

The Project Gutenberg eBook of Punch, Or the London Charivari, Volume 107, October  
27th, 1894, by Various

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

Title: Punch, Or the London Charivari, Volume 107, October 27th, 1894

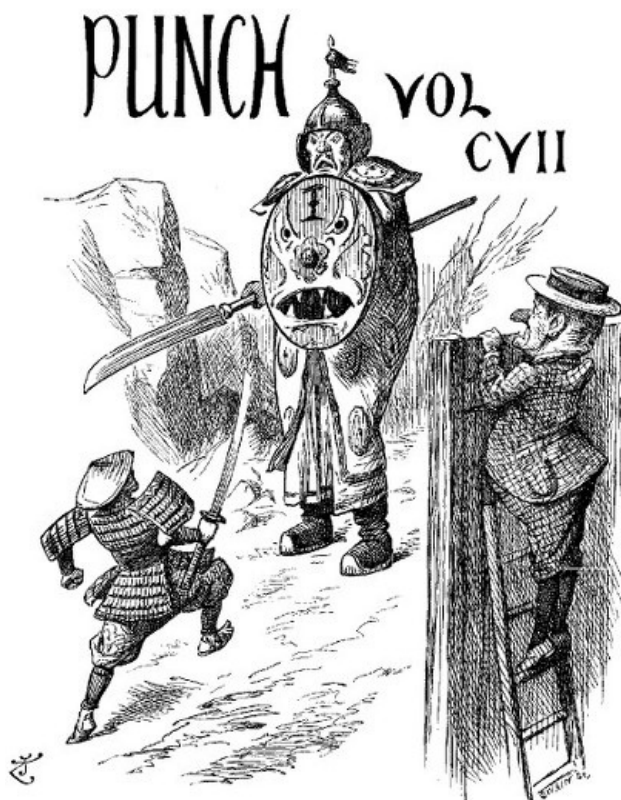
Author: Various

Release date: September 6, 2014 [EBook #46784]

Language: English

Credits: Produced by Punch, or the London Charivari, Malcolm Farmer,  
Wayne Hammond and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team  
at <http://www.pgdp.net>

\*\*\* START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI,  
VOLUME 107, OCTOBER 27TH, 1894 \*\*\*



Punch, Or the London Charivari

Volume 107, October 27th 1894

*edited by Sir Francis Burnand*



### INFORMAL INTRODUCTION.

*'Arry (shouting across the street to his "Pal"). "Hi! BILL! THIS IS 'ER!"*

### POLYCHROME ENGLISH.

*A short suburban dialogue, illustrating the deplorable downward spread of the New Colour-descriptiveness, as exemplified in such works as the "Arsenic Buttonhole."*

SCENE—Peckham. CHARACTERS—BILL, a Greengrocer. JIM, an Oil and Colour Man.

*Jim.* 'Ow are yer, BILL? Fine pink morning, yn't it?

*Bill.* Um, a shyde too migenta for me, mate—'ow's yerself?

*Jim.* Oh, I'm just gamboge, and the missus, she's bright vermilion. 'Ow's *your* old Dutch?

*Bill.* She's a bit off colour. Pussonally, I'm feelin' lemon yaller, hall through a readin' o' this yer Pioneer kid.

*Jim.* Buck up, mate; you've no call to be yaller, nor a permanent bloo, heither! 'Ow's tryde?

*Bill.* Nothin' doin'. Wy, I ain't sold an indigo cabbige or a chocolate tater to-day. It's enuff to myke a cove turn blackleg, s'elp me!

*Jim.* Well, I'm a tyking pupils—leastways, I've a young josser of a bankclurk come messin' around my pyntshop, wantin' to know wot sort o' *noise* raw humber mykes, an' wot's the *feel* o' rose madder. I gives 'im the tip—'arf a crown a go!

*Bill.* Well, that *is* a tyke-down! 'E must be a bloomin' green-horn!

*Jim.* Yus, a carnation green-horn, you tyke it from me! I've done 'im vandyke brown, *I* tell yer! I don't think 'e'll hever pynt the tarn red!

*Bill.* Blymy, you're a knockout! Look 'ere, mate, now you've got the ochre, you'll stand 'arf a quartern at the "Blue Pig," eh?

[*Exeunt ambo.*]

---

## By an Old Bachelor.

"Are children humorous?" the *Spectator* asks.  
Practical jokers are they, every one of them;  
Their laughter my poor tympanum sorely tasks,  
But I'll be hanged if I can see the *fun* of them!

---

## LETTERS FROM A DÉBUTANTE.

My Dear MARJORIE,—You remember CECIL CASHMORE? Of course no theatricals could be a success unless he took the entire management. He is a celebrated private performer, and his name is frequently seen in "Amateur Dramatic Notes," where he is freely compared to COQUELIN, ARTHUR ROBERTS, IRVING, and CHARLES KEAN, in his earlier manner—I mean CHARLES KEANE'S earlier manner, not CECIL'S. He always greets me with, "Oh, I'm so afraid of you. I believe you're very cross with me"; and his parting words are invariably "Good-bye; I'm coming to see you *so soon!*" CISSY—everyone calls him CISSY—seems to be a little particular, not to say fidgetty.

BABY BEAUMONT heard him say to his valet, "Take away that eau-de-cologne—it's corked." He seems to think himself ill, though he looks blooming; and says he has neurasthenia. He's always going through some "course," or "treatment." One hears him cry to the footman who hands him a forbidden dish, "Good Heavens, my dear man, don't offer me *that*—I'm under JOWLES!"

We wanted to act *The School for Scandal*, but CISSY has persuaded us to get up a burlesque of his own—*Red Riding Hood*. I am to be *Red Riding Hood!!!* I am delighted. I have never acted before; but they say I have only to trip on with a basket. BABY declared he would be a Proud Sister. In vain he was told there were no Proud Sisters in *Red Riding Hood*; he seemed to have set his heart on it so much that CISSY has written one in for him. Now BABY is happy, designing himself a gorgeous frock, and passing hours in front of a looking-glass, trying various patterns against his complexion. All the strength of the piece falls upon CISSY, who plays the *Wolf*, and has given himself any amount of songs and dances, lots of "serious interest," and all the "comic relief." He says it's not an ordinary burlesque, but a mixture of a problem play and a comic opera. Captain MASHINGTON is to play the Mother, so I see a good deal of him. (The LORNE HOPPERS are in Scotland). We had had sixteen rehearsals when LADY TAYMER suddenly horrified us by saying it seemed so much trouble—why not give it up, and if we wanted a little fun, black our faces and pretend to be niggers!! Of course, we would not listen to her. I hear Captain MASHINGTON rehearsing his part every morning, quietly, in the billiard-room. He never can remember the lines

"Good bye, my dear, now mind you're very good,  
And shun the dangers lurking in the wood."



He thinks the mother ought to kiss *Red Riding Hood* before she starts. I think *not*. We asked CISSY. He says it's optional.... CISSY rose with the owl to-day, and said he was not well. A little later he came and told us complacently that he had been looking it up in the Encyclopedia, and found he had "every symptom of *acute lead-*

poisoning." He added that there was nothing to be done.

"I thought there was something wrong with you yesterday," said BABY. "You declined all nourishment between lunch and tea."

"By the way," said CISSY, pretending not to hear, "MASHINGTON really is not quite light enough for the Mother. You should persuade him to go through a course, Miss GLADYS."

"He's just been through a course," I said, "at Hythe."

"My dear lady, I don't mean musketry. He ought to consult CASTLE JONES, the specialist. No soup, no bread, no potatoes—saccharine. What are *you* allowed?" turning to BABY, who was sitting on a window seat eating *marrons-glacés* out of a paper-bag.

This sight seemed to infuriate our manager. He made a wild dart at BABY, saying, "Oh, look at this; it's fatal, positively fatal!" snatched violently at the bag, secured a chestnut, and calmly walked out of the room eating it and saying it was delicious.

I had just come home from a very nice drive with JACK—I mean Captain MASHINGTON—when I found a letter from ORIEL. He says he is engaged to Miss TOOGOOD. The matter is to be kept a profound secret for the present.... He asks me, *for the sake of the past*, to try and get him a stamp of the Straits Settlements, in exchange for a Mauritian.... She collects stamps too—it must have been the bond of union.... How fickle men are! It's enough to disgust one with human nature. I know I broke it off, but still—

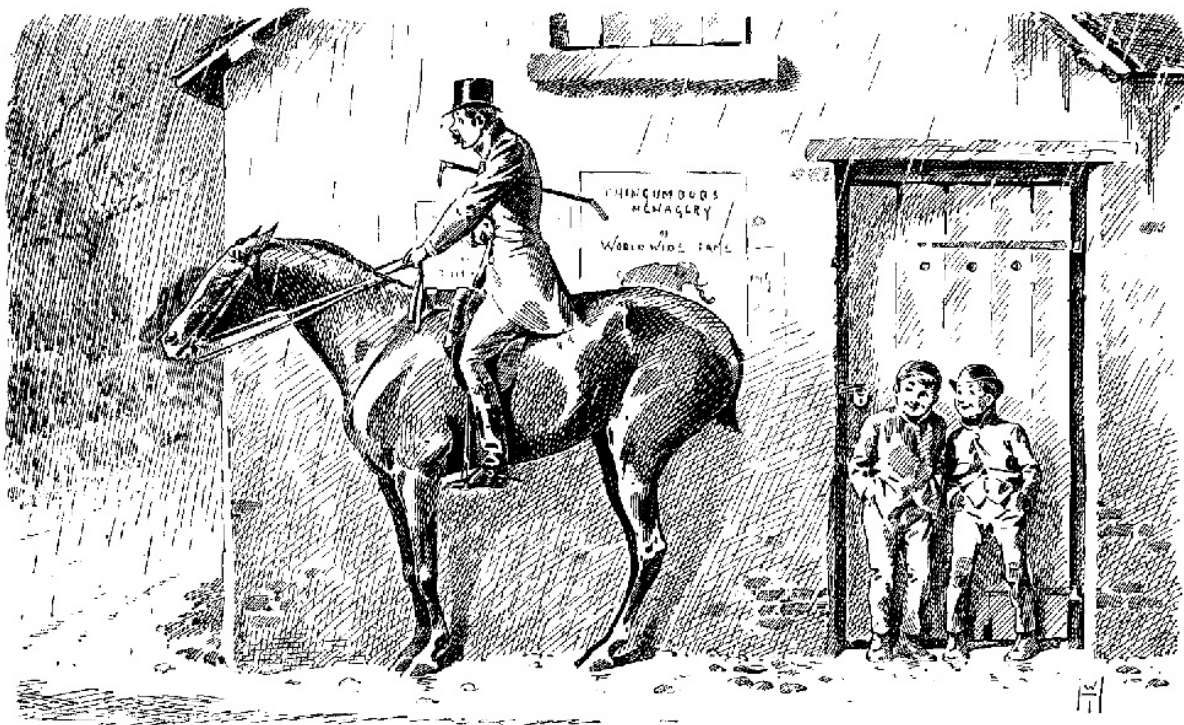
Ever your loving friend, .

GLADYS

I wonder if Miss TOOGOOD will have a bangle. I should like to advise her not to have it *riveted on*. It's such a bother getting them filed off.

194

195



"BUT OH, IT WAS SUCH AN 'ORRIBLE TAIL!'"

MRS. PROWLINA PRY.

You hope you don't intrude? PROWLINA PRY  
You do, you *do!* In ignorance it may be,  
The *rôle* of RHADAMANTHUS you would try,  
With scarce the fitness of a bumptious baby.  
With folly's headlong haste you would rush in  
Where well-tried wisdom treads with fear and trembling.  
Gregarious Silliness would cope with Sin;  
But when geese swarm what comes of *such* assembling?

Cackle, and cant, and chaos! Needless noise,  
Meddling and mischief and sheer moral muddle!  
Reformers must not act like gutter-boys  
Who rake up mud, stir each malodorous puddle.  
Life's purlieus are defiled; will it avail  
To grub and rake in reeking slum and by-way,  
Until the foul infection loads the gale,  
And pestilence stalks boldly in the highway?

PROWLINA PRY, your purview is too small;  
Life is not plumbed by microscopic peeping,  
And Nature is too large for nursery-thrall.  
The globe is *not* in Mrs. GRUNDY'S keeping.  
Clear sense, and not lop-sided sentiment,  
Must front Society's perplexing puzzles;  
Humanity, when roused, has ever rent  
*Partington* policies of mops and muzzles.

Humanity is a most complex thing,  
Not simple as a gag or feeding-bottle.  
You, lest it stray, would rob it of its wing.  
Lest it feed ill would simply close its throttle.  
The Puritanic plan in a new guise!—  
A female *Praise-God-Barebones* now would rule us.  
We Britons, who have baffled our male *Prys*,  
Are little like to let she-ones befool us.

Unclean! Unclean! 'Twas the old lepers' cry,  
You'd silence them and call it—purifying!  
Drive swine possessed of devils from their sty,  
And bid them spread infection as they're flying!  
Did some steep place lead down into the sea  
Of dead oblivion and sheer extirpation,  
'Twere well to scourge them thither. What if, free,  
They carry foul contagion through—a nation?

Thousands of fellow-creatures flung from work  
At the mere pen-stroke of a hasty censor!—  
An unconsidered trifle Zeal may shirk!  
But Sense may not, nor Justice! They are denser  
Than *Punch* imagines, our new Bumble-band,  
If Mistress PRY'S decision they abide by;  
But *should* they fail us, *Punch* throughout the land  
Will wake the People prudes and prigs are tried by!

Petticoat-government, PROWLINA PRY,  
Of this peculiar sort will scarcely suit us.  
Such cases clear collective sense must try,  
Not a she-DRACO or a lady-BRUTUS.  
To sweeten our poor world we all may strive,  
But life's not one long Puritanic Sunday;  
And the great World while manhood is alive,  
Shall not be wholly swayed by Mrs. GRUNDY.

PROWLINA PRY Society's festering ills  
Will not be healed by your pragmatic plaster.  
Tare-rooting that the growing corn-crop kills  
Was not the plan or counsel of the Master.  
You with rash hand would wield the whip of cords  
*He* raised but once in righteous indignation.  
Heed the great lesson that the fact affords,  
And leave our woes to Wisdom's mild purgation.



MRS. PROWLINA PRY.—"I HOPE I DON'T INTRUDE!"

THOUSANDS OF FELLOW-CREATURES FLUNG FROM WORK  
AT THE MERE PEN-STROKE OF A HASTY CENSOR!—  
AN UNCONSIDERED TRIFLE ZEAL MAY SHIRK!  
BUT SENSE MAY NOT, NOR JUSTICE! THEY ARE DENSER

THAN *PUNCH* IMAGINES, OUR NEW BUMBLE-BAND,  
IF MISTRESS PRY'S DECISION THEY ABIDE BY;  
BUT *SHOULD* THEY FAIL US, *PUNCH* THROUGHOUT THE LAND  
WILL WAKE THE PEOPLE PRUDES AND PRIGS ARE TRIED BY!

---

TO A VENETIAN POLICEMAN.

[The *guardia municipale* of Venice is now dressed like the London policeman.]

That afternoon when first you burst  
Upon my quite bewildered eyes,  
I seemed in London; you are too  
Confusing in that strange disguise.

The very clothes of blue! It's true  
In black kid gloves you are arrayed,  
No truncheon at your side you hide,  
A sword is openly displayed.

That vile black helmet yet you get,  
Most dismal head-dress ever planned.  
In Venice this! Where once doge, dunce,  
Dame, doctor, all were gay and grand.

In that prosaic dress! Oh, bless  
The man, why wear such awful things?  
In Venice long ago, we know,  
The costermongers looked like kings.

Italians love what's new, so you  
Suit buildings all, *de haut en bas*,  
Restored and new—how bad and sad!  
But you're a still worse *novità*.

A peeler pacing here—how queer!  
A copper checking crimes and larks,  
When gleams on lone lagoon the moon!  
A bobby's beat beside St. Mark's!

---

BY A BIRKENHEAD MAN.—The LEVER, though strong, could not *quite* lift the Liberal minority into power, but it brought the Conservative majority down to its LEES!

---

196

## LYRE AND LANCET.

(*A Story in Scenes.*)

PART XVII.—A BOMB SHELL.

SCENE XXVI.—*A Gallery near the Verney Chamber.* TIME—*About 10.30 P.M.*

*Spurrell (to himself).* I must say it's rather rough luck on that poor devil. I get his dress suit, and all *he* gets is my booby-trap! (*PHILLIPSON, wearing a holland blouse over her evening toilette, approaches from the other end of the passage; he does not recognise her until the moment of collision.*) EMMA!! It's never *you*! How do you come to be *here*?

*Phillipson (to herself).* Then it *was* my JEM after all! (*Aloud, distantly.*) I'm here in attendance on Lady MAISIE MULL, being her maid. If I was at all curious—which I'm not—I might ask you what *you're* doing in such a house as this; and in evening dress, if you please!

*Spurr.* I'm in evening dress, EMMA, such as it is (not that I've any right to find fault with it); but I'm in evening dress (*with dignity*) because I've been included in the dinner party here.

*Phill.* You must have been getting on since *I* knew you. Then you were studying to be a horse-doctor.

*Spurr.* I *have* got on. I am now a qualified M.R.C.V.S.

*Phill.* And does that qualify you to dine with bishops and countesses and baronets and the gentry, like one of themselves?

*Spurr.* I don't say it does, in itself. It was my *Andromeda* that did the trick, EMMA.

*Phill.* *Andromeda*? They were talking of that downstairs. What's made you take to scribbling, JAMES?

*Spurr.* Scribbling? how do you mean? My handwriting's easy enough to read, as you ought to know very well.

*Phill.* You can't expect me to remember what your writing's like; it's so long since I've seen it!

*Spurr.* Come, I like that! When I wrote twice to say I was sorry we'd fallen out; and never got a word back!

*Phill.* If you'd written to the addresses I gave you abroad—

*Spurr.* Then you *did* write; but none of the letters reached me. I never even knew you'd *gone* abroad. I wrote to the old place. And so did you, I suppose, not knowing I'd moved my lodgings too, so naturally— But what does it all matter so long as we've met and it's all right between us? Oh, my dear girl, if you only knew how I'd worried myself, thinking you were— Well, all that's over now, isn't it?

[*He attempts to embrace her.*]

*Phill.* (*repulsing him*). Not quite so fast, JAMES. Before I say whether we're to be as we were or not, I want to know a little more about you. You wouldn't be here like this if you hadn't done *something* to distinguish yourself.

*Spurr.* Well, I don't say I mayn't have got a certain amount of what they call "kudos," owing to *Andromeda*. But what difference does that make?

*Phill.* Tell me, JAMES, is it *you* that's been writing a pink book all over silver cutlets?

*Spurr.* Me? Write a book—about cutlets—or anything else! EMMA, you don't suppose I've quite come to that! *Andromeda's* the name of my bull-dog. I took first prize with her; there were portraits of both of us in one of the papers. And the people here were very much taken with the dog, and—and so they asked me to dine with them. That's how it was.

*Phill.* I should have thought, if they asked one of you to dine, it ought to have been the bull-dog.

*Spurr.* Now what's the good of saying extravagant things of that sort? Not that old *Drummy* couldn't be trusted to behave anywhere!

*Phill.* Better than her master, I daresay. I heard of your goings on with some Lady RHODA or other!

*Spurr.* Oh, the girl I sat next to at dinner? Nice chatty sort of girl; seems fond of quadrupeds —

*Phill.* Especially two-legged ones! You see I've been told all about it!

*Spurr.* I assure you I didn't go a step beyond the most ordinary civility. You're not going to be jealous because I promised I'd give her a liniment for one of her dogs, are you?

*Phill.* Liniment! You always *were* a flirt, JAMES! But I'm not jealous. I've met a very nice-spoken young man while I've been here; he sat next to me at supper, and paid me the most beautiful compliments, and was most polite and attentive—though he hasn't got as far as liniment, at present.

*Spurr.* But, EMMA, you're not going to take up with some other fellow just when we've come together again?

*Phill.* If you call it "coming together," when I'm down in the Housekeeper's Room, and you're up above, carrying on with ladies of title!

*Spurr.* Do you want to drive me frantic? As if I could help being where I am! How could I know *you* were here?

*Phill.* At all events you know *now*, JAMES. And it's for you to choose between your smart lady-friends and me. If you're fit company for them, you're too grand for one of their maids.

*Spurr.* My dear girl, don't be unreasonable! I'm expected back in the Drawing Room, and I *can't* throw 'em over now all of a sudden without giving offence. There's the interests of the firm to consider, and it's not for me to take a lower place than I'm given. But it's only for a night or two, and you don't really suppose I wouldn't rather be where you are if I was free to choose—but I'm *not*, EMMA, that's the worst of it!

*Phill.* Well, go back to the Drawing Room, then; don't keep Lady RHODA waiting for her liniment on my account. I ought to be in my ladies' rooms by this time. Only don't be surprised if, whenever you *are* free to choose, you find you've come back just too late—that's all!

[*She turns to leave him.*]

*Spurr.* (*detaining her*). EMMA, I won't let you go like this! Not before you've told me where I can meet you again here.

*Phill.* There's no place that I know of—except the Housekeeper's Room; and of course you



couldn't descend so low as that.... JAMES, there's somebody coming! Let go my hand—do you want to lose me my character!

[*Steps and voices are heard at the other end of the passage; she frees herself, and escapes.*]

*Spurr.* (*attempting to follow*). But, EMMA, stop one— She's gone!... Confound it, there's the butler and a page-boy coming! It's no use staying up here any longer. (*To himself, as he goes downstairs.*) It's downright *torture*—that's what it is! To be tied by the leg in the Drawing-Room, doing the civil to a lot of girls I don't care a blow about; and to know that all the time some blarneying beggar downstairs is doing his best to rob me of my EMMA! Flesh and blood can't stand it; and yet I'm blest if I see any way out of it without offending 'em all round.

[*He enters the Chinese-Drawing-Room.*]

SCENE XXVII.—*The Chinese Drawing Room.*

*Miss Spelwane.* At last, Mr. SPURRELL! We began to think you meant to keep away altogether. Has anybody told you *why* you've been waited for so impatiently?

*Spurr.* (*looking round the circle of chairs apprehensively*). No. Is it family prayers, or what? Er—are they over?

*Miss Spelw.* No, no; nothing of that. Can't you *guess*? Mr. SPURRELL, I'm going to be very bold, and ask a great, *great* favour of you, I don't know why they chose *me* to represent them; I told Lady LULLINGTON I was afraid my entreaties would have no weight; but if you only would—

*Spurr.* (*to himself*). They're at it again! How many *more* of 'em want a pup! (*Aloud.*) Sorry to be disoblising, but—

*Miss Spelw.* (*joining her hands in supplication*). Not if I *implore* you? Oh, Mr. SPURRELL, I've quite set my heart on hearing you read aloud to us. Are you really cruel enough to refuse?

197

*Spurr.* Read aloud! Is *that* what you want me to do? But I'm no particular hand at it. I don't know that I've ever read aloud—except a bit out of the paper now and then—since I was a boy at school!

*Lady Cantire.* *What's* that I hear? Mr. SPURRELL professing incapacity to read aloud? Sheer affectation! Come, Mr. SPURRELL, I am much mistaken if you are wanting in the power to thrill all hearts here. Think of us as instruments ready to respond to your touch. Play upon us as you will; but don't be so ungracious as to raise any further obstacles.

*Spurr.* (*resignedly*). Oh, very well, if I'm required to read, I'm agreeable.

[*Murmurs of satisfaction.*]

*Lady Cant.* Hush, please, everybody! Mr. SPURRELL is going to read. My dear Dr. RODNEY, if you *wouldn't* mind just— Lord LULLINGTON, can you hear where you are? Where are you going to sit, Mr. SPURRELL? In the centre will be best. Will somebody move that lamp a little, so as to give him more light?

*Spurr.* (*to himself, as he sits down*). I wonder what we're supposed to be playing at! (*Aloud.*) Well, what am I to read, eh?

*Miss Spelw.* (*placing an open copy of "Andromeda" in his hands with a charming air of deferential dictation*). You might begin with *this*—such a *dear* little piece! I'm dying to hear you read it!

*Spurr.* (*as he takes the book*). I'll do the best I can! (*He looks at the page in dismay.*) Why, look here, it's *Poetry*! I didn't bargain for that. Poetry's altogether out of my line! (*Miss SPELWANE opens her eyes to their fullest extent, and retires a few paces from him; he turns over the leaves backwards until he arrives at the title-page.*) I say, this is rather curious! Who the dickins is CLARION BLAIR? (*The company look at one another with raised eyebrows and dropped underlips.*) Because I never heard of him; but he seems to have been writing poetry about my bull-dog.

*Miss Spelw.* (*faintly*). Writing poetry—about your bull-dog!

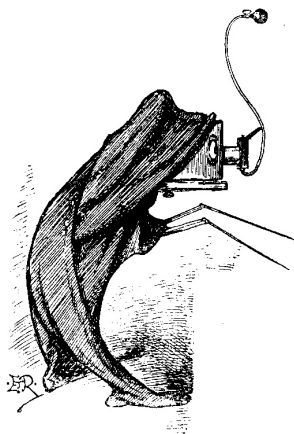
*Spurr.* Yes, the one you've all been praising up so. If it isn't meant for her, it's what you might call a most surprising coincidence, for here's the old dog's name as plain as it can be—*Andromeda*!

[*Tableau.*]



"You might begin with *this*—such a *dear* little piece!"

## "LIVING PICTURES."



"I'm coming to *take* you!"

after her comes the King of SAXONY!! O ALBERT of Saxony! after Miss FANNY BROUGH!! What'll Queenie CAROLINE say? Perhaps MESSRS. DOWNEY, by kind permission of CASSELL & Co., will explain.

The Downey ones, meaning thereby the photographers W. & D. "of that ilk," have produced some excellent photographic portraits in their fifth series recently published. THE CZAREVICH and The Right Hon. HENRY CHAPLIN, M.P., two sporting names well brought together, and both capital likenesses, though the Baron fancies that THE CZAREVICH has the best of it, for secret and silent as Mr. CHAPLIN is as a politician, yet did he never manage to keep so dark as he is represented in this picture. Here, too, is Mr. CHARLES SANTLEY—"Charles our friend"—looking like a mere boy with "a singing face," where "Nature, smiling, gave the winning grace." Mr. SYDNEY GRUNDY, *endimanché*, is too beautiful for words. But the picture of Mrs. BANCROFT, wearing (in addition to a trimmed fur cloak) a wonderful kind of "Fellah! don't-know-yar-fellah!" expression, at once surprised, pained, and hurt, does not at all represent the "little Mrs. B." whom the public knows and loves. "How doth the little busy Mrs. B. delight to bark and bite" might have been under this portrait, and DOWNEY must be more Downey another time, and give us a more characteristic presentment of this lively *comédienne*. The Right Hon. ARTHUR J. BALFOUR is the best of all. Capital. Just the man: "frosty but kindly." Then there is a first rate portrait of Miss FANNY BROUGH, and

BATTLE WITH BACILLI.—Dr. ROUX has been successful against the Diphtheria Bacillus. He can afford to look on at any number of Bacilli and exclaim, "Bah! silly!" Unless he pronounces Latin *more Italiano*, and then he would say "Bah! chilly!" Which would signify that they were lifeless and harmless. "Bravo Roux!"

OUR ALL-ROUND STOCK-EXCHANGERS' COMPANY.  
UNPARALLELED PROFITS TO EVERYBODY!

THE ALL-ROUND COMPANY PERFORMS IMPOSSIBILITIES!!

THE ALL-ROUND COMPANY ARE SQUARE DEALERS!!!

TRY OUR NEW G STOCK.

THE G IS A REGULAR GALLOPER.

THE G CAN CANTER;

BUT THE ALL-ROUND COMPANY CAN'T CANT.

THE ALL-ROUND COMPANY ARE SHEKEL-SCOOPERS.

THE ALL-ROUND COMPANY must be TRIED at once.

THE SENTENCE will be HARD CASH FOR LIFE WITHOUT ANY LABOUR.

THE G STOCK FOR BREAKFAST.

THE G STOCK FOR BILIOUS HEADACHES.

THE G STOCK FOR BEANFEASTS.

THE NEW G STOCK FOR THE NEW G WO-MAN.

BY OUR COVER SYSTEM we have never yet drawn blank. Surprise profits are made by all Investors who trust us with their balances, so that a swinging amount always stands to their credit. We have never yet received a check. Our Customers come to Order, but they never go to Law. In June, 1893, we received information about Grand Post Defs. and Tympanum Prefs., and a Bull-dozing Operation was decided on. As a consequence we were able to present all Subscribers with a £50 dumb-bell apiece, which has made them strong enough to *move a Market*.

THE ALL-ROUND COMPANY'S PEBBLE-BEECHED POPLAR HOAX DEAL. Everyone should therefore PLANK DOWN HIS MONEY and

THROW HIS SCRUPLES OVER-BOARD.

BY our NEW PURCHASE SYSTEM all

COMMISSIONS ARE ABOLISHED.

THE ALL-ROUND COMPANY DEALS IN LARGE BLOCKS.

THE ALL ROUND COMPANY BLOCK-HEADS THE LIST.

THE ALL-ROUND COMPANY TELLS YOU

HOW TO WATCH A STOCK and

HOW TO STRIKE A TIME-BARGAIN.

IF YOU DON'T LIKE G STOCK BUY B STOCK.

THE BUSY B BUZZES!

HUSH A-BUY B STOCK!!

LAST YEAR we recommended all bonneted widows to buy B's. The result is that they now wear poke-bonnets, and own pigs. They are also in clover.

H STOCK FOR EVER!!!

THE H CANNOT DROP.

H STOCK FOR AMPSTEAD!

H STOCK FOR IGHGATE!

H STOCK FOR OLOWAY!

H STOCK FOR HISLINGTON!

H STOCK FOR THE OUSE!

---

Customers who deal with THE ALL-ROUND COMPANY

**HAVE NEVER FAILED TWICE.**

---

# WE CAN SHOW YOU HOW YOU'RE DONE

ON APPLICATION TO

OUR ALL-ROUND STOCK-EXCHANGERS' COMPANY, ENGLAND.

198



## AWKWARDLY EXPRESSED.

(A Cosy Corner in a Country House.)

*Hostess.* "THIS IS GOOD OF YOU, MAJOR GREY! WHEN I WROTE I NEVER EXPECTED FOR A MOMENT THAT YOU WOULD COME!"

## "WINDING 'EM UP."

["If he believed that the majority of the Liberal-Unionist party, or indeed any considerable section of them, held the opinion which was expressed by this writer in the *Times*, he, for one, would at once resign the responsible position which he held, and would claim to take up a more independent position, because he was certain that their efforts would be fruitless, and that they would not succeed in defeating the policy of Home Rule if they were to accept the negative position which had been suggested to them."—*Mr. Chamberlain at Durham.*]

*Showman Joe soliloquiseeth:—*

Waxworks indeed! Hah! I've took over the management of 'em, and I suppose, as *Misther Thleary* said, I must "make the betht of 'em, not the wurtht." But I'm a bit tired of the job—sometimes.

Wish I could feel *Mrs. Jarley's* pride in the whole bag o' tricks! 'Ave to *purtend* to, of course. Can't cry creaky waxworks any more than you can stinking fish. But a more rusty, sluggish, wheezy, wobbly, jerky, uncertain, stick-fast, stodgy, unwillin' lot o' wax figgers I never did— Well, there, it tries a conscience of injy-rubber to crack 'em up and patter of 'em into poppylarity, blowed if it don't!

Kim up, Dook! Dashed if 'e don't look as if 'e fancied hisself the Sleepin' Beauty, and wanted to forty-wink it for another centry. Look at the flabby flop of 'im! Jest as though 'e wouldn't move if 'is nose was a meltin'. Large as life, and twice as nateral? Wy, a kid's Guy Fox on the fifth o' November 'ud give 'im hodds, and lick 'is 'ead orf—heasy! Bin a-ileing 'is works this ever so long, and still 'e moves as if 'is wittles was sand-paper, and 'is drink witrol. *Kim up!*

As to the Markis, well, 'e's a bit older, but dashed if 'e don't move livelier—when 'e *is* on the shift. At the present moment 'owever, utter confloption is a cycle-sprinter to 'im. As if a pair o' niddy-noddities in "negative" positions was likely to fetch 'em in front in *these* days! Yah!

Should like to keep the Old Show a-runnin', too,—leastways, until I can start a bran-new one of

my very own. Won't run to it *yet*, I'm afraid. Oh, to boss a big booth-full all to myself! I'd show 'em! This Combination Show—old stock-in-trade of one company, and cast-offs from another—ain't the best o' bisness arter all. But I *must* keep 'em together as a going concern till I can run a star company of my own choosing. 'Ere, 'and us that ile-can again! Talk about rust and rickets!

Curting about to be rung up? Then I must get 'em in working horder somehow! 'Ang this Dook! Can't git anythink nateral out of 'im—'cept a yawn. *That* 'e does as like as life. Kim up old nose-o'-wax and don't nod yerself into nothingness! 'Ow much *more* ile do yer rusty old innards want to stop their clogging and creaking?

Proprietors beginning to pull long faces at my *pace*? 'Int that I'll shake the machinery to smithereens by too much haction? Well, I *am* blown! Wy, they'd slow down a sick snail, and 'andicap a old tortus, they would! Tell yer wot it is, if they don't give me a free 'and at the crank *I shall turn the whole thing up*, so *there!* Some nameless, nidnoddy, negative old crocks 'ave bin a-earwiggig 'em, that's wot's the matter. But I give 'em the straight tip, if they lend a ear to them slow-going stick-in-the-muds, *I shall jest resign my resposnerble persition*, and take up a hindependent one—jine the Opposition Show, or p'r'aps start one o' my own, and *then* where will they be, I wonder?

*Cling-cling!* Curting rising? Well, 'ere goes once more then! (*Winding hard and addressing audience*). "Ladies and gen'l'men! The Himperial and Royal Grand Unionist Combination Waxworks Show is about to start for the season! Largest and most life-like set o' wax figgers ever exhibited to a hadmiring public!! As I wind you will perceive hunmistakeable signs of hanimation in 'is Grace the Nobble Dook; arter wich, with your kyind permission, I shall take a turn at the Illustrious Markis!!!"



"WINDING 'EM UP."

SHOWMAN JOE. "LADIES AND GEN'L'MEN, 'IS GRACE THE DOOK WILL SHORTLY BEGIN TO SHOW SIGNS OF HANIMATION—HAFTER WHICH, WITH YOUR KIND PERMISSION, I WILL PERCEED TO TAKE A TURN AT

## WHERE ARE YOU GOING, REVOLTING MAID?

(*New Song to an Old Tune, for the New Woman.*)

[The *Quarterly Review* says that man will not marry the New Woman, which must be the final blow to her ambition.]

"Where are you going, Revolting Maid?"

"As far as I may, fair Sir," she said.

"Shall I go with you, Revolting Maid?"

"You may follow—behind me, Sir!" she said.

"What is your object, Revolting Maid?"

"*Emancipation*, Sir!" she said.

"Will you marry, Revolting Maid?"

"Perhaps—on my own terms, Sir!" she said.

"And what may those terms be, Revolting Maid?"

"Absolute Liberty, Sir!" she said.

"Then *I* shan't wed you, Revolting Maid!"

"Did anyone ask you, Sir?" she said.

---

TITLE FOR NEW LONDON JAPANESE JOURNAL (WEEKLY).—" *The Happy Dispatch*, edited by HARI KARI."

199

---

200

201

## THE SONG OF THE LEADERS.

When the much-enduring Dockers,  
In the city of the Smoke-Cloud,  
By the banks of the Tems-Ri-Va,  
Struck to gain a larger stipend,  
Lead them on did BURNSIWATHA.

And the ruler of these matters,  
Who is called the Bry-Tish-Pu-Blyck,  
Took the side of dock-gate casuals,  
Of the somewhat lordly stevedore,  
And informed the proud Dy-Reck-Tas  
That they soon must yield to reason;  
Gave its sympathy in gallons,  
Gave its coin to make a strike-fund;  
So the proud Dy-Reck-Tas yielded.

But when many moons had vanished,  
Came the rather wild KEIR-HAR-DI,  
Came TOM-MANN the earnest minded,  
Talked of "Independent Labour,"  
Soundly rated BURNSIWATHA  
And all useful Labour-Members.

Then the strong man, BURNSIWATHA,  
Hurlled their language back with interest,  
With the breathing of his nostrils,  
With the tempest of his anger,  
Hurlled it back on his assailants.  
Said TOM-MANN was feather-headed,  
Said the rather wild KEIR-HAR-DI  
Was no better than a "bounder."

And the Independent Lab'ers,  
Not to be outdone in scolding,  
Scandalised poor BURNSIWATHA,  
Said they thought him quite conceited,  
Called him "Boss," likewise "Bull-dozing."

And the Bry-Tish-Pu-Blyck wondered  
At the manners of these leaders,  
At the Unionists' disunion.  
"Go, my sons," it said, "instanter,  
Go back to your homes and people;  
Slay all ravening labour-sweaters,  
All the Kum-Panies, the giants,  
All the serpents, the Emp-Loias;  
But, for goodness' sake have done with  
Petty piques and jealous slangings;  
Or, next time you ask for coppers  
For the holy cause of Labour,  
You will find these coppers wanting!"

---



**STUDIES IN ANIMAL LIFE.**

The Chick-a-leary Cochin.

---

**BAYARD AND BOBBY.**



Oh, ROBERT, in our hours of ease  
Butt of those outworn pleasantries,  
Not less with pride thy praise we hear  
Hymned in another hemisphere,  
When BAYARD, chivalrously graphic,  
Tells how you regulate the traffic.  
Firm as a statue on its plinth  
'Midst the vertiginous labyrinth  
Of circus, street and bridge you stand,  
And rule the storm with calm, unarmèd hand.  
Rarely our soldiers of the law  
Do Themis' awful truncheon draw,  
Their Orphic whistle subdue can  
All save the crew of HOOLIGAN.  
Though western JONATHAN prefer  
A force not vainly *claviger*,  
Yet BAYARD, taught in English ways,  
That suaver regiment must praise  
That trusts to moral weight and nerve  
And keeps the bludgeon in reserve.  
Stalwart and patient 'midst the strife  
Of all our seething city life,  
When pageants twice or thrice a year  
Throw the whole Empire out of gear,  
Then, stolid symbol of good sense,  
A wonder-worker, *sans* pretence,  
Fulfill'st authority's decrees,  
With thy familiar "Stand back, please!"  
And rather by that sober charm  
Than by the might of brawny arm,  
The many-headed own thy sway;  
They laugh, they jostle, and obey.  
Worthy thy deeds of loftier rhyme,  
Than topic-song or pantomime.  
Not quite sublime, but on the border,  
Type of our British law and order,  
Thy figure shall be graved upon  
The frieze of some new Parthenon,  
Wherein by glyptic art portray'd  
Reigns the ideal parlour-maid,  
Thy dauntless soul's domestic lure  
Trim, natty, roguish, and demure,  
Waiting the age's unborn LAYARD  
To illustrate the praise of BAYARD.

---

QUERY IN THE COUNTRY.—New agricultural version of an ancient cockney slang phrase—"Has your farmer sold his mangel?"

---

ADVICE TO ANY DRAMATIC AUTHOR WHO HAS WRITTEN A LENGTHY PIECE.—"Cut, and run."

---

## THE TALE OF A VOTE.

Bedad, 'twas meself was as plaised as could be  
When they tould me the vote had bin given to me.  
"St. Pathrick," ses Oi, "Oi'm a gintleman too,  
An' Oi'll doine ivry day off a grand Oirish stew."

The words was scarce seen slippin' off of me tongue  
When who but the Colonel comes walkin' along!  
"Begorrah, 'tis callin' he's afther, the bhoy,  
Oi'm a gintleman now wid a vingeance," ses Oi.

The Colonel come in wid an affable air,  
An' he sat down quite natteral-loike in a chair.  
"So, RORY," ses he, "'tis a vote ye've got now?"  
"That's thrue though ye ses it," ses Oi, wid a bow.

"Deloighted!" ses he, "'tis meself that is g'ad,  
For shure ye're disarvin' it, RORY me lad.  
An' how are ye goin' to use it?" ses he,  
"Ye could scarcely do betther than give it to me."

Oi stared at the Colonel, amazed wid surprise.  
"What! Give it away, Sorr?—Me vote, Sorr?" Oi cries.  
"D'ye think that Oi've waited ontill Oi am gray,  
An' now Oi'm jist goin' to give it away?"

The Colonel he chuckled, an "RORY," ses he.  
But "No, Sorr," Oi answers, "ye don't diddle me."  
Thin he hum'd an' he haw'd, an' he started agin,  
But he'd met wid his equal in RORY O'FLYNN.

Thin the smoile died away, an' a frown come instead,  
But for all that he tould me, Oi jist shook me head,  
An' he gnawed his moustache, an' he cursed an' he swore,  
But the more that he argued, Oi shook it the more.

Thin he called me a dolt an' an ignorant fool,  
An' he said that Oi ought to go back to the school,  
An' he flew in a rage an' wint black in the face,  
An' he flung in a hullabaloo from the place.

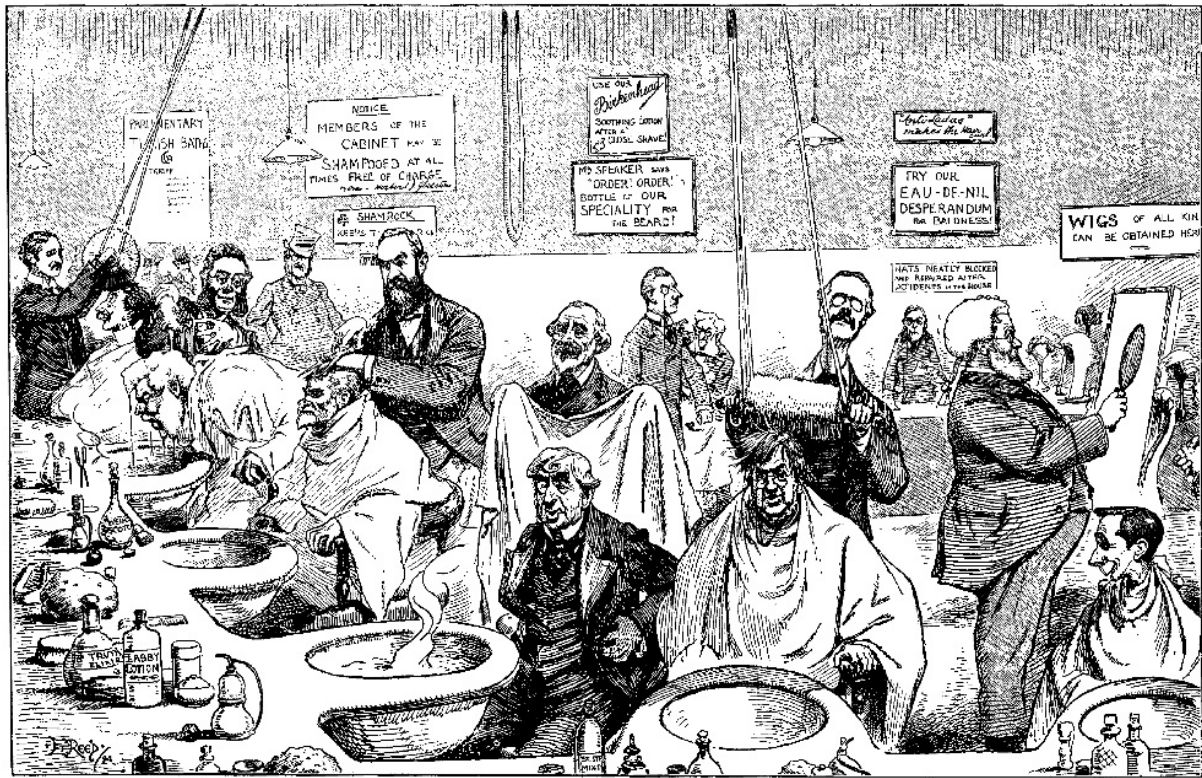
Bedad, Oi was startled. Him beggin' me vote,  
An' he'd three of his own too!—The gradiness o't!  
Ye could scarcely belave it onless it was thrue,  
An' him sittin' oop for a gintleman too!

Was it betther he thought he could use it than Oi?  
Begorrah, Oi'll show he's mistaken, me bhoy.  
Oi'll hang it oop over me mantlepace shelf,  
For now that Oi've got it, Oi'll kape it meself.

---

THE ZUYDER ZEE.—"Wha' be the Zider Zee?" repeated a Devonian farmer. "Why, I always thought as the Zee of Exeter were the Zider Zee. Ain't it pratty well in the middle o' Zider Country?"

---



**IMPROVEMENTS IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS. I.—PROPOSED HAIR-DRESSING ROOM.**

"A series of alterations has, during the recess, been in active progress within the Houses of Parliament," &c.... "Space will be set apart to provide dressing-room accommodation and a hair-dressing saloon."—*Times, Wednesday, October 17.*

**MAYENNAISE VERSUS MAYONNAISE.**

(*Vide last Number of "Punch."*)

Dear *Punch*, your praise  
Of Mayonnaise  
Is certainly most telling:  
But don't it seem  
That such a theme  
Deserves the proper spelling?

I sometimes look  
At a cookery book  
By A. DUMAS, the younger;  
And find he says  
That *Mayemaise*  
(A certain cure for hunger)

Should be spelt so;  
Not with an *o*,  
But like Mayenne, that city,  
Whose siege's fame  
Supplied the name  
Mis-spelt now; more's the pity

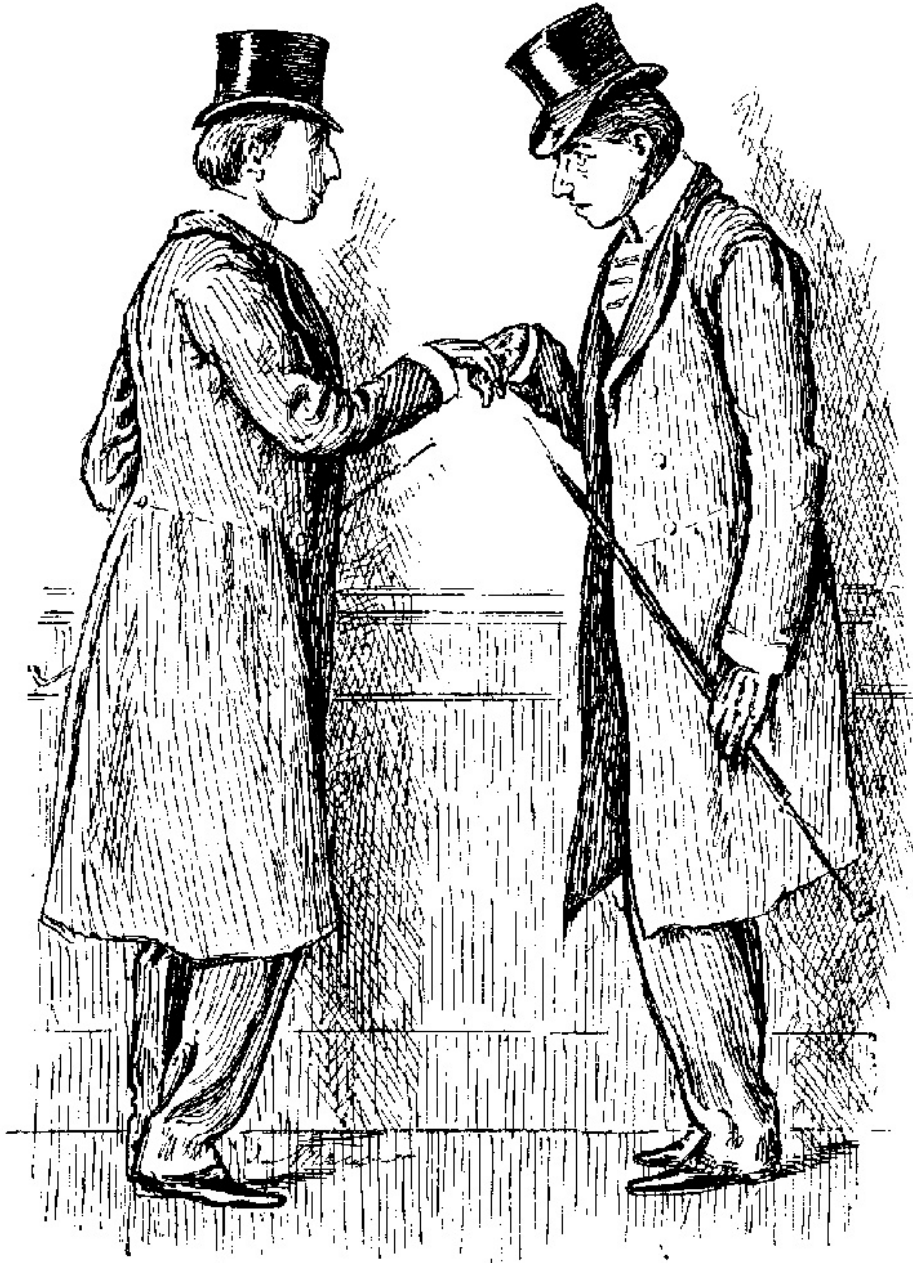
Maybe D's right,  
Although it might  
Be just a yarn he's telling.  
So hope your bard  
Won't be too hard  
And simply "D" my spelling.

'TOTHER WAY ABOUT.—Mr. LE GALLIENNE says, epigrammatically, that "Beauty is the smile on the face of Power." Humph! Gallant *Mr. Punch* prefers to put it the other way, and say "Power is the smile on the face of Beauty!" Surely that is equally true. But it's a poor rule (or paradox) that won't work both ways.

---

MOTTO MOST PRACTICAL FOR ALL WHO ARE COMPELLED TO TRAVEL CONSTANTLY IN OUR METROPOLITAN PUBLIC CONVEYANCES.—"*In Omnibus Caritas.*"

---



#### OUR DECADENTS.

*Algy.* "WHAT'S THE MATTER, ARCHIE? YOU'RE NOT LOOKING WELL!"

*Archie.* "YOU WOULDN'T LOOK WELL, IF YOU'D BEEN SUFFERING FROM INSOMNIA EVERY AFTERNOON FOR A WEEK!"

---

#### VERSE AND CHORAL SUMMING-UP.

[Of a recently protracted discussion in the *Times* on "Anglican Orders," set to the air of what was once upon a time a popular song, entitled *Billy Barlow*.]

Of *my* re-appearance,  
My friends, don't complain,  
I've turned up before,  
I shall turn up again!  
We are where we were  
When we started, and so  
For awhile bid good-bye  
To your WILLIAM BARLOW.  
O dear! Lackaday oh!  
What a puzzling old party was  
Bishop BARLOW!

---

## Two "General" Favourites.

The one, Sir BOB REID, Q.C., M.P., "to be Attorney-General"; the other, FRANK LOCKWOOD, Q.C., M.P., "to be Solicitor-General." REID and Right. Commercial value, one "Bob" and a "Frank," *i.e.* One-and-tenpence the pair.

---

FUTURE FAME.—Mr. T. E. ELLIS, M.P., "speaking at Colwyn Bay" (unkind of him, this, for what has Colwyn Bay done to him? Why not address Colwyn Bay personally instead of "speaking *at*" C. B.), spoke at the same time "at" the House of Lords. "Were the wishes of the people to be continually thwarted by an hereditary and irresponsible Chamber?" That's the style! Twopence coloured. Henceforth Mr. T. E. ELLIS, from being Nobody in particular, will now be known as "Somebody ELLIS."

---

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.



"He saw the greatest  
quail before him."

LOUIS B. STEPHENSON, OR JULES VERNE; "which" the Baron freely admits, "is saying a good deal, —*Treasure Island* always excepted."

The Baron anticipates "Next please," with pleasure, but at the same time he would draw the attention of the prolific author to the ancient proverb "*festina lente*," which is not at variance with his exclaiming "On! STANLEY (WEYMAN) on!" and these are "the last words" (for the present on *this* subject) of the

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS

---

## POSSIBLE DEVELOPMENTS.

[On hearing that an Archdeacon had withdrawn from the School-Board Controversy because he found himself opposed to his Bishop.]

The Archdeacon is "sorry he spoke." Not that he has changed his opinion—oh dear no! far from that. But the Bishop thinks otherwise, so the Archdeacon retires as gracefully as may be from the controversy. He is, he explains, as it were, the Bishop's "oculus"—the man to whom the Bishop

can proudly point, and say "All my eye!" This theory of subordination of thought to one's superior is highly suggestive. For instance, who will be surprised to read the following highly authentic document, now made public for the first time.

*To the Editor of the Once a-Month Review.*

DEAR SIR,—With reference to my article "Is Horse-racing Justifiable?" I desire to make known that while I still strongly adhere to my views therein expressed as to the wickedness of the turf, I shall, for the reason I am about to mention, take no further active part in the controversy. I find that the PRIME MINISTER is the owner of some racehorses (a fact previously unknown to me), and as I am his "dextera," if it is not presumptive to say so, it would clearly be unbecoming on my part to take up any antagonistic position. However much I may regret having to take this course, I am sure you will agree with me that it is the only one which is open to me.

Yours faithfully, .

W-LL-AM V-RN-N H-RC-URT

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Last Sunday evening I fully intended going to church. I put on my most attractive bonnet, and an absolutely bewitching jacket, when I discovered that JIM (he's my husband, you know) did not intend to go out. As I had read a little while before the new archidiaconal theory of obedience, that of course prevented my going out. Clearly as I am JIM's "better-half" I couldn't go anywhere that *he* didn't go. Please, *Mr. Punch*, was I right? Or can it be that the archdeacon was wrong?

Yours very perplexed, .

ETHEL DINMERE

204

## A PHALSE NOTE ON GEORGE THE FOURTH.

*(A Brown Study in a Yellow Book.)*



*By Mortarthurio  
Whiskersley.*

Nay, but it is useless to protest. Much bosh and bauble-tit and poplimbo has been talked about GEORGE THE PHORTH. THACKERAY denounced him in his charming style (we never find THACKERAY searching for the *mot juste* as for a wisp of hay in a packet of needles), but inverideed he was not sufficiently merciful to the last gentleman in Europe. We must not judge a prince too harshly. How many temptations he had with all the wits and flutterpates and malaperts gyring and gimbling round him! GEORGE was a sportsman. He would spend the morning with his valet (who was a hero to him), assuming gorgeous apparel, and tricking himself, with brush and pigment, into more charm. He was implected with a passion for the pleasures of the wardrobe, and had a Royal memory for old coats. Then he would saunter into WHITE'S for ale and tittle-tattle, and drive a friend into the country, stopping on the way for *cursor*y visits at the taverns; I mean, swearing if the ale was not good. He had his troubles. Queen CAROLINE was a mimsy, out-moded woman, a sly serio, who gadded hither and thither shrieking for the unbecoming. Mrs. PHOX ensorcelled GEORGE with her beautiful, silly phace, shadowed with vermeil tinct and trimly pencilled. There was no discernment between her soul and surface; she was mere, *insouciant*, with a rare dulcedo.

GEORGE collected locks of hair and what not, and what *not*. He gave in his bright flamboyance a passing renaissance to Society. But the Victorian era came soon, and angels rushed in where fools had not feared to tread, and hung the land with reps, and drove Artifice phorth, and set MARTIN TUPPER on a throne of mahogany to rule over them.

In the tangled accrescency of GEORGE'S degradingolade—in fact when he was dyeing—he thought he had led the charge of Waterloo! Tristfully he would describe the scene, referring to the Duke of WELLINGTON for corroboration. An unfortunate slip, for it is well known the old soldier was never there himself.

It is brillig, and from my window at the Métropole, Brighton, I see the trite lawns and cheeky minarets of the Pavilion. I can see the rooms crusted with ormolu, the fauns foisted on the ceiling, the ripping rident goddesses on the walls. Once I phancied I saw a swaying phigure, and a wine-red phace....

P.S.—I like to phancy the watchful evil phaces of my Criticks as they read this article. Phair men, but infelix, they will lavish their anger in epigramme. Not that I care a little tittle about adverse remarks kicked from a gutter into a garret! But! But let them not outgribe too soon, but rather dance and be glad, and trip the cockawhoop. For! For, slithy toves as they are, they will read it with tears and desiderium, unless I do as did ARTEMUS of shameful memory, and in jolliness and glad indulgence whisper to them—

---

## THE LAY OF THE VIGILANT.

've a natural eye for evil,  
 And folly I love to shoot,  
 And to prod for a latent weevil  
 In the wholesomest-looking root.

My *ipse dixit* must always fix it—  
 The song, the dance, the cup;  
 And my back gets stiffer the more you differ  
 From the standard that I set up.

I went to the "halls" crusading,  
 And I found what I meant to find.  
 I had said they were all degrading,  
 And I never alter my mind.

In virtue strong I gazed at the throng  
 Of smoking chatters and grinners;  
 With a righteous frown my soul looked down  
 On the publicans and the sinners.

Loftily, proudly, lonely  
 I bore what I had to bear,  
 For I knew that I was the only  
 Respectable Person there!

That the others were not respectable  
 Was easy and plain to see,  
 For they frankly found delectable  
 What didn't appeal to me.

Yet none of the revellers stonily,  
 Or scornfully seem'd to stare,  
 They took no note of the only  
 Respectable Person there.

My vigilant virtue perchance may hurt you  
 By putting constructions worse on  
 The pose or picture that draws no strictures  
 From the non-respectable person.

But my earliest vigilance wakèd  
 To look askance at the nude,  
 As another name for naked,  
 And therefore distinctly rude.

From an icy peak of stupendous cheek  
 On an alien world I glare,  
 And never feel lonely, although I'm the only  
 Respectable Person there!

---

WONDERFUL FEAT OF STRENGTH.—The strong man supporting four men on a chair is nothing in comparison with *an entire train "held up" by four men!* This was reported in the *Pall Mall Gazette* last Saturday as having occurred to a "Texas Pacific train." The armed robbers went off with 20,000 dollars. Nice "Pacific" train to travel by!

---

HEIRLOOMS.—*Mr. Punch* congratulates Mr. and Mrs. BEERBOHM TREE, and their Olive Branch little Miss TREE, on the valuable *souvenirs* of their Balmoral performance presented them by HER MAJESTY, which, from all others, will distinguish this particular "Family TREE."

---

# MORBIDEZZA.

Morbid fleshliness is mark  
Of the modern (sham) Art-lover.  
Vulgar seems the soaring lark,  
Music (and meat) are in the plover.  
Painters once made pink the flesh  
Of their Titianesque creations;  
Caught in Sham's sepulchral mesh  
Art now raves of *Green Carnations!*

---

## FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

*At Lugano.*—Geographically this seems to be Italy. But people remind one always of the artificial frontier which makes it Switzerland. What's that matter? Get up early. Ha! there it is. Cloudless sky! And such a blue! Ultramarine at a guinea the thimbleful. Hurry down to enjoy its beauty as long as possible. Fortunate I did so, for by ten o'clock it has all vanished. Go up a hill. View from top would be fairly clear for Helvellyn. But for Italy! Amiable and chatty Italian reminds me that I am not in Italy. Ah, of course not. Will get there as soon as I can. Meanwhile mope in hotel, for it is now raining steadily. Not a magnificent mountain downpour, with thunder and lightning, howling of wind, crashing of elements, alarums and excursions, and that sort of thing; only a quiet, steady rain, which would be disliked even in Ambleside. But in Ambleside there would be a fire. Here I sit in a draughty, chilly corridor, with some melancholy Germans, all of us wearing overcoats indoors. They remind me that I am not in Italy. Anyone could see that.



*At Pallanza.*—Here on Lago Maggiore there must really be the ROWBOTHAM effects. My room looks over the lake. "*La vista è bellissima,*" says the waiter in the evening. Hooray! Now to forget the gloom of Switzerland and England. Wake early. Misty morning. Good sign of fine weather probably. Into bed again. Wake again. Only half-past seven. Still misty. Into bed again. Wake once more. Still misty. Evidently quite early. Hullo! still half-past seven. Watch stopped. Ring. "*Si, Signore,*" says the chambermaid, in the mixed dialect which she has invented for foreigners, "*il est dieci heures.*" Ten! By Jove! With that fog? She assures me it will clear away, "*se non oggi, domani.*" *Bellissima vista* looks exactly like Derwentwater in rain. Grey water, grey sky, grey mountains, wreathed in grey mist. It does not clear to-day, so it may to-morrow.

Next day even worse. Fog greyer, and rain with it. Mud everywhere. Notice a practical German tourist with three umbrellas strapped on his knapsack. Wise man! He knows this climate, and also the advantage of a change of clothes, or of umbrellas. So useful to have a morning umbrella, an afternoon umbrella, and a sort of evening-dress umbrella to bring down to the *table d'hôte*. When tired of gazing at the mist, I read a three days old *Times*, preserved in the reading-room. Hullo! what is that sound? A piano-organ! Heavens! To think that I should have travelled hundreds of miles from London to hear the grinding of an organ while I read the *Times* in a fog! Why, in Kensington Gardens I could have done as much.

A FIRST IMPRESSIONIST.

### Transcriber's Note:

Inconsistent spelling and hyphenation are as in the original.



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

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

## START: FULL LICENSE

### THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG LICENSE

PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

1.F.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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