

**The Project Gutenberg eBook of Punch, or the London Charivari, Vol. 108,
April 20, 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, April 20, 1895

Author: Various

Editor: F. C. Burnand

Release date: January 19, 2014 [EBook #44707]

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, APRIL 20, 1895 ***

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

Volume 108, APRIL 20, 1895

edited by Sir Francis Burnand



IMPROVING THE SHINING HOUR.

The New Governess. "WHAT ARE THE COMPARATIVE AND
SUPERLATIVE OF *BAD*, BERTY?"
Berty (the Doctor's son). "BAD—WORSE—DEAD!"

A CHINO-JAPANESE CALENDAR.

(For the next Ten Years.)

1895. Treaty of peace signed between China and Japan, on the basis of the opening up of Chinese territory and introduction of machinery into the Celestial Empire. The Japanese prophesy that the compact will ultimately prove to be for the benefit of the Chinese.

1896. Japan floods China with home-made merchants, who obtain an enormous trade.

1897. England, America and France follow suit, and, after a pause, the remainder of the civilized world adopt the prevailing fashion.

1898. Japanese China becomes over-populated, thanks to the foreign invasion, and there is much discontent amongst the original inhabitants.

1899. The foreigners, having secured all the possible trade that could be obtained, commence the erection of manufactories.

1900. Japanese China challenges Birmingham, Glasgow, Lyons, and Marseilles on their own ground, and holds its own. It claims to be one of the most productive places on the face of the universe.

1901. The introduction of machinery having thrown the teeming millions of Japanese China out of work, there is great discontent amongst them.

1902. An enterprising citizen of the United States of America projects an emigration scheme for supplying the outer world with the superfluous population of Japanese China.

1903. The scheme of the citizen of the U. S. A. proves a great success, and sixty millions of Chino-Japanese are conveyed to the two worlds, the old and the new.

1904. The original inhabitants of Europe and America, undersold by the Chino-Japanese, are ousted from their positions and left without work. Consequently, great prosperity of the Chino-Japanese.

1905. Fulfilment of the prophecy, that the treaty of peace between China and Japan signed in 1895 was "really for the benefit of the Chinese."

WON'T WASH!

Or, The British Laundress's Lament.

[There is talk of a company for taking our laundry-work over to Holland, washing it there, and returning it to the owners at a less cost than it can be done for at home.]

In matters of laundry the fault of them Dutch,
Is charging too little, and grabbing too much!
They'd collar our collars, cut off with our
shirts!

The heart of a true washerwoman it hurts
To think of Frows taking *our* time-honoured
tub.

What, travel to Holland to get rub and scrub,
While soap and strong arms may in Britain be
found?

It's worse than them Stores! Furrineers may
be found

To do dirty work on the cheap, I've no doubt;
But can old JOHN BULL know just what he's
about

In sending our work from his shores in *this*
way?

I'm sure it won't wash, and I 'ope it won't pay!
Shall we to Mynheer and his frowsy Frow
truckle,

While one English woman has arm, wrist, and
knuckle?

Forbid it, my sisters! My patriot 'eart
Is up in my mouth at this ojus new start.
There is an old proverb, and what do it say?
It is the true laundress's motter, I say.
But what in the world to JOHN BULL can 'ave

A MISMANAGED ACCIDENT.

Have just discovered that the pretty girl I met at the dance the other night is a lady nurse at Charing Cross Hospital. Such a nice girl! What a charming nurse she must be! Almost wish I was laid up at the hospital. In fact, quite wish it. But I can't be. Another outrage on the miserable, downtrodden, middle class. If I were one of the fortunate, pampered masses, a Working Man, I should be nursed by her, if I were ill, and by others, perhaps, like her. Stay! There is a chance. If I could be damaged in an accident—not too much damaged—and carried to the hospital, they must look after me, and nurse me. They couldn't help themselves. Northumberland Avenue—the very place! Never cross it without being nearly run over.

Go straight there and look eagerly for the usual rushing hansoms. Here's one. Stroll in front of it. Driver pulls aside, shouts and swears at me, and goes on. Reflect that some caution is necessary. If the wheel went over my neck, even her ministrations would be useless. Must be run over judiciously. Better only be knocked down. Stroll across road again. Here comes one. Shouts from driver. A large splash of mud in my eye. And that's all. These cabmen drive so absurdly well. They pull up, or pull aside, or pull somewhere instantly. Wipe my eye, and then see something better. Old lady's brougham, from the suburbs, driven by the sort of coachman who also works in the garden. He won't be able to pull aside quickly. Stroll in front of horse. Shouts from gardening coachman. Horse nearly on me. Suddenly pulled back by fussy policeman, who says I had a narrow escape. Hang the fellow, of course I did! Am obliged to give him ten shillings for his prompt action. Begin to despair of this accident. Stroll on nearly to Embankment. Immense van coming along at a trot. Much too heavy. I should be smashed flat. And this driver seems to want to run over me. Escape with difficulty by jumping aside. At that moment something hits my legs, I am thrown down, and a wheel passes over my foot. It is a costermonger's donkey-cart which was racing the van. How ignominious! To be knocked down by a donkey and run over by a truck! Very painful too. Feel as if I should faint. Picked up by sympathetic people who rush to me. Say feebly to them, "Take me to the hospital." Then faint.

After a short time open my eyes. Am being carried in somewhere. At last! I shall forget the pain. I am in the hospital. She will nurse me! *She*—oh, heavens! Though I have planned it all, suppose I ought to murmur, "Where am I?" Do so. "In St. Thomas's Hospital," says somebody.

A fortnight later.—And I am in it still.

According to a paragraph last week in the *Westminster Gazette*, quoting from the *Australian Review of Reviews*, it appears that the Earl of YARMOUTH has been making a sensation in the Colonies as a "Skirt-dancer." Queer fish this nobleman! belongs to the Bloater Aristocracy.

A NOBLE PLUNGER.—One day last week in the *Times* appeared an article headed "*Lord Rayleigh on Waves.*" Rather early for sea-bathing, eh? Evidently so, such prominence having been given to the fact by the leading journal.



"BETTER LATE THAN NEVER."

Mr. Punch (welcoming Miss Spring-time). 'GLAD TO SEE YOU, MY DEAR! BEGAN TO THINK YOU WERE NEVER COMING!'"



"ANIMAL SPIRITS."

No. XI.—AFTER BANK HOLIDAY.

"BETTER LATE THAN NEVER."

Mr. Punch to Miss Spring:—

Well, here you are at last, dear! *Are* the biting blizzards past, dear?

And *will* you guarantee us from subjection to the plumber?
Will no casual icy splinter from the serried spears of Winter
Put a chill upon your smile, and spoil the promise of the
Summer?

We've been waiting worn and weary, till e'en cuckoo-songs
sound cheery,

And belated almond-blossoms show like roses of Cashmere:
And the cockney chaunt now flowing, "All-a-blowing *and* a-
growing!"

Falls far sweeter than MASCAGNI upon London's longing ear.

Where on earth have you been hiding? We are in no mood for
chiding,
But mid-April's *rather* late, dear, for what should have come in
March!

What malignant hocus-pocus has kept back the plucky crocus,
Whose gold is scarce yet bursting from the beds the winds still
parch?

After that six weeks cold snap, dear, of fast frozen pipe and tap,
dear,
When back to barbarism and to bathlessness fate drove us,
And we sicklier grew, and surlier, if you'd come a *leetle* earlier,
—

Well, let by-gones now be by-gones! But O Spring sweet! an you
love us,
Come—at last, dear—à *la* HERRICK, with such influence
atmospheric
As will slay the Influenza; with such fragrance from your
flowers,
As will knock Malaria silly; let your dear daffydown-dilly
From our bodies drive bacilli, and the blight from out our
bowers.

Slay our Microbes, Spring, and bless us! Like a clinging Shirt of
Nessus
Morbid sickness surrounds us in our lives, our books, our art.
Oh, if sunshine and your breezes might but slay our soul-
diseases,
Oust the pestilent miasma that pervades the home, the mart;
Neutralise the nauseous virus whose developments so tire us;
Disinfect the New Parnassus, purge the New Pierian Spring,
Bring us honesty and health, dear, why for all our wit and
wealth, dear,
We might love like Nature's lovers, and like Nature's poets
sing.

Ah! we need Spring's prophylactic!—But I'm getting too didactic
For a sunny April morning, and a sweet young thing like you.
My dear, the London Season, wrapped and furred out of all
reason,
Has been waiting, decked like Winter, with a nose-tip nearly
blue;
Waiting, waiting for your coming. Sweet as bees in clover
humming
Is the first sound of your footfall. Most spontaneous of
passions
Is the love for you, you darling. You will bring the thrush and
starling,
And the young leaves and the young lambs, and, what's better
—
the Spring Fashions!!!

So no wonder that she greets you with effusion when she meets
you.
Ah, Spring! 'tis not your lilacs, and your daffodils and stocks,
Or the tender leaves the trees on, that most moves Miss London
Season,
'Tis the hope of "rippin'" frolics and the thought of "trotty"
frocks.

But an old man's heart, my treasure, beats to quite another
measure,
Still my sympathies, dear Spring, are with the youngsters and
with you.
They are looking for love's playtime, and the merry, merry May-
time,
And the popular R.A. time, and the whole tohu-bohu!
Bring the girls delights as dowry, may their social paths be
flowery,
And your silver drops the only tears they need to look upon.
So they're wholesome, may they flourish; and may all Spring
influence nourish
True manhood and pure womanhood, and—there, my
preaching's done!

We need a true *Spring Clean*, sweet. Give us parks and gardens
green, sweet.
And laughter, like your bird-songs pure, un-satyr-like, though
clever,
Bless our boys, our girls, our babies, yes—*and bring us back our*
JABEZ,

And we'll pardon your delay, and say 'tis better late than never!

OPPORTUNITY LOST BY MR. JUSTICE HAWKINS DURING A RECENT CASE WHEN HIS LORDSHIP MIGHT HAVE PUT IT TO THE JURY.—"Gentlemen, what is the difference, or, as there has been no quarrel, let us say what is the distinction between a costumier and a butcher anxious to arrange his shop-front to the best advantage? Gentlemen, I will not detain you, it is this: The costumier meets out the dresses; the butcher 'dresses out' the meats. Gentlemen, you are discharged."

TO CHARITABLE CHESS-PLAYERS.—A good move at Easter time is—"cheque to his Bishop."

BLIND ALLEY-GORIES.

BY DUNNO WÄHRIAR.

(Translated from the original Lappish by Mr. Punch's own Hyperborean Enthusiast.)

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

IT affords me no ordinary gratification to be the humble instrument in rendering these exquisitely obscure prose-poems—reeking as they are with the self-consciousness of so magnificently triumphant an Ego—into the English tongue, though I am fully aware of the difficulty of preserving all the mystical unintelligibility of the original.

DUNNO WÄHRIAR is perhaps the most remarkable personality that his native Lapland has yet produced. He first saw the light on April 1, 1879, at Kandalax, so that he may still be called comparatively young. His impressionable, sensitive soul broke out in early revolt against the train-oil and tallow which formed the traditionary nutriment of his family circle, and in 1883 we find him casting off the shackles of conventionality and escaping to Sweden in his sledge-perambulator. There he has lived ever since, and has already secured a foremost place among the greatest physiological psychologists of Scandinavia. As a morbid pathologist, he surpasses STRINDBERG; while in neurotic sensitivism, he has hustled HANSSON into a back seat; easily beaten BJÖRNSSON in diagnosis of the elusive emotions; and taken the indigestible cake of slack-baked symbolism from the master hand of IBSEN himself! Small wonder, then, that the commonest penwiper containing issues from his pen is eagerly sought after by admirers of such effusions.

He belongs ('tis true) to the Literary Upper Crust, and is for the few rather than the many; while so absolute has been his fidelity to the principles of his art, that he has published every one of his works at a considerable pecuniary loss.

Need I say more to ensure for him that respectful admiration which the public is ever ready to lavish upon anything they fail to understand?

Let me rather efface myself and leave DUNNO WÄHRIAR—OR "Young GARNAWAY," as is his self-adopted pseudonym—to unfold the rhythmic charm of his own inimitable incomprehensibility.

BLIND ALLEY-GORY THE FIRST.

THE LOST BACKBONE.

One summer evening, when the moon was at the full, and cloud-shadows glided imperceptibly over the chimney-pots, as curses that have found no utterance and come dejectedly home to roost, I wandered into my back-garden, and caught the God of the Period napping in the moonshine on one of my celery-beds.

He rose up suddenly and reposed awhile in space, with his head resting on the back of the Great Bear, and one foot on the arm of Cassiopeia's Chair, while with the other he skimmed the cream off the Milky Way. And he seemed to be everywhere and yet nowhere in particular, and he said nothing, and I was afraid to make a remark—and there was no sound, save that of the boundless, inconceivable silence which was rumbling round the corner.

Presently he came down to the celery-bed once more.

"What are you seeking for so late?" asked he; "your face looks so long and solemn, and your eyes are hollow and full of woe. Have you been having anything indigestible for supper?"

"I am in trouble about Humanity," I replied; "for, though I loathe and despise them individually, collectively I love them dearly."

"What's the matter with Humanity?" asked the God, as he squatted amid the celery.

"They are growing so deadly dull," I answered. "I am Young GARNAWAY, the Pessimistic Prose Poet,

and it pains me to see how utterly they have lost their perception of the ridiculous, which is the backbone of real enjoyment. So I came out to see if by any chance the backbone was hidden under one of the flower-pots."

The Period-God once more pervaded the endless space that glittered in darkling infinitude round about and right ahead of him. It seemed to me, when he returned, that he had been laughing; but suddenly I saw him pull himself together, and frown.

And from afar a gurgling rose through the gloom, and darkness fell upon my back-garden, knocking a basilisk off the waterbutt, and above the garden-walls there appeared a crowd of rude persons, in pot hats, with red lolling tongues and wide grinning mouths, holding their sides with inextinguishable mirth. All at once the giggles turned into the booing of Philistines, and there was a fantastic shadowy horseplay, which rolled nearer and nearer.

I saw many myriads of spectral kitten forms, and unsubstantial egg shapes rushing towards me through the air. Instinctively I ran indoors and gripped the umbrella from its corner, and stood on guard.



"I saw many myriads of spectral kitten forms and unsubstantial egg-shapes."

Then I heard someone chuckling quite close to me, chuckling softly, but unmistakably. And the booing hushed, and the gloom lightened, and the garden-roller glimmered faintly in the moonlit summer night, and inside the lawn-mower lay the God of the Period crying with uncontrollable laughter.

"When the time comes," he said, "when mankind gets weary of Paraded Pessimism, and the Big Scandinavian Boom has burst, then I will conjure forth the Great Guffaw; and *then* it will be time for all Dyspeptic Decadents to get under their umbrellas—just as you did awhile ago, for mankind will have recovered its sense of humour, and will decline to take them seriously. But you had much better leave off bothering your head about that lost backbone, for you won't be happy when they get it!"

And while I was taking off my goloshes indoors, I heard again the sound of snapping celery sticks, as the Period-God rolled on the bed in ecstasies of stifled merriment, and I wondered at intervals what it was all about.

FOR OUTWARD APPLICATION.—"A man may change his skies,' as the Roman poet puts it," quoth the *Daily Telegraph*, "but he does not so easily change his habits." The Academy is about to open. The pictures will soon be hung. Varnishing day comes, with last chance for alteration. Then comes in Latin poetic proverb, "A man may change his skies, but, do what he will, he cannot alter that peculiar style that marks the work as his, and nobody else's."

NEW PROVERB.—All "problem" and no "play" makes drama a dull joy.



SHOCKING HEATHENISM.

Rector. "SO YOU GO UP TO TOWN NEXT MONTH, MISS MARY. HOW I ENVY YOU! AND OF COURSE YOU'LL ATTEND THE MAY MEETINGS."

Miss Mary. "MAY MEETINGS? OH DEAR NO! THOUGH I ADORE HORSES, I QUITE DISAPPROVE OF RACING, DON'T YOU KNOW!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.



"Fridoline."

The Baron heartily welcomes the appearance of *Happy Thoughts* in French, under the very attractive style and title of *Fridoline*. No fear now of the *entente cordiale* between England and France being disturbed; and that is indeed *une "pensée" la plus "heureuse" ou "ingénieuse."* The dialogue with the patient angler who remains in the middle of the stream day after day, and, probably, night after night, is quite a little lesson in French.

"*Pris quelque chose?*" '*Rien.*' '*Pas mordu du tout?*' '*Une fois, je crois.*' '*Le pêcheur n'a pas perdu son calme, mais son air n'a rien de triomphant.*'"

And the world goes on and the *mouvement* continues, and ever and anon the Happy Thinker, returning to the river, finds the same man in the same boat in almost the same position. Then, before retiring for the night, the H. T. takes one turn on the lawn, "*pour m'assurer,*" he says, "*que je ne laisse rien derrière moi.*" Ah si! *je laisse l'homme au bachot, toujours sa ligne en main. Il avait, paraît-il, un pen redescendu le courant.* '*Bonne pêche?*' '*Non.*' '*Pris quelque chose?*' '*Rien.*'"

Those who read "*entre les lignes*" may see in this figure of unrewarded patience and perseverance more than meets the eye. M. AURELIEN DE COURSON has done his work excellently well, "*avec l'autorisation de l'auteur.*"

I found a book on my table lying among a number of others put aside to be read at "a more convenient season." The title attracted me—*Clove Pink*. Its leaves are of last autumn, but the story they tell is for ever. It is admirably written; its word-painting is the work of a true artist: but beginning brightly and gladly, as do the lives of the young hero and heroine, it ends sadly but sweetly. If you are not averse to a simple, well-told tale, with stirring incidents of modern warfare, graphically narrated, that stand out in startling contrast to the scenes of quiet English rural life, a story whose pathos and simple truth will touch you deeply, read *Clove Pink*, says

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

VERY CATCHING.

In the *Times* of Monday, April 8, appeared an advertisement headed "Lent, Lent—Fish, Fish." This meant, of course, that the season was Lent, not that the fishmonger was a lender of fish. And for the season it was Holy Week, *i.e.* last week of Lent. Then it goes on "*Have you ordered your Good Friday's Dinner?* If not, do so at once." Excellent and most timely advice, seeing it was given on the Monday preceding Good Friday. So far so good; but then comes "a reason why" which apparently quite upsets the kettle of fish. Here is the extract:—



"Having made contracts with a number of the leading

"To-morrow will be Fry

trawl and line fishermen to take the whole of their prime fish caught during Easter week," &c., &c.

What on earth is the good of fish caught in Easter Week to the persons who have ordered it for the previous Friday? That's where the trouble is. The fishmonger is at sea as well as his good fishermen. If the advertisement had been headed "Lent and Easter," then it would have been evident that two different subjects were being dealt with, and "both caught with one fish," as Mrs. R. might say, adapting a proverb.

day,

So we'll catch our fish to-day."

*Somebody's
Song.*

TEMPERATE TO INTEMPERATE.

FANATIC sophistries, I think,
To logic's limits will have
shrunk,
When zealot's recognize that
"drink"
Is *not* identical with
"drunk."
Difference may be as great
you see,
'Twixt U and I as You and
Me!

WORDSWORTH FOR WITLERS.—"Drink, pretty creature, drink!"



SOCIAL AGONIES.

Anxious Musician (in a whisper, to Mrs. Lyon Hunter's butler). "WHERE'S MY 'CELLO?"

Butler (in stentorian tones, to the room). "SIGNOR WERESMICELLO!"

THE NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB.

The other day I went to this exhibition of sublime masterpieces. I was about to write a few comments, full of strange epithets and gushing praise, when a small girl came in with a lady. The child spoke so freely that I paused to listen. This was her criticism. "Oh, mother, what's that meant for? I can't see anything. Look at that lady! She's got no face at all. Oh, look at that other! She's funnier. What is she? A Spanish dancer? Do all Spanish dancers have knobby faces like you might make out of a potato? What are those people skating on? Is it cotton wool? Oh, mother,

look there! What an ugly lady! Why's she put all that red on her cheeks? What's all that other red there? Is it another lady? A church in Venice? What Olympia where you took me two years ago? Oh, mother, it can't be a church! Unless it's upside down. Or perhaps all the paints have run into one another like mine do. Oh, look! There's a picture of a washstand. Is it an advertisement of a furniture shop? Or is it meant for what father calls a slight wash in his water-colour drawings? What are those ladies dancing in sheets for? Is it sheets they've got on? Oh what a red face that gentleman's got! I don't think they paint very pretty ladies or gentlemen here. Oh, mother, look at that! Why it's the funniest of all! Who are the two ladies? Why are their clothes slipping down? Why are their faces all crooked, and their eyes sideways? Are they meant to be pretty? I don't think they are. What do you say it is? Meant to be painted on the wall of a room? Is that why they look so funny? Why they look like Aunt KITTY, when she's going to have a sea bath, and when—" Here the little maiden was suddenly dragged out of the room, and her shrill voice was heard no more. But her winged words are not forgotten by

A CRUSHED CRITIC.

AN EASTER 'OLIDAY.

(A *Siesta Song*, from the *Burlesque Opera "Little Liberal Majority," performed at the Theatre Royal, St. Stephen's.*)

AIR—"Lazily, Drowsily."

When gaily dances the Easter sun,
And shelved is each bothersome Bill,
Then work and talk for a time are done,
And the lobbies are hushed and still.
Lazily, lazily,
Drowsily, drowsily,
Home goes every one;
Lazily, lazily,
Drowsily, drowsily,
Under the April sun.
Old St. Stephen's closes;
Parliament reposes,
Lazily, lazily,
Drowsily, drowsily,
Forty winks, or fun!

When the sunlight falls on the Heath's green
breast,
And blue are the skies above,
Each seeks the rest that he loves the best,
Or the sport he doth chiefly love.
Lazily, lazily, drowsily, drowsily,
Donkey riding's fun!
Lazily, lazily, drowsily, drowsily,
Dawdling under the sun!
HARCOURT'S eyelid closes,
BALFOUR blandly dozes;
Lazily, lazily, drowsily, drowsily,
Under the Easter sun!

Joggle and jolt! *These* mokes won't bolt!
Each flops like an empty sack
On the broad back, shaggy as Shetland colt.
No donkey boy on *their* track!
Lazily, lazily, drowsily, drowsily,
Carelessly jogging on!
Lazily, lazily, drowsily, drowsily,
Under an Easter sun!
Lotos-Land discloses
No more bland reposes.
Lazily, lazily, drowsily, drowsily,
Dawdle they under the sun!

"That LABBY was often a bore!" sighs WILL,
Groans ARTY, "And so was JOE!
To drive *these* donkeys demands small skill!
Would Westminster mokes were so!
Lazily, lazily, drowsily, drowsily!
Riding like this is fun!
Lazily, lazily, drowsily, drowsily!
Bless us! Who *wants* to run?
'Appy 'Ampstead dozes!

Mokes are beds of roses!
Lazily, lazily, drowsily, drowsily,
Jog we—till holiday's done!"

"THE OBJECTION TO EUCLID" of which we have heard so much recently is of very ancient standing, and is shared by nearly every schoolboy.

PARLIAMENTARY PROVERB.—There's many a slip 'twixt the M.P. and the "Whip"!



AN EASTER 'OLIDAY.

Duet ('ARCOURT and HARTHUR sing while being jolted).

"LA-A-ZI-LY LA-A-ZI-LY! DROW-OW-OW-SILY! DROW-OW-OW-SILY!" &c.

MR. PUNCH AT A PICTURE SHOW.

(The Collection of Sir John Tenniel's Drawings at the Fine Art Society's Gallery.)

AIR.—"My Old Friend John."

'Tis forty years, my dear Sir JOHN,
Since you and I first met.
Lord, how the fleeting hours have flown!
But we foregather yet,
I gaze on this brave show with pride—
Fine art, still in full feather!
By Jove, it seems but yesterday
Since we were "boys" together.

Since we were boys, merry, merry boys,
At our old Board together!

There's gladness in remembrance, JOHN;
Your pencil-strokes struck true;
Through all the shifts of party life,
No pause that pencil knew.
We've missed old comrades one by one;
Our friendship moults no feather;
Can forty years and more have run
Since we were "boys" together?

Since we were boys, merry, merry boys,

At our old Board together!

I gaze and proudly ponder, JOHN;
I've seen them all before—
GLADSTONE, BRIGHT, DIZZY, BULL!—Well done!!!
Fresh as in days of yore
The Big Cuts gleam. By sea and stream,
Moor, mountain, ice-field, heather.
Force, grace, fair fun mark all you've done,
Since we were "boys" together.

Chorus all "Round the Mahogany Tree."

Since we were boys, merry, merry boys!
So meet we, in full feather,
For many sunny years, Sir JOHN,
Still boys—at heart—together!



FANCY PORTRAIT.

SIR G-RGE L-W-S.

"BOLD OF YOUR WORTHINESS, WE SINGLE YOU

AS OUR BEST-MOVING FAIR SOLICITOR."

Love's Labour's Lost, Act II.,
Sc. 1.

THE LAY OF THE LITTLE MINORITY.

AIR—"Little Buttercup."

I'm bumptious Minority—cocky Minority
(Though I can hardly tell why),
My work is to worry poor weary Majority,
Giving him one in the eye.

On Board or on Council I swagger and bounce
'll,
And badger 'em out of their lives.
I claim all the graces, and all the best places;
Thus cocky Minority thrives!

Majorities little of claim have no tittle
To getting *their* own wicked way;
But cocky Minority has such authority,
His should be absolute sway.

If things are at evens at—well, say St.
Stephen's,
Spring Gardens, wherever you like,
Tis a mere deadlock (like New Woman
wedlock),
And against Progress we strike.

If a Majority (small) claims authority
To make the tiniest move,
Then to prevent it, obstruct, circumvent it,
Must be my labour of love.

But a Minority's superiority
Is just as clear as the day.
Majorities (small) have one duty, that's all,
'Tis—to let the Minority sway!

Then yield to Minority—cocky Minority,
On Boards or of Council or School!
Hooray for Minority—bumptious Minority!
Come—let Minority rule!

OUR NEXT LITTLE BATTLE.

(From our Prophetic Reporter, a trifle in advance.)

NOWHAR, *April 1.*—Wett River crossed yesterday in most brilliant style. Dashaway Regiment carried landing at point of bayonet, the Muffs keeping up well-directed fire during the entire operation. However, they seemed to feel effect of our artillery and Maxims.



When landing effected, Sapping Miners constructed iron bridge (with glass covering to protect the troops from the rain) within five-and-twenty minutes. During the construction Muffs fired continuously at working parties. Flag-staffs riddled with shot, consequently colours could not be run up. A round from couple of quick-firing guns cleared heights of human obstructions.

On completion of bridge, two troops of 147th Irregular Prancers charged enemy with much dash. As gallant horsemen approached Muffs (numbering about twenty thousand) concentrated their fire. For few minutes Irregulars had to pass through perfect fog of bullets. This ordeal did not damp their courage; soon came to close quarters with foe. In a moment Muffs were in confusion, flying, before pursuing sabres. Irregulars followed retreating enemy for many miles with complete success.

While these operations being carried out 17th Battalion of Cutandthrust Regiment made assault on fortress protecting right flank of Muffs. Enemy opposed charge with well-sustained artillery fire, which had it been more judiciously directed might have caused considerable annoyance. As it was, many Cutandthrusts lowered their heads to allow of undisturbed passage of shrapnell. On reaching walls redcoats hopped over like birds. Garrison stubbornly defended position. Cutandthrusts extended, advancing in their new formation. With wild cheer they again charged. Although this advance caused Muffs to fall back, they still retained their ground. At this moment machine-guns of battalion were brought into play with best results. A couple of rounds immediately broke up enemy's columns and put them to flight. Muffs were then routed by 53rd Regiment of Indian Tiger Eaters.

By midday position secured. At invitation of bugles exploring party "ceased firing," and prepared for mess.

Later.—I have just received a return of killed and wounded on both sides, which I here give:—*Muffs.*—Killed, about 20,000; wounded, twice as many more. *British.*—Killed, none; wounded, No. 35,604,821 Private SMITH (Cutandthrust Regiment), slight scratch on fourth finger of left hand.

NEW NAME FOR IT (*by Brother Bung*).—Local Hop-shun!

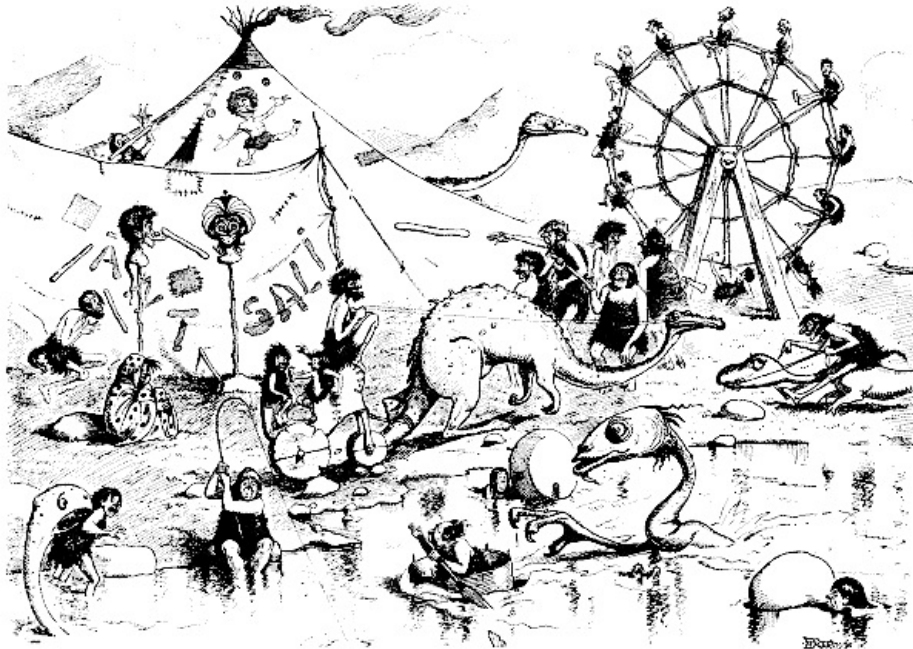
ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

If half the things that CHLOE says to me,
If half the pretty kindnesses she shows,
By PHYLLIDA were shown or said,
Without a tremor I would stake my head
That I securely might propose
That she my bride would be.

Yet why? I know full well that CHLOE
means
Nothing at all. 'Tis but her buoyant
way,
Her frank "The best of friends,
that's all."
And yet the stricter GRUNDY 'twould
appal
To hear the tender things we say
Between our quarrel-scenes.



If one full-leaping pulse's beat
Beyond the coldest courtesy's demand
I trespass on sweet PHYLLIDA'S coy hand,
The thrill is shivered by her quick retreat,
Her fingers stiffen like a fossil fin,
And I again, a SISYPHUS, begin
The task of charming her reserve austere,
Palsied by Love's false fear,
Which drives the lover's chances down to zero.
While some cadaverous and long-chinn'd hero
Talks from a height rais'd by his own conceit,
And my white goddess listens at his feet.



PREHISTORIC PEEPS.

THERE WERE SEASONS (CORRESPONDING TO OUR EASTER, &C.) WHEN THE INHABITANTS OF ONE ACCORD GAVE THEMSELVES UP TO RELAXATION AND AMUSEMENT!

LINES IN PLEASANT PLACES.

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

There's a wondrous fairy kingdom
Whither all may take a trip—
Quite an inexpensive journey,
It is not by rail or ship—
For it lies just where you fancy,
And a pleasant thing it seems
For a man to sojourn sometimes
In the land of dreams.

'Tis the land where man attaineth
To the end of his desire,
Where the minor poet warbles
And the laurel crowns his lyre:
It is there the sucking statesman
Works out Machiavellian schemes,

And young BRIEFLESS is a leader
In the land of dreams.

'Tis the land of fur and feather,
'Tis the paradise of sport,
Where the runs beat all recounted
O'er the walnuts and the port:
It is there the pheasant rockets,
It is there the covert teems,
And your powder's always straightest
In the land of dreams.

There with ease the patient golfer
Plays a record medal-round,
And the batsman get his hundred,
Hitting clean all round the ground;
There old IZAAK's keen disciple
Thrashes quite ideal streams,
For he angles most "compleatly"
In the land of dreams.

'Tis a land where someone meets you
You may never meet elsewhere,
'Tis a land where words are whispered
You may whisper only there;
'Tis the home of youth and sunshine
Where you taste of joy's extremes,
For, of course, there's someone loves
you
In the land of dreams.

'Tis a land of peace and quiet,
Free from yelling paper-boys,
And from Germany's musicians,
And offensive kinds of noise:
There the organ-grinder grinds not,
There no restive infant screams.
Oh, to spend one's whole existence
In the land of dreams!

'Tis a land where rates and taxes
Never need be brooded on,
And the cupboard is unfurnished
With the homely skeleton:
There the roses all are thornless,
Life is destitute of seams,
And, in short, its worth the living
In the land of dreams.

TO A PRETTY GIRL.

(Who accepted some verses.)

You take my lines, and say that you
Appreciate my humble verses.
That's more than editors will do,
Or publishers, with bloated
purses.

To gain your thanks in such a way,
I'd write you verses night and day.

You don't return them, saying you
Regret you cannot now accept
them.

Or, scrawled with marks in blatant blue,
To show that, ruined, you have kept them.
If you would pay me with a smile,
I'd write you verses by the mile.

If you could only say that you
Would like me for my admiration,
To sing your charms till all was blue
Would be delightful occupation.
If I could hope to win a kiss,
I'd write you fifty miles like this.





First Boy. "GIVE US A BITE OF YOUR APPLE, BOB."

Second Boy. "SHAN'T."

First Boy. "WHAT FOR?"

Second Boy. "'COS YER AXED ME!"

(After a pause.)

Small Boy. "GI' ME A BITE, BOB. I NEVER AXED YER!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, April 8.—House to-night presented that appearance seen only on big occasions. Long unfamiliar in slough of despond in which present House been steeped since Session opened. Every seat on either side occupied. Members sitting on Gangway steps, flooding the side galleries, blocking the Bar, peopling even the steps of the Chair. ARTHUR PEEL is leaving historic stage graced through eleven years in fashion that has added fresh fame to an illustrious name. On ordinary occasions when SPEAKER rises to address House on current topics of business, Members who chance to have their hats on keep them there. Now, when the stately figure is discovered standing under the canopy of the Chair, Members without concert, but with one accord, bare their heads. Throughout a moving scene, which crammed much into fifteen minutes, nothing more striking than this simultaneous, swift uncovering of the head, and the transformation that followed when the rare sunlight, streaming in from western windows, fell upon five hundred unshaded faces all turned towards the tall, gowned figure standing by the Chair.

The speech will be read to-morrow by millions, who will find it word for word and sentence by sentence in the newspapers. But the reader will gain but faint idea of the impression the delivery produced. The historic place, the animated scene, the electric current of such a gathering, were much. The effect was perfected by the elocution of the SPEAKER, perhaps the most perfect development of an attractive but dangerous art possessed by living man.

What possibilities underlie its possession were wonderingly recognised in the last days of the late Parliament, when the directors of the Cambrian Railway Company were brought to the Bar of the House in connection with the dismissal of a station-master who had given unwelcome evidence before a Select Committee. House in the ludicrous pickle which invariably follows on Privilege proceedings. Directors summoned to attend were somewhere in the lobby. If it had been permissible to follow *Dogberry's* example in similar circumstances—to take no note of directors, but let them go and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God they were rid of the knaves—it would have been well. But, directors being solemnly summoned, must needs be adequately dealt with. Finally resolved that SPEAKER should admonish them. Amid much giggling on part of hysterically uneasy House, conscious of its own ludicrous position, directors brought in and ranged at Bar. Then SPEAKER stood up and "most seriously admonished" them.

No one present will forget the awesome mien, the terrible voice, with which the task was performed. At a touch farce was transformed into tragedy. Dignity of House, sorely imperilled, triumphantly vindicated. To-night the SPEAKER'S phrasing was perfect. Its setting in the delivery is

untranslatable in speech or written word.



Farewell to Mr. Speaker Peel.

Business done.—Speaker announces resignation. SQUIRE OF MALWOOD brings in Local Veto Bill.

Tuesday.—"Poof!" said SARK, mopping his brow; "glad that's over. No knowing where it might have ended. Danger of last scene in SPEAKER'S leave-taking closing amid burst of irritated laughter. When I was first returned, we thought two leaders enough for one House. There was the Government man on the Treasury Bench, the Leader of Opposition on bench opposite. When ceremonial business to be done, these two spoke and the whole House agreed that its opinions had found expression. House rapidly growing into position akin to home forces of Prince of MONACO. Nearly as many captains as privates."

These remarks wrung from troubled breast by long, at one anxious moment apparently interminable, procession of orators in support of resolution thanking retiring SPEAKER for services in Chair. SQUIRE OF MALWOOD said right thing in admirable way. PRINCE ARTHUR, less ornate in phrase, supplied a perfect second. These speeches voiced feeling of Ministerialists and Opposition. Some reasonableness in JUSTIN MCCARTHY'S interposition, he being leader of distinct party which, as he hinted, had in earlier days done battle with SPEAKER. But really, when it came to JOSEPH saying a few words for his merry men, and JOHN REDMOND tuning afresh the Irish harp on behalf of his, prospect grew alarming. If these leaders of sections within a division felt called upon to make speeches on such occasion, why not JOHN BURNS as a Labour Leader, with KEIR HARDIE to follow as captain of the Independent Labour Party; OSBORNE MORGAN, purged of profligacy, speaking for Wales, followed by LLOYD-GEORGE from below the Gangway; WILFRID LAWSON for the Temperance party; Private HANBURY as representing the land forces of the Busy B's; Cap'en TOMMY BOWLES the naval; JACOB BRIGHT returning thanks for the ladies, WALTER

M'LAREN speaking specially for the section who desire to marry their deceased husband's brother? Domesticity thus trenched upon, Baron DE WORMS, with wistful "Long-Lost-Deer-Father" look on his face, might close the list by a few words spoken on behalf of the family circle.

To-day stopped a little short of this; but shall doubtless go the whole way next time opportunity presents itself. *Business done.*—Thanks of House voted to SPEAKER.

Wednesday.—By contrast with ordered speech-making of yesterday afternoon scene that took place in earliest moments of the new day's birth prettier by far. For upwards of an hour Members passing out homewards stopped to shake the SPEAKER'S hand and bid him farewell. Just before quarter of hour chimed after midnight, ARTHUR PEEL spoke his last words in House of Commons.

"The question is," he said, "that this House do now adjourn."

As he turned to leave the Chair, Members present sprang to feet, cheering continuously till ARTHUR PEEL, for the last time robed in Speaker's wig and gown, passed out of sight.

For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more.
We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more.

Le roi est mort. Vive le roi. WILLIAM COURT GULLY elected Speaker by majority of 11 in House of 559 Members.

Business done.—Elect new Speaker, and immediately give him ten days' holiday. Adjourn till Monday 22nd.

A STUDY IN ETHNOLOGY.

Upon my luck I still reflect,
That led us to the same Museum:
I greeted you with staid respect,
But my heart sang its own *Te Deum*,
And blessed your Uncle, ere I wist,
For being an ethnologist!

On old Assyrian spoils intent,
Our very presence he forgot,
While we o'er strings of wampum bent—
We saw them and we saw them not.
He lived within a past long dead,
We, in the seconds as they sped.

Within a carven mirror old,
Suddenly, as we wandered by,
You looked upon your hair of gold
And flushing face, and so did I.
Then on we passed: a vault we found,
And PHARAOH'S coffin, underground.

Oh, if his phantom ever stood
Beside the coffin made for him,
And saw you in your joyous mood,
With your bright eyes and figure slim,
King PHARAOH might have envied us
Beside his old sarcophagus!

But, PHARAOH, we, remembering
The ancient creed that souls of men
May see the summer and the spring,
May live again, and love again,
A moment wished the tale were true,
Because—it seemed so hard on you!

WANTED IN THE WORLD OF "ART."—A Spring Clean!

TO A YOUNG ACTRESS.

You regret that all you
do
Is to be a lady who
Just walks on—a smile or
two,
Then you're gone;
For you think that any
gawk
Would be good enough
to walk,
You undoubtedly should
talk
When you're "on."



You are but a sort of show.
Silence for a girl is slow,
Speech is woman's right, I know
That is true,
And although your pretty face
Charms beholders by its grace,
You would like a higher place,
Wouldn't you?

But we cannot all have "leads,"
Nicely suited to our needs,
To excel in words and deeds,
Don't you see?
So, if you desire to speak,
I am not so far to seek,
I would listen for a week—
Talk to me.

SOMETHING YET!—"Mr. G." is a proficient in several languages. In Italian, as well as in Latin, in ancient and modern Greek, he can, we believe, converse fluently, when anyone gives him a chance. With Russian he may be acquainted, for, as this is "caviare to the general," it may be equally so to an ex-prime-minister. With Spanish Mr. G. is, probably, not on speaking terms, though, no doubt he is well up in the niceties of the language; and there are many spoken languages of which he possesses more than a smattering. But the accomplished scholar has yet something to learn from one RICHARD CUMBERLAND, a bishop in the last century, not the playwright, of whom it is on record that, being a proficient in most ancient and modern languages, he "began to learn Coptic at the age of eighty-three!" Although Mr. G. has gone very far north, yet has he not at present got up to CUMBERLAND.

A SUGGESTION.—There are two excellent waters, Apollinaris and Johannis, known to everyone as "Polly" and "Jo." Might not the two companies amalgamate, and reproduce the success of "MY 'POL' AND MY PARTNER 'JO.'"

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI, VOL.
108, APRIL 20, 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.