

Punch, Or The London Charivari, Vol. 100. March 7, 1891.

Various

The Project Gutenberg EBook of Punch, Or The London Charivari, Vol. 100. March 7, 1891., 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

Title: Punch, Or The London Charivari, Vol. 100. March 7, 1891.

Author: Various

Release Date: August 15, 2004 [EBook #13185]

Language: English

Character set encoding: ASCII

*** START OF THIS PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH ***

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

PUNCH,

OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

VOL. 100.

March 7, 1891.

VOCES POPULI.

IN A FOG.--A REMINISCENCE OF THE PAST MONTH.

SCENE--_Main Thoroughfare near Hyde Park. Time 8 P.M. Nothing visible anywhere, but very much audible; horses slipping and plunging, wheels grinding, crashes, jolts, and English as she

Livros Grátis

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

Milhares de livros grátis para download.

is spoke on such occasions._

Mrs. Flusters (_who is seated in a brougham with her husband, on their way to dine with some friends in Cromwell Road_). We shall be dreadfully late, I know we shall! I'm sure PEACOCK could go faster than this if he liked--he always loses his head when there's much traffic. Do tell him to make haste!

Mr. F. Better let him alone--he knows what he's doing.

Mrs. F. I don't believe he does, or he wouldn't dawdle like this. If you won't speak to him, I must. (_Lets down the glass and puts out her head._) PEACOCK!

A Blurred Shadow on the Box. Yes, M'm.

Mrs. F.. What are we stopping for like this?

The Shadow. Fog very thick just 'ere, M'm. Can't see what's in front of us, M'm.

Mrs. F. It's just as safe to keep moving as to stand still--go on at once.

The S. Very good, M'm. (_To horse._) Pull urp! [_Crash!_

Voice from the Unseen. What the blanky blank, &c.

Peacock. There _is_ suthin in front, M'm. A van, from 'is langwich, M'm.

Mrs. F. (_sinking back_). MARMADUKE, this is awful. I'd no idea the fog was like this--or I should never have--(_With temper._) Really, people have no _right_ to ask one out on such a night.

Mr. F. (_with the common-sense that makes him "so aggravating at times."_) Well, FANNY, you could hardly expect 'em to foresee the weather three weeks ahead!

Mrs. F. At all events, _you_ might have seen what it was going to be as you came home from the Temple. Then we could have sent a telegram!

Mr. F. It seemed to be lifting then, and besides, I--ah--regard a dinner-engagement as a species of kindly social contract, not to be broken except under pressing necessity.

Mrs. F. You mean you heard me say there was nothing but cold meat in the house, and you know you'll get a good dinner at the CORDON-BLEWITTS,--not that we are likely to get there to-night. Have you any idea whereabouts we are?

Mr. F. (_calmly_). None whatever.

Mrs. F. Then ask PEACOCK.

Mr. F. (_lets down his window, and leans out_). PEACOCK!

The Shadow. Sir?

Mr. F. Where have we got to now?

Peacock. I ain't rightly sure, Sir.

Mrs. F. Tell him to turn round, and go home.

Mr. F. It's no use going on like this. Turn back.

Peacock. I dursn't leave the kerb--all I got to go by, Sir.

Mr. F. Then take one of the lamps, and lead the horse.

Peacock. It's the _young_ 'orse, Sir.

Mr. F. (_sinking back_). We must put up with it, I suppose.

[A smart crack is heard at the back of the carriage.]

More Voices. Now, then, why the blanky dash, &c., &c.

Mrs. F. MARMADUKE, I can't sit here, and know that a bus-pole may come between us at any moment. Let us get out, and take a cab home at once.

Mr. F. There's only one objection to that suggestion--viz., that it's perfectly impossible to tell a cab from a piano-organ. We must find out where we are first, and then turn. PEACOCK, drive on as well as you can, and stop when you come to a shop.

Mrs. F. What do you want to stop at a shop for?

Mr. F. Why, then I can go in, and ask where we _are_.

Mrs. F. And how do you expect _them_ to know where we are! (_She sees a smear of light in the distance._) MARMADUKE, there's a linkman. Get out quick, and hire him to lead the way.

Mr. F. (_who gets out, and follows in the direction of the light, grumbling to himself_). Hallo!--not past the Park yet--here's the railings! Well, if I keep close to them, I shall--(_He suddenly collides with a bench._) Phew! Oh, confound it! (_He rubs his shins._) Now, if it hadn't been for FANNY, I--Where's that linkman? Hi!--you there!--stop! (_The light stops._) Look here--I want you to come to my carriage, and show my man the way out of this!

Voice from behind the Railings. We got to find our _own_ way out fust, Guv'nor. We're _inside_!

A Belated Reveller (_lurching up to Mr. F._) Beg your pardon, bur cou' you dreck me nearesht way--er--Dawshon Plashe?

Mr. F. (_savagely_). First turning to the right, third to the left, and then straight on till you come to it!

The B.R.. I'm exsheedingly 'blished; (_confidentially_) fact ish, I'm shuffrin' shli' 'fection eyeshi', an' I 'shure you, can't shее anyshing dishtingly to-ni'. (_He cannons against a lamp-post, to which he clings affectionately, as a Policeman emerges from the gloom._)

Policeman. Now then, what are you doing 'ere, eh?

The B.R. Itsh all ri', P'lishman, thish gerrilman--(_patting lamp-post affectionately_)--has kindly promised shee me home.

Mr. F. Hang it! Where's PEACOCK and the brougham? (_He discovers a phantom vehicle by the kerb, and gets in angrily._) Now, look here, my dear, it's no earthly good--!

Occupant of the Brougham (_who is_ not FANNY). Coward, touch a defenceless woman if you dare! I have nothing on me of any value. Help! Police!

[_Mr. F., seeing that explanation is useless, lets himself out again, precipitately, dodges the Policeman, and bolts, favoured by the fog, until all danger of pursuit is passed, at the end of which time he suddenly realises that it is perfectly hopeless to attempt to find his own carriage again. He gropes his way home, and some hours later, after an extemporised cold supper, is rejoined by his Wife._

Mrs. F. (_cheerfully_). So there you are, MARMADUKE! I wasn't anxious--I felt sure you'd find your way back somehow!

Mr. F. (_not in the best of tempers_). Find my way back! It was the only thing I could do. But where have _you_ been all this time, FANNY?

Mrs. F. Where? Why, at the BLEWITTS, to be sure! You see, after you got out, we had to keep moving on, and by-and-by the fog got better, and we could see where we were going to,--and the BLEWITTS had put off dinner half an hour, so I was not so _very_ late. Such a _nice_ dinner! Everybody turned up except _you_, MARMADUKE--but I _told_ them how it was. Oh, and old Lady HOREHOUND was there, and said a man had actually got into her brougham, and tried to wrench off one of her bracelets!--only she spoke to him so severely that he was struck with remorse, or something, and got out again! And it was by the Park, _close_ to where you left me. Just fancy, MARMADUKE, he might have got into the carriage with _me_, instead!

Mr. F. (_gloomily_). Yes, he _might_--only, he--er--_didn't_, you know!

* * * * *

[Illustration: BITING SARCASM.

Gentleman with the Broom (_who has inadvertently splashed the Artist's favourite Shipwreck_). "OW YUS! I SUPPOSE YER THINK YE'RE THE PRESIDENT O' THE ROY'L ACADEMY! A SETTIN THERE IN THE LAP ER LUXURY!!"]

* * * * *

[Illustration: "A GOOD LITTLE 'UN IS BETTER THAN A BAD BIG 'UN."--(_P.R. Maxim._)

A BIT OF MODERN BOXIANA.]

"110-Ton Guns do not count for any practical purpose.... These monsters are the laughing-stock of everyone who takes the smallest interest in the subject. They are quite indefensible, and not worth making, even if they were unobjectionable, for the simple reason that everything we require can be done by smaller weapons.... It is believed that more of these useless monsters are to be made by way of reserve. It is an insane policy, designed simply to save somebody's amour propre, and we still hope to hear from Lord GEORGE HAMILTON that it has been abandoned."--"The Times" on the Naval Estimates.

"That a good little 'un is better than a bad big 'un," is an old and accepted maxim amongst the really knowing ones of the P.R. It is one, however, that now, as of yore, swell backers, self-conceited amateurs, and other pugilistic jugginses are apt to ignore or forget.

Where, we wonder, would the slab-sided "Sprawleybridge Babe" or the shambling "Baldnob the Titan" have been in front of the small but active and accomplished "Duodecimo Dumps"? Why, where the vaunted "Benicia Boy" would have been after fifty rounds with TOM SAYERS--with his "Auctioneer" in full play. In fact, when a good little 'un meets a bad big 'un, it is very soon a case--with the latter--of "bellows to mend," or "there he goes; with his eye out!"

These remarks have been suggested by recent revelations concerning that much over-rated pet of the mugs--the "Woolwich Whopper," alias the "Elswick Folly," alias HAMILTON's "Novice."

The "W.W." always was a fraud, and, for all his lumbering bulk and "MOLINEAUX-like" capacity of "tatur-trap," never could train on soundly, or--figuratively speaking--"spank a hole in a pound of butter." Many cleverish trainers, and still more ambitious backers of the "Corinthian Jay" species, have had a shy, professionally or monetarily, at the "Woolwich Whopper," and invariably with disastrous results. The "W.W.," though big enough in all conscience, is not of sound constitution, nor of the true wear-and-tear sort, is very difficult (and expensive) to train, and when brought fairly up to the scratch is certain to go bang to pieces after the first few rounds, if these are at all of a hot-and-hot character.

Still there are--worse luck!--certain parties connected, more or less, with the P.R. who--whether from interest, vanity, or sheer cussedness, still pin their faith to this "huge, lumbering, soft, long-shanked, top-heavy, shambling, thump-shirking Son of a Gun," as NOBBY NUPKINS, of the Nautical Division, pithily called him the other day. If some of these credulous or conceited coves had witnessed the little trial "scrap" which took place recently (on the strict Q.T.), at the "Admiral's Head," in the presence of Mr. JOHN B-LL (the famous P.R. referee), between the vaunted "Whopper" and a smart and handy light-weight known as "Quickfire," their owl-eyes might, having been a little opened, and their peacock-strut a bit modified.

The "Woolwich Whopper," for all his height and overwhelming weight, seemed to toe the scratch with awkward reluctance. He put up his dukes very fumblingly, and his attitude was decidedly of the "head-over-tip" character. Young "Quickfire," on the contrary, was erect as a dart, nimble on his pins as a girl at her first dance, and smart in delivery as a newly-promoted Postman, or the Parcels Express. He was all over his man in a brace of shakes, and the "Whopper," who looked as though

he could have knocked holes in him _if_ he could have hit him, could hardly land a "little one in" once in the course of a round, and then it was so short that it would hardly have brushed a bumble-bee off a buttercup.

The respected Referee, who watched the dust-up with careful interest, was much pleased with the promise of the smart light-weight, "Quickfire," who seems to have in him the makings of a fine fighter. Mr. B-LL did not disguise his disgust at the feeble figure cut by the "Whopper," about whose pretensions to first-class form, let alone Champion honours, it is to be hoped we shall hear little more for the future.

[_Mem._--_Mr. Punch_ suspects that the above edifying and idiomatic homily was intended for some sporting contemporary, but, with his accustomed courtesy, he gives it for what it is worth.]

* * * * *

TO A COMPLIMENTARY COUNSEL.

["Here the Plaintiff met the Defendant, who formed a strong attachment for her, at which he (the learned Counsel), did not wonder."--_Extract from a recent Report._]

The Plaintiff she was very fair--
I'd very gladly make a verse on
Her face, her smile, her eyes, her hair,
Her comely and attractive person.
Last year a gentleman had stormed
Her heart and swore that nought should sunder
The strong attachment he had formed,
At which you said you "_did not wonder!_"

Oh! tell me was it quite the thing,
Of prudence shamelessly defiant,
In such a pointed way to sing
The praises of your pretty client.
Had she been ugly--yes, or plain,
Would you have reckoned it your duty
To say how much it caused you pain
To look and mark her lack of beauty?

Perhaps you meant the words you said,
'Twould be amusing to discover
If she had really turned your head,
And in her lawyer found a lover.
Yet even should this be the case,
You cannot well escape supporting
This statement--that it's not the place
In open Court to go a-courting.

When next a lady comes to say
That He and She at last have parted,
And that she'll make the villain pay
For having left her broken-hearted,
You'll recollect that in the Breach
Of Promise Case, you must not blunder,

But mention in your opening speech
That at his love you _do not wonder_.

* * * * *

[Illustration: RECOGNITION OF MERIT.

The M Dougall, L.C.C. (_to Cambridge Don_). "WELL DONE! THE SPINSTER
TO THE SPINNING HOUSE! You ARE INDEED A PROCTOR AND A BROTHER!"]

* * * * *

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Quiet Mrs. Fleming is very nearly being a good novel of the kind with which "once upon a time" Mr. F.C. PHILIPS used to delight us. Mr. RICHARD PRYCE's _Quiet Mrs. F._ might perhaps be placed in the same category with F.C.P.'s. _Little Mrs. Murray_, which was not by any means the Author's best. The story, like the Consols, is good enough for those who don't want much interest for their money. It may be safely recommended as a pleasant companion during a railway journey. The Baron does not consider that _The Quiet Mrs. F._ will make much noise in the novel-reading world.

A coloured leaflet, of autumnal tint, commands me, in the tone of a Wellington dispatch, to "order early" a new "Family Magazine," entitled, _Golden Gates_, edited by JOHN STRANGE WINTER. "I have not yet seen it," says the Baron, "but wish the adventurous pennyworth every possible success." Its bill of contents announces "a complete story," by the editress, and also a "complete novelette," by Mrs. LOVETT CAMERON. This looks well for the first number; and an editor's motto must be, "Take care of Number One." I suppose in each number there will be "A Winter's Tale."

Interesting reading for the Baron and his friends the Public, is Mr. ANDERSON's article, entitled _Studies in Illustrated Journalism_, in this month's _Magazine of Art_. Mr. ANDERSON is a trifle inaccurate in some details of his pleasantly-written and generally trustworthy sketch of the history of _Mr. Punch_, on which it is needless for the Baron to dwell _hic et nunc_. The Baron remembers the dapper, sportingly-attired "little HOWARD," who had the reputation of being "LEECH's only pupil," but who was never one of _Mr. Punch's_ Staff Officers. In the same number of this Magazine is a brief, but carefully written notice of the Baron's old friend, _convive_, and fellow-worker on _Mr. Punch's_ staff, CHARLES KEENE. "A superb Artist," writes Mr. SPIELMAN, "pure and simple"--true this, in every sense--"the greatest master of line in black and white that will live for many years to come." The engraving that accompanies this notice of our old friend is not a striking likeness of "CARLO," but it exactly reproduces his thoughtful attitude, with his pipe in his hand, so familiar to all his associates.

Hereby and herewith thanks-a-many are returned to the "Bibliographer," who is also the Secretary of the Sette of Odd Volumes, for his charming little _brochure_ about _Robert Houdin, his Life and Magical Deeds_, by his truly,

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

* * * * *

A "STERNE" TRUTH (as to conviction under The Embezzlement and Larceny Act, 1861).--"They order this matter better in France."

* * * * *

MR. PUNCH'S PRIZE NOVELS.

NO. XV.--SONOGUN.

(BY MISS REDNA TRIAL, AUTHOR OF "WEE JEW;" "A LARDY HORSEMAN"; "SPUN BY PRATING," &C., &C., &C.)

"I think you will like this book," writes the fair Author; "its tone is elevated and its intention good. The philosophic infidel must be battered into belief by the aid of philosophy mingled with kindness. Take KENAN, HAECKEL, HUXLEY, STRAUSS, and DRAPER--the names, I mean; it is quite useless and might do harm to read their books,--shake them up together and make into a paste, add some poetical excerpts of a moral tendency, and spread thick over a violent lad smarting under a sense of demerit justly scorned, Turn him out into the world, then scrape clean and return him to his true friends. Cards, race-meetings, and billiards may be introduced ad lib., also passion, prejudice, a faithful dog, and an infant prattler. Death-scenes form an effective relief. I have several which only need a touch or two to be complete. That is the way to please the publishers and capture the public. Try it, and let me know what you think.--R.T.]

CHAPTER I.

Ah me, how shall we know the true,
How mark the old, how fix the new?
Or teach the babe in arms to say,
"Base, bold, bad boys are cheap to-day"?

NARR. _The White Witch_.

[Illustration]

SONOGUN scarcely knew what to do. He had been up all day, wandering about the lanes which surrounded the family mansion. A fitful light blazed in his magnificent eyes, his brow contracted until it assumed that peculiarly battered expression which is at once characteristic of a bent penny and consistent with the most sublime beauty. To be properly appreciated he must be adequately described. Imagine then a young man of twenty, who was filled with the bitterest hatred of the world, which he had forsworn two years ago, on being expelled from school for gambling. There was about him an air of haughty reserve and of indifference which was equally haughty. This it was his habit to assume in order to meet any neighbours who happened to meet him, and the result naturally was that he was not so popular as some inferior beings who were less haughty. In fact he had a very short way with his relations, for whose benefit he kept a shell into which he frequently retired. He was dangerously handsome, in the Italian style, and often played five bars of music over and over again, with one finger,

to please his mother. Some women thought he was an Apollo, others described him as an Adonis, but everybody invariably ended or began by calling him an ancient Roman. He was sarcastic, satiric, and very strong. Indeed, on one occasion, he absolutely broke the feathers on a hand-screen, and on another he cracked three walnuts in succession without looking up. But, oh, the sufferings that young heart had undergone. Slapped by his nurse, reproved by his mother, expelled by his schoolmaster, and shunned by the society of the country-side, it was small wonder that the brave soul revolted against its fellow-men, and set its jaws in a proud resolve to lash the unfeeling world with the contempt of a spirit bruised beyond the power of such lotions as the worldly-wise recommended for the occasion. He whistled to his dog Stray, and clenched his fists in impotent anger. An expression of gentleness stole over his features. The idea was suggestive. He, too, the proud, the honourable, the upright would steal, and thus punish the world. He looked into his make-up box. It contained bitter defiance, angry scorn, and a card-sharper's pack of cards. He took them out; and thus SONOGUN, the expelled atheist, made up his mind.

CHAPTER II.

On the green table of life the cards fall in many ways, and the proud king often has to bow his head before the meek and unassuming ace.--BINNS.

AND now began for SONOGUN a time of moral stress and torture such as he had never anticipated. It is an old saying, and perhaps (who knows?) a truism, that virtue is its own reward, not, perhaps, the reward that ambitious people look for, but the easy consciousness of superiority which comes to those who feel themselves to be on a higher level than the rest of the world, which struggles on a lower level. Another philosopher, nameless, but illustrious, has declared, in burning words, that "Honesty is the best policy," best in some form, perhaps hardly understood now, but no less real because we are unable to appraise it in the current coin of the realm over which Her Most Gracious Majesty, whom may Heaven preserve, holds sway. But SONOGUN had never thought of Heaven. To him, young, proud, gloomy, and moody, Heaven had seemed only--(Several chapters of theological disquisition omitted.--ED.) The click of the billiard-balls maddened him, the sight of a cue made him rave like a maniac. One evening he was walking homeward to Drury Lane. He had given his coat to a hot-potato-man, deeming it, in his impulsive way, a bitter satire on the world's neglect, that the senseless tubers should have jackets, while their purveyor lacked a coat. The rain was pouring down, but it mattered little to him. He had wrapped himself in that impenetrable mantle of cold scorn, and thus he watched with a moody air the crowd of umbrella-carrying respectabilities, who hurried on their way without a thought of him. Suddenly some one slapped him on the back, and, as he turned round, he found himself face to face with a couple of seedy-looking gentlemen.

"I perceive," began SONOGUN, "that you hate the world, having suffered much injustice from it."

"We do; we have!" was the cordial reply.

"I, too," continued SONOGUN, "have many grievances. But tell me who and what are you?"

"Our names are unknown even to ourselves," replied his new friends, for friends he felt them to be. "By profession we are industrial knights. That should be sufficient.

"It is;--more than sufficient," said the proud, honourable young man, "I will be one of you. We will take it out of the world together."

The bargain thus made was soon ratified. They procured cards, SONOGUN whistled to his dog _Stray_, and they all set out together to the nearest railway station to pick up their victims. This is the usual method, and thus card-sharpers are manufactured.

CHAPTER III.

Nay, this is truth, though heart-strings break,
And youth with gloomy brows hears:--
Howe'er you try, you shall not make
Silk purses out of sows' ears.

W. BRAUN, _Soul-tatters_.

In the present there is absolute redemption. Though a gulf should yawn, go not you to sleep, but rub your eyes; be up and doing.--JAKES.

In the meantime, SONOGUN's cousin, ACIS ARRANT, generally known to his jocular intimates as Knave ARRANT, had been living in luxury with his cousin's weak mother, whom he had contrived to marry. To effect this, however, he had been compelled to tear a will into little pieces, and had, at the same time, ruined that peace of his mind which he often gave to SONOGUN. The unfortunate consequence was, that SONOGUN did not value it in the least, and always returned it to him. And thus the relations of the two men, who should have been friends, the guardian and the ward, were always on a hostile footing, which only the most delicate handling could have healed. ACIS was not happy. When his glass told him he was old, he had no repartee ready, and could only speculate gloomily on the disagreeable fate which had compelled him to take part in a modern novel, and had evidently told him off to pass away into the unseen in Chapter 40.

But, of course, GLADYS and her father, the doctor, knew nothing about all this. GLADYS always looked happy; her hair, her mouth, her eyes, her ears, even her little unformed nose, all looked as happy as possible. She was a pleasant little patent moraliser, with a double escapement action for great occasions. On this evening all the family was gathered together, including the inevitable infant, whose prattle serves to soothe the gloomy perversity of morose heroes. On such an evening as this SONOGUN had seen them all years ago, and, though he was standing in the garden and all the windows were shut, he had heard every single whisper of the family conversation. The Doctor seemed to be troubled, and GLADYS came up to him in her caressing way.

"My dear," he said, simply, "SONOGUN is in trouble, and we must rescue him." No more was said, but the next moment GLADYS and her father had left by the London express.

CHAPTER IV.

All things are fair that are not dark;

Yet all are dark that are not fair.
And the same cat that slays the lark,
Itself is often killed by care.--BOHER.

SONOGUN had seen a notice in a railway-carriage. "Beware of card-sharpers" was printed upon it, and it flashed upon him, with the force of a revelation, that it must be meant for him. Once more he made up his mind. He would fly. Fear lent him a spare pair of second-hand wings. He whistled to his dog _Stray_, and having thrown HAECKEL and RENAN out of the window, he flapped twice, and then soared up, _Stray_ following as best he could. It was very dark, and the clouds were threatening. For a long time he avoided them, but at length he fell into a particularly damp one, and would inevitably have been drowned, had not the sagacious _Stray_ brought men to his assistance. And thus SONOGUN, the scoffer, the agnostic, the moody, gloomy, morose, cast-iron, Roman-faced misanthrope, got home. That same evening he changed his clothes and his character, and on the following day married GLADYS.

THE END.

* * * * *

"QUITE NEW AND ORIGINAL."

[Illustration: Infants in Arms.]

The fencing Lecture, entitled, _The Story of Swordsmanship_, seems to have been so great a success, last Wednesday, at the Lyceum, as to have aroused the ire of some Music-hall Managers, who earnestly contend that the Stage of the Theatre, that is, of the Drama _pur et simple_, very pure _et_ very simple, should not be used or misused for the purpose of giving an entertainment, which, though given without scenes, was yet "illustrated with cuts."

It is highly probable that this offensive and defensive subject will be followed by other lectures more, perhaps, in keeping with theatrical tradition. We will not give our authority for this statement, but may intimate that that eminent professor of the P.R. and P.M.N.A.S.D., known within certain circles as _The Slogger_, will, at no very distant date, give at one of our most popular theatres a lecture, the first of a series, on _Pugilism and the Drama_.

Tickets, of course, to be obtained at the Box-office. The subject of the first Lecture will be _Box and Fighting Cocks_.

Among other things the eloquent professor will draw the attention of his audience to what a change in the history of the Stage, nay, perhaps, in the history of the world, would have occurred if to _Box's_ inquiry as to his pugilistic capacity, _Cox_ had replied, "I can!" and had there and then thrown himself, like _Mr. Pickwick_ "into a paralytic attitude," and exclaimed, "Come on!" an invitation which the challenger would have been bound in honour to accept. The Lecturer will practically show how "to make a hit," and give an example from the life of the "early closing movement." The Lecture will be interspersed with songs, such as "_Black Eyes and Blue Eyes_," "_Hand and Glove_," "_Ring! Ring!_" "_The Hymn to Floorer_" a part-song, by four choristers, and "_Me-fist-O's song_" from _Faust_. Perhaps the next Lecture on the some subject will be given at _The Umpire

Theatre_.

* * * * *

AN OLD CRY REVIVED (_unpalatable to the French Painters and Patriots).--"A Berlin! a Berlin!_"

* * * * *

SHAKSPEARE AND THE UNMUSICAL GLASSES.

Mr. PINERO, in his letter to the _D.T._, complained that, should the Music Halls obtain their wicked way, through the incompetence of the County Council to deal with the matter--(but is not DRURIOLANUS a Counti-Councillarius, and ready to see justice done to the poor player, author, (and manager alike? Sure-ly!)--then a play at a Hall of Music (they used to be "Caves of Harmony" in THACKERAY's time, and the principal Hall of Music was SAM HALL) will be heard between "a puff at a cigar and a sip from a glass." Well, but what piece can get on without a puff or so? Would not a good cigar during a good piece be an additional "draw?" We have "Smoking Concerts"; why not "Smoking Theatricals"? _But how about the Ladies?_ Years ago there were no smoking-carriages on the Railways. And what nowadays is the proportion of smoking to non-smoking compartments? Very small. The Ladies will decide this question. _But how about the Actors?_ In modern pieces they never lose an opportunity of smoking. Why shouldn't the cigar be introduced into Shakspearian revivals? Anachronism to the winds!--which is a polite way of expressing "Anachronism be blowed!" 'Baccy be blowed too. Sir WALTER RALEIGH would have approved its introduction in Elizabethan days. In _Twelfth Night_ for example, the line, "Help me to some light," is suggestive; so, also, in _Macbeth_ --"Give us a light, then"--out comes the cigar. _Titus Andronicus_ might be revived, with a view to inaugurating the innovation, and the line, "Some of you shall smoke," would be the signal for the production of many a cigar-case in point. _Hamlet_ could, perhaps, find some authority for reading the line, "Will you play upon this pipe?" as, "Will you smoke this pipe?" And the other actor would reply, "Certainly--and thank you, my Lord, I have one of my own." Mr. EDWARD TERRY has no objection to _The Churchwarden_ in his theatre, and his Churchwarden drew very well. However, we've had this discussion before. Will it end this time, as it has hitherto done, in smoke? Let us suppose a Shakspearian play under the proposed conditions:--

[Illustration: "Can you play upon this pipe?"]

SCENE II.--_Capulet's Garden. After ROMEO's soliloquy, which, perhaps, has produced a thirstiness among the audience, resulting in several orders for drinks having been given, JULIET appears on balcony._

"_Juliet_. Ah, me!" [_Popping of corks, and striking of matches._

"_Romeo_. She speaks!--"

Fascinating Female Attendant in Stalls. One whiskey, Sir?

"_Romeo_. Oh, speak again, bright angel!"

Thirsty Party in Stalls. No; I said B. and S.--bring it quick.

"_Romeo_ (_continuing_). As is a winged messenger of heaven."

Second Fascinating Attendant. Which Gent ordered gin-sling? (_No one pays any attention. Attendant sees a mild man listening as earnestly as he can to the play_.) Did you order a sling, Sir?

Earnest Listener (_irritably_). No, no--I don't want anything. There, I've lost the last part of ROMEO's speech.

[_Steels himself against further distractions, and tries to concentrate all his attention on the play._

"_Juliet_. O, ROMEO! ROMEO! wherefore art thou, ROMEO?" &c.

"_Romeo_ (_aside_). Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?"

Excited Somebody (_in distant Stall, beckoning to Second Attendant_). Here! Hi! Here! I ordered gin-sling.

Second Attendant (_much relieved_). Oh, you was it? D'you mind stretchin' across--(_To gorgeous, eveningly-attired Lady, in row between_). Beg pardon.

Gorgeous Lady (_horribly disturbed_). She'll spill it--you'll spill it--CHARLEY, why don't you--

Charles (_her Friend_). Here! (_To Fascinating Attendant as politely as possible_). Can't you go round with it--

Few Ancient Playgoers. Sssh! Sssh!

Second Attendant (_to distant Customer_). I'll bring it. 'Scuse me.

[_Retraces her fascinating steps along front row. Chaff--exclamations--near and distant poppings of corks, striking of matches, and other accompaniments to JULIET's speech._

And so forth, _ad libitum_. The same thing going on all over the house during the remainder of the Shakspearean play.

* * * * *

[Illustration: "L'INVITATION A LA VALSE."

She. "BUT YOU DON'T KNOW MY NAME! WHAT HAVE YOU PUT DOWN ON YOUR CUFF!"

He. "OH, I'VE PUT DOWN 'PEARL NECKLACE.'"

She. "BUT THERE ARE LOTS OF PEARL NECKLACES HERE!"

He. "YES; BUT I'VE ALSO PUT DOWN 'SMALL AND RATHER TIGHT'--I MEAN THE _NECKLACE_, YOU KNOW!"

* * * * *

THE GREAT WHALING EXPEDITION.

LATEST VERSION.

BY BILLY (H. SM-TH), _THE (ST. STEPHEN'S) BO'SEN_.

'Twas in Ninety One, d'ye see,
 Brave boys!
With SOLLY I did sa-a-a-ail,
 When one Monday night
 We went out--_not_ to fight,
But we went for to catch a Whale.
 Brave boys!
We went for to catch a Whale!

There was dirty weather about,
 Brave boys!
Trade-winds was blowin' a ga-a-a-le,
 When the Skipper sings out,
 As we chopped about,
"My eyes! there goes _such_ a Whale!
 Brave boys!
Dear eyes I there goes _such_ a Whale!"

It were the whoppingest Whale,
 Brave boys!
As ever whisked a ta-a-a-il;
 In the trough o' the sea
 It was Labouring free.
And a lashin' the waves like a flail,
 Brave boys!
A lashin' the waves like a flail.

We had heard o' that Whale afore,
 Brave boys!
Says SOLLY, "I'll go ba-a-a-ail,
 The Rads would roar
 If that monster they sor-r!
But _we_ want to catch that Whale,
 Brave boys!
We want to catch that Whale!

"Young GRANDOLPH[1] has kep' a look-out
 Brave boys!
Wich it weren't of no awa-a-a-il.
 Brum JOEY[1], no doubt,
 Is a-cruisin' about,
But _they_ mustn't catch that Whale,
 Brave boys!
No, _they_ mustn't catch that Whale."

There was only me and SOLLY,
 Brave boys!
In that boat, with never a sa-a-a-il;
 And, it may seem folly,
 But we both was jolly,
For we meant for to catch that Whale,
 Brave boys!
We meant for to _catch_ that Whale!

No harpoon, or such tackle _we_ took.
 Brave boys!
For we knowed they was no ava-a-a-il.
 No, we went for to look
 For that Whale--_with a hook_.
That's how we went for that Whale,
 Brave boys!
That's how _we_ went for that Whale!

We knowed that a sprat was _the_ bait,
 Brave boys!
What was never knowed for to fa-a-a-il.
 So the sprat _I_ throwed,
 Whilst SOLLY, _he_ rowed,
That's how we angled for that Whale,
 Brave boys!
That's how we angled for that Whale!

He lashed, and he dashed, and he splashed,
 Brave boys!
And he _spouted_ on a werry big sca-a-a-le.
 But the skipper, he still held on,
 And that sprat what I have telled on,
I dangled,--for to catch that Whale,
 Brave boys!
I dangled,--for to catch that Whale!

"Strike! turn yer winch, pull in yer line!
 Brave boys!
(Sings out SOLLY) and yer prize you'll na-a-a-ill!"
 Then a rummy thing did 'appen
 Wich amazed me and the Cap'en;
I struck,--but so did that Whale,
 Brave boys!
I _struck_--but so did that Whale!

We found he was the better at a _Strike_,
 Brave boys!
Fhwisk! He hit us _such_ a wallop with his ta-a-a-il.
 With my hook, sprat, tackle too
 He just vanished from our view.
So--_we_ haven't yet caught that Whale_,
 Brave boys!
No,--_we_ haven't yet caught that Whale!_

[Footnote 1: Supposed to be rival whaling captains.]

* * * * *

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.--The name of the "unknown steamer laden with gums and ivory," reported as having passed down the Congo last week, has been discovered to be _The Dentist_.

* * * * *

[Illustration: "A SPRAT TO CATCH A WHALE!"]

* * * * *

[Illustration: MOST EXTRAORDINARY.

Dismounted Sportsman. "NOW, HOW THE DEUCE DID MY HAT MANAGE TO GET UP THERE?"]

* * * * *

THE LATEST IN TELEGRAMS.

(_SEE DAILY PAPERS PASSIM._)

[ALL FROM THE RAZZLE-DAZZLE AGENCY.]

HUKIEWAUKIE, _February 28_.

An extraordinary incident has just stirred the heart of this populous Western centre to its depths. Some fifteen years ago Colonel ZACHARY B. DIBBS, one of the most prominent citizens of Hukiewaukie (then a mere collection of log-huts), disappeared without leaving any address to which his letters and papers were to be forwarded. Mrs. DIBBS, who was then about to give birth to the seventh scion of the house of DIBBS, was inconsolable, and ordered the fish-ponds in the vicinity to be subjected to a rigorous scrutiny. All her conjugal efforts proved fruitless, the missing Colonel was nowhere to be found, and, after a decent interval spent in the wearing of widow's weeds, Mrs. DIBBS was led to the local registrar's office by Sheriff's Deputy ORLANDO T. STRUGGLES. Time went on, and five flourishing STRUGGLESES were added by the former Mrs. DIBBS to the population of the town. On Thursday last, however, Colonel DIBBS was discovered by his eldest son, Mr. JERNIAH N. DIBBS, the well-known notary public, sitting in his familiar seat in the Fifth Street Saloon, drinking rum-shrub out of a tumbler. An explanation followed. Sheriff's Deputy STRUGGLES, in the handsomest manner, offered to resign all claim to the possession of the Colonel's spouse. The Colonel, however, would not hear of this. Finally it was decided to spin a five-dollar green-back for the lady. An inopportune gust of wind, however, carried off the fateful money, and the momentous question is still undecided. The Colonel has announced his intention of continuing a bachelor, even if he has to fight the matter up to the Supreme Court, and a large majority of the inhabitants of the town are willing to support him, with a view to making this a test case.

MUNCHAUSENVILLE, _March 2_.

Yesterday, as one of the chief tiger-purveyors of this city was engaged in exercising his _troupe_ of fiery, untamed tigers, in the main street, two of the ferocious animals escaped from the string which has usually been found sufficient for their confinement. A general stampede of the inhabitants immediately followed, the majority finding refuge in the bar of the recently constructed Hotel Columbia, Mayor MADDERLEY and his amiable consort were, however, not so fortunate. The Mayor, being shortsighted, mistook the two denizens of the jungle for a couple of performing poodles, to whose training he had devoted much of his leisure, and who, as it happened, were at that precise moment expected on their return from the post-office, with the Mayor's mail in their mouths--a trick which had often amused the Mayor's friends. Mr. MADDERLEY advanced to stroke his supposed pets,

and was much surprised to find himself torn in pieces before he had time to send for the city mace. Mrs. MADDERLEY, a stout, plethoric lady, would have been the next victim, had she not, with extraordinary presence of mind, declared herself dead the moment the animals approached her. This deceit (which, however, has been the subject of grave censure in many pulpits,) saved her life. Maddened by the taste of blood, the tigers next attacked Mr. LARIAT's grocery store. Here, however, they met their match in an army of Gorgonzola cheeses, which broke from their shelves, attacked the intruders with wonderful fury, and in ten minutes had so far subdued them that their owner was able to recapture them, and lead them home. The obsequies of Mr. MADDERLEY's shoes and his umbrella--all that was left of the unhappy Mayor--have just taken place amidst universal demonstrations of sympathy. The funeral _cortege_ took an hour to pass a given point. Widow MADDERLEY proposes to sue the owner of her late husband's assassins.

LYNCHVILLE, _March 3_.

Two brothers, named respectively JOHN and THOMAS, quarrelled here yesterday about the ownership of a clasp-knife. They drew their revolvers at the same instant, and fired at a distance of two paces. Strangely enough the two deadly bullets met in the air, and, their force being exactly equal, they stopped dead and dropped to the ground, whence they were afterwards picked up and presented to the trustees of the Lynchville Museum of Fine Art. Nothing daunted, the fraternal contestants set to work with their bowie-knives, and were only separated after JOHN had inflicted on THOMAS ten mortal wounds and received from him one less. It is generally admitted that nothing could have been fairer than the conduct of the police, who formed a _cordon_ round the duellists, and thus prevented the fussy interference which has so often brought similar affairs to a premature termination. The two coffins are to be of polished walnut-wood, and will be provided by the Friendly Society to which the two deceased belonged, as a last mark of affection and regard.

* * * * *

[Illustration: "LA RIXE."]

* * * * *

"LA RIXE."

(IRISH DONNYBROOK VERSION.)

AIR--"_PACKINGTON'S POUND_"

Oirish Gentleman loquitur:--

Spilt mugs, chairs fallen, and scattered tables,--

That's Oirish shindy, me bhoys, all over!

"Union of Hearts" and such plisant fables,

Won't greatly hamper the free-foight lover.

What do you mean,

Ye paltry spalpeen?

True Oirish hearts from Old England to wean?

Faix, not a bit of it! We'll jist have none of it!

They're foighting frindly, and jist for the fun of it!

There's bould PARNELL, he looks fierce and fell,
Wid his savage face, and his snickersnee steely.
Faix, wouldn't he loike that same to stroike
All into the gizzard of Misther HEALY?
He looks so sullen
At the pair a pullin'
At his sinewy arm, and his onset mullin!
That thraitor, TIM, he'd be having his will on,
But for tearful O'BRIEN, and dismal DILLON.

As for tarin' TIM, he'd be hot at _him_,
Wid his ready sword from its scabbard flashin'!
But that meddlin' JUSTIN will be a thrustin'
Himself betune 'em, the duel dashin'!
Och, I assure ye,
Nor judge nor jury
Could abate their ardour, or assuage their fury.
Faix, Mount Vaysuvius, wid its flame and smother,
Must take a back sate--whin _they_ get at each other!

Och! a rale ruction hath a swate seduction,
For us Oirish, BULL, though it mayn't be _your_ way.
PARNELL's a rum fish, and he seems to "scumfish"
That Grand Ould Gintleman paping in at the doorway.
Ye may call it "_Rixe_,"
Though I can't quite fix
Its mayning; a plague on all polyglot thricks!
Sthand asoide, O'BRIEN, DILLON, MCCARTHY!
Let 'em foight it out--shure that's Oirish and hearty!

* * * * *

[Illustration: AN IMPORTANT PERSON.

"IS DR. JONES IN TOWN?"

"YESSIR. HAVE YOU AN APPOINTMENT?"

"NO; I DID NOT THINK IT NECESSARY. THE LAST TIME I CALLED I HAD NO APPOINTMENT, AND SAW HIM WITHOUT ANY DIFFICULTY."

"POSSIBLY SO, SIR, I DARESAY _I_ WASN'T BUSY THAT MORNING!"]

* * * * *

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

[Illustration: "And precious little too."]

House of Commons, Monday, February 23--House empty to-night. Even the fog keeps out; nothing more important under consideration than Army Vote, including expenditure of L5,632,700. "And precious little too," says Colonel LAURIE, doing sentry march in the Lobby. "Wages going up everywhere! labour of all classes but one paid on higher scale than it used to be; but TOMMY ATKINS and his Colonel getting just the same now as they did twenty years ago, when living was much

cheaper. There ought to be a rise all round, and so there would be, if the Army, following example of other organised bodies of day labourers, were to strike; think I'll mention it at Mess; should begin at the top. Why shouldn't the Colonels and Generals assemble in their hundreds, march to Hyde Park, where H.R.H. would address them from a stoutly-made tub? Moral effect would be enormous; shall certainly mention it at Mess. Perhaps, could get some practical hints from JOHN BURNS."

These remarks dropped by the Colonel before debate opened. During its progress received support from unexpected quarter. HARTINGTON, suddenly waking up from usual nap on Front Bench, wanted to know when War Office is going to carry out recommendation of Royal Commission on re-organisation of Naval and Military Departments? STANHOPE said everything turned upon vacancy in post of Commander-in-Chief. When that berth empty, the machine would move. No chance of immediate vacancy; the DOOK very comfortable where he is; not the sort of man to retire in face of enemy. The only way to carry out scheme recommended by Commissioners after prolonged inquiry was to get rid of the DOOK.

"I do trust," said STANHOPE, winking at the Strangers' Gallery, "that the public will not interfere in this matter. They have had the Report of the Commission in their hands for months. They have taken no notice of it, or any action upon it. I do hope, now their attention has been called to the matter by my noble and Radical friend opposite, they will not get up a fuss and insist that necessary and important reforms in the Army shall not be indefinitely postponed in order that the DOOK may draw his salary and enjoy his position. If the great mass of public opinion outside the Army plainly declared their wishes in that direction, we should have to yield; but, as I said before," and once more the Secretary furtively dropped his left eyelid as he looked up at the Strangers' Gallery, "I hope the public will not change their attitude on this subject."

"That's all very well," said LAURIE, who had now entered the House. "But it seems to me that when H.R.H. reads this curious speech, he'll be more inclined to fall in with our movement. In my mind's eye, I can already see him on the tub in Hyde Park, haranguing the mob of Colonels from under an umbrella."

Business done--Army Estimates in Committee.

Tuesday--Decidedly a Labour night, with Capital incidentally mentioned. First, OLD MORALITY announces appointment of Royal Commission to inquire into relations between Capital and Labour. His placid mind evidently disturbed by undesirable coincidence. On Saturday night, GRANDOLPH, suddenly remembering he had constituents at West Paddington, took a penny Road Car, and paid them visit. Delivered luminous speech on things in general. Recommended appointment of Royal Commission on relations between Labour and Capital. To uninstructed mind looks uncommonly like as if Ministers, reading this speech on Monday morning, had said to each other, "Halloa! here's RANDOLPH in the field again. Says we must have Labour Commission; suppose we must."

Nothing of the kind happened. Cabinet Council met at noon on Saturday and decided upon Royal Commission. GRANDOLPH didn't speak for some hours later. Odd that he should have hit on this Commission business; just like his general awkwardness of interference. Must prevent all

possibility of mistake; so OLD MORALITY, in announcing Commission, innocently, but pointedly, stops by the way to mention that Ministers had decided upon it "last Saturday."

Wish GRANDOLPH had been here; would like to have seen the twinkle in his eye when he heard this little point made. But GRANDOLPH busy down by the Docks, picking up his outfit. Secret of the sudden and surprising growth of the beard out now. GRANDOLPH off to the gold-diggings, and beard usually worn there. Hardly knew him when I looked in the other day at Connaught Place; trying on his new things; pair of rough unpolished boots coming over his knees; belt round his waist holding up his trousers and conveniently suspending jackknife, tin pannikin, and water-bottle. "For use on the voyage," he explains. Then a flannel shirt open at the neck; a wide-awake cocked on one side of his head; and a pickaxe on his shoulder.

"I'm tired of civilisation, TOBY, and I am off to the diggins. Leave you and OLD MORALITY, and the MARKISS and JACOBY to look after politics. As for me, I'm going to look for gold. I'm not rushing blindfold into the matter. I've studied it with the highest and the deepest authorities--and what do I learn? Native gold is found crystallised in the forms of the octahedron, the cube, and the dodecahedron, of which the cube is considered as the primary form. It also occurs in filiform, capillary, and arborescent shapes, as likewise in leaves or membranes, and rolled masses. It offers no indications of internal structure, but, on being separated by mechanical violence, exhibits a hackly fracture. Its colour comprises various shades of gold yellow. Its specific gravity varies from 14.8 to 19.2. It is commonly alloyed by copper, silver, and iron, in very small proportions. I mean, if I may say so, to unalloy it"; and, swinging the pick round his head with a dexterity that testified to natural aptitude combined with diligent practice, GRANDOLPH chipped a fragment out of the marble mantelpiece, and, picking it up, eagerly examined it, as if in search of a hackly fracture.

I wished him good luck, and went back to the House, where I found BIDDULPH smiling behind SPEAKER's chair, watching ATKINSON illustrating the working of his Duration of Speeches Bill by ringing a muffin-bell, borrowed from a Constituent.

Business done--Miscellaneous.

Thursday--Should have been at work to-night on Army Estimates; but things getting a little mixed. Nearly 150 Members picknicking at Portsmouth; all the Colonels, the Bo'suns, the Captains, and the Admirals.

"Capital opportunity to get on with the Estimates," JACKSON whispered in OLD MORALITY's ear.

"No," said that pink of chivalry, "I will never take mean advantage of a man, even of an Admiral. Let us put on the Factories and Workshops Bill; won't take long; keep us going till they get back from Portsmouth."

[Illustration: "That evening bell!"]

So HOME SECRETARY moved Second Reading. "Mere formality, you know," he explained; "shall refer Bill to Committee on Trade, and there it will

be thrashed out and shaped." But floodgates once opened not easily shut. The Factories and Workshops mean the Working-Man; Working-Man has Vote; General Election not far off; must show Working-Man who's his true friend. Everybody his true friend. Speeches by the dozen; COMPTON, after long sitting in patient attitude at last caught SPEAKER's eye. "A milk-and-water Bill," he scornfully characterised HOME SECRETARY's measure.

"Ah! COMPTON knows what the Working-Man likes," said WILFRID LAWSON. "A rum-and-milk Bill is more to _his_ taste."

LYON PLAYFAIR delivered one of his luminous Lectures; full of reference to "certifying surgeons," and "half-time children."

"What's a half-time child?" I asked CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN.

"Fancy it's one prematurely born," he whispered back. "But really don't know; not on in this scene; ask MUNDELLA or pleeceman."

LYON PLAYFAIR knew all about it and much else.

"Wonderful man!" said the Member for SARK, gazing admiringly on his massive brow. "Always reminds me of what SYDNEY SMITH said about another eminent person. 'Look at my little friend JEFFREY. He hasn't body enough to cover his mind decently with. His intellect is indecently exposed.'"

Business done--Factory and Workshops Bill read a Second Time.

[Illustration: Waiting for Opportunity.]

Friday--PROVAND brought on Motion raising vexed question of Taxation of Land. OLD MORALITY always on look-out to do kind thing; thought this would be good opportunity of trotting out CHAPLIN; had no chance of distinguishing himself since he became Minister. So CHAPLIN put up; made mellifluous speech. Unfortunately, Mr. G. present; listened to CHAPLIN with suspicious suavity; followed him, and, as JEMMY LOWTHER puts it, "turned him inside out, and hung him up to dry." Played with him like a cat with a mouse; drew him out into damaging statements; then danced on his prostrate body. About the worst quarter of an hour CHAPLIN ever had in House, with JOKEM on one side of him, and OLD MORALITY on other, tossing about on their seats, exchanging groans and glances, while CHAPLIN mopped the massive brow on which stood forth iridescent gleams of moisture.

"Meant it all for the best," said OLD MORALITY; "but who'd have thought of Mr. G. being here? CHAPLIN's a great Minister of Agriculture; but, when it comes to questions of finance, not quite on a par with Mr. G." _Business done_--House Counted Out.

* * * * *

CHAMBERS IN ST. JAMES'S STREET.

THE IDLER, by HADDON CHAMBERS, is a real good play, thoroughly interesting from the rising to the setting of the Curtain. The parts are artistically adjusted, the dialogue unforced, the acting un-stagey, and the situations powerfully dramatic. The climax is reached at the "psychological moment," and the Curtain descends

upon all that a sympathetic audience can possibly desire to know of what must be once and for all _the_ story of a life-time. "The rest is silence." Throughout the play there is no parade of false sentimentality, no tawdry virtue, no copy-book morality, no vicious silliness; and, so well constructed is the plot, that there is no need of a wearisome extra Act, by way of postscript, to tell us how all the characters met again at the North Pole or Land's End; how everybody explained everything to everybody else; how the Idler, becoming a busy-body, married the widow of _Sir John Harding, M.P._, who had had the misfortune to be drowned out shrimping; and how many other matters happened for which the wearied audience would not care one snap of the finger and thumb. On another occasion I shall have something to say about the acting, which, as far as the men are concerned, has certainly not been equalled since the days of _Peril_. The St. James's is in for a good thing with _The Idler_ ; and at this moment I may say, I would be ALEXANDER were I not, briefly,

DIOGENES "THE TUBMAN," B.C.L.

* * * * *

ACTING--ON A SUGGESTION.--_The Woman_ , always well informed, tells us on February 26, that, "owing to numerous applications," Mr. C.T. GREIN is negotiating for the Royalty Theatre, in order to give another Ibsenian performance. Now this is exactly what we suggested in our number for February 14. If the date suits, we will go and see _Ghosts_ , and, if we succeed in keeping up our spirits after seeing _Ghosts_ , we will give a candid opinion on the performance of the piece which hitherto we know only in print. _En attendant_ , we shall have something to say about the recent performance of that piece of Ibsenianity _A Doll's House_ --in our next.

* * * * *

WHAT'S IN A NAME?--On the recent occasion of the QUEEN's visit to Portsmouth, no one of the officials seems to have been more on the alert and more generally alive than Mr. DEADMAN, the Chief Constructor of the Yard.

* * * * *

"EN ITERUM CRISPINUS!"--_Hamlet_ on the real distinction between Theatres and Music Halls--

"To B. (and S.) or not to B. (and S.) _that_ is the question!"

* * * * *

HAPPY PROSPECT.--The Wild Birds, if the Bill for their protection becomes law, will remember, the Session of 1891 as a year of PEASE and Quiet.

* * * * *

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. 100. March 7, 1891., by Various

*** END OF THIS PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH ***

***** This file should be named 13185.txt or 13185.zip *****

This and all associated files of various formats will be found in:

<http://www.gutenberg.net/1/3/1/8/13185/>

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

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), 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. 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

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.

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.

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](#)