothing he'll need, while active
men
Are doing *all the rest*.

Classical and Cockney.

Hal. It was a Greek play at Bradford College.
'Arry (to Tom). I told you it was a Greek fake.
Tom (to 'Arry). How do you know?
'Arry (giving Hal as his authority). 'Cos it's
Al-sez-'tis.

The New Women.

They dress.... like men.
They talk..... like men.
They live..... like men.
They don't.... like men.

INTELLIGENCE FROM (AND AT) HAMBURG.—"Mr. G." was unable to go to the Zoo at feeding-time. He was conspicuous by his absence, as all the other lions were there.

NEW AND APPROPRIATE NAME FOR THE AFTER-DINNER CRUMB-AND-FRAGMENT BASKET.—"The Morsel-eum."

'ARRY ON THE SEASON.

Dear CHARLIE,—The pypers all tell us the Season is now at its 'ight;
Don't mean one o' THOMSON'S, my pippin. *That* josser is now out of dyte.
When I was a bit of a kiddie, dad 'ad a old brown-covered book
Into wich now and then, on a Sunday, 'e thought it the right thing to
look.

Such sloppy saloop, my dear CHARLIE, "embellished" with rummy old
cuts,
Drawn stiff and old-fashioned, by STOTHARD. On one on 'em though, I
was nuts,
Musi— somethink or other I fancy. But as to the cackle, Great Scott!

—
"The sun rolling bounteous from Aries," and reams o' such molly slop
rot.

Now if JEMMY 'ad sung of *our* Season, not Nature's old merry-go-round,
But London's pertikler, for swells, it 'ud suit me right down to the
ground.

But as JEMMY has shirked it for tosh on "ethereal mildness," and such,
Wy 'ARRY must 'ave a cut in, and all London is fly to *his* touch.

Wot a Summer we're 'aving this Season! All Nature seems trim and in
tune;

Ripe storberries picked out o' doors, though we've 'ardly yet dropped
into June;

The parks jest like bloomin' peraries, the water supply going queer,
And a general 'urrying up for stor 'ats, lemon squoshes, and beer.

It seems only yesterday, CHARLIE, the standpipes wos up in our street,
And "Are *you* froze off?" wos *the* question of every poor pal you might
meet.

And now there's a new "water famine" along o' the 'eat, not the cold,
And ginger-pop's sellin' as fast as it can be unbottled and sold.

Queen's droring-rooms, troopin' the colours, and trotting young
NASRULLA round,

Is sights your true patriot's nuts on, and I've done *my* bit, you be
bound.

I chi-iked to young Ingy-rubber, and give him the haffable nod;
And if H. R. H. didn't twig me, and drop me a smile, well, it's odd.

Hart's 'aving its innings, as usual, and so is old W. G.,
Only more so. My eye and a band-box, a rare bit o' stuff *he* must be!
As nigh forty-seven as don't matter, as big as a barrel, and yet
A-piling 'is centries like pea-shellin'! Sound Double Gloster, you bet!

I sor him at Lord's, mate, last Thursday, five 'ours and a arf in the sun,
A smiting and running as if, at 'is age, with 'is weight, it was fun!
'Ot, CHARLIE? My collar flopped limp, and I lapped lemon-squoshes—a
number;

And there wos 'e tottling 'is Thousand, as cool as a bloomin'
cowcumber.

I wouldn't ha' done it for tuppence; no, not with the cheerings
chucked in,

Although the Pervilion fair rose at 'im. 'Ow gents of clarss, and with
tin,

And no *need* to it, CHARLIE, choose Cricket, at ninety degrees in the
shyde,

When they could lay hidle, fair licks me. But, there, hevery one to 'is
tryde!

A dust-coat, a white 'at, a field-glass, a landau and lashings o' fizz,
At Hascot would suit *me* fur better. The old sport o' kings *is* good biz,
With shekels, and luck, like Lord ROSEBERY! Scissors! I *do* 'ate a Rad.
But a sportsman, as pulls off two Derbies, wy 'ang it, 'e *carn't* be no

Cad.

If Primrose would only turn Primroser, wot a fair topper he'd be!
Wot *can* be 'is little gyme, CHARLIE, to foller old W. G.?
(I don't mean the cricketer this time.) That Liberal lot ain't no clarss,
With a lot o' tag-rag they carn't hold, and a lot o' bad Bills they carn't
parss.

The blot on this Season is Parlyment. Wy don't they 'urry it up,
And scoot to country, the cripples? St. Paul's to my tarrier pup,
They'd git a 'ot 'iding this journey. Let ROSEBERY cut the thing short,
Chuck 'ARCOURT and pal on with Gentleman JOE, *like* a gent, and a
Sport!

Then 'ARRY will talk to 'im, CHARLIE! Ah, well, I ain't got no more room,
Though I ain't done the Season arf justice. The last pale laburnum's in
bloom,
But it ain't bin washed brimstone with rain-bursts. Our SARAH is hover
from Parry,
Sir ORGUSTUS is fair on the toot, so 'Ooray for the Season! Yours, 'ARRY.

NEW BOOK AND QUERY.—"*Women's Tragedies*. By H. D. LOWRY." Is the tragic history of
That Lass of Lowrie's included? "But that is another story."

NOW WE'RE FURNISHED!

This is how the Guardians of the Midleton Union (County Cork) transact business:—

"*Mr. Morrison (to the Chairman)*. You promised to write to the Local Government Board, and do it
now. (*Noise and interruptions.*)

"*Mr. Murphy (warmly)*. I say the whole thing is all humbug, and based upon humbug.

"(*At this stage there was great noise and confusion, several gentlemen speaking at the same time.*)

"*Chairman (very warmly, and hitting the table)*. I say I am not a humbug, and I was never a humbug,
and I hope I'll never have to be displaced from any public position because I was a humbug or a
proved humbug."

Why did not the table turn upon the chair, and hit it back? This would have been a real case of
table-turning. To parody EDWARD LEAR'S delightful *Nonsense Songs*,

Said the Table to the Chair,
"You can hardly be aware
How it feels when you come
down
With your fist upon my
crown."

"MENUS PLAISIRS."—One of the best *menus* of the season provided by the
Lyceum House of Entertainment included, or rather did include, during last
week past, such choice dishes, so much to the taste of everyone, as *The Ris
d'Ellen Terry à la Nance Oldfield* and *Tête de Mathias à la Henri premier*.
Appropriately, of course, did the orchestra, which plays before each
performance, give the old familiar airs of "*I would I were with Nancy!*" and
"*The Bells are ringing for!*"—*Mathias*—not for "*Sara*."



A STRAIGHT REPLY.

Daughter of a Hundred Earls (who is about to marry for love). "NOW I AM GOING TO HAVE A HOUSE OF MY OWN, MRS. RUSTLE, I SHALL GET YOU TO GIVE ME A HINT OR TWO."

The Maternal Housekeeper. "WELL, LADY CLARA, I'M AFRAID I CAN'T HELP YOU MUCH. I KNOW VERY LITTLE ABOUT THE CONTRIVANCES OF PEOPLE WITH SMALL MEANS."

A MISSED CHANCE.

[Mr. ANTHONY HOPE'S "reply on behalf of the ladies was witty and felicitous, and only disappointed" those who had hoped that at least one "new woman" would have justified the claim of her sex to equality with the male by replying. "The only sign of novelty we detected about the ladies present was that a few condescended to puff cigarettes, to the evident scandal of some less advanced ladies."—*The "Literary World" upon the late meeting of the "New Vagabond Club."*]

Of novelties—and novel ties—in chase,
Advances the New Woman, destined winner
Of true first-fiddledom and pride of place!
Already she's "advanced" to a club dinner
At the New Vagabonds! How Eleusinian
It sounds, how almost desperately daring!
Clubdom was once Man's absolute dominion,
Which now New Womanhood with him
seems sharing.
"She made no speeches," though;— though
FRANKFORT MOORE
Cracked jokes, and HOPE told tales! With
mild regret
One hears that, 'midst the after-dinner "roar"
Her share was—proxies and a cigarette!
Can it be her revolt against Man's yoke
Shall end, as here, in silence and in smoke!

DAMP ITALIAN DRAMA.—The Evening *Dews*, eh?

NAVAL ARCHITECTURE.

[A paper on "The Amplitude of Rolling on a Non-synchronous Wave" was read before the Congress of Naval Architects in Paris.]

Last week, the papers tell us, the talented and zealous
Designers who construct our ships their best attention gave
To M. BERTIN'S writing on what sounds to us exciting—

The amplitude of rolling when non-synchronous the wave.

How often, crossing over those distressing Straits of Dover,
Where flighty folks grow flabby and where giddy ones grow
grave,

We have meditated sadly that we don't encounter gladly
The amplitude of rolling when non-synchronous the wave.

The amplitude—we'd bear it, and would probably not care, it
Seems but to be an adjunct which perhaps we might not
crave.

For that execrable rolling we require much more consoling,
That amplitude of rolling when non-synchronous the wave.

Yet the rolling might be ended if the waves could be amended
To synchronously swell, all want of symmetry to save,
But we can't be CANUTES, can we? He could no more stop it than
we—
That amplitude of rolling when non-synchronous the wave.

So Lord DUFFERIN entreated all the experts, round him seated,
To build a ship where passengers could comfortably shave,
Even where a billiard-table would be absolutely stable,
No amplitude of rolling, though non-synchronous the wave.

Naval Architects, then, hasten to diminish woes which chasten
The happiness of hundreds, be they timorous or brave;
Make a ship, like dry land seeming, where we should not think
of dreaming
Of amplitude of rolling, though non-synchronous the wave.

WHITEWASHING THE STATUE OF CROMWELL.

"CROMWELL," wrote the *Daily News* on ARTHUR BALFOUR'S speech, "was the only man of his time who understood the principles of religious freedom." Ahem!

"Papa," said *Polly Eccles*, referring to certain charges brought against her revered father, "Papa may have his faults, but he's a *very* clever man." So the *D. N.* as to the Protector CROMWELL. "OLIVER," says the *D. N.* in effect, "being human, may have had his faults, as had other men of his time, but he thoroughly understood religious freedom." Did he? In Ireland for example? With him "religious freedom" was like the verb in grammar, either "expressed" or "understood." It might have been "understood," but it certainly was not "expressed" in action. If CROMWELL was such a model of "religious freedom," then it will be as well to reconsider history under NERO, DIOCLETIAN, & Co., not to mention the amiable Ninth CHARLES of France, the genial HARRY THE EIGHTH of England, the gentle PETER, Czar of all the Russia, and a few other kindly-disposed rulers, who were, probably, the only men of their time thoroughly understanding the principles of religious freedom. As the song says, "They wouldn't ha' 'urt a biby, They were men as you could trust!" And for OLIVER himself, "He was all right when you knew him, *But*—you had to know him fust!" Rather; and then you had to accommodate yourself to his little ways, or else so much the worse for one of the two, and that one wouldn't have been OLIVER CROMWELL. But, of course, between principles and practise there is a "Great Divide."

THE SHAHZADA, weary of London life and English enjoyment, will at last exclaim with the canny Scot, "For pleasure gie me Peebles!" (The original remark was made by the author of *Peebles whom I have met*.)

NOTE, SATURDAY, JUNE 15.—Piece running last the week in Theatre Royal Law Courts—"Bébé." For Monday's lunch Sir HENRY HAWKINS ordered a Capon.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 10.—School reopened after Whitsun Holidays. Occasion marked by lamentable episode. Attendance, as usual on Black Monday, very small. SPEAKER took Chair at three o'clock. No private business on hand; nothing to be done till half-past three. Meanwhile, SPEAKER and Members sit with hands folded.

Everyone knows the temptation of such opportunity for a nameless Personage. TOMMY'S idle hands instinctively clutched after mischief. Suppose he were to move to have House counted? Evidently not forty present; nothing very serious would follow. SPEAKER would count. If not forty on hand,

would leave Chair, sit at table, and wait till they came. Or he would go off, come back any time before four when message brought in that a quorum was in sight. Still, it would be a lark; would startle the House, frighten Ministers, possibly postpone commencement of business by half an hour.

Cap'en just rising with intent to observe that there are not forty Members present, when happier thought struck him. Why not get some landsman to do the trick? The more venerable and venerated the agent the better. TOMMY knows himself to be a wicked old salt. House not shocked now at anything he does. Half the fun gone if he played this prank himself. Shifting his quid and scanning horizon, noted in his place Sir RICHARD TEMPLE, Bart., G.C.S.I., late Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, once Governor of Bombay, sometime Chief Commissioner of Central Provinces of India.

The very man for the job. Buttonholing him with his hook, Cap'en TOMMY opened his little plot. TEMPLE aghast at first. Never known such a thing done, and the like. TOMMY jawed away, twisting TEMPLE round the tip of his hook like a marlingspike on a flying jibboom. Convinced him that public duty called for sacrifice of private prejudices. Having squared TEMPLE, TOMMY got men near him to walk out before House was counted, so as to reduce chances of quorum.

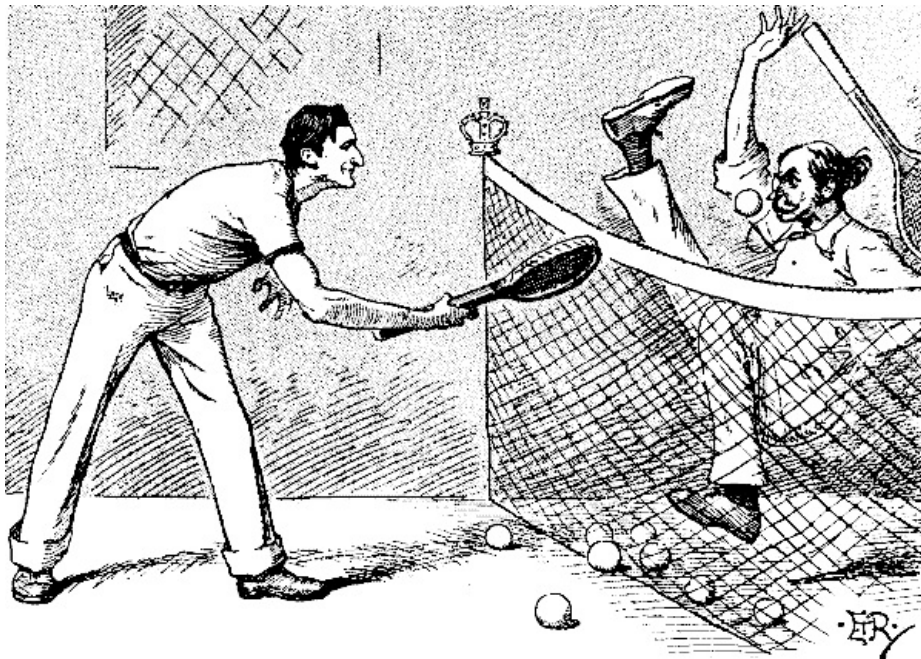
Bell rang; Members rushed in; Ministers huddled on Treasury Bench like flock of frightened sheep. TOMMY, looking down from shrouds in Strangers' Gallery, carefully counted.

"Only thirty two," he said. "Done it!"

But SPEAKER can count as well. "One-two—four—fourteen—twenty-seven—thirty-nine, forty," said he, with tone of conviction that precluded contradiction.

"Blow me tight!" said TOMMY, coming out of the shrouds, a deathly pallor shining through his tan. That was not his exact expression; but it was equivalent to his remark.

Business done.—Quite a lot.



Vantage in (Sir E. Gr-y and Sir E. Ashm-d-B-rtl-tt.)

Tuesday.—EDWARD GREY is a hard nut for Irresponsible Verbosity to crack. SILOMIO, his jaws aching with attempts at crunching SYDNEY BUXTON, sometimes turns to him, and goes away sorrowing. TOMMY has a tuck in at him occasionally, but makes nothing of the job. To night AMBROSE, Q.C., took him in hand. Drew up stupendous question on subject of Great Britain's relations with the Porte in respect of Armenia.

"That'll fetch him," he said, as he ogled the paper on which the question was set forth in bold type. Is there a treaty obligation, he wanted to know, as distinguished from mere discretionary right, authorising Great Britain to interfere in the affairs of Armenia, or make war upon the Porte? If so, specify the treaty and the particular article or articles creating such obligation.

This a bare summary of question, the drafting of which had cost AMBROSE, Q.C., some sleepless nights. SILOMIO had looked over it; TOMMY had touched it up; BARTLEY had beamed over it; HANBURY had hugged it. GREY's last hour (of course in Parliamentary sense) had evidently come. He had wriggled out of some earlier man traps set for him. This would settle him.

And this is what GREY said in reply:—"The article of the Treaty of Berlin relative to the point raised by the hon. member is the sixty-first."

Only that, and nothing more. The raven on the pallid bust of PALLAS was scarcely more disappointingly laconic. There was a shocked pause; then allied forces swooped down on UNDER SECRETARY, crying, in chorus. Did the clause mean this? Did it mean that?

"The hon. member," said GREY, not even smiling, "must place his own interpretation on the clause."

Evidently nothing to be done with a person of this temperament. SILOMIO, with a wild shriek, learned in Swaziland, dashed in with fresh questions; was neatly tripped up by SPEAKER; lay sprawling on ground with dishevelled hair. Before he could get up, SNAPE was asking HOME SECRETARY if the police might not be supplied with lighter clothing in summer months.

Business done.—Crofters Bill read second time.

Wednesday. Off Tilbury.—Yes, I'm off Tilbury, and shall be off to the Baltic at four bells, whatever time that may be. Mr. G. is responsible for it. Tired of doing nothing; pondering perilously over growing temptation to run up to town, plunge into Parliamentary work; address meeting at Blackheath on Armenian question. In nick of time comes letter from DON CURRIE, proposing a trip to Kiel for opening of Baltic Canal.

"The very thing!" said Mr. G., vaulting over the library table at Hawarden, where he was sitting when letter arrived. "But TOBY, M.P., must come with us."

Objections urged in vain. What would Constituents in Berks say, me running away from work? Who was to write the only authentic matter-of-fact record of Parliamentary doings for future historians? Mr. G., with all the impetuosity of youth, would listen to nothing. So here I am, onboard the R.M.S. *Tantallon Castle*. Here, also, is quite a quorum of members. Curious to see how they all trooped in just now when luncheon-bell rang. Said they thought it was a division; being in saloon, might as well stay.



Don Currie, Lord High Admiral.

That's all very well. By-and-by we'll be on the North Sea, where the stormy winds do blow, do blow. Shall see *then* whether we can keep a House through the dinner hour.

Business done.—Anchor weighed. Mr. G. taking the helm till we're out in the open, when anyone can steer. Looks more than usually knowing in a sou'wester. Wind N.S.E. Barometer falling.

STARTLING NEWS! ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.—GRACE caught!! WRIGHT at last.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI, VOL. 108, JUNE 22ND, 1895 ***

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

1.F.

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

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

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may

demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

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

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

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

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg™

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

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

Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Please check the Project Gutenberg web pages for current donation methods and addresses.

Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: www.gutenberg.org/donate

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

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

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

Most people start at our website which has the main PG search facility: www.gutenberg.org.

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