

The Project Gutenberg eBook of Punch, or The London Charivari, Volume 107,

November 10th, 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, November 10th, 1894

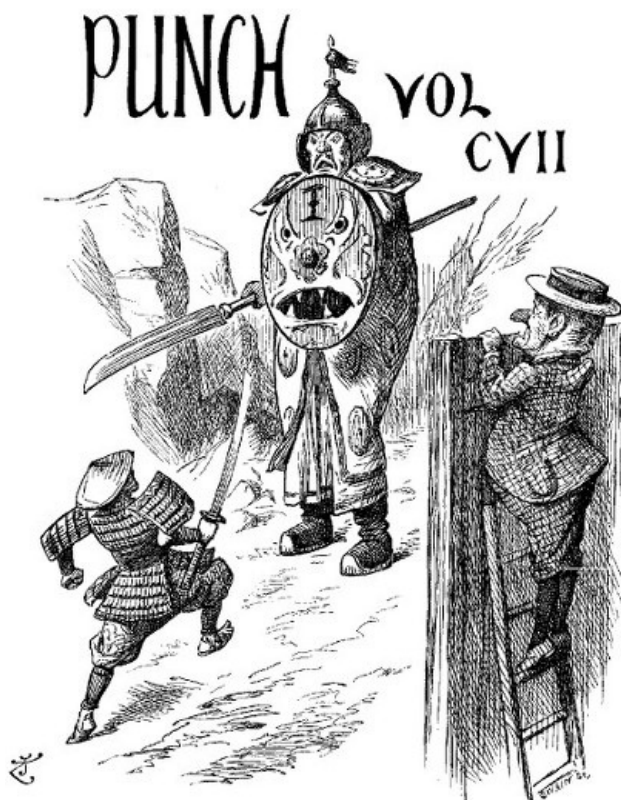
Author: Various

Release date: September 6, 2014 [EBook #46792]

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>

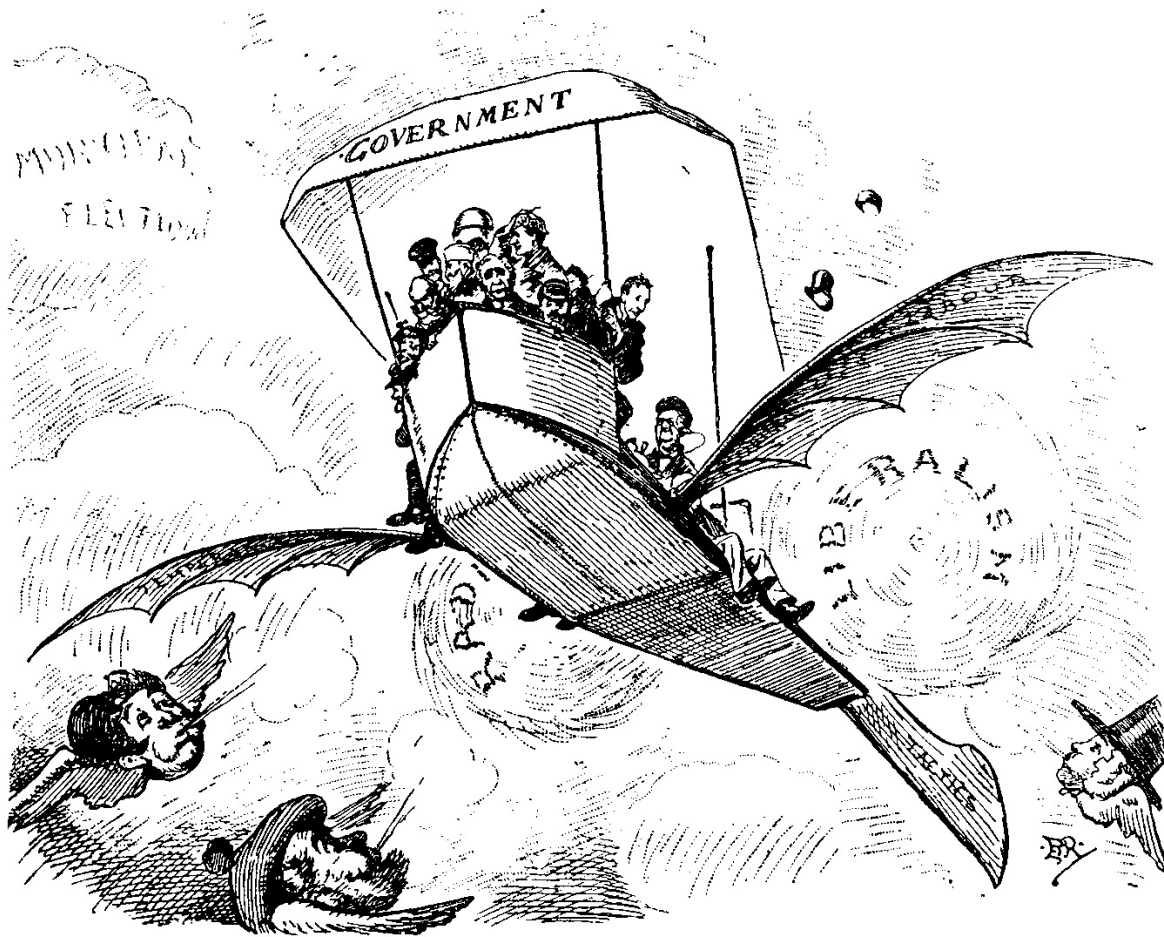
\*\*\* START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI,  
VOLUME 107, NOVEMBER 10TH, 1894 \*\*\*



Punch, Or The London Charivari

Volume 107, November 10th, 1894

*edited by Sir Francis Burnand*



## THE PARLIAMENTARY FLYING MACHINE.

*Maxim*—"KEEP IT UP!"

## THE CHRONICLES OF A RURAL PARISH.

### I.—FONS ET ORIGO MALI.

Snugly nestling in a cosy corner of Blankshire—that county which at different times and places has travelled all over England—our village pursues the even tenor of its way. To be accurate, I should say *did* pursue, before the events that have recently happened—events in which it would be absurd modesty not to confess I have played a prominent part. Now we are as full of excitement as aforetime we were given over to monotony. *Nous avons*— No! *J'ai changé tout cela.*

It came about in this way. I have always till the 25th of September (a chronicler should always be up to dates) been entirely free from any ambition to excel in public. After a successful life I have settled down with my wife and family to the repose of a truly rural existence. "You should come down and live in the country," I am never tired of telling my friends. "Good air, beautiful milk, and, best of all, fresh eggs." I don't know why, but you are always expected to praise the country eggs. So I always make a point of doing it.

Up to September the 25th, accordingly, I extolled the eggs of the country and lived my simple, unpretending life. On that day I read an article in the paper on the Parish Councils Act. I read that now for the first time the people in the villages would taste the sweets of local self-government. The change from fresh eggs struck my fancy, up to that time singularly dormant. I read on, dashing all unknowing to my fate. "It is the duty," I saw, "of every man of education, experience, and leisure in the village who has the welfare of his country at heart to study the Act, and to make it his business that his fellow-parishioners shall know what the Act does, and how the greatest advantage can be obtained from its working." Then my evil genius prompted me to undertake the task myself. I was educated—did I not get a poll degree at Cambridge, approved even by Mr. CHARLES WHIBLEY as a test of culture? I had experience—had I not shone as a financial light in the City for full twenty years? I had leisure—for had I anything in the world to do? Obviously the occasion had come, and I—yes I—was the man to rise to it.

I bought twenty-nine works dealing with the Act. I studied them diligently section by section, clause by clause, line by line. I referred to all the Acts mentioned. I investigated all the Acts repealed. At the end of it all I felt like a collection of conundrums. But I was not to be denied. One evening, as I was walking through the village, I met ROBERT HEDGER, "Black BOB," as he is always called. He is a farm hand, and for some reason looked upon as a leader of men in the village. I saw my chance, and promptly took it.

"Good evening, BOB," I said. "I've been wanting to have a bit of a talk with you about this Parish Councils Act."

"Well, Sir, and what about that?" Of course he spoke in dialect, but the dialect dialogues are almost played out, so I translate into quite ordinary English. It's easier to understand, and quite as interesting.

"What about it?" said I, with well-simulated surprise. Then I launched into a glowing account of what it would effect. I waxed poetic. The agricultural labourer would come home at night from his work proud in the consciousness of being a citizen. He would breathe a different air; the very fire in his cottage would burn brighter because a Parish Council had been established in his midst. I finished (it was a distinct anticlimax) by saying that I had been carefully studying the Act.

Two days later Black BOB and two of his mates called at my house—a deputation to ask me to speak at a meeting, to explain the Act. I pleaded modesty, and, saying I would ne'er consent, consented. It was a vain thing to have done, and the effects have been startling. But that meeting must have a chapter to itself.

---

## ROBERT'S SOLLEM ADWISE.

I carnt on airth think what is the matter with me lately. I seems to have lost all my good sperrits, and am as quiet and as mopish as if I was out of a sitation, which in course I am not, and am not at all likely to be. My wife bothers me by constent inquiries about the comin change on the 9th, but she ort to no, as I noes, that the cumming new LORD MARE is jest the same good, kind, afabel Gent as the noble Gent as is a going afore him, and who ewery body loved and respected, and who allers showed me ewery posserbil kindness. I aint not at all sure as them wonderful Gents as calls theirselves County Countsellers, and is allers a throwing their ill-natured jeers at the grand old City, hasn't sumthink to do with it. I'm told as they has acshally ordered one of our most poplar Theaters to be shut up, becoz the actors and actresses is so werry atraktivt that they draws a wonderful contrast between them and the sollem Gents as is allers a interfering in some way or other where they are least wanted.

One of their most wonderful and most conceeted fads is a longing desire to have charge of our nobel City Perlice, which, as ewery body knos, is the pride of the hole Metrolypus.

One of the new LORD MARE'S private gennelmen has told me, in the werry strictest confidens, that they have all agreed together, LORD MARE, Sherryfs, Halldermen, Liverymen, and setterer, to have the most brilliantest Show as has bin seen in the old City since the time of DICK WITTINGTON of ewarlasting memory! if its ony for the purpose of driving the County Countsellers, as they calls theirselves, stark staring mad with enwy! And so estonished is the Queen's Government themselves by what they hears on the subjec of the glorious approaching Dinner, that they has acshally ordered the werry primest of all their Cabinet lot, inclooding the Prime Minister hissself, and the Lord Chanceseller, and my Lord SPINSTER, and setterer and setterer, not only to accept the LORD MARE'S perlite inwitation, but to take care to be in good time, and not to keep the nobel company waiting as old Mr. GLEDSTONE used to do in days gorn by.

By-the-by, the present LORD MARE, jest to show his ermazin libberality, acshally arsked jest a few of the County Countsellers to his larst great bankwet larst week, and werry much they seemed to enjoy theirselves, and I must say, behaved like reel gennelmen, tho' sum of the speeches, speshally them by Lord HAILSBERY and Mr. RICHER, must have been rayther staggerers for them to bear.



ROBERT.

---

PROSIT.—Best wishes to Mr. BEERBOHM TREE for the success of the new piece at the Haymarket. Whatever may be the result, he, personally, is in for a "Wynn."

---

## "THE CHALLENGE."

["Of course, you may get the House of Lords to surrender as you get a fortress to surrender, by making it clear that it is encompassed and besieged beyond all hope of deliverance; but that in itself is not an easy task with the garrison that I have described as sure to defend it.... We fling down the gauntlet. It is for you to back us up."—*Lord Rosebery at Bradford.*]

*Bob Acres*                      Lord R-S-B-RY.  
*Sir Lucius O'Trigger*      Irish Party.

---

*Sir Lucius.* Then sure you know what is to be done?

*Acres.* What! fight him?

*Sir Lucius.* Ay, to be sure: what can I mean else?... I think he has given you the greatest provocation in the world.

*Acres.* Gad, that's true—I grow full of anger, Sir LUCIUS!—I fire apace! Odds hilts and blades! I find a man may have a deal of valour in him and not know it!... Your words are a grenadier's match to my heart! I believe courage must be catching! I certainly do feel a kind of valour rising as it were—a kind of courage as I may say.—Odds flints, pans and triggers! *I'll challenge him directly!*—*The Rivals.*

---

*Fighting Bob's Afterthoughts.*

Odds bombs and torpedoes! An oath, like a whistle,  
Will keep up the courage—Dutch courage at least!  
I feel like a hero of grandeur and gristle  
Who goes to the fight as men go to a feast.  
Sir LUCIUS has wrought me to't—fire-eater furious.  
Odds bullets and blades, how he'll bristle and whisk!  
Yes, courage *is* catching. And yet—it is curious,  
He urges the task without weighing the risk.

That's just like O'TRIGGER, a swaggering swigger  
Of fiery potheen which gets into his head!  
At patience and caution he'll swear or he'll snigger,  
His only resources steel, powder and lead.  
He thinks he has managed the business most cleverly,  
Bull-making bully of Blunderbuss Hall;  
But zounds. That big burly and black-bearded—BEVERLEY,  
Is not a foe to pooh-pooh! Not at all!

Odds jigs and tabors! Such bellicose neighbours  
Are horridly awkward; they will force one's hand,  
A chap who unceasingly brags and belabours  
Is valued, no doubt, in a Donnybrook band;  
But swelling Drawcansir demeanour won't answer  
On this side the Channel so well as on that.  
O'TRIGGER's a mixture of Scorpio and Cancer,  
And BULL is less sweet on that blend than is PAT.

It's just a tremendous, big, bothersome business,—  
*That's* what it is! But I'm in for it now.  
*I* feel a dizziness. O'TRIGGER's fizziness  
Leads all his friends into mischief and row.  
Still, I'm committed; and much to be pitied,  
As clearly they'd see if they had any *nous*.  
But odds popguns and peashooters! shall I be twitted  
With caution extreme, and the pluck of a mouse?

No, that will *not* do. I my courage must muster.  
Whatever the odds, FIGHTING BOB must show fight!  
So here goes a buster, though bluster and fluster  
Are not in my line; yet "indite, Sirs, indite!"  
I'll begin with a—swear-word and end with defiance!  
Odds daggers and darts, how I'll hector and frown!  
My friends on my valour may now place reliance,  
The challenge is sent, Sirs, the gauntlet is down!!!

---



"THE CHALLENGE."

*Sir Lucius O'Trigger (the Irish Party).* "THEN SURE YOU KNOW WHAT IS TO BE DONE?"

*Bob Acres (L-rd R-s-b-ry).* "WHAT! FIGHT HIM?... ODDS FLINTS, PANS AND TRIGGERS! I'LL CHALLENGE HIM DIRECTLY!"

THE SCHOOL-BOARD APPLE-PIE.

(Adapted for the Board School Infant Classes.)

A (SCHOOL-BOARD) Apple-Pie; B (uilt it); C (ircular) cut it up; D (IGGLE) directed it; E (xpenses) eat it up; F (ORSTER) fought for it; G (LADSTONE) got it through; H (ostility) hampered it; I (ntolerance) injured it; J (ealousies) jangled about it; K (indness) kindled at it; L (OBB) lightened its costs; M (oney) met them; N (oodles) talked nonsense about it; O (pinion) oscillated concerning it; P (rogressives) prodded it; Q (uidnuncs) querulously questioned and quizzed it; R (ILEY) raised

religious rumpus about it, while R (atepayers) ruefully regarded him; S (ecularism) sneered at it; T (eachers) toiled for it; V (ituperation) vexed it; W (isdom) wondered at it; and X, Y, Z—well, "Wise-heads" are few, and "X" is an unknown quantity.



### POSITIVELY OSTENTATIOUS.

*Mr. Phunkstick (quite put out).* "TALK ABOUT AGRICULTURAL DEPRESSION, INDEED! DON'T BELIEVE IN IT! NEVER SAW FENCES KEPT IN SUCH DISGUSTINGLY GOOD ORDER IN MY LIFE!"

---

### VAGABOND VERSES.

Within the Square we both abide,  
An artist I, an heiress you,  
My studio like my work is skied,  
    'Tis sitting-room and studio too.  
Your chimney-pots I can descry,  
    I look across the leafy Square.  
I think of you, I wonder why  
    Your uncle is a millionaire!

I've pictured you in chalks and oils,  
    I like you best in misty grey,  
Your nameless charm my pencil spoils,  
    Yet strives for ever to portray.  
By day I turn you to the wall  
    Lest idle gazers should surprise;  
But when night gathers I recall,  
    I look into your dreaming eyes.

So many things I cared about,  
    And now they all have fallen flat,  
While I, Bohemian out and out,  
    Have been to buy a better hat,  
In lieu of one of dusky green  
    Upon my coat paint splashes shine.  
Endeavouring to get it clean  
    I've rubbed it hard with turpentine

Till my head ached, my heart was faint,  
    And I was utterly undone,  
I cannot rub away the paint,  
    I can't afford another one.  
They have a murky yellow shade,  
    My collars once so white; and frail,  
And at the wristbands sadly frayed  
    My solitary swallow-tail!

That dinner-party where we met!  
    We seemed to meet like friends of old,  
And both to utterly forget  
    The bitter barrier of gold.  
Oh, by your eyes, your wistful mien,  
    I know for wealth you do not care,  
I know you wish you had not been  
    Related to a millionaire!

The starlit night is deepening,  
    Hushed are the footsteps of the folk,  
My window open wide I fling,  
    And one enchanted pipe I smoke,  
And on the misty vapour blue,  
    Across the Square my fancies float;  
And oh, so near, so near to you,  
    And oh, so bitterly remote!

I talk to you of many things,  
    My pipe I unaware refill,  
I wonder if our thoughts have wings,  
    I wonder, are you waking still?  
And should I, if your house took fire,  
    Have time to hurry to your aid,  
To rescue you from peril dire,  
    Before swooped down the Fire Brigade.

There has sprung up a pleasant breeze  
    After the day's dustladen air,  
And it is blowing in the trees  
    Within the garden in the Square.  
Oh, gentle wind—I may not speak,  
    Wind from the West, I may not tell.  
Across the Square my lady seek,  
    And bid her dream I love her well!

---



## LYRE AND LANCET.

(A Story in Scenes.)

PART XIX.—UNEARNED INCREMENT.

SCENE XXVII. (continued).—*The Chinese Drawing Room.*

*Sir Rupert* (to TREDWELL). Well, what is it?

*Tredwell* (in an undertone). With reference to the party, Sir RUPERT, as represents himself to have come down to see the 'orse, I—

*Sir Rup.* (aloud). You mean Mr. SPURRELL? It's all right. Mr. SPURRELL will see the horse to-morrow. (TREDWELL *disguises his utter bewilderment.*) By the way, we expected a Mr.—What did you say the name was, my dear?... UNDERSHELL? To be sure, a Mr. UNDERSHELL, to have been here in time for dinner. Do you know why he has been unable to come before this?

*Tred.* (to himself). Do I know? Oh, Lor! (Aloud.) I—I believe he *have* arrived, Sir RUPERT.

*Sir Rup.* So I understand from Mr. SPURRELL. Is he here still?

*Tred.* He is, Sir RUPERT. I—I considered it my dooty not to allow him to leave the house, not feeling—

*Sir Rup.* Quite right, TREDWELL. I should have been most seriously annoyed if I had found that a guest we were all anxiously expecting had left the Court, owing to some fancied—Where is he now?

*Tred.* (faintly). In—in the Verney Chamber. Leastways—

*Sir Rup.* Ah. (He glances at SPURRELL.) Then where—? But that can be arranged. Go up and explain to Mr. UNDERSHELL that we have only this moment heard of his arrival; say we understand that he has been obliged to come by a later train, and that we shall be delighted to see him, just as he is.

*Spurrell* (to himself). He was worth looking at just as he *was*, when I saw him!

*Tred.* Very good, Sir RUPERT. (To himself, as he departs.) If I'm not precious careful over this job, it may cost me my situation!

*Spurr.* Sir RUPERT, I've been thinking that, after what's occurred, it would probably be more satisfactory to all parties if I shifted my quarters, and—and took my meals in the Housekeeper's Room.

[Lady MAISIE and Lady RHODA utter inarticulate protests.

*Sir Rup.* My dear Sir, not on any account—couldn't *hear* of it! My wife, I'm sure, will say the same.

*Lady Culverin* (with an effort). I hope Mr. SPURRELL will continue to be our guest precisely as before—that is, if he will forgive us for putting him into another room—

*Spurr.* (to himself). It's no use; I *can't* get rid of 'em; they stick to me like a lot of highly-bred burrs! (Aloud, in despair.) Your ladyship is very good, but—Well, the fact is, I've only just found out that a young lady I've long been deeply attached to is in this very house. She's a Miss EMMA PHILLIPSON—maid, so I understand, to Lady MAISIE—and, without for one moment wishing to draw any comparisons, or to seem ungrateful for all the friendliness I've received, I really and truly would feel myself more comfortable in a circle where I could enjoy rather more of my EMMA's society!

*Sir Rup.* (immensely relieved). Perfectly natural! and—hum—sorry as we are to lose you, Mr. SPURRELL, we—ah—mustn't be inconsiderate enough to keep you here a moment longer. I daresay you will find the young lady in the Housekeeper's Room—anyone will tell you where it is.... Good-night to you, then: and, remember, we shall expect to see you in the field on Tuesday.

*Lady Maisie.* Good-night, Mr. SPURRELL, and—and I'm so very glad—about EMMA, you know. I hope you will both be very happy.

[*She shakes hands warmly.*]

*Lady Rhoda.* So do I. And mind you don't forget about that liniment, you know.

*Captain Thicknesse (to himself).* MAISIE don't care a hang! And I was ass enough to fancy—But there, that's all over now!

SCENE XXVIII.—*The Verney Chamber.*

*Undershell (in the dressing-room, to himself).* I wonder how long I've been locked up here—it seems hours! I almost hope they've forgotten me altogether... Someone has come in.... If it should be Sir RUPERT!! Great Heavens, what a situation to be found in by one's host!... Perhaps it's only that fellow SPURRELL; if so, there's a chance. (*The door is unlocked by TREDWELL, who has lighted the candles on the dressing-table.*) It's the butler again. Well, I shall soon know the worst! (*He steps out, blinking, with as much dignity as possible.*) Perhaps you will kindly inform me why I have been subjected to this indignity?

*Tred. (in perturbation).* I think Mr. UNDERSHELL, Sir, in common fairness, you'll admit as you've mainly yourself to thank for any mistakes that have occurred; for which I 'asten to express my pussonal regret.

*Und.* So long as you realise that you have made a mistake, I am willing to overlook it, on condition that you help me to get away from this place without your master and mistress's knowledge.

*Tred.* It's too late, Sir. They know you're 'ere!

*Und.* They know! Then there's no time to be lost. I must leave this moment!

*Tred.* No, Sir, excuse me; but you can't hardly do that *now*. I was to say that Sir RUPERT and the ladies would be glad to see you in the Droring Room himmediate.

*Und.* Man alive! do you imagine anything would induce me to meet them now, after the humiliations I have been compelled to suffer under this roof?

*Tred.* If you would prefer anything that has taken place in the Room, Sir, or in the stables to be 'ushed up—

*Und.* Prefer it! If it were only possible! But they know—they *know!* What's the use of talking like that?

*Tred. (to himself).* I know where I am now! (*Aloud.*) They know nothink up to the present, Mr. UNDERSHELL, nor yet I see no occasion why they should—leastwise from any of *Us*.

*Und.* But they know I'm here; how am I to account for all the time—?

*Tred.* Excuse me. Sir. I thought of that, and it occurred to me as it might be more agreeable to your feelings, Sir, if I conveyed an impression that you had only just arrived—'aving missed your train, Sir.

*Und. (overjoyed).* How am I to thank you? that was really most discreet of you—most considerate!

*Tred.* I am truly rejoiced to hear you say so, Sir. And I'll take care nothing leaks out. And if you'll be kind enough to follow me to the Droring Room, the ladies are waiting to see you.

*Und. (to himself).* I may actually meet Lady MAISIE MULL after all! (*Aloud, recollecting his condition.*) But I can't go down like this. I'm in such a horrible mess!

*Tred.* I reelly don't perceive it, Sir; there's a little white on your coat-collar behind. Allow me—there, it's off now. (*He gives him a hand-glass.*) If you'd like to see for yourself.

*Und. (to himself as he looks).* A little pallor, that's all. I am more presentable than I could have hoped. (*Aloud.*) Have the kindness to take me to Lady CULVERIN at once.

SCENE XXIX.—*The Chinese Drawing Room.*

*A few minutes later.*

*Sir Rup. (to UNDERSHELL, after the introductions have been gone through).* And so you missed the 4.55 and had to come on by the 7.30, which stops everywhere, eh?

*Und.* It—it certainly does stop at most stations.

*Sir Rup.* And how did you get on to Wyvern—been here long?

*Und.* N-not *particularly* long.

*Sir Rup.* Fact is, you see, we made a mistake. Very ridiculous, but we've been taking that young fellow, Mr. SPURRELL, for *you*, all this time; so we never thought of inquiring whether you'd come or not. It was only just now he told us how he'd met you in the Verney Chamber, and the very handsome way, if you will allow me to say so, in which you had tried to efface yourself.

221

*Und. (to himself).* I didn't expect him to take *that* view of it! (*Aloud.*) I—I felt I had no alternative.

[Lady MAISIE *regards him with admiration.*

*Sir Rup.* You did an uncommon fine thing, Sir, and I'm afraid you received treatment on your arrival which you had every right to resent.

*Und. (to himself).* I hoped he didn't know about the Housekeeper's Room! (*Aloud.*) Please say no more about it, Sir RUPERT. I know now that you were entirely innocent of any—

*Sir Rup. (horrificed).* Good Gad! you didn't suppose I had any hand in fixing up that booby trap, or whatever it was, did you? Young fellows will get bear-fighting and playing idiotic tricks on one another, and you seem to have been the victim—that's how it was. Have you had anything to eat since you came? If not—

*Und. (hastily).* Thank you, I—I *have* dined. (*To himself.*) So he *doesn't* know where, after all! I will spare him *that*.

*Sir Rup.* Got some food at Shuntingbridge, eh? Afraid they gave you a wretched dinner?

*Und.* Quite the reverse, I assure you. (*To himself.*) Considering that it came from his own table!

*Lady Maisie (in an undertone, to Captain THICKNESSE).* GERALD, you remember what I said some time ago—about poetry and poets?

*Capt. Thick.* Perfectly. And I thought you were quite right.

*Lady Maisie.* I was quite *wrong*. I didn't know what I was talking about. I do now. Good night. (*She crosses to UNDERSHELL.*) Good night, Mr. BLAIR, I'm so very glad we have met—at last!

[*She goes.*

*Und. (to himself, rapturously).* She's *not* freckled; she's not even sandy. She's lovely! And, by some unhopd for good fortune, all this has only raised me in her eyes. I am more than compensated!

*Capt. Thick. (to himself).* I may just as well get back to Aldershot to-morrow—*now*. I'll go and prepare Lady C.'s mind, in case. It's hard luck; just when everything seemed goin' right! I'd give somethin' to have the other bard back, I know. It's no earthly use my tryin' to stand against *this* one!



"I'm so very glad—about Emma, you know!"

---

## FEMINA DUX FACTI.

*The Tumulus, Parliament Hill, Nov. 5.*

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Do not confuse me with a boa-constrictor story. Cursed be he that disturbs my *bona fides*; and the above is my real address.

True, the ancient Romans knew me as the Old Pretendress, but let that pass. What I want to know is this. Will *nothing* check the energy of the L. C. C.?—nothing allay their fever for expurgation? I am not a Promenader. I only ask to lie still. Nor a Living Picture either, and have not been for more than eighteen centuries. Talk of Roman noses! Why their eagle was a chicken compared with the London Carrion Crows! Such a power of scent!

It is Guy Fawkes day, and I hear talk of blowing up the Lords. But surely one must draw the line somewhere this side of an insidious exhumation of the Monarchy!

After all, if they do get at my bones, the real marrow of me has transmigrated into the New Woman. Sir, there *were* New Women in my day. We invented everything. I see the *Daily Telegraph* says they have found a pellet. That reminds me that after the death of my late husband, PRASUTAGUS, King of the Iceni (not to be confused with the Plioceni of about the same period), I was subjected to the most revolting barbarity at the hands of the Veterans (their name was legionary), and I was obliged to invent a pellet-proof corset.

Then, again, we held all the commissions in the army. How does TACITUS report my famous speech to the Queen Consort's Own Regiment of Pioneers (new style)? "*Vincendum illa acie vel cadendum esse. Id mulieri destinatum. Viverent viri et servirent.*" Let the men live on in slavery! What a prophetic utterance!

By the way, not many Emancipated Women of the present day could speak better Latin than that. Indeed, we took all the University degrees. I myself was an honorary *felo de se*.

Don't tell me that I am prehistoric, and that TACITUS was a forger of the fourteenth century. No testimony is sacred now-a-days, not even the most profane!

I conclude with a passage from Madame SARAH GRAY, which I think comes in rather well.

Beneath this storied hump there lies concealed  
A heart once pregnant with a Righteous Plan,  
Hands that the rod of Empire used to wield,  
And whacked to ecstasy the human Man.

Dear *Mr. Punch*, may you live for ever; or, failing that, may no rude spoiler mar your "animated bust." Excuse these disjointed remarks, but I am writing in a barrow.

Yours, in the spirit,

BOADICEA.

P.S.—I have thought of a proverb. New Women should be put into new *tumuli*.

---

## A GAY WIDOW COURTED.



Nothing could be better than the acting all round in the new three-act play at the Court. It is distinctly first-rate, and those who want a hearty laugh should proceed to the Court to enjoy it. And yet there is also serious relief, as there should be—light and shade. First there is Miss LOTTIE VENNE, who shows us that she can mingle pathos with comedy, temper smiles with tears. She is as bright as sunshine in the comic scenes, and when she has to say good-bye to her newly-married daughter, she glides from peals of merriment into sobs of sorrow that are intensely touching because they are intensely natural. Then Mr. HAWTREY, in a part that fits him down to the ground (in the Stalls) and up to the ceiling (in the Gallery), is greatly amusing. And he, too, has his more mournful moments. People accustomed to seeing this accomplished actor in butterfly touch-and-go parts would scarcely credit him with the power of becoming pathetically unmanned. And yet so it is. Mr. HAWTREY, indignant at a false accusation emanating from his wife, commences a letter full of angry reproaches, addressed to her solicitors, and gradually forgets everything in his despairing appeal for the love he craves but which he fears he has lost. Nothing better than this has been seen for a long time in a London theatre. Then Mr. GILBERT HARE (inheritor of his father's cleverness) causes roars of laughter by his comical sketch of a man with a cold. But here, again, the mirth is tempered with sympathy. The echo of the "ha, ha, ha," in spite of its inappropriateness, is "Poor fellow!" Mr. THORNE, too, is good, and so is Mr. RIGHTON, and so is everyone concerned.

---

## FINISHING TOUCHES.

["Canon FURSE said he believed no man's education was complete who did not attend public meetings."—*Daily News*.]



My classics were not shaky, nor my mathematics weak,  
My great linguistic fluency enabled me to speak  
In half-a-dozen languages with quite surprising skill,  
And yet—I always felt it—there was something lacking still.

But, though profoundly conscious of a lingering defect,  
The cause of imperfection I was puzzled to detect,  
But Canon FURSE explains it; for I sorrow to relate,  
I shunned all public meetings, which accounted for my state.

Well, over chances past and gone, 'twere idle to shed tears,  
I'm striving now to rectify the fault of former years,  
And every afternoon and night I rush from street to street,  
Endeavouring to make my education more "complete."

Where Anti-Vivisectionists their armaments encamp,  
Where Democrats democratise, and stage-reformers ramp,  
Where fervent Ulstermen point out that MORLEY is a fool,  
Where Parnellites insist upon the beauty of Home Rule;

Where lecturers with lanterns make the vice of drinking clear,  
Where publicans prove amply that our only hope is beer,—  
To each and all of these I come, a champion of the cause,  
And sit imbibing wisdom, and I join in the applause;

I join in the applause, and—yes! The Anti-Smoking cranks  
Invited me, not long ago, to move a vote of thanks!  
Ah, happy, happy moment, when I stood, composed but proud,  
And looked at Mr. Chairman, and the hushed, expectant crowd!

Yes, Canon FURSE, I thank you for your warning so discreet;  
Indeed, our education now is wholly incomplete  
Unless we meet and "sympathise," "insist on," and "deplore,"  
And listen to the prattling Prig, the Faddist, and the Bore!

---

HOME FOR ADVERTISERS.—"Puffin Island." Of course this is only for those who find themselves in "many straits."

222



DRAWING-ROOM INANITIES.

*He.* "I LIVE IN HILL STREET. WHERE DO YOU LIVE?"

*She.* "I LIVE IN HILL STREET, TOO."

*He (greatly delighted to find they have something in common). "REALLY!" (After a moment's hesitation.) "ANY PARTICULAR NUMBER?"*

---

## THE CHIEF MOURNER.

"——Past

To where beyond these voices there is Peace."

TENNYSON'S "*Guinevere*."

Peace! Lo! her hand is on thine heart at last.  
No boding echoes of the battle-blast,  
Whose hated sound thy earthly slumbers broke,  
Shall break the rest whereunto thou hast past.

Earth's mightiest autocrat, and yet a man  
Unwitched by War's wrath-stirring rataplan!  
A phantom haunted thee from the red snows  
Where with the blood of legions Plevna ran.

Where War took on its deadliest, dreadfullest guise,  
The love of Peace possessed thee. Those closed eyes  
Frowned back Bellona's long solicitings.  
Peace smiles on them, though lid on lid now lies.

Peace smiles in love, and weeps in true lament,  
Mourner for one who, worn and trouble-bent,  
Yet with firm hand held fast the Janus gates,  
A despot's aid to the dove-carrier lent.

Therefore the hearts of freemen to thee warmed  
Great Autocrat, because the strong man armed,  
And irresponsible, kept sheathed the sword,—  
By Glory's glittering lure unmoved, uncharmed.

In uncheered isolation, fear-beset,  
Who shall divine what longing, what regret,  
Ached in the heart within that Titan frame,  
How oft with anguish those stern eyes were wet?

Pinnacled in thy peril-compassed post,  
With Terror like a grey and boding ghost  
Haunted continually, of what avail  
The boundless realm, the huge embattled host?—

Of what avail to solace, gladden, bless?  
From wife's endearment or from child's caress  
Starting dread shaken, Power sees danger lurk,  
In Peace more menacing than in War's fierce press.

But this man spurned not Peace in fear, nor shook  
In his allegiance to her; but would brook  
The fierce revilings of her angry foes  
Rather than face her with unfriendly look.

"Otus and Ephialtes held the chain"<sup>1</sup>  
That bound the mighty Mars. So through his reign  
He helped to hold the god in "fetters bound,"  
The fierce false god who raged and roared in vain.

So Peace beside his bed chief mourner stands,  
The Great White TSAR late lord of limitless lands,—  
And on that broad brave breast, now still in death,  
Lays her own olive-branch with reverent hands.

---



## THE CHIEF MOURNER

"—PAST  
TO WHERE BEYOND THESE VOICES THERE IS PEACE."—TENNYSON.

---

WHAT HIS LORDSHIP MUST HAVE SAID.—A juryman in a recent case objected to a private soldier, who is a public servant, being described as "one of the lower classes." The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE explained that the witness had said "rough classes," not "lower," adding his dictum that "patent leather boots do not make a man first class." This remark was *à propos de bottes*; and what the Chief meant to say was evidently that "patent leather boots were not to be considered as a patent of nobility." When FRANK LOCKWOOD, Q.C., M.P., Attorney-General, heard of it, he wept as for another good chance gone for ever.

---

CAUGHT PUNNING.—In some of the theatrical items for the week we see it announced that a certain playwright is at work on a comic opera which has for its subject *Manon Lescaut*. "If it is to be a travestie," observed "W. A.," the World's Archer, who makes a shot at a pun whenever the chance is given him, "then its title should of course be '*Manon Bur-Lescaut*.'"

---

"REFORM IN CONVEYANCING."—Certainly, a reform much needed. Let us have some new Hansoms which are not "bone-shakers" and whose windows will not act as so many guillotines. Some improved growlers (they have been a bit better recently), drawn by less dilapidated horses, would be a welcome addition.

---

223

224  
225

## THE DECADENT GUYS.

(*A Colour-Study in Green Carnations.*)

They were sitting close together in their characteristic attitudes; the knees slightly limp, and the arms hanging loosely by their sides; LORD RAGGIE TATTERSALL in the peculiar kind of portable chair he most affected; FUSTIAN FLITTERS in a luxurious sort of handbarrow. The lemon-tinted November light of a back street in a London slum floated lovingly on their collapsed forms, and



on the great mass of weary cabbage-stalks that lay dreaming themselves daintily to death in the gutter at their feet.

They were both dressed very much alike, in loosely-fitting, fantastically patched coats. Lord RAGGIE was wearing a straw hat, with the crown reticently suggested rather than expressed, which suited his complexion very well, emphasising, as it did, the white weariness of his smooth face, with the bright spot of red that had appeared on each cheek, and the vacant fretfulness of his hollow eyes; he held his head slightly on one side, and seemed very tired. FUSTIAN FLITTERS had adopted the regulation chimney-pot hat, beautiful with the iridescent sheen of decay; he was taller, bulgier, and bulkier than his friend, and allowed his heavy chin to droop languidly forward. Both wore white cotton gloves, broken boots, and rather small magenta cauliflowers in their button-holes.

"My dear RAGGIE," said Mr. FLITTERS, in a gently elaborate voice, and with a gracious wave of his plump straw-distended white fingers towards his companion's chair; "you are looking very well this afternoon. You would be perfectly charming in a red wig and a cocked-hat, and a checked ulster with purple and green shadows in the folds. You would wear it beautifully, floating negligently over your shoulders. But you are wonderfully complete as you are!"

"That is so true!" acquiesced RAGGIE, with perfect complacency. "I am very beautiful. And you, FUSTIAN, you are so energetically inert. Are you going to blow up to-night? You are so brilliant when you blow up."

"I have not decided either way. I never do. It will depend upon how I feel in the bonfire. I let it come if it will. The true *impromptu* is invariably premeditated."

"Isn't that rather self-contradictory?" said RAGGIE, with his pretty quick smile.

"Of course it is. Does not consistency solely consist in contradicting oneself? But I suppose I *am* a *trifle décousu*."

"You are. Indeed, we are both what those absurd clothes-dealing Philistines would call 'threadbare'—you and I."

"I hope so, most sincerely. There is something so hopelessly middle-class about wearing perfectly new clothes. It always reminds me of that ridiculous Nature, who will persist in putting all her poor little trees into brand-new suits of hideous non-arsenical green every spring. As if withered leaves, or even nudity itself, would not really be infinitely more decent! I detest a coat that is what the world calls a 'fit!'"

"Clothes that fit," observed Lord RAGGIE, gravely, "are the natural penalty for possessing that dreadful deformity, a good figure. Only exploded mediocrities like TUPPER and BUNN and SHAKSPEARE ought to have figures."

"*Had* SHAKSPEARE a figure? I thought it was only a bust."

"We shall have *our* little bust by and by, I suppose," said RAGGIE, pensively. "I wonder *when*. I feel in the mood to sally forth and paint the night with strange scarlet, slashed with silver and gold, while our young votaries—beautiful pink boys in paper hats—let off marvellous pale epigrammatic crackers and purple paradoxical squibs in our honour."

"See, RAGGIE, here come our youthful disciples! Do they not look deliciously innocent and enthusiastic? I wish, though, we could contrive to imbue them with something of our own lovely limpness—they are so atrociously lively and active."

"That will come, FUSTIAN," said Lord RAGGIE, indulgently. "We must give them time. Already they have copied our distinctive costume, caught our very features and colouring. Some day, FUSTIAN, some day they will adopt our mystic emblem—the symbol that is such a true symbol in possessing no meaning whatever—the Magenta Cauliflower! And then—and then—."

"—It will be time for Us to drop it," continued Mr. FUSTIAN FLITTERS, with his peculiar smile of inscrutable obviousness.

"Beautiful rose-coloured children!" murmured Lord RAGGIE, dreamily; "how sad to think that they will all grow up and degenerate into pork-butchers, and generals, and bishops, and absurdly futile persons of that sort! But listen; it is so sweet of them—they are going to sing an exquisite little catch I composed expressly for them, a sort of mellifluously raucous chant with no tune in particular. That is where it is so wonderful. True melody is always quite tuneless!"

One by one the shrill, passionate young voices chimed in, until the very lamp-posts throbbed and rang with the words, and they seemed to wander away, away among the sleeping pageant of the chimney-pots, away to the burnished golden globes of the struggling pawnbroker.

"Please ter remember. The Fifth o' November. For Gun Powder Plot.  
Ter blow up the King and 'is Porliment. Shall never. Be. Forgot!  
'Oller, Boys, 'Oller!"

Lord RAGGIE, with his head bent, listened with a smile parting the scarlet thread of his lips, a smile in his pretty hollow eyes. "I wonder why people should be exhorted to remember such a prosaic and commonplace crime as that," he meditated aloud: "a crime, too, that had not even the vulgar merit of being a success!"

"Only failures ever *do* succeed, really," said FUSTIAN, leaning largely over his barrow. "How deliciously they are joggling us! Don't you like having your innermost shavings stimulated, RAGGIE?"

"There is only one stimulating thing in the world," was the languid answer; "and that is a soporific. But see, FUSTIAN, here comes one of those unconsciously absurd persons they call policemen. How stiffly he holds himself. Why is there something so irresistibly ludicrous about every creature that possesses a spine? Perhaps because to be vertebrate is to be normal, and the normal is necessarily such a hideous monstrosity. I love what are called warped distorted figures. The only real Adonis nowadays is a Guy." And the shrill voices of the young choristers, detaching themselves one by one from the melodic fabric in which they were enmeshed, grew fainter and fainter still—until they slipped at last into silence. "FUSTIAN, did you notice? Our rose-white adherents have abandoned us. They have run away—'done a guy,' as vulgarians express it."

"They have done *two*," said Mr. FLITTERS correctively; "which only proves the absolute sincerity of their devotion. Is not the whole art of fidelity comprised in knowing exactly when to betray?"

"How original you are to-day, FUSTIAN! But what is this crude blue copper going to do with you and me? Can we be going to become notorious—*really* notorious—at last?"

"I devoutly trust not. Notoriety is now merely a synonym for respectable obscurity. But he certainly appears to be engaged in what a serious humourist would call 'running us in.'"

"How pedantic of him! Then shan't we be allowed to explode at all this evening?"

"It seems not. They think we are dangerous. How can one tell? Perhaps we are. Give me a light, RAGGIE, and I will be brilliant for you alone. Come, the young Shoeblack bends to his brush, and the pale-faced Coster watches him in his pearly kicksies; the shadows on the mussels in the fish-stall are violet, and the vendor of halfpenny ices is washing the spaces of his tumblers with primrose and with crimson. Let me be brilliant, dear boy, or I feel that I shall burst for sheer vacuity, and pass away, as so many of us have passed, with all my combustibles still in me!"

And with gentle resignation, as martyrs whose apotheosis is merely postponed, Lord RAGGIE and FUSTIAN FLITTERS allowed themselves to be slowly moved on by the rude hand of an unsympathetic Peeler.



"My dear RAGGIE, you are looking very well this afternoon."

---



## PREHISTORIC LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.

---

227

## THE POLITE GUIDE TO THE CIVIL SERVICE.

*(By an Affable Philosopher and Courteous Friend.)*

### THE CHOICE OF A PRIVATE SECRETARY.

Having explained the mode of entering the service of the Crown by becoming the Secretary of the Public Squander Department, I now proceed to consider the best manner in which you should comport yourself in that position. The moment it is known that you have accepted the appointment you will receive a deluge of letters recommending various aspiring young gentlemen for the post of Private Secretary. Of course the notes must be civilly answered, but on no account pledge yourself to any one of the writers. And here I may give what may be termed the golden rule of the service, "always be polite to the individual in particular, and contemptuous to the public in general." The tradition of many generations of officials has been to regard outsiders as enemies. There may be small jealousies in a Government Department, but every man in the place will stand shoulder to shoulder with his fellow to repel the attacks of non-civilians. And the word "attack" has many meanings. Practically, everything is an attack. If an outsider asks a question, the query is an attack. If an outsider complains, the grievance is an attack. If an outsider begs a favour, the petition is an attack. If you bear this well in mind, you cannot go wrong. Adopt it as your creed, and you may be sure that you will become immediately an ideal head of a Government Department.

Say that you have accepted your appointment, and are prepared to take up at once the duties appertaining to your new position. No doubt during your "attacks" upon the Milestones you will have come across several of the officials of the Public Squander Department. So when you arrive in the hall of your new bureau you will be recognised at once by most of the messengers. You will be conducted with deference to your new quarters. You will find them very comfortable. Any number of easy-chairs. Large writing-desk. Several handsome tables. Rich carpet, rugs to match, and a coal-scuttle with the departmental cypher. On the walls, maps and some armour. The latter, no doubt, has come from the Tower, or Holyrood, or Dublin Castle. Most probably one of your predecessors has given an official dinner in your room, and the armour is the result of the importunity of his Private Secretary.

"I say, TENTERFORE," your predecessor has observed, "don't you think these walls are a bit bare? Don't you think you could get them done up a bit?"

"Certainly, Sir," TENTERFORE has replied, and the result of his energy has been the trophies you

see around you. TENTERFORE has applied to the people at the Tower, or Holyrood, or Dublin Castle, and got up quite a collection of quaint old arms. They have been duly received by the Public Squander Department, and retained. It is a rule of the *bureau* that anything that has been once accepted shall be kept for ever. That is to say, if it can be clearly proved that the things retained can be useful somewhere else. You look round with satisfaction, and then greet with effusion the chief clerk. He has been waiting to receive you. As you do not know the ropes, it is advisable to be civil to every one. Later on, when you have a talented assistant to prompt you, you can allow your cordiality to cool. However, at this moment it is better to be extremely polite to all the world, and (if you know her) his wife. The chief clerk is delighted to exchange expressions of mutual respect and common good-will. He will put in something neat about the Milestones as a concession to your labours in that direction.

"My dear Sir," you will reply with a smile, "don't bother yourself about *them*. I can keep *them* quite safe. We have nothing to fear from them."

The face of the chief clerk will beam. He will see that you are one of them. Milestones for the future are to be defended, not attacked. He will accept you as an illustrious bureaucratic recruit. He will see that you are ready to stand shoulder to shoulder in defence of the office. Could anything be better?

Then for about the thirtieth time you will be asked if you have selected a private secretary, and the chief clerk will suggest his own particular nominee. With much cordiality you will receive the proposal, but keep the matter open. You must remember that upon the appointment your future success depends. Moreover, it is a nice little piece of patronage which you may as well retain for yourself.

When you have selected your private secretary it will be time to get into harness, and of this operation I hope to treat on some future occasion.



#### HOW OPINION IS FORMED.

*He.* "HAVE YOU READ THAT BEASTLY BOOK *THE MAUVE PEONY*, BY LADY MIDDLESEX?"

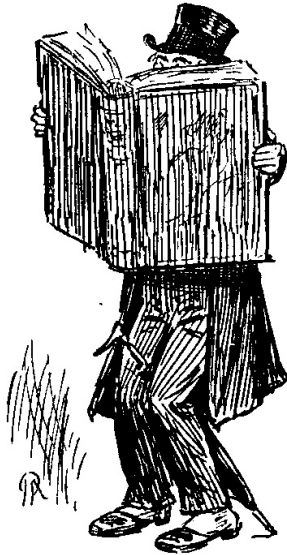
*She.* "YES. I RATHER LIKED IT."

*He.* "SO DID I."

---

"NO FEES!"—The new seats in the Drury Lane pit "by an ingenious arrangement," says Mr. CLEMENT SCOTT, in the *Daily Telegraph*, "'tip up' of their own accord the instant they are vacated." Then, evidently, the system of "fees to attendants" is not abolished at T.R. Drury Lane. In theatres where it is abolished no "tipping up" could possibly be permitted.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.



*Gleams of Memory; with Some Reflections*, is the happy title of Mr. JAMES PAYN's last book, published by SMITH AND ELDER. The wit of the title flashes through every page of the single volume. Within its modest limits of space will be found not only some of the best stories of the day, but stories the best told. Not a superfluous word spoils the gems, which have been ruthlessly taken out of their setting and spread widecast through the circulation of many newspapers reviewing the work. My Baronite, fortunately, has not space at his disposal to join in this act of flat, though seductive, burglary. He advises everyone to go to the book itself. The reader will find himself enjoying the rare privilege of intimacy with a cultured mind, and a heart so kindly that temptation to say smart things at the expense of others, which underlies the possession of overflowing humour, is resisted, apparently without effort. Like the German Emperor or Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY, Mr. PAYN probably "could be very nasty if he liked." He doesn't like, and is therefore himself liked all the better.

That little tale entitled *The Black Patch*, by GERTRUDE CLAY KER-SEYMER, introduces to the public a rather novel character in the person of a *Miss Clara Beauchamp* an amateur female detective, to whom SHERLOCK HOLMES, when he chooses to "come out of his ambush," (for no one believes he fell over that precipice and was killed about a year ago,) ought at once to propose. It would be an excellent firm. CLARA would make our HOLMES happy, and a certain advertising medicine provider bearing the same name as the heroine of this sporting story would have another big chance of increasing his "hoardings." The Baron, skilled as he is in plots, owns to having been now and again puzzled over this one which clever CLARA the Clearer soon makes apparent to everybody. The story is a working out of the description of twins, how "each is so like both that you can't tell t'other from which." But mind you, not ordinary biped twins—oh dear no—they are.... No ... the Baron respects a lady's secret, and recommends the inquisitive to get the book and penetrate the mystery.

To all those who like a mystery, and who gratefully remember FLORENCE WARDEN's *House on the Marsh*, let the Baron recommend *A Perfect Fool*, by the same authoress. Dickensian students will be struck by the fact of a "Mr. Dick" being kept on the premises. He is a caged Dickie, poor chap; but, like his ancestor the original *Mr. Dick*, he sets everybody right at last. The Baron dare not say more, lest he should let the Dickie out of the cage. The only disappointment, to old-fashioned novel-readers, at least, who love justice to be done, and the villain to receive worse than he has given, is in the moral of the tale; yet in these decadent Yellow Asterical and Green Carnational days it is as good as can be wished. FLORENCE WARDEN is neither priggish nor Church-Wardenish; and so, when the scoundrel—But here, again, the Baron must put his finger to his lips, and ask you to read the story; when, and not till then, he may imagine whether you do not agree with him, "*Mystère!*"

Curiosity has ever been a weakness of human nature, and that seems to be the only reason why so many make themselves uncomfortable by taking journeys to the Pole. Imitating NANSEN, GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N., sends his hero *To Greenland and the Pole*, which he reaches after much "skilöbning" (the book must be read to grasp its meaning), and receiving a chilly but polite welcome, with the arrogance of an Englishman breaks the cold silence by singing the "*National Anthem*," when of course the Pole is thawed at once!

Writes a Baronitess Junior, "Those little boys and girls who delight in fairy lore will find a charming story of magical adventures in *Maurice; or, the Red Jar*, by the Countess of JERSEY, or more appropriately Countess of JARSEY. It is fantastically illustrated by ROSIE M. M. PITMAN, and published by MACMILLAN & Co., and shows how unpleasant a jar can be in a family. And yet has not the poet finely said, 'A thing of beauty is a Jar for ever!'"

The Baron is anxiously expecting the appearance from The Leadenhall Press of Mr. TUER's *Chap-book*. Of course, all "the Chappies" from "Chap 1" to "Last Chap" are on the look out for it. The Baron fancies it will be a perfect fac-simile, and if not perfect, the merciful critic who is merciful to his author will say with the poet POPE

"*Tu er is human,*"

which is a most pope-ular quotation; while as to the latter half of the line "to forgive, divine"—that, in a measure, is one of the unstrained prerogatives of the

## A SLIGHT ADAPTATION.

*(Suggested by the recent Debate (Ladies only) at the Pioneers Club on the Shortcomings of the Male Sex.)*

Nova mulier vociferatur more Whitmanico.



Come my modern women,  
Follow me this evening, get your numbers ready,  
Have you got your latchkeys? have you your members' axes?  
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

To the club in Bruton Street  
We must march my darlings, one and all a great ensemble,  
We the strenuous lady champions, all extremely up to date,  
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

O you girls, West-End girls,  
O you young revolting daughters, full of manly pride and manners,  
Plain I see you West-End girls (no reflection on your features!).  
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

Have our lords and masters halted?  
Do they humbly take a back-seat, wearied out with  
Madame SARAH GRAND?  
We take up the dual garments, and the eyeglass and  
the cycle.  
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

From North Hampstead, from South Tooting,  
From far Peckham, from the suburbs and the shires  
we come,  
All the dress of comrades noting, bonnets, fashions  
criticising,  
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

We primeval fetters loosing,  
We our husbands taming, vexing we and worrying  
Mrs. GRUNDY,  
We our own lives freely living, we as bachelor-girls  
residing,  
Pioneers! O Pioneers!





Literary dames are we,  
Singers, speakers, temperance readers, artists we and journalists,  
Here and there a festive actress (generally to be found in our smoking-room),  
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

Raise the mighty mistress President,  
Waving high the delicate President, over all the Lady President (bend your heads all),  
Raise the warlike Mrs. M-SS-NGB-D, stern impassive Mrs. M-SS-NGB-D,  
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

---

This sort of thing goes on for about twenty more verses, for which readers are kindly referred to the original in *Leaves of Grass*. It really applies without any further adaptation.

---

## A "MAN IN ARMOUR" TO THE MULTITUDE.

*On Lord Mayor's Day.*

Remember, remember, the Ninth of November!  
A civic procession you've got!  
I know no reason why L. C. C. treason  
Should send the old custom to pot.  
There is a great glamour about men in armour,  
Will London turn out all a-pant  
At sound of the bugle to stare at MCDUGALL,  
Or hear Mrs. ORMISTON CHANT?  
Though city crowds hurtle to welcome the turtle,  
And shout at the Mayor and the mace;  
What Council Committee will choke up the City  
With mobs and a smile on each face?  
The old "panorama"'s a popular drama.  
An alderman *may* be a glutton;  
But multitudes jog after MAGOG and GOG  
Who don't care a button for HUTTON.  
So remember, remember, the Ninth of November!  
A holiday glorious you've got;  
But "unification" will rob the whole nation  
Of one good old spree—which is rot!

### Footnotes

<sup>1</sup> Iliad, B. V., 478.

### Transcriber's Note:

Inconsistent spelling and hyphenation are as in the original.

\*\*\* END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI,  
VOLUME 107, NOVEMBER 10TH, 1894 \*\*\*

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.