

# Punch, Or The London Charivari, Vol. 99., September 20, 1890

*Various*

The Project Gutenberg EBook of Punch, Or The London Charivari, Vol. 99.,  
September 20, 1890, by Various

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere 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.net](http://www.gutenberg.net)

Title: Punch, Or The London Charivari, Vol. 99., September 20, 1890

Author: Various

Release Date: May 28, 2004 [EBook #12466]

Language: English

Character set encoding: ASCII

\*\*\* START OF THIS PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, VOL. 99 \*\*\*

Produced by Malcolm Farmer, William Flis, and the Online Distributed  
Proofreading Team.

PUNCH,

OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

VOL. 99.

September 20, 1890.

OUT FOR ANOTHER HOLIDAY.

(\_BY OUR IMPARTIAL AND NOT-TO-BE-BIASSED CRITIC.\_)

[Illustration]

I had been told that Ostend was an excellent place. "Quite a Town of

# **Livros Grátis**

<http://www.livrosgratis.com.br>

Milhares de livros grátis para download.

Palaces!" was the enthusiastic description that had reached me. So I determined to leave "Delicious Dover" (as the holiday Leader-writer in the daily papers would call it), and take boat for the Belgian coast. The sea was as calm as a lake, and the sun lazily touched up the noses of those who slumbered on the beach. There is an excellent service of steamers between England and Belgium. This service has but one drawback--a slight one: the vessels have a way with them of perpetrating practical jokes. Only a week or so ago one lively mail-carrier started prematurely, smashing a gangway, and dropping a portmanteau quietly into the ocean. On my return from foreign shores, I passed the same cheerful ship lying in mid-channel as helpless as an infant. However, the accident (something, I fancy, had gone wrong with the engines) appeared to be treated as more amusing than important. Still, perhaps, it would be better were the name of this luckless boat changed to *\_Le Farceur\_*; then travellers would know what to expect. But I must confess that my experiences were perfectly pleasant. The steamer in which I journeyed crossed the Channel in the advertised time, and if I wished to be hypercritical, I would merely hint that the official tariff of the refreshments sold on board is tantalising. When I wanted cutlets, I was told they were "off," and when I asked for "cold rosbif," that was "off" too. The *\_garcon\_* (who looked more like a midshipman than a cabin-boy) took ten minutes to discover this fact. And as I had to rely upon him for information, I had to wait even longer before the desired (or rather undesired) intelligence was conveyed to me. I pride myself upon caring nothing about food, but this failure to obtain my heart's (or thereabouts') yearning caused me sore annoyance.

Well, I reached Ostend. The town of palaces contained a Kursaal and a Casino. There were also a number of large hotels of the King's Road, Brighton, *\_plus\_* Northumberland Avenue type. Further, there were several *\_maisons meubles\_* let out in flats, and (to judge from the prices demanded and obtained for them) *\_to\_* flats. The *\_suite\_* of apartments on the ground floor consisted of a small bed-room, a tiny drawing-room, and a balcony. The balcony was used, as a *\_salle a manger\_* in fine weather, and a place for the utterance of strong expressions (so I was informed) when the rain interfered with *\_al fresco\_* comfort. There was a steam tramway, and some bathing-machines of the springless throw-you-down-when-you-least-expect-it sort. The streets, omitting the walk in front of the sea, were narrow, and the shops about as interesting as those at the poorer end of the Tottenham Court Road. But these were merely details, the pride of Ostend being the Kursaal, which reminded me of an engine-house near a London terminus. I purchased a ticket for the Kursaal and the Casino. There was to be a concert at the first and a ball at the last. I soon had enough of the concert, and started for the ball.

It was then that I found a regulation in force that made my cheeks tingle with indignation as an Englishman. Although the tickets costing three francs a piece, were said to secure admittance to the Kursaal and the Casino, I noticed that children--good and amiable children--were not allowed to enter the latter place. I could understand the feelings of a gentleman who attempted to obtain access for his eldest lad--a gallant boy of some fourteen summers, and a baker's dozen of winters. My heart went out to that British Father as he disputed with the Commissaires at the doorway, and called the attention of the Representative of "the Control" to the fact that his *\_billet\_* was misleading. "You are an Englishman," said the Representative of the Control, "and the English observe the law."

"Yes," returned the angry Father; "but in England the Law would support one in obtaining that for which one had paid. My son has paid for admission to the Kursaal and the Casino! He is refused admittance to the Casino, therefore this ticket of his spreads false intelligence! It is a liar! It is a miserable! It should be called the traitor ticket!" But all was useless. The gallant lad had to remain with the umbrellas! I could not help sympathising with that father. I could not refrain from agreeing with him, that where such a thing was possible, something must be entirely wrong. I could not deny that under the circumstances Ostend was a sham, a delusion, and a snare! When he observed that Ostend was grotesquely expensive, I admitted that he was right. When he said that it was not a patch upon Boulogne or Dieppe, I again acquiesced. When he asserted that every English tourist would be wise to avoid the place, I acknowledged that there was the genuine ring of truth in his declaration. When he appealed to me, as a dispassionate observer, to say whether I did not consider the conduct of the authorities arbitrary, unjust, and absurd, I was forced to admit that I did consider that conduct absolutely indefensible. Lastly, when he announced that he intended never to say another word in praise of Ostend, I confessed that I had come in my own mind to the same determination.

P.S.--I may add that I was accompanied by my son, who was also refused admittance. But this is a matter of purely personal interest, and has nothing whatever to do with it.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### THE CACHET OF CASH AT DRURY LANE.

[Illustration: Medal found in the Neighbourhood of Drury Lane.]

A Million of Money, "a new military, sporting, and spectacular Drama," is a marvel of stage management. No better things than the tableaux of the Derby Day, the grounds of the Welcome Club, and the departure of the Guards from Wellington Barracks for foreign parts have been seen for many a long year. In such a piece the dialogue is a matter of secondary consideration, and even the story is of no great importance. That the plot should remind one of Drury Lane successes in the past is not surprising, considering that one of the authors (who modestly places his name second on the programme, when everyone feels that it should come first) has been invariably associated with those triumphs of scenic art. AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS has beaten his own record, and the Million of Money so lavishly displayed behind the scenes, is likely to be rivaled by the takings in front of the Curtain--or to be more exact, at the Box-office. The Authors, in more senses than one, have carried money into the house. But they have done more--they have inculcated a healthy moral. While Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES is teaching audiences a lesson in Judah, that would have received the enthusiastic approval of the philanthropic Earl of SHAFTESBURY, after whom Shaftesbury Theatre is, no doubt, called, the great HARRIS and the lesser PETTIT are showing us in the character of the Rev. Gabriel Maythorne, a Parson that would as certainly have secured the like hearty good-will at the same shadowy hands. The Rev. Gentleman is a clergyman that extorts the admiration of everyone whose good opinion is worth securing. He apparently is a "coach," and (seemingly) allows his pupils so much latitude that one of them, Harry Dunstable (Mr. WARNER), is able to run up to town with his (the Reverend's) daughter secretly, marry her, and stay in London for

an indefinite period. And he (the Parson) has no absurd prejudices--no narrow-mindedness. He goes to the Derby, where he appears to be extremely popular at luncheon-time amongst the fair ladies who patronise the tops of the drags, and later on becomes quite at home at an illuminated \_fete\_ at the Exhibition, amidst the moonlight, and a thousand additional lamps. It is felt that the Derby is run with this good man's blessing; and everyone is glad, for, without it, in spite of the horses, jockeys, carriages, acrobats, gipsies, niggers, grooms, stable-helpers, and pleasure-seekers, the \_tableau\_ would be aesthetically incomplete. And the daughter of the Reverend is quite as interesting as her large-hearted sire. She, too, has no prejudices (as instance, the little matrimonial trip to London); and when she has to part with her husband, on his departure (presumably \_en route\_ to the Bermudas), she requires the vigorous assistance' of a large detachment of Her Majesty's Guards to support her in her bereavement. Of the actors, Mr. CHARLES GLENNEY, as a broken-down gentleman, is certainly the hero of the three hours and a half. In Act III., on the night of the first performance, he brought down the house, and received two calls before the footlights after the Curtain had descended. He has many worthy colleagues, for instance, Mr. HARRY NICHOLLS, Miss MILLWARD, Mr. CHARLES WARNER, and Miss FANNY BROUGH, are all that could be desired in their respective lines. But, well cast as it undoubtedly is, the play has vitality within it that does not depend for existence upon the efforts of the company. It is good all round--scenery, dresses, properties, and effects--and will keep its place at Drury Lane until dislodged by the Pantomime at Christmas.

\* \* \* \* \*

CHANGE OF NAME A LA SUISSE.--Tessin and its quarrelsome inhabitants to be known in future as a Can't-get-on instead of a Canton.

\* \* \* \* \*

MORE FROM OUR YOTTING YORICK.

[Illustration: Swedish Politeness.]

STOCKHOLM approached by lovely river (that is, we approached Stockholm by lovely river), with banks and hills covered with pine and birch trees, and studded with villas, where the Stockholm people live away from the town. "Studded" is a good word, but phrase sounds too much like "studied with SASS," as so many of our best artists did. Lovely for boating. Why don't the Swedes row? \_They don't.\_ Lots of islands, and everybody as jolly as sand-boys, especially on Sanday. By the way, what's a "sand-boy"? Why \_toujours\_ jolly?

Stockholm a stunning place, all built round a huge palace, copy of the Pitti Palace in Florence. Lifts to take the people up-hill, and a circular tramway all round the town for one penny. Lots of soldiers in uniforms like Prussians or Russians, whichever you like. Such swagger policemen, all tall and handsome, with beautiful helmets and lovely coats. What would an English cook say to them?

Cathedral with tombs of GUSTAVUS VASA, GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, and BERNADOTTE. What was BERNADOTTE doing here? Didn't like to ask. Piled up with kettledrums and flags taken from the Russians. I noticed in Russia their churches were equally piled up with drums and flags taken from the Swedes. Exchange is no robbery.

[Illustration: Snack Sideboard. "Lax and Snax."]

Lunch. First view of the Swedish snacks before lunch and dinner. A side-table with caviare Lax, cut reindeer tongue, sausages, brown bread, prawns, kippered herrings, radishes, sardines, crawfish, cheeses. Should spell it "Lax and Snax." Three silver tubs of spirit--Pommerans, Renadt, and Kummin--tried 'em all. All good. "We had a good time--Kummin." The Kummin was goin',--rather. Ceiling of \_restaurant\_ all mirrors--self keeping an eye on self.

National Museum. Splendid collection. Stone, bronze, and iron periods. Poor pictures. No end of palaces to see, till one is sick of 'em.

[Illustration: Fete in Honour of the Poet Bellman.]

Swedes have a poet, BELLMAN, evidently who wrote Bacchanalian songs. They have a national holiday on July the 26th, and go to \_Fete\_ in a Wood, where bronze head of BELLMAN is, cover it with garlands and roses, and sing and have a good time before it, just like an old Greek offering to Bacchus. I saw it. And in the evening a \_fete\_ where they carry a child got up as Bacchus, and seated on a barrel with a wine-cup. A regular jolly drinking procession. They have a wonderful open air \_restaurant\_ called The Hasselbacken, where you dine in delightful little green arbours, and lots of Swedish girls about. Capital dinners, A 1 wine, and first-rate music with full band. No charge to go in; you pay before leaving, though. Very good waiting.

[Illustration: Dinner in the Arbour.]

The Swedes are very polite, and take their hats off on the slightest provocation, and keep them off a long time, specially whilst talking to a lady. When talking to \_two\_ ladies, of course they keep 'em off double the time.

Altogether a delightful place. But they all say you should come in the \_winter\_. Wish I could. FLOTSAM, Y.A.

P.S.--The Swedish girls are as a rule very handsome. Tall, with long legs. Men good-looking also.

I can't very well do myself; I can "do myself" remarkably well, but I mean I cannot sketch myself in a cut; but \_Mr. Punch\_, in cuts I have done, is far more expressive than I can make anyone else.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON (\_with Mr. Punch's kind regards\_).--The most Popular of Colonial Strikers--Our illustrious guests, the Australian Cricketers.

\* \* \* \* \*

"WANTED!"

WANTED, by a well-travelled lady, of aesthetic and refined tastes, a comfortable and congenial home with a Duchess. The Advertiser, who is a person of much intelligence, and a most agreeable gossip, regards her pleasant companionship as an equivalent for the social advantages

(including carriage-drives, and an introduction to the very best society), for which she is prepared to offer the very handsome remuneration of ten shillings a week.

\* \* \* \* \*

HORSE WANTED.--Must have been placed in a recent Derby, and show a good racing record. Thoroughly sound in wind and limb, expected to be equal to carrying 13 stone in the Park, or to doing any work from a four-in-hand down to single harness in a hearse. On the advertiser being furnished with a suitable beast, he will be prepared to put down a five-pound note for him, payable by ten-shilling monthly instalments.

\* \* \* \* \*

HOME REQUIRED FOR AN INDIAN CHIEF.--The Advertiser, who has recently received a consignment of Savages from Patagonia, and has had to entertain their Monarch in his residence at Bayswater, as he is about to pay a four weeks' visit to the Continent, is anxious in the meantime to find a suitable home for him in some quiet suburban family, who would not object to some fresh and lively experience introduced into the routine of their domestic circle, in consideration for a small payment to defray the slight extra cost involved in his support. He will give little trouble, an empty attic furnished with a hearth-rug supplying him with all the accommodation he will require, while his food has hitherto consisted of tripe, shovelled to him on a pitchfork, and stout mixed with inferior rum, of which he gets through about a horse-pailful a day. His chief recreation being a "Demon's

War Dance," in which he will, if one be handy, hack a clothes-horse to pieces with his "baloo," or two-edged chopper-axe, he might be found an agreeable inmate by an aged and invalid couple, who would relish a little unusual after-dinner excitement, as a means of passing away a quiet evening or two. Applicants anxious to secure the Chief should write at once. Three-and-sixpence a-week will be paid for his keep, which, supplying the place of the rum in his drink (which has been tried with effect) with methylated spirit mixed with treacle, affords an ample margin for a handsome profit on the undertaking.

\* \* \* \* \*

[Illustration: MUCH MORE SUITABLE.]

NEW UNIFORM FOR HER MAJESTY'S HORSE GUARDS, SUGGESTED TO MR. PUNCH BY RECENT CAVALRY EVOLUTIONS ON THE THAMES.]

\* \* \* \* \*

DEVELOPMENT.

(\_WITH ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO THE AUTHOR OF "PATIENCE."\_)

["Even a colour-sense is more important in the development of the individual than a sense of right and wrong."--OSCAR WILDE.]

If you're anxious to develop to a true hedonic "swell," hop on a pinnacle apart,

Like a monkey on a stick, and your phrases quaintly pick, and then  
prattle about Art.

Take some laboured paradoxes, and, like Samson's flaming foxes, let  
them loose amidst the corn

(Or the honest commonplaces) of the Philistines whose graces you  
regard with lofty scorn.

And every one will say,

As you squirm your wormy way,

"If this young man expresses himself in terms that stagger \_me\_,

What a very singularly smart young man this smart young man must be!"

You may be a flabby fellow, and lymphatically yellow, that will  
matter not a mite.

If you take yourself in hand, in a way you'll understand, to become  
a Son of Light.

On your crassness superimposing the peculiar art of glosing in sleek  
phrases about Sin.

If you aim to be a Shocker, carnal theories to cocker is \_the\_ best way  
to begin.

And every one will say,

As you worm your wicked way,

"If that's allowable for \_him\_ which were criminal in \_me\_,

What a very emancipated kind of youth this kind of youth must be."

Human virtues you'll abhor all, and be down upon the Moral in  
uncompromising style.

Your critical analysis will reduce to prompt paralysis every \_motor\_  
that's not vile.

You will show there's naught save virtue that can seriously hurt you,  
or your liberty enmesh;

And you'll find excitement, plenty, in Art's \_dolce far niente\_, with a  
flavour of the flesh.

And every one will say,

As you lounge your upward way,

"If he's content with a do-nothing life, which would certainly not  
suit \_me\_.

What a most particularly subtle young man this subtle young man must be!"

Then having swamped morality in "intensified personality" (which,  
of course, must mean your own),

And the "rational" abolished and "sincerity" demolished, you will  
find that you have \_grown\_

With a "colour-sense" fresh handselled (whilst the moral ditto's  
cancelled) you'll develop into--well,

What Philistia's fools malicious might esteem a \_vaurien\_ vicious  
(\_alias\_ "hedonic swell").

And every one will say,

As you writhe your sinuous way.

"If the highest result of the true 'Development' is decomposition,  
why see

What a very perfectly developed young man this developed young man  
must be."

With your perky paradoxes, and your talk of "crinkled ox-eyes," and  
of books in "Nile-green skin."

That show forth unholy histories, and display the "deeper mysteries"  
of strange and subtle Sin.

You can squirm, and glose, and hiss on, and awake that \_nouveau\_  
\_frisson\_ which is Art's best gift to life.



And "develop"--like some cancer (in the Art-sphere) whose best answer  
is the silent surgeon's knife!  
And every \_man\_ will say,  
As you wriggle on your way,  
"If 'emotion for the sake of emotion \_is\_ the aim of Art,' dear me!  
What a morbidly muckily emotional young man the 'developed' young  
man must be!"

\* \* \* \* \*

#### THE AMERICAN GIRL.

[An American Correspondent of \_The Galignani Messenger\_ is  
very severe on the manners of his fair countrywomen.]

[Illustration]

She "guesses" and she "calculates," she wears all sorts o' collars,  
Her yellow hair is not without suspicion of a dye;  
Her "Pappa" is a dull old man who turned pork into dollars.  
But everyone admits that she's indubitably spry.

She did Rome in a swift two days, gave half the time to Venice,  
But vows that she saw everything, although in awful haste;  
She's fond of dancing, but she seems to fight shy of lawn-tennis,  
Because it might endanger the proportions of her waist.

Her manner might be well defined as elegantly skittish;  
She loves a Lord as only a Republican can do;  
And quite the best of titles she's persuaded are the British,  
And well she knows the Peerage, for she reads it through and through.

She's bediamonded superbly, and shines like a constellation,  
You scarce can see her fingers for the multitude of rings;  
She's just a shade too conscious, so it seems, of admiration,  
With irritating tendencies to wriggle when she sings.

She owns she is "Amur'can," and her accent is alarming;  
Her birthplace has an awful name you pray you may forget;  
Yet, after all, we own "\_La Belle Americaine\_" is charming,  
So let us hope she'll win at last her long-sought coronet.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### TIPS FROM THE TAPE.

(\_PICKED UP IN MR. PUNCH'S OWN SPECIAL CITY CORNER.\_)

In my last I announced that I was busily giving my mind to the  
launching of a new "Combination Pool" over the satisfactory results  
of which to all concerned in it, under certain contingencies, I had no  
shadow of a doubt. This I have since managed to float on the market,  
and, though I worked it on a principle of my own, which, for want of  
a better description, I have styled amalgamated "Profit and Loss,"  
I regret to have to inform those clients who have entrusted me with  
their cheques in the hopes of getting, \_as I really fully believed  
they would\_, 700 per cent. for their money in three days, that I  
have had to close the speculation rather suddenly, and I fear, as the  
following illustrative figures will show in a fashion that not only

deprives me of the pleasure of enclosing them a cheque for Profits, but obliges me to announce to them that their cover has disappeared. The Stocks with which I operated were "Drachenfonteim Catapults," "Catawanga Thirty-fives," and "Blinker's Submarine Explosives." The ILLUSTRATION, I hoped, \_would have stood as follows\_ :--

L100 invested in Drachenfonteim Catapults,  
showing profit of 1 per cent....L100

L100 invested in Catawanga Thirty-fives,  
showing profit of 21/2 per cent....L250

L300 invested in Blinker's Submarine Explosives,  
showing profit of 3 per cent....L900

Gross Profits....L1250

Unfortunately, however, the real figures came out rather differently, for they stood, I regret to say, as under:--

L100 invested in Drachenfonteim Catapults,  
at a loss of 5 per cent....L500

L100 invested in Catawanga Thirty-fives,  
at a loss of 7 per cent....L700

L300 invested in Blinker's Submarine Explosives,  
at a loss of 4 per cent....L1200

Total loss....L2400

This, I need scarcely say, has at present not only eaten up every halfpenny of cover, but a great deal besides; and I am not sure that I shall not have to come down on my clients to make good the balance. I cannot account for the result, except from the fact that a new clerk read out the wrong tape; and when I telephoned to my West-End Private Inquiry Agent about these very three Stocks, he appears not to have heard me distinctly, and thought I was asking him about Goschens, the old Three-per-Cents., and Bank Stock, about which, of course, he could only report favourably. It is an awkward mistake, but, as I point out to all my clients, one must not regard the Dealer as infallible. These things will occur. However, I am going to be more careful in future; and I may as well announce now, that on Monday next I am about to open a new Syndicate Combination Pool, with a Stock about which I have made the most thorough and exhaustive inquiries, with the result that I am convinced an enormous fortune will be at the command of anyone who will entrust me with a sufficiently large cheque in the shape of cover to enable me to realise it.

For obvious reasons I keep the name of this Stock at present a dead secret. Suffice it to say, that the operation in question is connected with an old South-American Gold Mine, about to be reworked under the auspices of a new company who have bought it for a mere song. When I tell my clients that I have got all my information from the Chairman, \_who took down under his greatcoat a carpet-bag full of crushed quartz carefully mixed with five ounces of gold nuggets\_, and emptied this out at the bottom of a disused shaft, and then got a Yankee engineer to report the discovery of ore in "lumps as big as your fist," and state this in the new prospectus, they will at once see what a solid

foundation I have for this new venture, which must inevitably fly upwards by leaps and bounds as soon as the shares are placed upon the market. Of course, when the truth comes out, there will be a reaction, but my clients may trust me to be on the look-out for that, and, after floating with all their investments to the top of the tide, to get out of the concern with enormous profits before the bubble eventually bursts. It is by a command of information of this kind that I hope to ensure the confidence and merit the support of my friends and patrons. Remember Monday next, and bear in mind a cheque for three-and-sixpence covers L5000. The subjoined is from my correspondence:--

Sir,--I have as trustee for five orphan nieces to invest for each of them L3 18s. 9d., left them by a deceased maternal cousin. How ought I to invest this to the greatest advantage with a due regard to security. What do you say to Goschens? Or would you recommend Rio Diavolos Galvanics? These promise a dividend of 70 per cent., and although they have not paid one for some time, are a particularly cheap stock at the present market price, the scrip of the Five per Cent. Debenture Stock being purchased by a local buttermilk at seven pounds for a halfpenny. A Spanish Nobleman who holds some of this, will let me have it even cheaper. What would you advise me to do?  
Yours, &c. A TRUSTEE IN A FOG.

Don't touch Goschens, they are not a speculative Stock. You certainly might do worse than the Rio Diavolos Galvanics. Do not hesitate, but put the little all of your five orphan nieces into them at once, and \_wait for the rise\_.

\* \* \* \* \*

ON THE CARDS.

(\_BY A WHIST-LOVING MALADE-IMAGINAIRE.\_)

Oh, where shall I hit on a "perfect cure"?  
(What ails me I am not quite sure that I'm sure)  
To Nice, where the weather is nice--with vagaries?  
The Engadine soft or the sunny Canaries?  
To Bonn or Wiesbaden? My doctor laconic  
Declares that the Teutonic air is too tonic.  
Shall I do Davos-Platz or go rove the Riviera?  
Or moon for a month in romantic Madeira?  
St. Moritz or Malaga, Aix, La Bourboule?  
Bah! My doctor's a \_farceur\_ and I am--a fool.  
I will \_not\_ try Switzerland, Norway, or Rome.  
I'll go in for a rest and a rubber--at home.  
A Windermere wander, \_and\_ Whist, I feel sure,  
Will give what I'm seeking, a true "Perfect Cure."

\* \* \* \* \*

A BUBBLE FROM THE SUDS.--A Firm of Soap-boilers have been sending round a circular to "Dramatic Authors" of established reputation, and (no doubt) others, offering to produce gratis the best piece submitted to them at a "\_Matinee\_" performance at a West End Theatre." The only formality necessary to obtain this sweet boon is the purchase of a box of the Firm's soap, which will further contain a coupon "entitling the owner to send in one new and original play for reading." The idea that a Dramatic Author of any standing would submit his work to such a

tribunal, even with the dazzling prospect of a Matinee in futuro, is too refreshing! However, as literary men nowadays fully appreciate the value of their labour, the idea, in spite of the soap with which it is associated, may be dismissed with the words, "Won't Wash!"

\* \* \* \* \*

#### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Why doesn't some publisher bring out The Utterbosh Series, for, upon my word, says the Baron, the greater part of the books sent in for "notice" are simply beneath it. Here's one on which I made notes as I went on, as far as I could get through it. It is called Nemesis: a Moral Story, by SETON CREWE. Its sole merit would have been its being in one volume, were it not that this form, being a bait to the unwary, aggravates the offence. The heroine is Lucinda, a milliner's apprentice. Being compromised by a young gentleman under age, who suddenly quits the country, she goes to confess her sin to the simple-minded Curate, who sees no way out of the difficulty except by marrying his penitent, which he does, and after the christening of her first-born, a joyous event that occurs at no great interval after the happy wedding-day, the Curate, the Reverend Mr. Smith, is transferred by his Bishop from this parish to somewhere else a considerable distance off, whence, after a variety of troubles, he goes abroad as a travelling watering-place clergyman. After this, his wife becomes a Roman Catholic for six months, and then develops into a thoroughpaced infidel of generally loose character. She takes up with a Lion Comique of the Music-Halls, who is summarily kicked down-stairs by the Reverend Mr. Smith on his return home one evening. And at this point I closed the book, not caring one dump what became of any of the characters, or of the book, or of the writer, and unable to wait for the moral of this highly "moral story," which, I dare say, might have done me a great deal of good. So I turned to Vanity Fair, and re-read for the hundredth time, and with increased pleasure, the great scene where Rawdon Crawley, returning home suddenly, surprises Becky in her celebrated tete-a-tete with my Lord Steyne.

[Illustration]

With pleasure the Baron welcomes Vol. No. IV. of ROUTLEDGE's Carisbrooke Library, which contains certain Early Prose Romances, the first and foremost among them being the delightful fable of Reynart the Fox. Have patience with the old English, refer to the explanatory notes, and its perusal will well repay every reader. How came it about that modern Uncle Remus had caught so thoroughly the true spirit of this Mediaeval romance? I forget, at this moment, who wrote Uncle Remus--and I beg his pardon for so doing--but whoever it was, he professed only to dress up and record what he had actually heard from a veritable Uncle Remus. Brer Rabbit, Brer Fox, and Old Man Bar, are not the creatures of AEsop's Fables; they are the characters in Reynart the Fox. The tricks, the cunning, the villany of Reynart, unredeemed by aught except his affection for his wife and family, are thoroughly amusing, and his ultimate success, and increased prosperity; present a truer picture of actual life than novels in which vice is visibly punished, and virtue patiently rewarded. And once more I call to mind the latter days of Becky's career.

Speaking of THACKERAY, Messrs. CASSELL & Co. have just brought out a one-and-threepenny edition ("the threepence be demmed!") of the Yellowplush Papers, with a dainty canary-coloured Jeames on the cover. At the same time the same firm produce, in the same form, The Last Days of Pompeii, The Last Days of Palmyra, and The Last of the Mohicans. Odd, that the first issue of this new series should be nearly all "Lasts." The Yellowplush Papers might have been kept back, and The Last of the Barons been substituted, just to make the set of lasts perfect. The expression is suggestive of Messrs. CASSELL going in for the shoemaking trade. The Last Days of Palmyra I have never read. "I will try it," says the bold Baron.

But what means this new style of printing on thin double sheets? One advantage is that no cutting is required. If this form become the fashion, better thus to bring out the Utterbosh Series, which shall then escape the critics' hands,--no cutting being required. There are, as those who use the paper-knife to these volumes will discover, in this new issue of Messrs. CASSELL's, two blank pages for every two printed ones, so that a new novel might be written in MS. inside the printed one. The paper is good and clean to the touch; but I prefer the stiff cover to the limp, "there's more backbone about it," says the

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

Scarcely time to bring out a pocket edition (like those genuine pocketable and portable editions, the red-backed ROUTLEDGES) of The Bride of Lammermoor, between now and the date of its production, next Saturday, at the Lyceum. But worth while doing it as soon as possible. Advice gratis. B. DE B.-W.

P.S.--(Important to Authors and Scribblers)--Unfortunately the Baron has been compelled to take to his bed (which he doesn't "take to" at all--but this by the way), and there write. Once more he begs to testify to the excellence both of The Hairless Author's Pad--no The Author's Hairless Pad--and of the wooden rest and frame into which it fits. Nothing better for an invalid than rest for his frame, and here are rest and frame in one. Given these (or, if not "given," purchased), and a patent indelible-ink-lead pencil (whose patent I don't know, as, with much use, the gold-lettering is almost obliterated from mine, and all I can make out is the word "Eagle"), and the convalescent author may do all his work in comfort, without mess or muddle; and hereto, once again, I set my hand and seal, so know all men by these presents, all to the contrary nevertheless and notwithstanding. B. DE B.-W.

\* \* \* \* \*

GREEN PASTURES OR PICCADILLY?

TO THE EDITOR.

[Illustration]

Sir,--I see that you have opened your columns to a discussion of the relative advantages of life in London and the Suburbs. I don't think that really the two can be compared. If you want perfect quietude can you get it better than in a place where, between nine and six, not a single male human being is visible, all of them being in town? Some

people may call this dull; but I like it. Then everything is so cheap in the Suburbs! I only pay L100 a year for a nice house in a street, with a small bath-room, and a garden quite as large as a full-sized billiard-table. People tell me I could get the same thing in London, but of course a suburban street must be nicer than a London one. We are just outside the Metropolitan main drainage system, and our death-rate is rather heavy, but then our rates are light. My butcher only charges me one-and-twopence a pound for best joints, and though this is a little dearer than London, the meat is probably more wholesome from being in such good air as we enjoy. In wintertime the journey to town, half-an-hour by train, has a most bracing effect on those capable of bearing severe cold. For the rest, the incapables are a real blessing to those who sell mustard-plasters and extra-sized pocket-handkerchiefs. Our society is so select and refined that I verily believe Belgravia can show nothing like it! Yours obediently,

FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.

Sir,--The Suburbs are certainly delightful, if you have a good train service; but this you seldom get. I do not complain of our Company taking three-quarters of an hour to perform the distance of eight and a half miles to the City, as this seems a good, average suburban rate, but I do think the "fast" train (which performs the distance in that time) might start a little later than 8.30 A.M. Going in to business at 10.30 by an "ordinary" train, which stops at sixteen stations, and takes an hour and a half, becomes after a time rather monotonous. It involves a painful "Rush in Urbe" to get through business in time to catch the 4.30 "express" back, a train which (theoretically) stops nowhere.

COUNTRY CUSSIN'.

Sir,--No more London for me! I've tried it, and know what it's like. I have found a delightful cottage, twenty miles from town, and mean to live in it always. Do we ever have one of your nasty yellow fogs here? Never! Nothing more than a thick white mist, which rises from the fields and envelopes the house every night. It is true that several of our family complain of rheumatism, and when I had rheumatic fever myself a month ago, I found it a little inconvenient being six miles from a doctor and a chemist's shop. But then my house is so picturesque, with an Early English wooden porch (which can be kept from falling to pieces quite easily by hammering a few nails in now and then, and re-painting once a week), and no end of gables, which only let the water into the bedrooms in case of a very heavy shower. Then think of the delights of a garden, and a field (for which I pay L20 a year, and repair the hedges), and chickens! I don't think I have spent more than L50 above what I should have done in London, owing to the necessity of fitting up chicken-runs and buying a conservatory for my wife, who is passionately fond of flowers. Unfortunately my chickens are now moulting, and decline to lay again before next March; so I bring back fresh eggs from town, and, as my conservatory is not yet full, flowers from Covent Garden; and I can assure you that, until you try it, you cannot tell the amount of pleasure and exercise which walking a couple of miles (the distance of my cottage from the station), laden with groceries and other eatables, can be made to afford. Yours chirpily,

FIELD-FARE.

\* \* \* \* \*

GOOD FOR SPORT!--A well-known chartered accountant, with a vulpine patronymic, complains of the unkind treatment he recently received in Cologne at the hands of the German police. He should be consoled by the thought, that his persecution marked in those latitudes the introduction of Fox-hunting.

\* \* \* \* \*

[Illustration: YANKEE EXCLUSIVENESS.

\_Young Britisher\_. "YOUR FATHER'S NOT WITH YOU THEN, MISS VAN TROMP?"

\_Fair New York Millionairess\_ (\_one of three\_). "WHY, NO--PA'S MUCH TOO VULGAR! IT'S AS MUCH AS WE CAN DO TO STAND MA!"]

\* \* \* \* \*

THE QUICKSAND!

Is this the Eagle-hunter,  
The valiant fate-confronter,  
The soldier brave, and blunter  
Of speech than BISMARCK's self?  
This bungler all-disgracing,  
This braggart all-debasing.  
This spurious sportsman, chasing  
No nobler prey than pelf?

The merest "fly in amber,"  
\_He\_ after eagles clamber?  
Nay, faction's ante-chamber  
Were fitter place for him,  
A trifler transitory,  
To gasconade of "glory"!  
He'd foul fair France's story,  
Her lustre pale and dim.

\_Les Coulisses?\_ Ah, precisely!  
They suit his nature nicely,  
Who bravely, nobly, wisely,  
Can hardly even "act."  
\_Histrio\_ all \_blague\_ and blather,  
Is it not pity, rather,  
One Frenchman should foregather  
With him in selfish pact?

In selfish pact--but silly.  
\_His\_ neighbouring, willy-nilly,  
Must smirch the Bee, the Lily,  
Or stain the snow-white flag.  
Wielder of mere stage-dagger,  
Loud lord of empty swagger,  
In peril's hour a lagger.  
A Paladin of Brag!

And now his venture faileth,  
And now his valour paleth;  
\_Et apres?\_ What availeth  
His aid to those who'd use him?  
Imperial or Royal,  
What "patron" will prove loyal  
Unto this "dupe"? They'll joy all  
To mock, expose, abuse him!

But from the contest shrinking,  
The draught of failure drinking,  
In trickery's quicksand sinking,  
Pulls he not others down?  
Will PLON-PLON stand securely,  
The COMTE pose proudly, purely,  
Whilst slowly but most surely  
Their tool must choke or drown?

Indifferent France sits smiling.  
And what avails reviling?  
Such pitch without defiling  
Can "Prince" or "Patriot" touch?  
This quicksand unromantic  
Closes on him, the Antic,  
Whose hands with gestures frantic  
Contiguous coat-tails clutch.

The furious factions splutter,  
Power's cheated claimants mutter,  
And foiled fire-eaters utter  
Most sanguinary threats.  
"\_He\_ Freedom's fated suckler?  
The traitor, trickster, truckler!"  
So fumes the fierce swash-buckler,  
And his toy-rapier whets.

But will that quicksand only  
Engulph \_him\_ lost and lonely?  
The fraud exposed, the known lie,  
The bribe at length betrayed,  
Must whelm this sham detected,  
But what may be expected  
From "Honour" shame-infected,  
And "Kingship" in the shade?

\* \* \* \* \*

## THE RAVENSTEIN.

[Mr. RAVENSTEIN, at the British Association, considered  
the question, how long it will be before the world becomes  
over-populated.]

\_Punch to the Prophet\_.

Prophet of o'er-population, your ingenious calculation,  
Causeth discombobulation only in the anxious mind  
That forecasts exhausted fuel, or the period when the duel  
Will have given their final gruel to French journalists; a kind



Of cantankerous, rancorous spitfires, blusterous, braggart, boyish, blind,  
Who much mourning scarce would find.

Prophet of o'er-population, when the centuries in rotation  
Shall have filled our little planet till it tends to running o'er,  
Will this world, with souls o'erladen, be a Hades or an Aidenn?  
Will man, woman, boy and maiden, be less civilised, or more?  
\_That's\_ the question, RAVENSTEIN! What boots a billion, less or more,  
\_If Man still is fool or boor?

"Seek not to proticipate" is \_Mrs. Gamp's\_ wise maxim. Great is  
Mankind's number \_now\_, but "take 'em as they come, and as they go,"  
Like the philosophic \_Sairey\_; and though the sum total vary,  
Other things may vary likewise, things we dream not, much less know,  
Don't you think, my RAVENSTEIN, our state ten centuries hence or so  
We may prudently--let go?

\* \* \* \* \*

[Illustration: THE QUICKSAND!]

\* \* \* \* \*

[Illustration: PREPARING FOR BLACK MONDAY.

\_Paterfamilias\_ (\_reading School Report\_). "AH, MY BOY, THIS ISN'T SO  
GOOD AS IT MIGHT BE. 'LATIN INDIFFERENT,' 'FRENCH POOR,' 'ARITHMETIC  
NOTHING'?"

\_Tommy.\_ "AH, BUT LOOK DOWN THERE, PAPA. ' \_HEALTH EXCELLENT!' \_"]

\* \* \* \* \*

TO A TRUMPETING DEMOCRAT.

[MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE, the Iron King and millionaire of  
Pittsburg, has been addressing big audiences in Scotland.  
Amongst his remarks were the following:--"It is said that in  
America, although we have no aristocracy, we are cursed with  
a plutarchy. Let me tell you about that. A man who carries a  
million dollars on his back carries a load.... When I speak  
against the Royal Family I do not condescend to speak of  
the creatures who form the Royal Family--persons are so  
insignificant.... We laugh at your ideas in this petty little  
country having anything to say to the free and independent  
citizens who walk through Canada, Australia, and America.  
You know how to get rid of a Monarchy. Brazil has taught  
you."--&c., &c.]

CARNEGIE, pray take notice, since I know that it would blister  
The thin skin of a democrat, I drop the title "Mr.,"  
You have talked a lot of bunkum, all mixed up with most terrific cant.  
But you truly said that "persons are so very insignificant;"  
And the author of a speech I read, part scum and partly dreggy,  
Is perhaps the least significant--that windbag named CARNEGIE.  
But your kindness most appals me, Sir; how really, truly gracious,  
For one whose home is in the States, free, great, and most capacious,  
To come to poor old England (where the laws but make the many fit  
To lick a Royal person's boots), and all for England's benefit.

To preach to us, and talk to us, to tell us how effete we are,  
How like a flock of silly sheep who merely baa and bleat we are.  
And how "this petty little land," which prates so much of loyalty,  
Is nothing but a laughing-stock to Pittsburg Iron-Royalty.  
How titles make a man a rake, a drunkard, and the rest of it,  
While plain (but wealthy) democrats in Pittsburg have the best of it.  
How, out in Pennsylvania, the millionnaires are panting  
(Though there's something always keeps them fat) for monetary banting.  
How free-born citizens complain, with many Yankee curses,  
Of fate which fills, in spite of them, their coffers and their purses.  
How, if the man be only poor, there's nothing that can stop a cit  
In Yankeeland, while here with us the case is just the opposite.  
How honest British working-men who fail to fill their larder  
Should sail for peace and plenty by the very next Cunarder.  
And how, in short, if Britishers want freedom gilt with millions,  
They can't do wrong to imitate the chivalrous Brazilians.

Well, well, I know we have our faults, quite possibly a crowd of them,  
And sometimes we deceive ourselves by thinking we are proud of them;  
But we never can have merited that you should set the law to us,  
And rail at us, and sneer at us, and preach to us, and "jaw" to us.  
We're much more tolerant than some; let those who hate the law go  
And spout sedition in the streets of anarchist Chicago;  
And, after that, I guarantee they'll never want to roam again,  
Until they get a first-class hearse to take their bodies home again.

But stay, I've hit upon a plan: We'll, first of all, relieve you  
Of all your million dollars that so onerously grieve you;  
Then, if some loud, conceited fool wants taking down a peg, he  
Shall spend an hour or so in talk with democrat CARNEGIE.  
For all men must admit 'twould be an act of mere insanity  
To try to match this Pittsburger in bluster or in vanity.  
And oh, when next our Chancellor is anxious for a loan, Sir,  
He'll buy you in at our price, and he'll sell you at your own, Sir.  
And if you don't like English air, why, dash it, you may lump it,  
Or go and blow in other climes your most offensive trumpet!

\* \* \* \* \*

#### ROBERT UP THE RIVER.

I atended on a Party larst week as went up the River (our nice little  
Stream, as the aughty Amerrycanes calls it) to Ship Lake, tho' why  
it's called so I coodn't at all make out, as there ain't no Ship nor  
no Lake to be seen there, ony a werry little Werry, and a werry littel  
River, and a werry littel Hiland; and it was prinsepally to see how  
the appy yung Gents who sumtimes lives on the same littel Hiland, in  
littel Tents, was a gitting on, as injuced all on us, me and all, to  
go there. It seems that for years parst quite a littel Collony of  
yung Gents as gets their living in the grand old Citty has been in the  
habit of spending their littel summer Hollydays there, but, somehows  
or other, as I coodn't quite understand, the master of the littel  
Hiland made up his mind for to sell it, and all the yung Gents was in  
dispair, and wundered where on airth they shood spend their Hollydays  
in future. But they needn't have been afeard--there was a grand old  
hinstitushun called "The Copperashun!" as had both their ears and both  
their eyes open when they heard about it. So when the time came for it  
to be sold, they jest quietly says to one of their principel Chairmen  
(who is sich a King of Good Fellers that they all calls him by that

name, and he answers to it just as if it was the werry name as was giv  
him by his Godfathers and his Godmothers, as I myself heard with my  
own ears), "Go and buy it!" So off he goes at wunce and buys it, and  
the kindly Copperashun Gents as I went with larst week, went to take  
possession on it accordingly, and to see if anythink could be done to  
make the yung Campers-out ewen more cumferabel than they ewer was  
afore! Ah, that's what I calls trew Patriotizm, and trew Libberality,  
if you likes, and that's what makes 'em so much respected.

Our Gents was all considrably surprized at the lots of Tents as was  
all a standing on Ship Lake Island; one on 'em, who was got up quite  
in a naughtical style, said as he was estonished to see so many on 'em  
pitched, but I think as he must ha' bin mistaken, for I didn t see not  
none on 'em pitched, tho' I dessay it might ha' been werry usefool in  
keeping out the rain on a remarkabel wet night.

By sum mistake on sumboddy's part, there wasn't not no yung  
Campers-out to receive us, and so fears was hentertaned that they wood  
have to cum again shortly; but they are bold plucky gents, is the men  
of the Copperashun, and they one and all xpressed their reddeness to  
do it at the call of dooty. Besides, we had sich a reel Commodore a  
board as made us all quite reddy to brave the foaming waves again.  
Why, he giv out the word of command, whether it was to "Port the  
Helem," or to "Titen the mane braces," as if he had bin a Hadmiral  
at the werry least, and his galliant crew obeyed him without not no  
grumbling or ewen thretening to strike!

By one of them striking and remarkabel occurrences as happens so  
often, who shood we appen to find at Ship Lake, but one of the werry  
poplarest of the Court of Haldermen, and what shood he do but ask  
'em all in to lunch at his splendid manshun, and what shood they  
all do but jump at the offer, and what does he do, for a lark, I  
serppose--if so be as a reel Poplar Alderman ewer does have sich  
a thing as a lark--and give 'em all sich a gloryous spread, as I  
overheard one henergetick Deperty describe it, as hutterly deprived  
'em all of the power of heating a bit of dinner till the werry next  
day, to which time they wisely put it off, and then thorowly injoyed  
it.

In course, I'm not allowed to menshun not no names on these  
conferdential ocasions, but I did hear "the Commodore" shout to "the  
King" sumthink about "Hansum is as Hansum does," but it was rayther  
too late in the heavening for me to be able to quite unnerstand his  
elusions.

I am 'appy to be able to report that we every one on us arrived in  
Town quite safe and quite happy, xcep sum of the pore hard-working  
crew who are left at Marlow till further orders. ROBERT.

\* \* \* \* \*

[Illustration: MEETING OF THE B.A. FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.  
LEEDS TOWN-HALL.]

\* \* \* \* \*

[Illustration: FAIR PROPOSAL.

\_Johnson\_ (\_at window--having offered to tame a vicious Horse for his

Friend\_). "NOW, TOM, JUST COLLAR HOLD OF HIS HEAD, AND I'LL PUT THE MUZZLE ON!"]

\* \* \* \* \*

A SPORTING STYLE.

(\_THIRD EXAMPLE.\_)

Two examples of a correct sporting style have been already laid before the public. For convenience of reference they may be defined as the mixed-pugilistic and the insolent. There is, however, a third variety, the equine, in which everyone who aspires to wield the pen of a sporting reporter must necessarily be a proficient. It may be well to warn a beginner that he must not attempt this style until he has laid in a large stock of variegated metaphoric expressions. As a matter of fact one horse-race is very much like another in its main incidents, and the process of betting against or in favour of one horse resembles, more or less, the process of betting about any other. The point is, however, to impart to monotonous incidents a variety they do not possess; and to do this properly a luxuriant vocabulary is essential. For instance, in the course of a race, some horses tire, or, to put it less offensively, go less rapidly than others. The reporter will say of such a horse that he (1) "shot his bolt," or (2) "cried \_peccavi\_," or (3) "cried a go," or (4) "compounded," or (5) "exhibited signals of distress," or (6) "fired minute guns," or (7) "fell back to mend his bellows," or (8) "seemed to pause for reflection."

Again, in recording the upward progress of horses in the betting market, it would be ridiculous to say of all of them merely that they became hot favourites. Vary, therefore, occasionally, by saying of one, for example, that "here was another case of one being eventually served up warm"; of another, that "plenty of the talent took 7 to 4 about \_Mousetrap\_;" of a third, that "\_Paradox\_ had the call at 4 to 1;" and of a fourth, that "a heap of money, and good money too, went on \_Backslide\_." After these preliminary instructions, \_Mr. Punch\_ offers his

\_Third Example\_.--Event to be described: A horse-race. Names of horses and jockeys, weights, &c., supplied.

Considerable delay took place. \_Little Benjy\_ made a complete hole in his manners by bolting. Eventually, however, the flag tell to a capital start. \_Burglar Bill\_ on the right cut out the work[1] from \_Paladin\_, who soon began to blow great guns, and after a quarter of a mile had been negotiated yielded his pride of place to \_Cudlums\_ with \_The P'liceman\_ in attendance, \_Sobriety\_ lying fourth, and \_D. T.\_ close behind. Thus they raced to the bend, where \_Burglar Bill\_ cried \_peccavi\_, and \_Cudlums\_ having shot her bolt, \_Sobriety\_ was left in front, only to be challenged by \_Cropeared Sue\_, who had been coming through her horses with a wet sail. Bounding the bend SIMPSON called upon \_Mrs. Brady\_ and literally took tea with her rivals,[2] whom he nailed to the counter one after another. The favourite compounded at the distance, and \_Mrs. Brady\_ romped home the easiest of winners, four lengths ahead of \_Cropeared Sue\_; a bad third. The rest were whipped in by \_Flyaway\_, who once more failed to justify the appellation bestowed upon him.

\_Mr. Punch\_ flatters himself that, upon the above model, the report of any race-meeting could be accurately constructed at home. In future, therefore, no reporter should go to the expense of leaving London for Epsom, Newmarket, Ascot, or Goodwood.

[Footnote 1: Note this sentence. It is essential.]

[Footnote 2: At first sight it would appear more natural that SIMPSON (presumably a jockey) having called upon \_Mrs. Brady\_, should take tea with \_her\_ rather than with her rivals. But a sporting style involves us in puzzles.]

\* \* \* \* \*

A CENTENARIAN.

"This is the centenary of the tall hat."--\_Daily News\_.

[Illustration]

A hundred years of hideousness,  
Constricted brows, and strain, and stress!  
And still, despite humanity's groan,  
The torturing, "tall-hat" holds its own!  
What proof more sure and melancholy  
Of the dire depths of mortal folly?  
Mad was the hatter who invented  
The demon "topper," and demented  
The race that, spite of pain and jeers,  
Has borne it--for One Hundred Years!

\* \* \* \* \*

HAMLET AT THE VEGETARIAN CONGRESS.

[Illustration]

Yea, from the table of my dining-room,  
I'll take away all tasty joints and \_entrees\_.  
All sorts of meat, all forms of animal diet  
That the carnivorous cook hath gathered there:  
And, by commandment, will entirely live  
Within the bounds of vegetable food,  
Unmixed with savoury matters. Yes, by heaven!  
O most pernicious Meat!  
O Mutton, beef, and pork, digestion-spoiling!  
My tables, my tables! Meat? I'll put it down;  
For men may dine, and dine, and do no killing,  
At least I'm sure it may be so--on lentils.  
So, \_gourmand\_, there you are! Now to my \_menu\_;  
It is, "\_All Vegetables and no Meat!\_"  
I have sworn't!

\* \* \* \* \*

INTERVIEWING A LA MODE.

(\_QUITE AT THE SERVICE OF SOME OF MR. PUNCH'S CONTEMPORARIES.\_)

One of our Representatives called a few days since upon Mr. BROWN, senior member of the well-known firm of Messrs. BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON. The Eminent General Dealer was seated "in his counting-house," as the nursery-song hath it, "counting out his money."

"Come in, come in!" said Mr. BROWN, cordially, as he somewhat hurriedly looked up the coin in a safe out of our reach. "I am delighted to see you."

"Glad to hear it," we replied, rather drily. "We want to put a few questions to you, in the interest of the public."

"As many as you please. I am, as you know, a man of business; still, the resources of our establishment are so vast, that my place can be supplied without inconvenience to our thousands, I may say millions of customers. And now, Sir, what can I do for you?"

"Well, Mr. BROWN, speaking in the name of civilisation, I would wish to ask you if you have much sale for SMASHUP's Concentrated Essence of Cucumbers (registered), in the larger bottles?"

"Yes, Sir, we have; although the smaller sizes are, possibly, a trifle more popular."

"What do you think of COTTONBACK's Fleur de Lyons Putney Satin?"

"A most admirable material for home wear, although we do not recommend it for use at a party, a ball, or a reception. For festive occasions we do a very large trade in GIGGLEWATER's Superfine Velvet South American \_Moire Antique\_ as advertised."

"Indeed! Perhaps, you can mention a few more articles that in your judgment you believe it will interest our readers to learn about."

"Pardon me, but don't you put that sentence a trifle clumsily?"

Our Representative smiled and blushed. Then he admitted that Mr. BROWN might be right.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the Senior Partner, in great glee. "You see I have my head screwed on the right way! But to answer you. GOTEMON's Patent Alligator's Skin Braces are attracting much attention just now, so is WIPE's Castle 2 Imperial William Champagne, which finds (I may observe confidentially) a ready sale at thirty-two shillings the dozen. Then there are AKE's Electric Tooth-brushes, and CRAX's Stained-glass Solid Mahogany Brass-mounted Elizabethan Mantel-boards. Then, of course, I must not forget BOLTER's Washhandstands and BOUNDER's Anti-agony Aromatic Pills."

"And all these articles sell largely?"

"Very largely, indeed. And so they should; for they are well worth the money they cost."

"Indeed they are, or I should not find them in your establishment."

"You are very good. And now, \_a propos\_ of your journal, will you permit me to pay a return compliment?"

"Certainly," we replied. "You have noticed an improvement in our columns?"

"Unquestionably I have," returned Mr. BROWN, emphatically. "I have observed that of late you have given much interesting matter in the body of your paper that heretofore used to be reserved for the pages exclusively devoted to advertisements. I congratulate you!"

And with a courteous wave of his hand and a bow of dismissal, the Eminent Pillar of Commerce delicately intimated to us that our interview was at an end.

\* \* \* \* \*

'ARRY ON THE SINCEREST FORM OF FLATTERY.

[Illustration]

DEAR CHARLIE,--Your faviour to 'and in doo course, as the quill-drivers say;  
Likeways also the newspaper cuttins enclosed. You're on Rummykey's lay.  
Awful good on yer, CHARLIE, old chummy, to take so much trouble for me;  
But do keep on yer 'air, dear old pal; \_I\_ am still right end uppards,  
yer see.

You are needled along of some parties,--er course you ain't fly to their names,--  
As has bin himitating Yours Truly. Way-oh! It's the oldest o' games, Himitation is, CHARLIE. It makes one think DARWIN was right, anyhow, And that most on us did come from monkeys, which some ain't so fur from 'em now.

You start a smart game, or a paying one--something as knocks 'em, dear boy,  
No matter, mate, whether it's mustard, or rhymes, or a sixpenny toy;  
They'll be arter you, nick over nozzle, the smuggers of notions and nips,  
For the mugs is as 'ungry for wrinkles as broken-down bookies for tips.

Look at DICKENS, dear boy, and Lord TENNYSON--ain't they bin copied all round?  
Wy, I'm told some as liked ALFRED's verses at fust, is now sick of the sound;  
All along o' the parrots, my pippin. Ah, that's jest the wust o' sech fakes!  
People puke at the shams till they think the originals ain't no great shakes.

'Tain't fair, CHARLIE, not by a jugful, but anger's all fiddle-de-dee;  
They may copy my style till all's blue, but they won't discombobulate me.  
Names and metres is anyone's props; but of one thing they don't get the 'ang;  
They ain't fly to good patter, old pal, they ain't copped the straight griffin on slang.

'Tisn't grammar and spellin' makes patter, nor yet snips and snaps of snide talk.  
You may cut a moke out o' pitch-pine, mate, and paint it, but can't make it walk.

You may chuck a whole Slang Dixionary by chunks in a stodge-pot of chat,  
But if 'tish't \_alive\_, 'tain't chin-music, but kibosh, and corpsey at  
that.

Kerrectness be jolly well jiggered! Street slang isn't Science, dear pal,  
And it don't need no "glossery" tips to hinterpret my chat to my gal.  
I take wot comes 'andy permiskus, wotever runs sliok and fits in,  
And when smugs makes me out a "philolergist,"--snuffers! it do make me  
grin!

Still there's fitness, dear boy, and unfitness, and some of these jossers,  
jest now,  
Who himitate 'ARRY's few letters with weekly slapdabs of bow-wow,  
'Ave about as much "fit" in their "slang" as a slop-tailor's six-and-six  
bags.  
No, Yours Truly writes only to you, and don't spread \_hissself\_ out in the  
Mags.

\_Mister P.\_ prints my letters, occasional, once in a while like, dear boy;  
For patter's like love-letters, CHARLIE, too long and too frequent, they  
cloy.  
I agree there with \_Samivel Veller\_. My echoes I've no wish to stop,  
But I'd jest like to say 'tish't \_me\_ as is slopping' all over the shop.

It do give me the ditherums, CHARLIE, it makes me feel quite quisby snitch,  
To see the fair rush for a feller as soon as he's found a good pitch.  
Jest like anglers, old man, on the river; if one on 'em spots a prime swim,  
And is landing 'em proper, you bet arf the others'll crowd about \_him\_.

But there's law for the rodsters, I'm told, CHARLIE; so many foot left and  
right;  
And you'll see the punts spotted at distance, like squodrons of troops at  
a fight.  
But in Trade, Art, and Littery lines, CHARLIE, 'anged if there's any fair  
play,  
And the "cullerable himitation" is jest the disgrace of the day.

Sech scoots scurryfunging around on the gay old galoot, to go snacks  
In the profits of other folks' notions, have put you, old pal, in a wax.  
Never mind their shenanigan, CHARLIE; it don't do much hurt, anyhow;  
I was needled a trifle at fust, but I'm pooty scroodnoodleous now.

I'm all right and a arf, mate, I am, and ain't going' to rough up, no  
fear!  
Becos two or three second-hand 'ARRIES is tipping the public stale beer.  
The old tap'll turn on now and then, not too often, and as for the rest,  
The B.P. has a taste for sound tipple, and knows when it's served with  
the best.

If mine don't 'old its own on its merits, then way-oh! for someone's  
as does!  
All cop and no blue ain't my motter; that's all tommy-rot and buz-wuz.  
The pace of a yot must depend on her lines and the canvas she'll carry;  
If rivals can crowd on more sail, wy they're welcome to overhaul 'ARRY.

\* \* \* \* \*

NOTICE.--Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS.,  
Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no



case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

End of the Project Gutenberg EBook of Punch, Or The London Charivari, Vol. 99., September 20, 1890, by Various

\*\*\* END OF THIS PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, VOL. 99 \*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\* This file should be named 12466.txt or 12466.zip \*\*\*\*\*

This and all associated files of various formats will be found in:  
<http://www.gutenberg.net/1/2/4/6/12466/>

Produced by Malcolm Farmer, William Flis, and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team.

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

Creating the works from public domain print editions 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-tm electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG-tm concept and trademark. Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for the eBooks, unless you receive specific permission. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the rules is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. They may be modified and printed and given away--you may do practically ANYTHING with public domain eBooks. 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-tm 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-tm License (available with this file or online at <http://gutenberg.net/license>).

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

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg-tm 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-tm electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg-tm 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-tm 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-tm electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg-tm 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-tm electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is in the public domain 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-tm mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg-tm works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg-tm 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-tm 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-tm work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country outside 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-tm License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg-tm 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 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.net](http://www.gutenberg.net)

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg-tm electronic work is derived from the public domain (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-tm trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg-tm 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-tm 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-tm License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg-tm.

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-tm 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-tm work in a format other than "Plain Vanilla ASCII" or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg-tm web site ([www.gutenberg.net](http://www.gutenberg.net)), 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-tm 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-tm 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-tm electronic works provided that

- You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg-tm works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg-tm 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-tm 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-tm 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-tm works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg-tm electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from both the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and Michael Hart, the owner of the Project Gutenberg-tm 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 public domain works in creating the Project Gutenberg-tm collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg-tm 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-tm trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg-tm 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 F3. 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-tm electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg-tm 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-tm work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg-tm work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

## Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg-tm

Project Gutenberg-tm 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, is critical to reaching Project Gutenberg-tm's goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg-tm 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-tm 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 web page at <http://www.pgla.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. Its 501(c)(3) letter is posted at <http://pglaf.org/fundraising>. 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 principal office is located at 4557 Melan Dr. S. Fairbanks, AK, 99712., but its volunteers and employees are scattered throughout numerous locations. Its business office is located at 809 North 1500 West, Salt Lake City, UT 84116, (801) 596-1887, email [business@pglaf.org](mailto:business@pglaf.org). Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's web site and official page at <http://pglaf.org>

For additional contact information:

Dr. Gregory B. Newby  
Chief Executive and Director  
[gbnewby@pglaf.org](mailto:gbnewby@pglaf.org)

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

Project Gutenberg-tm depends upon and cannot survive without wide spread 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 <http://pglaf.org>

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 including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: <http://pglaf.org/donate>

#### Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works.

Professor Michael S. Hart is the originator of the Project Gutenberg-tm concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared

with anyone. For thirty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg-tm eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

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

Each eBook is in a subdirectory of the same number as the eBook's eBook number, often in several formats including plain vanilla ASCII, compressed (zipped), HTML and others.

Corrected EDITIONS of our eBooks replace the old file and take over the old filename and etext number. The replaced older file is renamed. VERSIONS based on separate sources are treated as new eBooks receiving new filenames and etext numbers.

Most people start at our Web site which has the main PG search facility:

<http://www.gutenberg.net>

This Web site includes information about Project Gutenberg-tm, 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.

EBooks posted prior to November 2003, with eBook numbers BELOW #10000, are filed in directories based on their release date. If you want to download any of these eBooks directly, rather than using the regular search system you may utilize the following addresses and just download by the etext year.

<http://www.gutenberg.net/etext06>

(Or /etext 05, 04, 03, 02, 01, 00, 99, 98, 97, 96, 95, 94, 93, 92, 91 or 90)

EBooks posted since November 2003, with etext numbers OVER #10000, are filed in a different way. The year of a release date is no longer part of the directory path. The path is based on the etext number (which is identical to the filename). The path to the file is made up of single digits corresponding to all but the last digit in the filename. For example an eBook of filename 10234 would be found at:

<http://www.gutenberg.net/1/0/2/3/10234>

or filename 24689 would be found at:

<http://www.gutenberg.net/2/4/6/8/24689>

An alternative method of locating eBooks:

<http://www.gutenberg.net/GUTINDEX.ALL>

# Livros Grátis

( <http://www.livrosgratis.com.br> )

Milhares de Livros para Download:

[Baixar livros de Administração](#)

[Baixar livros de Agronomia](#)

[Baixar livros de Arquitetura](#)

[Baixar livros de Artes](#)

[Baixar livros de Astronomia](#)

[Baixar livros de Biologia Geral](#)

[Baixar livros de Ciência da Computação](#)

[Baixar livros de Ciência da Informação](#)

[Baixar livros de Ciência Política](#)

[Baixar livros de Ciências da Saúde](#)

[Baixar livros de Comunicação](#)

[Baixar livros do Conselho Nacional de Educação - CNE](#)

[Baixar livros de Defesa civil](#)

[Baixar livros de Direito](#)

[Baixar livros de Direitos humanos](#)

[Baixar livros de Economia](#)

[Baixar livros de Economia Doméstica](#)

[Baixar livros de Educação](#)

[Baixar livros de Educação - Trânsito](#)

[Baixar livros de Educação Física](#)

[Baixar livros de Engenharia Aeroespacial](#)

[Baixar livros de Farmácia](#)

[Baixar livros de Filosofia](#)

[Baixar livros de Física](#)

[Baixar livros de Geociências](#)

[Baixar livros de Geografia](#)

[Baixar livros de História](#)

[Baixar livros de Línguas](#)



[Baixar livros de Literatura](#)  
[Baixar livros de Literatura de Cordel](#)  
[Baixar livros de Literatura Infantil](#)  
[Baixar livros de Matemática](#)  
[Baixar livros de Medicina](#)  
[Baixar livros de Medicina Veterinária](#)  
[Baixar livros de Meio Ambiente](#)  
[Baixar livros de Meteorologia](#)  
[Baixar Monografias e TCC](#)  
[Baixar livros Multidisciplinar](#)  
[Baixar livros de Música](#)  
[Baixar livros de Psicologia](#)  
[Baixar livros de Química](#)  
[Baixar livros de Saúde Coletiva](#)  
[Baixar livros de Serviço Social](#)  
[Baixar livros de Sociologia](#)  
[Baixar livros de Teologia](#)  
[Baixar livros de Trabalho](#)  
[Baixar livros de Turismo](#)