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PREFACE.

THE Grand Review was over. The Armed Freemen, who had been paraded, in their thousands, before the Queen of the Isles, had dispersed, and had sought the homes they had shown themselves worthy to guard. The great day, the memorable Saturday, Twenty-third of June, MDCCCLX, was done.

The Sovereign, who had surely felt that day that one Throne stood upon foundations of adamant, had retired to her rest. And the QUEEN dreamed a dream.

"I know it, PHIPPS," replied MR. PUNCH to SIR CHARLES, as that courteous Courtier announced the fact in MR. PUNCH's breakfast chamber the following morning.

"Astounding man!" said SIR CHARLES PHIPPS.

"I breakfasted, and am dressed thus early, PHIPPS, knowing that my QUEEN'S ONIROCRITICUS and CONJECTOR would be wanted."

"Preternatural man!" said SIR CHARLES PHIPPS. "Accompany me to the Palace."

"Attend me to the Palace, PHIPPS," said MR. PUNCH, but with a pleasant smile, that spoke forgiveness of the Courtier's lapse. But SIR CHARLES could not forgive himself, and the journey was performed in solemn silence.

The State Coach with the Cream Steeds stopped, and in three minutes MR. PUNCH had made The Unapproachable Bow, which he performs in one Presence only.

"I have had a Dream, dear MR. PUNCH," said the Royal Lips, with that smile upon them which is reserved for the Chief Counsellor and Favourite of the Lady of Kingdoms.

"To save Your Majesty the faintest care and slightest trouble is the object and glory of my life," said MR. PUNCH. "Might I venture to recal that Dream?"

"I think you know everything," replied the Majesty of England.

"I believe that I do, Madam," responded MR. PUNCH, modestly. "And I know what has come to my Sovereign through the Gate of Ebony."

"Ah! it is a true Dream, then?" asked the QUEEN.

"Your Majesty's self shall judge," replied the ONIROCRITICUS and CONJECTOR. "It is not for me to question my Monarch; but, unless contradicted, I will believe that Her Dream was in this wise."

"Tell me," said his Royal Mistress.

"A Daughter of the House of Brunswick stood on a Mountain, and could see not only the English Isles of her inheritance, and her strongholds in the Southern Lake, which is not a French Lake, *yet*, if it please Your Majesty—

The Royal Eye sparkled.

"But all her distant dominions. She saw a broad, happy, loyal American colony, which was preparing all honour and welcome for her Eldest Son. She saw the gigantic Asian Peninsula, recently subdued by her armies, and now her Own in name as well as in fact, and a veteran hero was leaving its shore to receive the laurel at home."

"Yes, I *did* see LORD CLYDE," said the Royal Auditor.

"She saw her vast possessions in the Austral world, with their rapidly growing peoples, resolved, energetic, prosperous, and, while bent on making their new world what a freeman's home should be, retaining a deep love for the home whence they came."

"The Prince of Wales must visit Australia next," said his Royal Mother.

"And, Madam, She saw the rest of her Fifty Colonies, and her flag waving over each, and the Englishman everywhere performing his mission of civilisation, order, and law. And then She saw, sailing statelily on every sea, her majestic Fleets. And She beheld, parading haughtily on the plains around her, and in many a far-away land, her gallant Soldiery. And closer yet, and at her very feet, She saw the Household Guard of England—the Guard that stood before her yesterday, and gave her the proud and stern assurance that the manhood of Britain is ready to close with any foe whom the Devil may stir up to do his work."

"That—yes—that was the Dream," said the Lady of the Land.

"But there was one Thought more," said MR. PUNCH, in a lower voice, and with an inexpressibly arch, yet profoundly respectful smile stealing over his intellectual features.

"Was there?" asked his Sovereign, with a frank look of inquiry. "Well, now you mention it—yes."

"Dare I complete my story?" said MR. PUNCH. "It was not precisely that something was wanting to the perfect satisfaction and happiness of my QUEEN—let me rather say that She had a hovering impression that it was possible for some additional gem and glory to be added to the period—that some Koh-i-Noor, or other Mountain of Light might be laid at her feet."

"I will not deny it," said HER MAJESTY, smiling; "but I cannot recollect what form the new pleasure was to take."

"Deign, Gracious Mistress, to look upon this Mirror," said the Magician. And, stepping to its side, and waving gracefully his bâton, after the manner of CORNELIUS AGRIPPA before his famous Glass of the Future,

"Mormorò potentissime parole.
Girò tre volte all' Oriente il volto,
Tre volte ai regni ove dechina il Sole.

"Onde tanto indugiar? Forse attendete
Voci ancor più potenti———"

But the words had power enough. MEDEA could not have chanted more awfully to the palpitating stars. The curtains glided aside, and the Mystery was revealed, the Dream solved, the new Gem and Glory of the Period disclosed.

In another moment, bending at his Gracious Sovereign's knee, MR. PUNCH presented his

Thirty-Eighth Volume.

Punch's Almanack 1860.

January xxxi Days.

1	S	1 S. aft. Ch.	17	Tu	Franklin b.
2	M	(Circumcis.	18	W	Priscs.
3	Tu	Sun. r. 8h8m	19	Th	Congreve d.
4	W	S. s. 4h 2m	20	F	Fabian
5	Th	[Twel. D.	21	S	Agnes
6	F	Epiphany	22	S	3 S. af Epip
7	S	Ramsay d.	23	M	Labiche d
8	S	1 S. af. Epip.	24	Tu	Fox b. 1749
9	M	Plough Mo.	25	W	Con s. Paul
10	Tu	Linnæus d.	26	Th	Hood disc.
11	W	Hil T. m. be.	27	F	Mozart b.
12	Th	Lewster d.	28	S	S. r. 7h 48m
13	F	Cam L. T. b.	29	S	4 S. af. Epip
14	S	Oxf. L. T. b.	30	M	S. s. 4h 43m
15	S	2 S. af. Epip	31	Tu	Hilary T. s.
16	M	S. r. 8h 0m			

February xxix Days.

1	W	S. r. 7h 42m	16	Th	[d. 1673
2	Th	Purf. Cand	17	F	M. Angelo
3	F	St. Blaise	18	S	(Copernc. b.
4	S	(Agatha	19	S	Quinqu. Sn.
5	S	Septuag. S.	20	M	C. L. T. d. s.
6	M	S. s. 4h 55m	21	Tu	Shrove Tu
7	Tu	(Hil. T. Div	22	W	Ash Wed.
8	W	M Q S bhd	23	Th	Reynolds d.
9	Th	Darnley m.	24	F	S. Matthias
10	F	Q. Vic. mar	25	S	T. Moore d.
11	S	[1840	26	S	1 S. in Lent
12	S	Sexagesi. S	27	M	S. r. 6h. 53m
13	M	(Collini d.	28	Tu	S. s. 5h 35m
14	Tu	Valentine	29	W	Ember Wk
15	W	Luther d.			

March xxxi Days.

1	Th	St. David.	17	S	St. Patrick
2	F	S. r. 6h 45m	18	S	4 S. in Lent.
3	S	S. s. 3h 43m	19	M	[Pr. Lou. b.
4	S	2 S in Lent	20	Tu	Spring Q. s.
5	M	Dr. Arne d.	21	W	Benedict
6	Tu	Orbi. d.	22	Th	(d 1629
7	W	Perpetua	23	F	A. Weber
8	Th	Wm III d.	24	S	[L. D. Ann.
9	F	D Clarke d.	25	S	5 S. in Lent
10	S	Schiller b.	26	M	Dk. Cam. b.
11	S	S S. in Lent	27	Tu	[1819.
12	M	St. Gregory	28	W	S. r. 5h 46m
13	Tu	S. r. 6h 20m	29	Th	S. s. 6h 27m
14	W	Hyng shet	30	F	Ca. Lt. T. s.
15	Th	Massinger. d	31	S	Ox. Lt. T. s.
16	F	Boileau b.			

April xxx Days.

1	S	Palm Sun.	16	M	S. s. 6h 57m
2	M	Harvey b.	17	Tu	[T. b.
3	Tu	S. r. 5h 32m	18	W	O. & C. Ma.
4	W	S. Ambrose	19	Th	Alphege
5	Tu	(Oldi. a. Da.	20	F	[1783
6	F	Good Frid.	21	S	Up Heber b.
7	S	Pr. Leop. b.	22	S	2 S. af. Mas.
8	S	Easter Sun.	23	M	St. George
9	M	Easter Mon.	24	Tu	[Alice b.
10	Tu	Easter Tu.	25	W	Mark. Pra.
11	W	Canning b.	26	Th	[1777
12	Th	Young d.	27	F	Gibbon b.
13	F	[b. 1857	28	S	S r. 4h 30m
14	S	Pra. Beatr.	29	S	3 S. af. Mas.
15	S	Low Sund.	30	M	S. s. 7h 20m

May xxxi Days.

1	Tu	S Ph. & Ja.	17	Th	Ascen. Day
2	W	[Pr. Arth. b.	18	F	[Holy Thur.
3	Th	S. r. 4h 34m	19	S	Dunstan.
4	F	S. s. 7h 26m	20	S	Sun. af. As.
5	S	Nap. I d.	21	M	Canchy d.
6	S	4 S. af. Eas	22	Tu	Trin. Tem. b.
7	M	(St. John	23	W	[1810
8	Tu	Rest. T. s	24	Th	Q. Vict. b.
9	W	Hif. Q. Day	25	F	Pres. Hrd. b.
10	Th	Talleyrd. d.	26	S	Oxf. E. T. s.
11	F	Chatham d.	27	S	Whit. Sun.
12	S	(O. May Da.	28	M	(C. K T. d. m
13	S	Roga. Sun.	29	Tu	Ox. T. T. b.
14	M	Hen. IV. d.	30	W	Ember Wk.
15	Tu	Cuvier d.	31	Th	S. s. 8h 4m
16	W	B. of Alba.			

June xxx Days.

1	F	Nicomede	16	S	[St Alban
2	S	S. s. 8h 8m	17	S	2 S. af. Tr.
3	S	Trin. Sun	18	M	B. Waterloo
4	M	S. r. 3h 48m	19	Tu	[1815
5	Tu	Boniface	20	W	Qu. Vic. Ac.
6	W	Calpes tke.	21	Th	Proclamat.
7	Th	Corp. Chris.	22	F	(S. Q. com.
8	F	[to Tower	23	S	[Jo Baptist
9	S	7 Hps. sent	24	S	3 Sn. af Tr.
10	S	1 S. af. Tr.	25	M	[Mids Day
11	M	Barnabas	26	Tu	S. r. 3h 47m
12	Tu	Trin. T. s	27	W	[1838
13	W	Hastg. bhd.	28	Th	Q. Vict. Cr.
14	Th	B. Marengo	29	F	St. Peter
15	F	[1800	30	S	S. s. 8h 18m

July xxxi Days.

1	S	4 S. af. Tr.	17	Tu	S. r. 4h 5m
2	M	(Cam. C.	18	W	Shorbock d.
3	Tu	Oxf Art &	19	Th	Petrarch d.
4	W	S. s. 8h 17m	20	F	Margaret
5	Th	(D. Mid. D.	21	S	R. Burns d.
6	F	Cam E. T. s.	22	S	7 Sn. af. Tr.
7	S	Oxf. T. T. s.	23	M	[Magdalene
8	S	5 Sn. af. Tr	24	Tu	Gib. t. 1704
9	M	Rise In. due	25	W	St. James
10	Tu	S. r. 3h 30m	26	Th	St. Anne
11	W	S. s. 8h 11m	27	F	[exe. 1794
12	Th	Erasmus d.	28	S	Robespierre
13	F	Bradley d.	29	S	8 Sn. af. Tr.
14	S	Bastile day	30	M	S. r. 4h 52m
15	S	6 Sn. af. Tr	31	Tu	S. s. 7h 47m
16	M	[S. Swithin			

August xxxi Days.

1	W	Lammas	17	F	Da. Kent b.
2	Th	S. r. 4h 37m	18	S	[1786
3	F	S. s. 7h 42m	19	S	11 S. af. Tr.
4	S	Calais tak.	20	M	[Jacobtg. b.
5	S	9 S af. Tr.	21	Tu	Blackstock
6	M	Pr. Alfred	22	W	B. of Bmw.
7	Tu	[b. 1844	23	Th	Wallace bd.
8	W	Canning d.	24	F	St. Barthol.
9	Th	Dryden b.	25	S	[Pr Cons. b.
10	F	Lawrence	26	S	12 S. af. Tr.
11	S	Half Quar.	27	M	St. August.
12	S	10 S. af Tr	28	Tu	Napier d.
13	M	Ormuze sh. b.	29	W	S. r. 5h 0m
14	Tu	[Ok. Lamm	30	Th	S. s. 6h 42m
15	W	Assumptn	31	F	Bunyan d.
16	Th	S. s. 7h 18m			

September xxx Days.

1	S	St Giles	16	S	15 S. af. Tr.
2	S	13 S. af. Tr	17	M	Lambert.
3	M	S. r. 5h 17m	18	Tu	Price d.
4	Tu	S. s. 6h 57m	19	W	Ember Wk.
5	W	Comte d	20	Th	B. of Aims
6	Th	Colbert d.	21	F	St. Matth.
7	F	[cap. 1855	22	S	Autn. Q. b.
8	S	Sebastopol	23	S	16 S. af. Tr.
9	S	14 S af Tr	24	M	S. Butler d.
10	M	[Delhi 1857	25	Tu	H. All. 1815
11	Tu	Siege of	26	W	St. Cyprian
12	W	S. s. 6h 19m	27	Th	S. r. 5h 59m
13	Th	Fox d. 1806	28	F	S. s. 5h 44m
14	F	Holy Cross	29	S	Mich. Day
15	S	[D. Well. d.	30	S	17 S. af. Tr

October xxxi Days.

1	M	Remigius	17	W	Ethelfreda
2	Tu	S. r. 6h 4m	18	Th	St. Luke
3	W	S. s. 5h 30m	19	F	Kneller d.
4	Th	B. Mohats	20	S	B. Navarino
5	F	Placidus	21	S	20 S af. Tr.
6	S	Faith	22	M	H. of Edgc
7	S	19 S. af. Tr	23	Tu	[Hill 1649
8	M	Fielding d.	24	W	[Balaklava
9	Tu	[1754	25	Th	St. Crispin
10	W	D. & C. T. b.	26	F	[1726
11	Th	Old Mic. D.	27	S	Cap Cook b.
12	F	S. s. 5h 13m	28	S	21 S. af. Tr.
13	S	Edw. Conf.	29	M	[Sim. & Jde.
14	S	19 S. af. Tr.	30	Tu	S. r. 6h 52m
15	M	Moral shet	31	W	S. s. 4h 33m
16	Tu	S. Bon Bours			

November xxx Days.

1	Th	All Saints	16	F	Ferguson d.
2	F	All Souls	17	S	Hugh. Hp. L.
3	S	[Mich. T. b.	18	S	24 S af. T. T.
4	S	22 S. af. Tr.	19	M	S. r. 7h 27m
5	M	Inkerman	20	Tu	[b. 1840
6	Tu	[1854	21	W	Pres. Royal
7	W	S. r. 7h 7m	22	Th	St. Cecilia
8	Th	[b. 1841	23	F	St. Clement
9	F	P. of Wales	24	S	J. Knox d.
10	S	[L. May. D.	25	S	25 S. af. Tr.
11	S	23 S. af. Tr.	26	M	Mich. T. s.
12	M	C. M. T. s.	27	Tu	Fr. M. Ad. b.
13	Tu	S. s. 4h 10m	28	W	S. r. 7h 42m
14	W	Leibnitz b.	29	Th	S. s. 3h 52m
15	Th	Machutus	30	F	St. Andrew

December xxxi Days.

1	S	S. r. 7h 46m.	17	M	Oxf M. T. s
2	S	Adv. Sund.	18	Tu	Rogers d.
3	M	Bloomfd. b.	19	W	Ember Wk
4	Tu	S. s. 3h 51m	20	Th	[St. ortat D
5	W	Mozart d.	21	F	St. Thomas
6	Th	St. Nicholas	22	S	W. Q. com.
7	F	Fitzman d.	23	S	4 S. in Adv
8	S	C. S V. Mary	24	M	Beddoes d.
9	S	2 S. in Adv.	25	Tu	Christ. Day
10	M	Chalmers d.	26	W	St. Stephen
11	Tu	Jnn. Day d.	27	Th	St. John
12	W	S. s. 3h 42m	28	F	Innocents
13	Th	St. Lucy	29	S	S. r. 8h 8m
14	F	Weshgtn. d.	30	S	1 S. aft. Ch.
15	S	(C. M. T. s	31	M	S. s. 3h 39m
16	S	3 S. in Adv.			

CLASSICALITY FOR THE MONTH.

JANUARY is so called from Janus, son of Apollo. He had two faces, like those who keep up festivities during this month, and who look remarkably different the night of the fun, and the morning after. He appears with a key in his right hand and a rod in his left, hence, about the 25th, Mammas lock up the jam-cupboard and despatch the ravagers thereof to the Rev. Dr. SWISHTAIL'S. Sometimes he has a beard, sometimes he has not, and the same thing may be observed concerning the jovial Janites, whose hands are not always steady enough to use the razor. If a certain king of England had not tried so hard to imitate the two-faced Janus, he might not have been towards the end of the month, without any face at all.

PROFESSIONAL NURSERY RHYMES.

SHERIFF'S OFFICER.

CATCHER CAPTAIN WALKER,
Bummy hummy bail,
Tap him on the shoulder,
Take him off to gaol.

A PROBLEM VERY EASY OF SOLUTION.

By an Indignant Young Lady, who is tired to death at the stupid rubbish that is indulged in at the expense of ladies' dresses.

GIVEN:—A Lady's Crinoline, and a Gentleman's Inverness Cape.

TO FIND OUT:—Of which of the two the circumference is the greater.

THE STABLE MIND.—An ossy man, being in the Isle of Wight, and finding himself in the neighbourhood of the Laureate's dwelling, goes to call upon the illustrious poet, for the purpose of seeing those bays of his which he has heard so much of.

MEMORANDUM BY A MENTOR.—How annoying it is to find people prosper, instead of being ruined as we predicted they would, in consequence of having pursued their own course instead of following our advice!

DOMESTIC PETS.—Never purchase a parrot without taking it a month upon trial. There is no knowing where the bird may have been brought up.

NOT SUCH A BAD THING IN A SHOWER!

CLASSICALITY FOR THE M

FEBRUARY is so called because th were then purified (*Februabatur*) b fice, in remembrance of which the of sewer rates comes round and of us a sacrifice which, from all app seems about as efficacious as tha Romans. Some say Februa was a who presided over purifications, best writers disbelieve in a wash having ever been sent aloft, thou are numerous instances of her f having been devoted in a contrary by Paterfamilias, when he is stifled muggy steam from the washhous prised that his choice lies betw mutton and the club. Februa is als of Juno, but the fact is, that the goddesses were so disreputable t were always obliged to borrow one names, and there ought to have temple to the god Alias.

PROFESSIONAL NURSERY RI

LAWYER.

LITTLE Roguey-pogey,
File his little bill,
Take his little 'davy,
Make his little will.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS

Boy. I say, Uncle, do flowers tal
Wicked Uncle. Yes, my dear, t with *tulips*.

MORAL LESSON.—A conscientious tlemao, induced to stand godfath friend's baby, and wishing to ty requisite renunciation of pomps a ties, presents the little one with wooden spoons.

APPROPRIATE ADDRESS.—A poet, of the "Land o' Cakes" wrote an the Owl, commencing with "Hoot

EXTREMELY GREEN.—Secret should never be made of green w secrets, at least, should never be d in them, from the very great risk t of splitting.

WHEN is a man (lawyers includ strong ale?

When he thinks no small beer of

OUR NATIONAL DEFENCES.

Diana. "WELL, ALFRED, I SUPPOSE YOU 'VE MADE UP YOUR MIND TO JOIN A RIFLE CORPS—EH?"
Alfred. "WHY, NO. YOU SEE, I 'M MORE IN THE RIDING WAY. NOW, IF THEY WILL GET UP SOME VOLUNTEER CAVALRY,—WHY, I'LL FIND A MAN AND A HORSE!"

THAT ESTIMABLE MAN, MR. PUNCH, GOES FOR A RIDE ON HIS COB, AND CANNOT AGREE WITH A CERTAIN WORTHY MAGISTRATE, OR "BEAK," THAT STREET TUMBLING IS AT ALL A CLEVER, OR DESIRABLE PERFORMANCE ;-

NATURAL PHILOSOPHER.—A candidate for the Public ce, being asked to exemplify the correlation of physical , instanced a blue pill and a black dose.

VERY AND ART.—AN artist travelling in Virginia nar- escaped being tarred and feathered for expressing his ation of the freedom of TITIAN's brush, and his respect m as a man of colour.

MALAPROPISM.—A good old lady, having occasion to mention a work by a great contemporary historian, denominated it MICAWBER's *History of England*. Subsequently, referring to the arrangement which terminated the late Italian war, the dear old soul called it the Treatise of Villafranca.

MONOTONY.—The Austrians are so tired of a paper currency, that they are anxious for anything, by way of change.

EXTREME POLITENESS. — *Pickpocket, to Policeman.* I say, your handkerchief is hanging out. You'll have your pocket picked, if you don't take care.

THE BANKS OF THE TIBER.—CRASSUS was the richest man of his time among the ancient Romans. Who were his bankers? If the opulent Triumvir had a banker, MR. CASSIUS.

ASSICALITY FOR THE MONTH.

nch is called from Martius, He was not much respected e ancients, nor is he by the rns, chiefly on account of an nalsr ceremony which they able to perform on the 25th of onth. His two horses, Flight Fear, typify another ceremony times performed a few days, her nights, before that date, the goddess Dietynna is horically said to be shot. ies were sacrificed to him, and ping old women (happily) severely by his blasts. He ather of Harmonia, and about time concert-givers begin to for gratuitous assistance from ssionals. He was called Ma- yet soldiers seldom know of the spelling-book. He rified Electryon (for omitting l him one morning), by turn- him into a cock, and hence were shied at on Shrove lay.

OFESSIONAL NURSERY RHYME.

COSTERMONGER.

BLESS his little heart!
Draw his little cart;
's his carrots, turnips, peas
nd beans,
Sparrow-grass and kail,
Artichokes for sale,
flowers, cabbages, and greens.

ARTLESS HOAX.—An agricul- t in London, on the first of , goes to the Zoological Gar- with a recommendation, which llows, to ask to be shown the horned Dilemma.

—AND, IT IS NOT A PLEASANT THING, WHEN GOING OUT TO DINNER, TO HAVE A SUMMERSAULT TURNED ON TO YOUR STOM——WE MEAN WAISTCOAT.

MR. PUNCH'S ENTOMOLOGICAL RECREATIONS.

TAPE-WORMS.

THE peculiar variety known as the red-tape worm will be found especially abundant in the War Office and the Admiralty, where this mischievous reptile breeds so fast, and attains such dimensions as to be an obstruction to all business. The red tape-worm is peculiarly insidious and determined in its attacks on all new inventions or improved business machinery, coiling itself round and round, and impeding the working of such contrivances, and often rendering them as entirely unusable, as the white ants are said to do with furniture in India. Many ingenious inventors of excitable temperament have fallen victims to the slow but sure attacks of the red tape-worm—which, like some other of the *ascarides*, has a tendency to multiply itself.

PROFESSIONAL NURSERY RHYME.

BUTCHER.

LITTLE boy blue, come take your steel,
Sharpen your knife to cut up your veal:
Dicky's a man, and so don't cry
Anything else but "Buy, buy, buy!"

THE MILITARY LINE.—CAPTAIN BAGGS, of the Commercial or T. G. Rifle Volunteers, describes himself and his gallant Company as BAGGS AND CO.

THE LAW.—Its theory (says poor MR. BRIEFLESS) is far better than its practice.

IRISH LAKE-FISHING.

Mr. Briggs. "But the Boat seems very leaky, and to want mending a good deal."
Boatman. "Want mendin' is it? Och, niver fear! Shure the Boat's well enough. If ye sit still, and don't coff or snaze, she'll carry ye pretty well!"

CLASSICALITY FOR THE MONTH.

April is so called from Aphrodite, a word exactly similar in sound, and meaning Venus. This was the goddess of Love, wherefore her month opens with All Fools' Day. There were two Venuses, one called Urania, who presides over the dreary orreries with which poor little children are afflicted in Lent, and the other Popularia, who sends them, happy, to see the Easter-pieces. No pigs were offered to Venus (though Lord Bacon died in April), and no greedy man is ever liked by the ladies. She is represented with a poppy, and the Exeter Hall speeches begin this month. She was called Telessigama, because she presided over marriage, and people had better be married (if they can afford it) in this month, because there is a proverb against marrying in May, and if they care about proverbs, they might have to wait till June.

Reality and Sham.—The true British officer draws his sword and leads on his company. The counterfeit Captain draws his bill—and bolts.

Political Prediction.—Ribbonism may be expected to be rife this season particularly among the customers of Swan and Edgar.

A DAY AT THE CAMP.

Sentinel. "Who comes there?"—*Ebriosus.* "Friend!"
Sentinel. "Advance, Friend!"—*Ebriosus.* "Advansh! Come, thatsh a good un!"

WHERE ARE T

Where is the man so ignora slang, that, at th of his first term, h not know what " means?

Where is the m student who can without his smok fore he goes int lecture-room, and refrain from "de heer the momen comes out of it?

Where is the housekeeper of suff moral courage to tradict her cook, she says that beef-pudding should served with wine-s and that at the least it takes a hot port to make it?

Where is the player who can l game of billiards t without assigning defeat entirely to "flukes"?

Where is the of-all-work who, she brings the full of lukewarm w does not tell the maker that, "It h biled, Mum?"

Where is the R female of strengt mind suffi.ient to a useless purchas the shopman does tell her that it "real bargain."

A Man of Bus Sold.—A Comme gentleman bought book on the Valu Time. He was gr disgusted at findin to contain nothing w ever about Disconn

ARTIFICIALITIES.

Artificial Flowers.—The Pink of Fashion is a flower that generally is extremely artificial.

Artificial Memory.—The knots in one's pocket-handkerchief, or drawings in chalk, such as one's milk-score, or the cartoons and cabalistic signs drawn by beggars on those houses that are not favourable to their calling. Artificial Memory is also the recollection of favours that have been received. It is so artificial, that it is only the expectation of favours to come that manages to keep it alive.

Artificial Ice.—The reception one meets with when, dropping-in, self-invited, one happens to be the thirteenth at dinner.

"Feu d'Artifice."—The old Greek Fire, the artifice of which was so knowing, that the trick has not exploded even to the present day. A fire of compliments, let off by a fashionable Frenchman, may, likewise, be compared to a "Feu d'Artifice," the artifice being merely the transparency of a false flame; and so ridiculously transparent, that every young lady, who has her eyes and senses about her, must instantly see through it.

REASONS WHY I WEAR CRINOLINE.

Extorted from Miss Busselton, *by one who owns himself a Brute.*

1. Because it's quite the *thing* to wear it.
2. Because you know *everybody* has got to wear it now.
3. Because it sets one off so.
4. Because gentlemen admire it so. (Oh, yes, they may *say* they don't, but I know quite well they *do*.)
5. Because—well, you know one doesn't *always* want to have one's ancles criticised.
6. Because—well, now I 'm sure it's very *tiresome* in you to keep on questioning me so, and I 've really a good mind not to say another word to you.
7. Because—Oh, you really want to know my *real* reason, do you? Well, then, *Mr. Curious*, I wear Crinoline because I *like* it, Sir. And I don't care whether you do.

Does an impatient noble resemble hashed bullock's heart?

No! Because the longer he is kept waiting, the hotter he gets.

THE FASHION FOR NEXT SUMMER.

Flora. "There! I don't think the Stupid Men can Laugh at us now!"

CLASSICALITY FOR THE MONTH.

May is so called from Maia. She was a daughter of Atlas, and sensible people now take down their maps, and arrange their summer tour, instead of waiting on the fashions. She was the mother of Mercury, and that accounts for the quicksilver in the thermometers dancing so much with joy to see her. She had six sisters, and she and all the rest, except one, made crack matches, but poor Merope was obliged to put up with a mortal. Hence, when they were all made Pleiades, Merope's star had only one burner and no reflector, while her sisters all shine out like Mr. Way's marvellous light. Let young ladies think of this when flirting at Exeter Hall or Epsom.

SOCIAL SUGGESTIONS.

BY MRS. ASTFULLE DODGERE.

When you receive your guests, be sure to tell them what a number of disappointments you have had, and how the Lion of the day (whom you know you dared not ask) was laid up with bronchitis, and so prevented coming.

If you have been so lucky as to catch some titled people, take care to tell your greengrocer to bawl their names out extra loudly when, as footman, he announces them.

In making out your dance list, introduce the Caledonians and similar antiquities. The philosophic mind may derive some entertainment from a study of the struggles to which they will give rise. But be ready to come forward as a *deus ex machinâ*—and having the directions for the figures in your hand—to act the part of the director in the maze at Hampton Court.

It being considered vulgar now-a-days to eat much, of course you need not go to great expense about refreshments. A light repast is all that it is fashionable to give—*i. e.*, lots of gas, and little lobster salad.

With regard to wine, you can give your guests champagne at a very small expense, if you do not mind giving such as will be sure to play Old Gooseberry with them. The worse the wine is, recollect, the less will people drink of it. Nobody expects to get good wine at evening parties, and it is just as well that nobody be disappointed.

One Advantage of Living in Lodgings.—You evade the Income-Tax.

Our friend, Briggs, receives a Pressing Invitation to come over again to Ireland during the Hunting Season, and have a Week with the Galway Blazers!

[Mr. B. *says he should like it extremely, as he has never ridden in a Stone Wall country.*

LACONIC LOVE-LETTERS.

DEAREST,—If that word is a mistake, throw this note in the fire. Excuse folly, result of last night's dance. Cab waiting 11·30; train starts at 12; back to-night. No answer sufficient reply to your rejected,—JOHN SHORT.

MISS SWEET is at a loss to express the embarrassment which she experienced on reading MR. SHORT's note.

MY DEAREST LOUISA,—Received yours, and note the contents. In haste, yours, J. S.

DEAR MR. SHORT,—Things must, of course, depend upon circumstances.—L. S.

MY DEAREST LOVE,—£500 a-year in the funds. £200 landed property. £600 mortgage at 4 per cent. Net profits of business, £800 per ann. At your feet.—J. S.

MY DEAR MR. SHORT,—Connections! Religious principles?—L. S.

BELOVED OBJECT,—Aristocratic. Orthodox. I adore LOUISA.—J. S.

MY DEAR JOHN,—I own you have awakened an interest in my—what shall I say?—L. S.

MY ONLY LOVE,—Bosom.—J. S.

MY DEAREST JOHN,—What a goose you are!—L. S.

MY BEAUTIFUL BIRD,—But then you are a duck. So now we understand one another. Accept the enclosed photograph.—J. S.

INCONSTANT ONE!—I return it. You were seen last night in a private box at Covent Garden with MISS JONES. I am deceived—farewell. Think no more of—L.S.

FAITHLESS,—I have paid no attentions to MISS JONES like those I understand you received from CAPTAIN BROWN. Distraction! Madness!—J. S.

JEALOUS!—I scorn CAPTAIN BROWN. Torture! Cruel! Unkind!—L. S.

SILLY GIRL!—MISS JONES is a griffin. Bosh!—J. S.

DEAREST, DEAREST JOHN,—Can you forgive me!—L. S.

MY OWN ONE,—my Fond One. I believe you.—J. S.

MY HEART'S IDOL,—Say no more.—L. S.

MISTRESS OF MY SOUL,—Three words only. Name the day.—J. S.

MY LOVE, MY LIFE,—Whenever you like.—L. S.

IRRESISTIBLE.

Lady. "WHAT! TWO SHILLINGS! AND EIGHTEENPENCE FOR WAITING THREE-QUARTERS OF AN HOUR?—NONSENSE, MAN! IT WAS ONLY TEN MINUTES BY MY WATCH!"
Cabman (insinuatingly). "WASN'T IT, MISS? WELL, THEN, I S'POSE IT WAS A MISSIN' O' YOUR PRETTY FACE AS MADE IT *Seem* THREE KERVARTERS OF AN HOUR!"
[*Fare pays, and thinks the Cabman an extremely nice person.*

MY PRECIOUS,—Say, Wednesday.—J. S.

MY TREASURE,—Very well. The soone these things are settled the better. I'll re to everything. Mind then, Wednesda St. George's, Hanover Square, 11, shar Punctuality is the soul of marriage. A *revoir* at the altar!—L. S.

CLASSICALITY FOR THE MONTH

JUNE is so called from Juno. She was th daughter of Ops, whence so many danc are now given. Some say she was take care of by the Seasons, and this is certainl the pet month of the season still. She hate Hercules, whence ladies detest the Club th prevents their husbands taking them Richmond or Greenwich this lovely weathe though the wretches can go fast enough b themselves, the pigs. The peacock wa sacred to Juno, and if ever people look sma it is now. Juno having the privilege using Jupiter's thunderbolts, the occasion storms of the month are accounted for; bu upon one occasion she did a bolt on her ow account, which brought business before th Olympian CRESSWELL. She was quite i the right, and had to submit—as will alway happen while gods and men make laws.

PROFESSIONAL NURSERY RHYME.

PARSON.

PREACHEE, preachee, preachee,
Not too long, beseech 'ee,
Wear a white tie,
And make 'em all cry,
Preachee, preachee, preachee.

INCONSISTENCY OF MANKIND.—"Men, said a merry old lady, "when I was young called me an enchantress, and now they sa I am as ugly as a witch, when I have lo my charms. Ah, drat 'em!"

THE SPHERE OF THE STABLE.—Rogue is a common complaint against men wh are much associated with horses. Ossy me seem dead as to their moral feelings. N doubt their hearts are ossified.

A SHAMELESS BRUTE.—An epicure de clared that a pig's cheek was great. H friend, assenting, remarked that the pi never blushes.

PARALLEL BY AN ILLITERATE PERSON.—Orthography is my spelling; heterograph is another man's spelling.

VALUABLE ADDITION TO THE AQUARIUM.

TOM (WHO HAS HAD A VERY SUCCESSFUL DAY) PRESENTS HIS SISTERS WITH A FINE SPECIMEN OF THE CUTTLE-FISH (*Octopus vulgaris*).

CLASSICALITY FOR THE MONTH.

JULY is so called rom JULIUS, who as also named ESAR, which in unic means ele- hant. Hence in- nding tourists o now pack their unks. JULIUS eserved a month his name, for e reformed the lendar, and set ie almanack by ie sun so cle- erly, that things ave gone on ever nce much as he ft them. But ie Astronomer oyal who put C. up to all this ne one PROFES- OR SOSIGENES, Alexandria, of hom scholars ly hear, while s master gets l the credit of e scientific ope- tion. *Mr. Punch* ow sets that mat- r straight, and dains, that in- ead of the year ing called the ulian year, CÆ- R shall be coun- nt with his ly, and the an- al period shall called the SIGENEAN year emember the me by sausages.

THE FLIGHT OF GENIUS.—Too fre- ently, this flight the Attic.

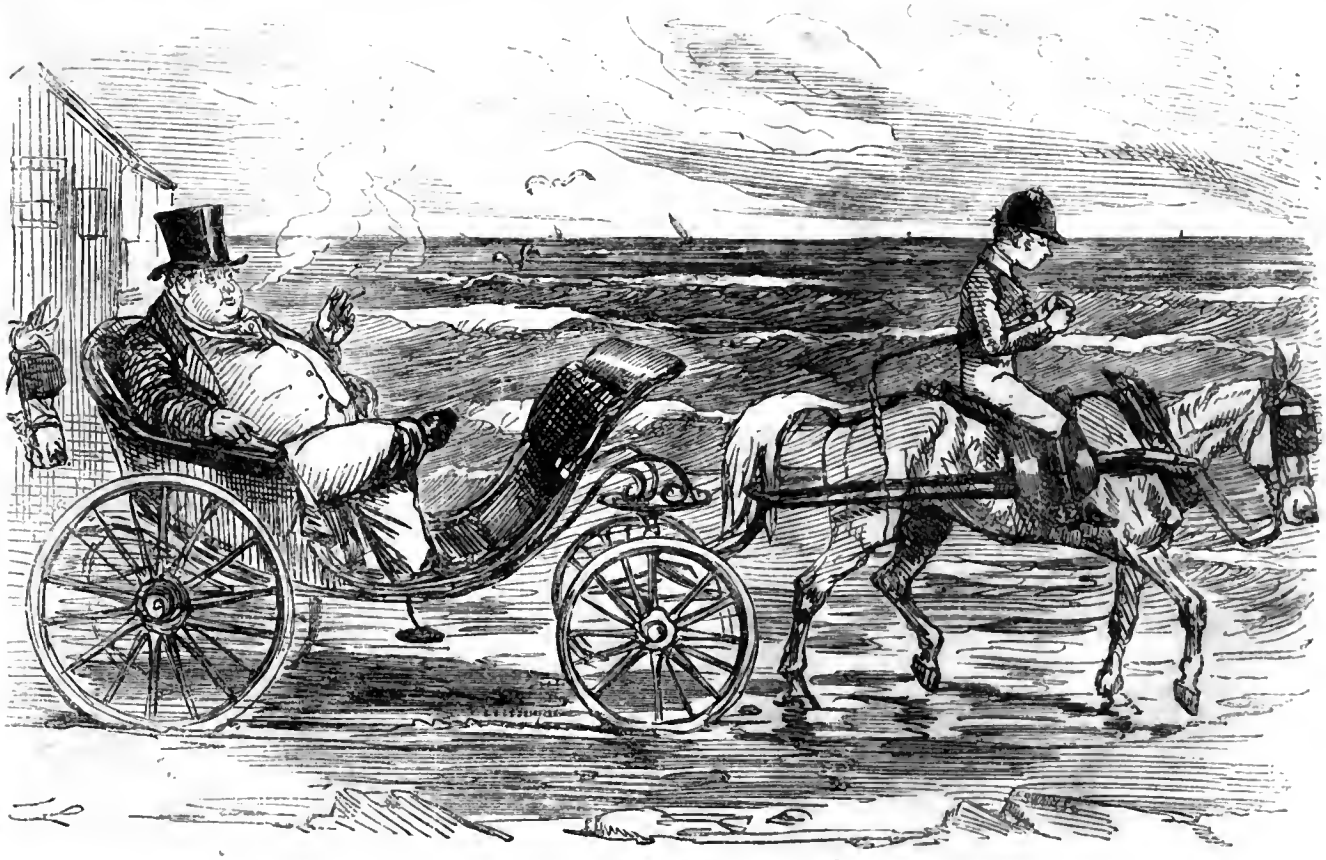
MRS. J. HAS THE BEST OF IT!

Paterfamilias. "MRS. JONES! M-MATILDA! WHY!—EH!—WHAT THE DEUCE—"
Mrs. J. "YES, MR. J. YOU HAVE BEEN GOING ON SO ABOUT THE CRINOLINE, THAT I THOUGHT I WOULD TRY HOW YOU LIKED THIS STYLE OF THING. SO, COME, JONES, COME OUT FOR A WALK!"

LOST MEN.

WHEN bachelors get married their bachelor acquaintances see them no more. So far as concerns their chums who live in chambers, they might indeed almost as well be dead as wedded. Sometimes one of them appears in the haunts he once frequented, but he comes there like a ghost, and seems the merest shadow of the jolly chap he used to be. His old friends regard him more with sorrow than with anger, but neither he nor they derive much comfort from his visit. In fact, he drops in like a tax-gatherer, and makes every one uncomfortable. He who was once the life becomes the death's head of their slumber-table. A Benedick with bachelors is a fish out of water; and the best thing to be done with him is to throw a bait out and try to make him hook it.

A GOVERNMENT OFFICE.—A bundle of sticks bound together by Red Tape.



NO DOUBT OF IT!

Invalid (in Carriage). "NOW, THESE POSTILIONS NEVER SEEM TO BE UNWELL! UPON MY WORD, I VERILY BELIEVE IF I WERE TO CHANGE PLACES WITH THAT LITTLE CHAP, I SHOULD BE EVER SO MUCH BETTER!"

CLASSICALITY FOR THE MONTH.

AUGUST is so called from AUGUSTUS, who was CÆSAR II. AUGUSTUS means properly sacred, and somehow comes from Augur, the great Roman priest and prophet who was often, like most prophets, at once auger and bore. The Greek *sebastos* means the same, whence Sebastopol, a place recently taken by the French, according to their own account. AUGUSTUS's name was really OCTAVIUS, so that his having the eighth month of the year is all right enough (supposing that he had a right to have any month at all) a piece of exquisitely subtle classical criticism, which has hitherto escaped all the scholiasts. On the 19th of August the Imperial party called his friends together, and asked them if he had played his part well, to which they responded "Yes." Then, demanding their applause he departed. The same inquiry is usually made by an august and imperial body here, at about the same date, but the reply is invariably the reverse.

PROFESSIONAL NURSERY RHYME.

TAX-COLLECTOR.

GREAT A, scheddledums A, B, C,
And come down upon him with scheddledy D,
"What a hole in my income you've made!" says he.

GOLDEN ADVICE.—Persons about to marry should look to their finances before they take their fatal leap. With fathers of small means and increasingly large families, it is generally easier to find appetites than dinners. A bridal often tends to saddle a man with debts; and unless he makes a bolt of it, he may find himself ere long without a bit in his mouth.

THE QUEEN'S OMNIBUS.—MR. CARLYLE has happily called the fraudulent and felonious part of the population, or rogues and thieves, "The Devil's Regiment of the Line." The post of honour due to that distinguished corps is the Van.

HOW TO GET CUCUMBERS OUT OF SUNBEAMS.—Turn photographer, and then, if Fortune smiles upon you, you can purchase as many cucumbers as you please.

Alfred. "OH, IF YOU PLEASE, UNCLE, WE WANT TO PLAY AT BEING WILLIAM TELL; WILL YOU BE SO KIND AS TO STAND WITH THE APPLE ON YOUR HEAD?"

REFLECTIONS AT DRILL.

BY A RIFLE VOLUNTEER.

"STAND at Ease."—The first comma the Sergeant gives us; and the last we a able to obey.

"Eyes Right—Dress."—It is clear tha good many of us have not attended to th command, or in our "dressing" we shou not have looked in so many other directio than the right one.

"By Sections" (*Drill Manual*).—Sure the last thing they ought to make of o volunteering is a *sectional* movement.

The best volunteer band will be that whi has most "wind" and least "brass."

Two ideas by no means connected—"T Lion" and "The Uniform."

The best Entrenching tools—Files a Drills.

Volunteers ought to learn to close on th supports, but should never look for suppo to their clothes.

"Fall-out"—The last order one wou like to see Volunteers obeying.

PROFESSIONAL NURSERY RHYME

MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

BABY wantee seatums?
Don't 'ee scratch and beatums!
The Man in the Moon
Will come down soon,
And bribe, corrupt, and treatums.

ETYMOLOGICAL RECREATION. — Ch woman. So called from a state of ha and face occasioned by habitual conta unsuccessful by ablution, with smut, c ders, and other forms of carbonace matter, or charcoal.

LOGIC AND LIQUOR.—Perhaps the stron est argument which the advocates of t Maine Law have for trying to get it enact here, is the allegation that spirits are inj rious to the British Constitution.

THE WREATH AND THE WEARER.— artificial florist describes himself as "He Gardener to the Ladies."

HOMŒOPATHY.—Like cures like. Sulph comes from Vesuvius. Therefore it is go for eruptions.

SEA-SIDE STUDIES!

Impertinent Cousin (reads). "*The rocks along our Coast may be seen studded with these beautiful zoophites. * * * * The skin is soft, and the tentacles are of the finest violet, mingled often with pink, mauve, green, and yellow; indeed the colours vary so much in different individuals, all alike beautiful, that it is impossible to describe them rigidly. * * * * During the ebb of the tide, these creatures may be contemplated on a fine day to great advantage, and few spectacles are calculated to afford more pleasure to a lover of Nature.*" "H'M!—HERE ARE TWO LOVELY SPECIMENS, FRED! YOU TAKE ONE, AND I'LL TAKE THE OTHER!"

CLASSICALITY FOR THE MONTH.

SEPTEMBER is so called from its having been the seventh month. The two new months, January and February, were inserted by Numa (please to remember the Grotto), who in imitation of the Greeks, divided the year into twelve parts. On the 13th the consul or dictator used to knock a nail in the temple of Jupiter, which was about as sensible a custom as is the counting of hobnails in our own time. Considering the fearful extravagance of the priests, it would have been better had the chief magistrate turned a screw. On the last day of the month there was a festival in honour of Meditrina, the goddess of curing, when the Romans tapped new wine, probably because it tasted like physic. *Ludi Magni*, or great games, were carried on this month, but in our time it is devoted to great game-bags being carried off.

ETIQUETTE *à la Romaine.*—Upon the principle that one must do at Rome as Rome does, is one expected to put three hats upon his head, because the Pope wears three crowns?

A DELICATE PROPOSAL.—A civic youth, intending to offer marriage to a young lady, wrote to ask her to unite with himself in the formation of a 'Art Union.

A BOUNCER.

Mamma (who won't appear old if she can help it). "YES, DEAR! ARABELLA DOES GROW, CERTAINLY. BUT, BLESS YOU, MY DEAR, SHE'S A MERE CHILD—A MERE CHILD!"

A FAIR WARNING.

THE man who gives a joke should be prepared to take one; and so it is with testimonials, which have become such a complete joke now-a-days, that we should advise the reader, if he is sensible, to have nothing to do with them. He, who in a moment of weakness, gives anything towards a testimonial, exposes himself to the danger of being compelled some day to take one himself. Such mutual homage only ends in general contempt.

PRACTICAL WISDOM.

WHENEVER you see exposed for sale any article that strikes your fancy, buy it if you can afford it, whether you want it or not. If you wait till you actually want a certain thing, you will find that the exact thing you want is not to be found. You will search in vain at a hundred clothes-shops for the particular kind of trousers that you once saw in a window.

PROFESSIONAL NURSERY RHYME.

TAILOR.

Goosey, goosey, gaby,
Where's little baby?
Bend pins;
Cross shins;
Then he'll in the way be.

THE SENTENCE OF A WISE MAGISTRATE.—Always speak of a man as you find him.

FACILITY IN BOOKKEEPING.—To keep books appears to be an easy matter with most people; the difficulty with the majority of those who borrow books consists in returning them.

HOMŒOPATHY IN THE LARDER.—To cure bacon. Rub in as much butter as will lie on the point of a pin—and smoke.

ICHTHYOLOGY.—Whitebait, in spite of their minute dimensions, are decided by the most scientific epicures to be no small fry.

RETRIEVING ONE'S POSITION.—A fast undergraduate immediately on having been plucked gets driven to the station and takes a first class.

ECONOMY WITH PERFUME.—A domestic recipe to renovate black crape says that, "Skim milk-and-water with a little bit of glue in it, made scalding hot, will restore old rusty black Italian crape." You cannot think how nice it smells!

DIVORCE.—A Matrimonial Ticket-of-leave.

NOT SO BAD AS HE SEEMS.

Country Friend (apropos of Cockney Ditto). "UPON MY WORD, THOMAS, IF I HAD THOUGHT HE HAD BEEN SO DANGEROUS, I WOULDN'T HAVE BROUGHT HIM OUT."
Keeper. "WELL, HE DU SHOOT A LEETLE WILD, SIR—BUT IT AIN'T O' MUCH CONSEQUENCE—I LOAD FOR UN—AND I DON'T PUT NO SHOT IN!"

CLASSICALITY FOR THE MONTH.

OCTOBER is so called from its having been the eighth month. In this month the Romans sacrificed a horse in remembrance of the horse of Troy, which fell, as the leaves do, and died in October. This absurdity was followed by another. Having cut off the tail, a flamen went off with it in a flaming hurry to the house of the high-priest, in order to let some of the blood drop on his hearth. The row which the Roman housemaid (*ancilla domestica*) used to make in consequence of what she irreverently called this nasty going on, may be imagined, for it is not recorded. Perhaps the phrase of fighting *pro aris et focis*, was derived from the flamen's cutting down the "area" and making the aforesaid mess on the clean kitchen "hearth," the female domestic pitching into him like a mountain cat who guards her young.

PROFESSIONAL NURSERY RHYME.

MEDICAL MAN.

COUNT up his pulse, pulse, pulse,
Roll up his pill, pill, pill;
Mix up his dose, dose, dose,
Make up his bill, bill, bill.

ASTRONOMICAL.—A telescope is said to have been invented somewhere in Germany, which not only proves that the Moon is made of green cheese, but also enables the observer to distinguish the mites.

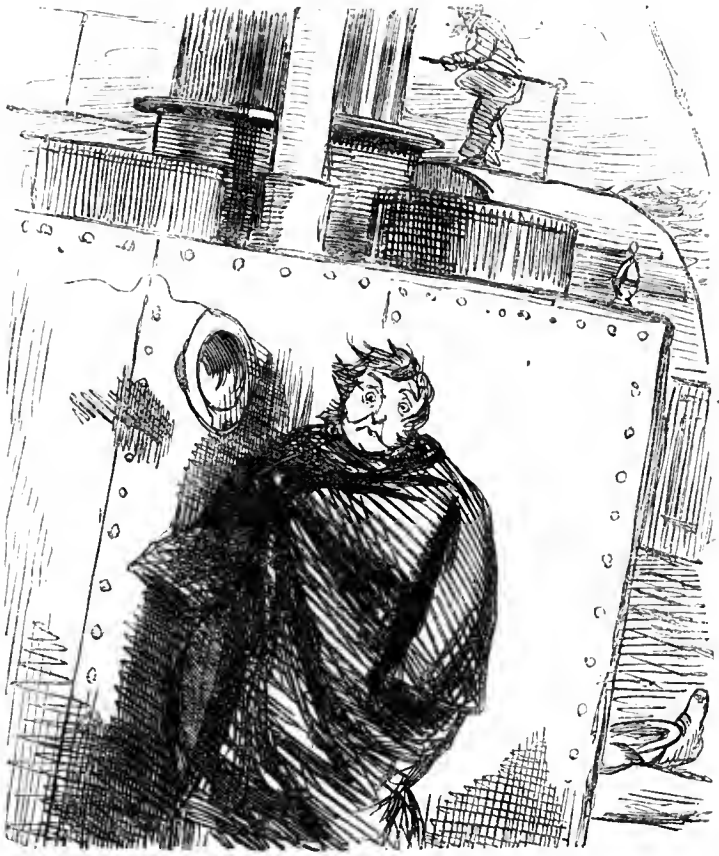
BEFORE AND AFTER.—A Henpecked Husband writes: "Before marriage I fancied wedded life would be all sunshine; but afterwards I found out that it was all moonshine."

THE LANGUAGE OF BIRDS.—The sparrow is a constant example of early rising and a preacher of economy. As soon as it is light you hear him hopping up and down in the rain-water spout, crying, "Cheap, cheap!"

ADVANTAGE OF APPEARANCES.—Whatever may be your circumstances—dress well. You will thus render yourself an ornament to Society, and at all events be a credit to your tailor.

VEGETABLE BLUBBER.—The tears of the weeping willow.

POLITICAL LIFE.—Its appointments are few and far between, as measured by its Disappointments.



HINT TO TRAVELLERS.

IF YOU ARE OBLIGED TO CROSS THE CHANNEL, GET AS NEAR MID-SHIPS AS POSSIBLE (NEVER MIND THE MOVEMENT OF THE ENGINES, OR THE SMELL OF THE OIL), AND—IT WILL BE SOONER OVER.

READING CHARACTERS IN WRITING.

THERE are persons who profess to judge of character by handwriting, and to judge from their advertisements, there is very little doubt that their profession pays them. Yet their judgments, after all, are mere matters of guesswork. They base them, as the gipsies do, on the mere pretence of simply looking at the hand. Now, writing a good hand by no means generally implies the having a good head. Still less is it indicative of having a good heart. A man may be remarkable for the superfinest qualities, and yet may write the coarsest and most commonplace of hands. He may have the clearest brain, and yet may sign his name so puzzlingly that nobody can read it. Many a man indeed who cannot write his name at all, may, without untruth, be looked on as a man of mark.

WORDS FOR NIGGER MELODISTS.

WHEN I lib in Ole Virginny,
I was no piccaninny;
I lub well a yaller gal,
Although her eyes wer squinny!
Chorus.
Corn cake corn!
SUKEY 's all forlorn;
Cake corn cake!
SAMBO's heart will break.

Dat yaller gal she whisper me,
"Oh, SAM, I want to married be!"
Yup! yup! I said, de sky am red,
And so you can't be mar-ri-ed!
Chorus. Corn cake corn! &c.

Another twelvemonth past and gone,
Dat gal and I sit all alone,
Yup! yup! I said, your eyes am red,
Oh, Golly! we 'll get mar-ri-ed!
Chorus.
Corn cake corn,
SUKE's no more forlorn!
Cake corn cake,
SAMBO's heart won't break!

COCKNEY CLASSICS.—"JACK," said ROBINS, "which varsity would you rather go to, Hoxford or 'Idelberg?" "Hoxford, JEMMY, to be sure, you muff," answered ROBBINS. "'Cos vy, I prefers hindustry to hidleness."

BOTANY AND ENTOMOLOGY.—Creepers do much better on walls than in beds.

SPORT (!) IN 1859.—FOWL-SHOOTING.

THE FEROCIOUS PHEASANTS THINK THEY ARE GOING TO BE FED, AND SURROUND THE HONOURABLE MR. BATTUE ACCORDINGLY.

CLASSICALITY FOR THE MONTH.

NOVEMBER is so called from its having been the ninth month. There was a ridiculous procession and a great civic feast early in the month. At the banquet the chief magistrate presided, and much intolerable folly was talked. We ought to be thankful that there is nothing of this kind in our November. The Romans had the grace to be ashamed of the misdeeds of their fathers, and in this month there were expiatory ceremonies in remembrance of four persons who had been cruelly buried alive in the ox-market. In what was the ox-market of London many persons were cruelly burned alive, but the stupid and ignorant Fathers of the City have never thought of erecting a martyrs' memorial, like that at Ox-ford.

PROFESSIONAL NURSERY RHYME.

RAILWAY DIRECTOR.

HUSHABY, baby, asleep in the train,
When we spare wages, so much we gain,
When we 're ill served, collisions befall,
And smash go carriages, baby, and all.

MAXIMS BY A MISANTHROPE.

THE last place in which I should look for the milk of human kindness is, The *pale* of civilisation.

How to keep your friends—Never ask any of them to do you a service.

The wooer's mood—the optative—*May*.

The wedded mood—the imperative—*Must*.

QUEER QUERIES.

IN what light can a betting-man be viewed as a *lay* figure?

Is it legal for a blind man to sue upon a bill made payable at sight?

When the morning breaks, is it expected to appear in the Bankruptcy Court?

A NEW TRICK.—"Does your Watch Go, and Is it a Repeater?" is the title of a new conjuring trick. The watch that does *not* go is a repeater; for whenever you consult it, it always tells you the same time.

JOKING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.—Writing with tremendous chilblains on your fingers.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.—THE MOUSTACHES.

Lady B. (a wicked Marquis). "BUT HAVE YOU MADE ME FIERCE ENOUGH, CHARLES?" *Charles.* "FIERCE!—FEROCIOUS!"

MR. PUNCH'S ENTOMOLOGICAL RECREATIONS.

PECULIAR HABITS OF THE HOP-FLY.

DURING the winter months, and especially about Christmas, begins to appear the Hop-fly. It has usually a dark green or brown body, with two bright eyes in front (when the lamps are lighted). In damp weather it will be found to give out a musty smell. Its *habitat* is about mews and livery stables. This fly may be seen in motion about the streets of respectable neighbourhoods in considerable quantities between the hours of nine and ten at night, and later between midnight and the small hours will be found motionless in rows near the pavement, outside houses where the linkmen at the doors, the lights in the drawing-room windows, and the music of the band, announce the "hop" from which this fly derives its principal support. The Hop-fly will be found in greatest abundance in the metropolis from the winter till the end of the London season. Its pace is irregular, but never exceeds seven miles an hour.

PROFESSIONAL NURSERY RHYME.

USURER.

Cock-a-doodle-doo!
Daddy bill renew,
The money was lent,
At sixty per cent.
Isn't Papa a screw?

DEFINITIONS OF THE DAY.

BY AN IRISH CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.

THE SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH TO INDIA.—An undersea branch of the overland *route*.

THE WORST ROAD OUT OF THE SAN JUAN DIFFICULTY.—An expedition to Kill (Il)arney.

THE REAL ISTHMUS OF SUEZ.—An Irish pig-steamer.

PATRIOTISM.—A Hampshire agricultural remarked after dinner that "Swedes was the only vorreners as he hoped ever to see planted on English soil."

ECONOMY IN DRESS.—Never buy embroidered braces that are dearer than plain ones. 'Tis blind vanity to sport invisible ornament.

THE JOLLY GAME OF SNOWBALLING, AS PLAYED IN OUR SQUARE.

CLASSICALITY FOR THE MONTH.

DECEMBER is so called from its having been the tenth month. In that period came the Saturnalia, festivals the most celebrated of the whole year, when all was mirth and feasting; friends gave one another presents, and slaves were treated, for seven days, as upon a footing with, instead of as persons to be kicked by, their masters. Parents presented their children with little images, possibly dolls, but as probably coins with the image and superscription of CÆSAR. We have preserved a good deal of this observance, except that, inasmuch as we do not unworthily degrade our servants at other times, we do not unduly exalt them now. Nevertheless, it might not be amiss to imitate the Romans, and make this part of the year jovial to all over whom we have authority. *Mr. Punch*, the nobles Roman of them all, sets the example; for having authority over the whole world, he gladdens its December by issuing his Almanack.

"LET the fancy pass," as the Manager of the South-Western Railway said of a special train loaded with prize-fighters.

COSSEMINO THE MIDNIGHT "HOYLE."—Playing at cards after midnight.

A CHRISTMAS-BOX FOR LITTLE BOYS.

WHY is the English Grammar like the gout?

Because it's taught yer (*torture*).

THE TRUE ART OF CORRESPONDENCE.—Whatever is, is write.

THE BEST YULE CLOG.—Invite a notorious wet-blanket to your Christmas Dinner.

THE GOLDEN NUMBER.—The Three Balls that hang over a pawnbroker's shop.

THE VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT—CHAIRING THE BEST SHOT IN ENGLAND.

HINT ON HOUSE CLEANING.—Engage a charwoman who is habitually "all mops and brooms."

JOHN BULL'S APOSTROPHE TO ALL COWARDS.—Want to rifle the sweets of this hive, do you? I'll rifle ye!

HOW TO WED YOUR ACQUAINTANCES.—To carry no cigar-box yourself, but to levy contributions on the cigar-boxes of those who do.

LIFE A RIDDLE.—Yes. Man is indeed a Riddle, for no one can tell whether he is good or bad, until he's found out.

BRANDY-AND-WATER BY DEGREES.—Brandy-and-Water. Brandwater. Bramwater. Bramwarra. Bremwar. Bamwwrr-rr. Brr-eughph!

REMARK ON DRESS.—If a hat is a tile, straw-bonnets are thatch.

MISERABLE ATTEMPTS.

BY A MISERABLE MAN.

Q. WHY is a cat on its hind legs like the great Fall of Niagara?

A. Because it is a cat-erect.

Q. What is the difference between HANDEL and the grinder of a barrel-organ?

A. The one was a composer, the other is a discomposer.

Q. Why are man-haters like mice in the West Indies?

A. Because they are mice-an'-tropical.

Q. If a pretty poulteress marries a pill-monger, why may she be said to make a bad bargain of it?

A. Because she lets him have a "duck," and gets nothing but a quack in return.

MORAL MAXIMS.

NEVER put off till to-morrow the man whom you can do to-day.

Business first and pleasure afterwards. Get your loan from the usurer before you treat yourself with kicking him.

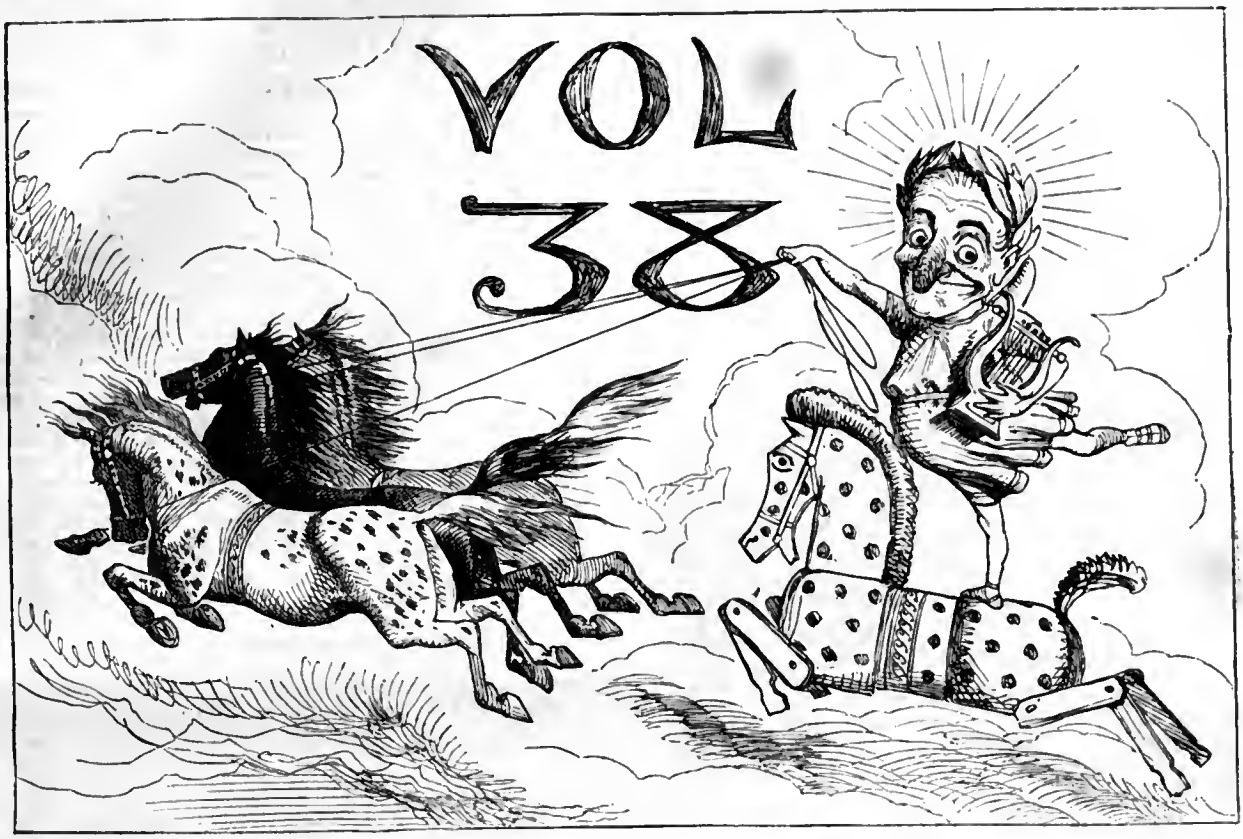
My Son, delays are dangerous—especially with widows.

Patience is a virtue. When your wife wants a new shawl, suffer her to wait for it.

Fools put their names to bills and wise men make a living by them.

Exchange is no robbery. If you go out to a party, put your oldest hat on.

ONE OF THE WONDERS OF THE WORLD.—An observer from New England, having made the tour of the Continent, has remarked that the celebrated Leaning Tower of Pisa "slopes off" without moving.



ALL THE WORLD'S TWELFTH-NIGHT.

WEARIED with receiving the incessant and overwhelming congratulations of the Universe upon his opening the Thirty-Eighth of the Immortal Tomes, *Mr. Punch* commanded that neither visitors nor letters should be brought up to him for the space of one hour. And reclining in his delightful arm-chair, the gift of his gracious SOVEREIGN on his last birthday, *Mr. Punch* slept. It was the Eve of St. Twelfthcake.

And a Dream came unto him.

He thought that all the Great Ones of the World held Twelfth-night.

And out of a vast Helmet, like that which in HORACE WALPOLE's story came down into the court-yard of MANFRED of Otranto, they were drawing Twelfthnight characters.

By some Mesmeric agency, *Punch*, though keeping his own majestic distance from the folk engaged in the revel, was able to read the painted scrolls which were drawn from the helmet.

And these were some of the characters drawn by the Great Ones of the World:

The SILENT MAN OF THE TUILERIES drew *Alexander the Great;* motto, "The world's mine oyster, which I with sword will open."

The EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA drew *Bottom;* motto, "I pray you remember to have me set down an Ass."

The EMPEROR OF RUSSIA drew "*Old* BROWN" *the Liberator;* motto, "The serfs are glad through LARA's wide domain."

His Holiness the POPE drew *Æolus;* motto, "You untie the winds, and let them fight against the Churches."

His Holiness the SULTAN drew *Saint Peter;* motto, "I am a better Christian than thou." Which he showed to the preceding drawer.

PRESIDENT BUCHANAN drew *Janus;* motto, "Black's not so black, nor white so very white."

LORD PALMERSTON drew *Warwick the Kingmaker;* motto, "Mighty Pam, that kings and queens o'erthrow."

The EX-GRAND DUKE LEOPOLD drew *Honest Iago;* motto, "*Exit tyrannus, regum ultimus.*"

COUNT CAVOUR drew *Arnold of Brescia;* motto, "Thou canst not, Cardinal, devise a name so slight, unworthy, and ridiculous as the POPE."

LORD JOHN RUSSELL drew *Jack the Giant-Killer;* motto, "Though she be but little, she is fierce."

PRINCESS FREDERICK WILLIAM drew *Queen Victoria;* motto, "I never saw you look so like your mother."

The KING OF SARDINIA drew *Bernadotte;* motto, "'Tis better using France than trusting France."

MR. MACREADY drew *Coriolanus;* motto, "A fool, a fool, I met a fool i' that FORREST."

The QUEEN OF SPAIN drew *Lucretia* (BORGIA); motto, "Most women have no characters at all."

LORD BROUGHAM drew MR. PUNCH; motto, "When you take her without her answer, you shall take her without her tongue."

But here the crowd of *Mr. Punch's* admirers, eager to go on congratulating him became so dense and noisy, that a humble supplication from the police that he would be pleased to remove the obstruction by letting the multitude enter, scattered his dream of the World's Twelfthnight.

Macaulay.

28TH DECEMBER, 1859.

O dying year, didst't wreak thy latest scoff
On those who, wearied with thee, bade thee go,
And, parting, didst't with palsied hand strike off
The noblest name our Golden Book could show?
Vain spite! Self-branded, thou shalt pass away,
Bearing his life whose fame was England's pride;
But through the ages English tongues shall say,
"That year! An ill one. Then Macaulay died."

A Mistletoe.

THE toe of St. Peter's at Rome may be fairly called so, *au pied de la lettre*, for it has been kissed so often by the pilgrims and devotees that it is now quite a case of *mizzle-toe*. The kissing that takes place there every Christmas is always on the most liberal footing.

OH! ISN'T IT DELIGHTFUL, GETTING YOUR BOOTS OFF AFTER A THOROUGH WET DAY'S HUNTING!

JUVENILE RIFLE CORPS.

"MR. PUNCH, "*Acacia House Academy, January*, 1860.

"PLEASE, Sir, it says in the paper that there is a talk of military training in public schools. That means College boys only; but I wish you would try to get all of us to have to be taught to be soldiers, and especially shooting with the rifle, which would be jolly fun. There is nothing like beginning when a fellow is young; and old SLATER would be so precious mad. If he smells the least gunpowder, he gets into such a rage; and just let him find a chap out letting off a squib or a cracker,—wouldn't a fellow just catch it, that's all! Shouldn't I like him to see me biting off the end of a cartridge, in which I would make mouths at him, as if I couldn't help it. Rifles is a game I would ever so much sooner play than prisoner's base, or football, or even cricket; and I'd a good deal rather have a lot of bullets than so many marbles, even if they were all alleys. Do, *Mr Punch*, try and make old SLATER forced to have us all drilled and brought up to be Riflemen, to fight for our parents and friends. The College boys would be only a few, but we should be ever so many. I shall now conclude, hoping, next half, that, instead of nothing but lessons and sums, our preceptor will enjoy the pleasing task of teaching the young idea how to shoot; and I remain, dear *Mr. Punch*, home for the holidays,

"Your young Friend,

"BRIGGS, JUNIOR."

"P.S. I've just thought of some copies that could be set for boys that were being drilled and brought up to be Volunteers. For instance, Avoid Quakers; Advance Artillery; Britons Shoot Home; Charge Bayonets; Cavalry are Wanted; Drill is a Duty; Keep Close Order; Respect Riflemen; Shoulder Arms; Watch your Enemies, &c. What do you think of that sort of thing for text-hand copy-slips?"

Too Good by Half.

A REPORTER on one of our leading journals, and well-known amongst his comrades for his love of the *dolce far niente*, which he has carried to the most delightful height of *fainéantisme*, was asked why he didn't join a Rifle Corps; when he replied, in a tone of the most profound conviction, that evidently released him in his own mind from all future liability, "No, no, my dear fellow, one Volunteer is worth two Press men, any day."

STAGE LAWYERS.

READER, constant or inconstant reader, have you ever noticed how the lawyers are maligned and maltreated by the dramatists. As a rule, one never sees a honest lawyer on the stage. Indeed, the part would be so novel that an actor would require to be paid extra for performing it. We should as soon expect a dramatist to write a part for a Gorilla as introduce so strange an animal as a honest lawyer. No. A lawyer on the stage is invariably a bad one. In Comedy he is the evil genius of the piece, and though he triumphs for an act or two, before the curtain falls he always gets the worst of it. In Melodrama he is, if not the villain of the piece, at least the villain's bosom friend and il-legal adviser. In a Nautical drama he is always found consorting with the smugglers and the pirates. The Jack Tars call him "land-shark," and threaten to harpoon him or to "darken his skylights." They nickname him a "lubber," and bid him "sheer off, or they'll scuttle him." They shiver their timbers when he heaves in sight, and swear they'll make lobscouse of him if he comes athwart their hawse.

In Farce, too, you may be sure, a lawyer's never introduced excepting to be laughed at. His make up is always the signal for a roar. His lean lanthorn-jaws are as yellow as old parchment, and he dresses in a seedy shiny swallow-tailed black coat, buttoned tight across his chest to make him look like a starved scarecrow. His spindleshanks of legs are made to look still thinner by being cased in tights; and his hands are enveloped in a mass of woollen fabric, which appears to be supposed to do duty for gloves.

Then, the treatment he receives is of as bad a fashion nearly as his dress. He rarely comes upon the stage excepting to be kicked off it. Like the dog upon the racecourse, everybody hoots at him. In fact, the part which lawyers have to play upon the stage, is to get the kicks and cuffs but not the six-and-eightpences. Like Pantaloons in pantomimes, they get knocked about and jeered at, and are continually touched up with the red end of the hot poker.

Wanted—A Ruin.

AMONG the principal functions assigned to the citizens of Rome by M. DE LA GUERRONNIÈRE (*alias* LOUIS NAPOLEON) in his new pamphlet, "*Le Pape et le Congrès*," is the "keeping up of ruins" (*culte des ruines*).

It is, no doubt, to have another and important subject-matter for this duty, that the Irish priests are trying to ruin the National System of Education.

WHY is the Western Central Postal District larger than any of the others?—Because it is W.C. (double, you see).

THE WESTMINSTER REPRESENTATION.

WHEN *Mr. Punch* informs his readers that Westminster must be condoled with for having been deprived of her Representation, his readers naturally will ask, what can Westminster have done that she should be disfranchised? and imaginary cases of bribe-giving and corrupting will perhaps be conjured up by their imaginative minds. There is, however, in reality no cause for such imaginings. Westminster, until lately, has had two representations: the one wherein SIR JOHN SHELLEY and SIR DE LACY EVANS have been popularly chosen to appear in the first parts, and the other wherein *Davus*, *Phormio*, and *Geta* have been among the principal characters assigned, and have from time to time elicited cheers quite as loud as those which ever have awakened the echoes of St. Stephens. It is this latter Representation which Westminster has lost, and which *Mr. Punch* and all "old Westminsters" lament. *Amplius haud!*—were *Mr. Punch* in an elegiac mood, he could indite some touching lines on this suggestive subject. *Amplius haud!*—let the student put in classic phraseology even so prosaic a statement as the following, and provided that his lines will scan, and there be no false quantities, he may depend on getting praise in abundance on next "Verse day:"—

"FAREWELL TO WESTMINSTER PLAY.—The time-honoured Westminster Play is no more! DEAN TRENCH, impressed by arguments which are no doubt of great weight, has determined that it shall be abolished: and we have therefore seen the last of the perplexities of *Chremes*, the knaveries of *Davus*, and the gasconades of *Thraso*. We cannot help looking back with some regret upon those meetings, when the flower of our youth, our future Statesmen, Chancellors, and Bishops, essayed before an indulgent audience the difficult art of giving effect in speech and action to the deepest emotions of the human heart. There was something very inspiriting in the burst of applause with which some 'old Westminster,' who had climbed to the top of the tree, and now seated himself in the Pit, to fight over again the battles of his youth in the person of his grandson, was received as he entered. Pleasant, too, was it to observe the tact with which some of the youthful actors took up the points, and gave effect in a dead language to the wit of a dramatist who lived two thousand years ago."

Reading this, the reader, if he be but as "intelligent" as writers love to call him, will naturally ask, what the "arguments" could be why the Play should be abolished, seeing there was so much that was pleasant and heart-moving in it. On this point in the following there is somewhat of enlightenment:—

"The morality of TERENCE, though good as far as it goes, is imperfect when compared with that by which Society is now governed. Though the boys may daily read in the *Times* which lies on their mother's drawingroom tables, of scenes as bad as any that TERENCE depicts, still it is better not to put into the mouths of boys sentiments which would shock the susceptibilities of their mothers and sisters, if they understood them. The preparations of the play, too, no doubt interfered with the graver avocations of the school. It was a thing of the past. Public opinion was against it, and DEAN TRENCH will not be blamed for giving it the *coup de grace*."

So at least thinks the *Guardian*. But whether or no the *Guardian* is gifted with the power of gauging public opinion, and has foundation for its statement that public opinion was against the playing of the Play, *Mr. Punch* will leave his readers to determine for themselves, if it happen that they think it worth their while to do so. With regard, too, to the prophecy which the *Guardian* has put forth, that DEAN TRENCH "will not be blamed" for abolishing the Play, *Mr. Punch* is not disposed to accept this as fulfilled yet, inasmuch as he himself sees certain grounds for censure, and is by no means yet convinced but that he will have to give it. The plea that TERENCE although "good" is not "perfect" in morality, cannot, properly considered, be held to justify his banishment. SHAKSPEARE might be proscribed on a similar account, and there would be not more advantage in so doing. There is such a fault as being overnice, and grossness very often is produced by too much delicacy. We must say good-bye to a good part of the classics, if we exercise all the writers who have written aught unsavoury. We cannot wish our sons to have their mouths so full of foulness that they needs must blurt it out before their mothers and their sisters. On the other hand, however, we have no wish they should cultivate such mealy-mouthed mock-modesty as should make them wear an eyeglass so as not to use the naked eye, or blush when asking to be helped to the bosom of a chicken.

His Very Reverence DEAN TRENCH is a bit of a philosopher; but such acts as these but smack of the philosophy of Cant, and *Mr. Punch* in no way can extend to them his reverence. The Westminster Play was a pleasant institution. It afforded a meet meeting-place for old schoolfellows and playmates. It may have had some evil, but it had far more good; and *Mr. Punch* unfeignedly regrets its abolition. *Quieta non movere* is a good old Tory maxim, and there was in this case no fit reason to depart from it. One often sees a theatre turned into a dormitory, but the Westminster Players did precisely the reverse, and so praiseworthy an example should not have been abolished. DEAN TRENCH is learned in proverbs—hath he not filled a volume with them? but there is one which surely has escaped his memory. When his Deanship gave his dictum that TERENCE should be banished, he must clearly have forgotten that—

"All work and no PLAY,
Makes JACK a dull boy."

This is a wise saw, and DEAN TRENCH, if he be wise, will not fly in its teeth. Work is very well, but play, at times, is better. *Neque semper arcum.* Minds, like bodies, grow up stunted, if they always have their backs bent. What though it "interfered with graver avocations," Westminster Play was a part of education. Besides teaching elocution—which is never learned at College—it fostered kindly feelings, and evoked most pleasant sympathies. Let DEAN TRENCH rescind his recent resolution, and when next the curtain falls upon the Westminster Representation, *Mr. Punch* will be among the very first to cry out *Plaudite!*

TWO HUNDRED RIDES IN THE QUEEN'S VAN.

AT the Guildhall Police Office a woman was brought up, who, it was represented, had been locked up no less than two hundred times. We have heard of the "Hero of a Hundred Fights;" the existence of the "Author of a Hundred Pieces" is also not unfamiliar to us; but the revelation of this new "Heroine of Two Hundred Lock-ups" strikes us perfectly prostrate with astonishment. Her whole life, framed on the model of a beehive, must have consisted of nothing but a series of cells, although the proportion of whacks must have preponderated largely over that of honey, forming a moral contrast between the rewards that are generally attendant upon a career spent in idleness or industry. Better to have kept her a perpetual inmate in prison, we think, than to liberate her two hundred times merely to lock her up again two hundred times. In prison she would have been out of harm's way, whereas as soon as she was set free, she returned once more to her old practices of smashing windows and assaulting the police.

The life of this unfortunate creature is but a sorry comment on the efficacy of our prison discipline; or was her nature so hardened that no reformatory could possibly make an impression upon it? In the present instance, this "Heroine of Two Hundred Assaults" was condemned to twenty-one days' imprisonment with hard labour. The same treatment having failed two hundred times previously, is there much chance of its succeeding on the two-hundredth-and-first time? Common sense would dictate the trial of some other remedy, or else it would be only charitable, until such time as she has learnt to distinguish right from wrong, to confine her in some place of security, where she could not inflict injury either upon herself or others.

AN UNUSUAL NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

AN Imperial patent is published in the *Vienna Gazette*, regulating the financial system of Austria on a perfectly new basis. The patent acquires the form of law on the First of January. This is a New Year's gift worth its weight in gold, though perhaps we are too hasty. It will be as well not to go on so quickly. Suppose we say worth its weight in copper. We will begin first with kreuzers, then work our way cautiously up to florins, and end gradually, a small Louis d'or at a time, with gold. The grandsons of the present Bœotian population may probably come in for the latter some hundred years hence. We cannot have everything at once. However, the poor Viennese are delighted at the opening of the new prospect before them, and perhaps it is the extreme distance of it that lends an additional enchantment to the view. They are so tired of the paper currency, that they are glad *à la* CHARLES MATHEWS, to take "anything for a change."

Ignorance in High Life.

Fashionable Lady (*to her Husband*). "I wonder how the children are? I haven't seen them for ever so long, and I declare I am getting quite anxious. I say, HENRY, dear, I wish you would show me the way up to the nursery."

RATHER A KNOWING THING IN NETS.

Admiring Friend. "WHY, FRANK! WHAT A CAPITAL DODGE!"
Frank. "A—YA-AS. MY BEARD IS SUCH A BORE, THAT I HAVE TAKEN A HINT FROM THE FAIR SEX."

CLERICAL OLD CLO' MEN.

THE recent ferment in St. George's in the East, or Yeast, was mainly caused by the odd clothing of the clergyman who preached there. By the account of an eye-witness, this minister was habited—

"Not in the ordinary linen surplice, with the graceful appendages of scarf and university hood, but in a yellowish white cloak fastened close round the neck, with trimmings consisting of broad gold lace embroidery, with a cross woven in the back."

Seeing that the Puseyites do all they can to make their services theatrical, we should fancy that an extra "effect" might be produced if their "yellowish white cloaks" were fashioned *à la* opera cloak, and if a crush hat were used by them as headcover. The "broad gold lace embroidery," which is worn by way of "trimmings" smacks somewhat of the footman rather than the clergyman; but perhaps this is used to indicate humility, and to be a badge to mark the servants of the Church.

In defence of these queer vestments it is urged, that they are merely the "ornaments of a minister," which are by the rubric directed to be worn: the rubric ordering that—

"Such ornaments of the Church and of the ministers thereof shall be retained, and be in use, as were in the Church of England by authority of Parliament in the 2nd year of KING EDWARD THE SIXTH."

But they who quote this in defence of their eccentric way of dressing, need reminding of the fact that "things isn't as they used to was." The old clo' of the Church which these old clo' men have revived were in KING EDWARD'S reign cut out for a set and special object; the purpose being to distinguish between the contempt of all ecclesiastical apparel on the part of the severe and strict Genevan School, and the endeavour to retain or reproduce the customs of the Romish priesthood, which were then becoming exploded and disused. There is no more reason now that the clergy should be robed in the apparel of KING EDWARD'S time, than that the laity should wear the costume of that period. Vestments so old-fashioned are not fitting for an age so progressive as our own. They indicate to our mind a backsliding in the Church; a sliding back, that is, to the costumes of the past, which are like its customs, quite unsuited to the present.

At any rate, however, if the habit be persisted in, we trust our bishops will take leaves from the Puseyitish fashion-books, and come out in the "gorgeous array" of some two hundred years ago. They might, in one respect at least, find the costume not unserviceable. The formidable boots which were in vogue in EDWARD'S time might be used just now with considerable effect upon such persons as the Church would be the better for ejecting.

ROMAN CATHOLIC EMIGRATION.

THE Roman Catholics, in their published protest, declare that they will not endure the subjection of their Sovereign Pontiff to any earthly authority. He shall be a King! Marking their "absolute shall," which Congress may possibly disregard, *Mr. Punch*, the patron of the persecuted, begs to propose the formation of an Emigration Society, with a view to accommodate these protestant papists. This charitable Association will endeavour to provide the funds necessary to enable them to abjure the realm, and exchange the constitutional Government of QUEEN VICTORIA for the paternal despotism of PIO NONO. They will thus be empowered to enjoy that form of government in preference to the other, just as the Mormons, forsaking the institutions of the United States, departed to rejoice under the theocracy of JOE SMITH, and his successor, BRIGHAM YOUNG. A large exodus of the "faithful" may consequently be expected; that is, if his HOLINESS will agree to place himself at the head of it, and shift the Chair of Peter (with a Mahometan legend upon it) to some locality as far removed from modern civilisation as Utah, and the borders of the Salt Lake. They will leave their country for their country's good, as many others have done before them who entertained similar views on the subject of high-treason.

"SOME GOOD ACCOUNT AT LAST."

AMATEUR SKATER. *"Entirely my own idea, Harry,—ease, elegance, and safety combined.—I call it the 'Skater's Friend.'"*

THE POPE AND THE PIG.

As when, mid cots of rustic swains,
With piercing and discordant cry,
Resound the distant hills and plains
To shrill inhabitant of stye;
The hearer of the dismal squeal
Of pain, resentment, wrath self-willed,
A touch of sympathy will feel,
And say, "That pig is being killed."

But should he haply bend his course,
Impelled by an inquiring mind,
To trace that clamour to its source,
Small reason for great noise he 'll find,
For grains perchance a mere demand,
Or swill withheld by lazy clown;
Or else the pig is urged to stand
When fully bent on lying down.

So, when with persecution 's roar,
The Irish priests our ears assail,
And raise upon Hibernia's shore,
A yell that loads the Western gale;
We think the chief for whom they howl,
To awful grief must sure have come,
Suppose, at hands of heathen foul,
The POPE is suffering martyrdom.

And so, when we the cause inquire
Of all the row those Papists make,
As though their venerated Sire
Alive were roasting at the stake,
The motive of their uproar all
We find his threatened loss of state;
The Papists' grievance thus is small,
And, like the pigs', their cry is great.

MUSIC AND MYSTERY.

PERSONS who like puzzles might often find amusement in the musical advertisements, which are put forth in some of the weekly prints. Here is one, for instance, which contains so hard a nut that even *Notes and Queries* would find it difficult to crack:—

EWER'S ROYAL PAVILION, SHAFTESBURY, DORSET.—WANTED, Three Musicians to join immediately, double-handed would be preferred. For particulars, &c., address as above.

Does the advertiser mean to say, that musicians with two hands are so seldom to be met with, that he thus avows his preference for those who are so gifted? If it be true that as a rule musicians have one hand more commonly than two, the College of Surgeons should be acquainted with the fact, and should set their wits to work in some way to account for it. As far as our experience and memory will carry us, we cannot call to mind that we have ever seen a one-handed musician, and this makes us the more curious to hear, if we can do so, some statistics on the subject.

In the same paper we find another nut to crack, which, for hardness of its shell, compared to the foregoing, is as a Brazil nut to a Kentish filbert:—

TO PIANOFORTE PLAYERS.—WANTED, in a first-class establishment, in the North, for a Spirit Bar-parlour, a good pianoforte player who can also sing. A lame man would be preferred, the salary being moderate. The party suiting the engagement would be permanent. Address, &c.

Why a lame man should be here preferred because the salary is moderate, is a problem of more puzzlement than we have brains to solve. A lame man might indeed find it hard to use the pedal, and his piano-playing therefore might be somewhat imperfect. But this does not account for the preference professed for him; because, however moderate the salary might be, one would fancy that the advertiser would wish to get as good a player as he could for it; and might just as well have tried to get an able-legged performer, supposing one were not more expensive than a lame one. If we wished to please the public we should certainly not choose a lame performer for so doing; for however good a hand he might be with his fingers, he never could make much of a quick running accompaniment.

VERY FISHY.

WHY is the Council about to meet in Paris like a great female eel? Because it 's a Conger-ess.

LATE AND EARLY SWEDES.

UBJOINED is an interesting piece of foreign parliamentary intelligence which appeared the other day in the columns of a contemporary, under the head of Sweden:—

"BARON CREUTZ proposed that from the age of fifteen young girls should be allowed to answer of their own accord yes or no to any suitor for their hand. M MONTGOMERY opposed the project, declaring that, at the age of fifteen, love though strong was too blind, and that the age of twenty-five was indispensable to be able to see clearly in so important a question."

Swedes come on early, if there is any ground of reason for the proposal of BARON CREUTZ. Southern plants are known to shoot up at about the age which he would fix for the maturity of the Swedish species of turnip. If his estimate is correct, *Juliets* are found in higher latitudes than they have heretofore been supposed to flourish in.

On the other hand, supposing the view of M. MONTGOMERY to be well-founded, the Swede must be a vegetable of slowish growth. At twenty-five in this country such produce has passed by four years the term at which it becomes capable of disposing of itself, and is marketable by the grower at a still earlier period. The truth probably lies between CREUTZ and MONTGOMERY; and the fair average Swede attains to its full capacity at nearly the same age with the British tuber.

If BARON CREUTZ would import some of his fine early Swedes into this country, they might find purchasers; and would constitute highly attractive features at our agricultural exhibitions and cattle-shows.

SISTER EMILY. "*Oh! here you are, Freddy! Why, what's the matter with your face, Dear,—how miserable you look?*"

FREDDY. "*Boo-hoo.—Cousin Harry says they won't take me into his Rifle Corps, because my whiskers haven't grown.*"

[*So the brave Boy has resorted to a popular but objectionable forcing process.*

THE BARD OF BICESTER.

MOST of us have in our youth been delighted with the brief but pleasantly flowing narrative of the fate of the lady commemorated in the beautiful lines:—

"There was an Old Tailor of Bicester,
He went out to walk with his sister,
When a bird called a Jay,
Took the old girl away,
Before the old gentleman missed her."

Many, of course, have been our speculations as to the real character of this event. When very young, we accepted it in its literality, and as thoroughly believed that the lady had been borne away by the bird, as we believed that GANYMEDE was carried to Olympus by one eagle, or TEDDY O'ROURKE to the moon by another. Later in life, we began to reflect that the age of miracles was past, and that for a bird called a jay—which we had seen among our noble father's ancestral woods, and also at the Zoological Gardens for sixpence (on Mondays)—to carry away a nubile maiden, would be a marvel for which even an anti-Mosaic geologist would hardly have swallow enough. We therefore surmised that the bird was an ardent admirer of the lady's, and that his name was JAY—not an uncommon name (there was a REVEREND MR. JAY, of Bath, much respected)—and that it was he who had snatched the damsel, playfully called an Old Girl, from the protection of her careless brother. Later still, we decided—as one does in the case of most miraculous stories—that nobody knew whether the tale were true or false, and that it did not much matter which it was. And in that negative atmosphere we reposed.

But a revival of our old sensations has taken place, and a gush of child-like faith has returned upon us, swamping at once our rationalism and our apathy. We have had news from Bicester. Some ignorant persons may want to know where Bicester is. To such—for we must be rude to none—we reply, that Bicester, Bisetter, or Burchester, is in Oxfordshire. It was founded under BIRINUS (bishop of Caer Dor, which of course is Dorchester), and is noted for its ale. A lively and not over-grown print called the *Bicester Herald* is an organ of the place, and a highly respectable organ; and *Mr. Punch* is happy to acknowledge that in the journal in question he has made the discovery that not only is the Sister of the Old Tailor of Bicester still alive, but that she is still blooming in beauty. A young and ardent Bard of Bicester, perhaps the Coming Man of the Age, has just addressed to her some verses which *Mr. Punch* insists on transplanting from their modest Oxfordshire *parterre* to his own garden—Paxtonia and Versailles in one. Here they are, in all their grace and beauty:—

TO M.

Dear M., I have read with delight in extreme,
The lines dedicated to me,
Which tell of the dreams of happiness,
Thou art wont to indulge in, of me.

"I was not aware, there was ought in the squeeze
Of thy hand, when I parted from thee:
I cannot say that a sigh, stray word, or a tear—
Ever fell yet unbidden from me.

"Why should'st thou bear for me this secret love,
Unchanging, deep, and true?
If I were not engaged, perhaps then it might be,
That I would fall on my knees before you.

"Oh! say not woman's lot is silence—
She has many means to try;—
And oft in muteness gains her point—
To wit—the language of the eye—

"But could'st thou love me then as well—
(Know'st thou? 'True love changeth not'—
Where I to basely spurn a heart,
And deem it then forgot.

"I trust at Love's Tribunal when arraigned,
'Not Guilty' I shall prove,
Thus convince the world I have not raised.
This charge of unrequited love."

"*Bicester.*" ******

At last, then, the veil rises once more on the history of the lovely lady of the song. The jay did her no harm. He restored her to the roof of her sires, and she has resided there in peace. But that peace is now broken. Some one whose name is spelt with six letters—can it be T*PP*R?—has crossed her path, and she has loved him. But, alas! he is "engaged," and, like a true but gentle knight, he discourages her attentions, and tenderly chides her advances. He "was not aware" that he had given her any encouragement, and he hopes to be able to show that he has not, as, with slight obscurity, he puts it, "raised the charge of unrequited love." His words may be meaningless, judged by grammar, but they are full of meaning in a legal point of view—it is useless for "M." to bring an action for breach of promise. Well, well; surely it is better that she should know this at once than be left to feed herself with false hopes, and at length waken from the sweet dream of years to the chill morning of desolation. He of the six stars has done well not to "fall on his knees"—firstly, because doing so would have spoiled his Sunday trousers, and, secondly, because it would have imperilled the happiness of a life. Sister of the aged Sartor, bear as best thou mayest what the Parcæ have sent thee. There may be (to speak as thy brother might) a silver lining to the black cloud. Some other youth may come, with as elegant Sunday trousers and more elegant grammar, and thou mayest "squeeze" his hand, and not receive a lawyer's letter in return. Meantime, *Punch* blesseth thee, for having called up, for him, the memories of his youth, and for having called up, for the *Bicester Herald*, the most extraordinarily abominable rubbish with which a respectable compositor's eyes were ever insulted. We now know the very worst a Poet can do.

THE HOME MARKET.

BY the late mail from Hong Kong, we are informed, in the midst of the commercial intelligence, as follows:—

"American Drills.—Nothing doing and very large stocks on hand."

It is quite different with the British Drills in our Volunteer Market, we rather guess. Here the Drills could not be firmer nor steadier, and if the stocks of the guns are rather heavy on hand, still they will be found to go off very briskly whenever a demand shall arise for them. They will not hang fire then, you may be sure of it. We are glad to state that the utmost confidence prevails in the English Drill Market, and that not a single step has been taken in that direction but what has been of a forward and most cheering nature. Numerous as the British Drills now are, and they have spread so quickly and so universally all over the country that there is scarcely an Englishman's leg that by this time has not gone through some sort of drill, it gives us great and unmixed satisfaction to remark, that there is scarcely a bit of bad stuff amongst the whole lot of them. It is also a new feature in these British Drills, that there is not the least shrinking about them. The more they are tried, the stouter they stand.

He's not Everybody.

M. DE WALEWSKI, who is a Pole, threatens to resign office if the POPE's despotism is not to be upheld. Suppose he did resign? There are still two other Poles, on which we almost venture to believe the world would still revolve.

1815 AND 1860.

SAT beside the spent yule-log,
In its grey ashes lying;
Outside, in cold December's arms,
The Old Year lay a-dying.
The spirits of the bye-gone years
Moved round him, to and fro;
And the young New Year stood bent to hear
The red cock's midnight crow,
As the bells begin to ring him in
Merrily over the snow.

But never New Year, methought, did wear
Upon his baby-brow,
Less blithesome cheer than this New Year
That we have crowned e'en now.
His baby head is helmeted,
In his baby grasp a brand,
In his baby eye a mystery,
And a look of stern command:
And babe though he be, it is plain to see
He has man's work on hand.

Proudly, but painfully, he stept
Up to the vacant throne,
Across the corpse of the dead Old Year
That lay uncrowned, and prone.
And to all the hosts of the past years' ghosts
This haughty challenge threw:
"Your work ye have done, but never a one
Such work as I've to do;—
From the first of the eighteenhundreds
To him that I'm heir unto."

When to answer his boast, forth stepped a ghost
Of diplomatic air;
His coat was broidered on all the seams,
His knee was gartered fair;
With stars and crosses and ribbons,
His breast it glittered sheen,
No order at all, so great or small,
But there its badge was seen;
Quoth he—"You see here, that famous year
Eighteen hundred and fifteen.

"'Twas I that drew the protocols
Of Paris and Vienna;
Laid Europe's best and bravest at rest
In Waterloo's red Gehenna;
'Twas I pulled down Napoleon;
And set the Bourbon high;
'Twas I gave France her last war-dance,
And her supper of humble-pie;
'Twas I that linked black eagles three
In a Holy Alliance tie.

"The map of Europe I recast
In the form it wears to-day;
Knocked frontiers about, dealt kingdoms out,
In a free-and-easy way.
I pooh-poohed national feelings,
I laughed at the claims of race:
What were they to escape my stout red-tape,
Or protest in my parchments' face?
So I bade them be quiet, and diplomates' *fiat*
I set up in their place.

"All this did I, with a hand so high,
That the pressure yet remains;
My mould I set on the world, and yet
That mould the world retains.
'Tis true that of my protocols
Kings and Kaisers have cracked a few;
They have set up a new crown here and there,
And burked a republic or two,—
The NAPOLEONS have turned up again,
And the BOURBONS fallen through.

"But still I 'm the year that all revere
As the ground of things that be;
Not a Kaiser or King his title can bring
To other founder than me.
And *you* dare come, you Hop-o'-my-Thumb,
To talk of *your* work,—pooh-pooh!
After all I have done, I should like to know
What there is left for *you?*"
Quoth young Sixty, serene, "You forget,—Fifteen;—
Your doings to undo!"

LADIES' TRAINS.

"MR. PUNCH,

"As you devote a considerable part of your columns to the exposure, with a view to the correction, of the too many bad habits of the female sex, I will trouble you, if you will let me, to denounce a gross annoyance which ladies who travel by railway are very apt to inflict upon their fellow-passengers.

"The annoyance to which I allude is that of causing both windows of the carriage to be closed, even in the mildest weather, and thus obliging all the people who are in it to continue for some hours breathing an atmosphere consisting chiefly of the products of their own respiration.

"I was served this trick, Sir, by a foolish woman only the other day. She asked me if I had any objection to have the window, by which I was sitting, up. I made no answer, but raised it a foot or so, leaving room for the escape of the air which we were contaminating. There were some half-dozen of us all together, stifling ourselves in our own breath. This was not enough to satisfy her, and presently she desired to know if I had any objection to close the window altogether. I grinned, and did it. Our united exhalations instantly condensed on the inside of the glass, and I had to rub a hole in the dew which was formed by them in order that I might look out.

"Is this lady aware that she continually gives out a lot of carbonic acid gas and watery vapour from her chest, and that other people exhale the same matters, of which the repeated respiration is unwholesome, although she may not consider it unpleasant? Sir, I wish to impress upon the female mind, that fresh air is salubrious, and that foul air is poison, and that women commonly entertain an excessive fear of the effect upon the chest of slight cold, and a reckless disregard of the pulmonary influence of gross contamination.

"For fear, however, lest instruction should be refused,—as it certainly will by the majority of those to whom it is offered,—I would request Railway Directors to take steps for enabling reasonable creatures to secure themselves from being half suffocated in railway carriages by travellers of the opposite sex. Let ladies' carriages be provided expressly for ladies, and for those men whom choice may cause to prefer such insanitary travelling-companions. How inconsistent it is to prohibit healthy smoking in railway trains, whilst unwholesome fuming is permitted to any amount without regard to ventilation!

"Sir, women are willing enough to let you waste your breath when you attempt to talk to them for their good, or for your own, and they might not be so desirous, as they mostly are, to make you consume it a hundred times over. But so it is. I say, then, let female railway travellers have special carriages, if they needs must sit with closed windows; let them have locomotive Black Holes of Calcutta all to themselves, and to those who may be willing to share their suffocation for the sake of their society, amongst whom will certainly not be included your elderly reader,

"OXYGEN."

ALDERMANIC REASONING.

THE following sentence was dropped at Guildhall, and picked up by us, as being a great deal too good to be lost:—

"ALDERMAN FINNIS. You are an old offender, and although your conduct deserves a heavy punishment, I shall not send you for three months, as you would be too comfortable in prison. I shall therefore send you to prison for twenty-one days."

Why, then, let us ask, should this old offender have the opportunity of being "comfortable" even for twenty-one days? If prison is such a comfortable place, the great punishment would consist in a criminal not being allowed to go there. It should be held out as a reward rather than as a punishment. None but the good and deserving should be allowed to enter it, and occasionally the wicked and lawless should be taken round the wards to see how very happy and comfortable the former were in them.

A QUESTION FOR BURKE.—Is the "*locus standi*" of a cabman any guide to his *Rank?*

DEATH OF A VALUABLE MEMBER OF SOCIETY.

THE Talking Fish is dead! The event is sad enough to strike every Member of Parliament dumb with apprehensions of his own future doom. This sudden demise is greatly to be regretted, as there were hopes of the Fish being able to attend the Congress about to be held in Paris. Doubtlessly he would have spoken as much to the purpose as any other official there. He would have said "Pa" to the representative of the HOLY FATHER, and "Ma" to the old woman who does duty for the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, and what more could have been wanted? If a question had arisen as to the "balance of Europe," he could have pointed to his own scales, and proved how worthy he was to hold either the one or the other by balancing himself as upright as any judge (an English one, of course—who ever heard of any other that was upright?) right on the tip of his tail. He has been disappointed, also, in not having been invited to dine with LORD COWLEY, who, on this occasion,—and this occasion only—might have been able to boast of having had Fish for dinner; but all these wonderful things, and many more, have been abruptly checked in their career by the untimely decease of this duosyllabic wonder, who, when he met you, did not accost you with, "I have just two words to say to you," and then, like too many talkative monsters in human form, detain you by the button-hole for at least a couple of hours. He was eminently a fish and not a bore. He said his two words, and no more, simply because he did not know more than two. His tongue was always dancing a *pas de deux* (the paternal and maternal salutations above alluded to), and you could never persuade him to execute any other *pas*, or "Ma" either. He must have been a good son, this Talking Fish, for you never could get him to talk upon any other subject but that of his parents. In fact, he was endeared to his master from the fact of his pay-rental propensities, which he would exhibit more or less strongly at every new place he went to.

The loss of the Talking Fish will be largely felt in the circle in which he moved,—by which we mean, the large tub in which he was in the habit of taking his daily rounds. According to the information we have received from our usual authentic sources, the Talking Fish is to be buried, not in Westminster Abbey, nor St. Paul's, but in Billinsgate Market. His epitaph, borrowed from the ducal hatchments, is to be simply, "IN SEALO QUIES." MR. CHISHOLM ANSTEY has offered his services as chief mourner; but it is expected that the compliment will be paid, *par préférence*, to MR. GLADSTONE, not only because his "talking" powers are fully equal to those of his loquacious rival, but also because he is more closely connected with the Seals of Office, to which, it is well known, the lamented deceased had the ambition of aspiring.

We need not state that the Talking Fish died deeply regretted by his keepers, who will feel his loss most deeply in that part where losses are generally felt by persons the most deeply,—viz., the breeches pocket.

What complaint the Talking Fish had, beyond receiving every now and then a scanty supply of flounders, we cannot state; but we understand that he took his final leap from this world into the next in his rash efforts to combine in his own person the Seal and Die Department. He succeeded eventually, and but too well, as the fact of his own dying painfully testified. It was his first, as it will be his last attempt in that line, though it must be confessed that he has succeeded in making a tolerably deep impression with it.

IMPORTANT MEDICAL MEETING.

A NUMEROUS meeting of the medical profession was held at Apothecaries' Hall on Tuesday evening, for the purpose of considering the propriety of presenting a testimonial from the profession to the Clerk of the Weather, in return for his recent management of his department. DR. TWADDLER was unanimously called to the chair.

DR. TWADDLER said, that he and other gentlemen had felt that the weather for the last month had been so extraordinarily favourable to the profits, the legitimate profits (*hear, hear*), of the profession to which he had the honour to belong, and was so exactly that which a medical man with a proper regard for his family must be delighted to see, that it seemed hardly proper to pass it over without notice. The thermometer had varied twenty degrees in a day, and tumbled back, or run up again in a night, and he was happy to think that few constitutions were insensible of changes that sent a man out to his work perspiring and brought him home freezing. For himself, he had much more work to do than he could possibly perform, and had been compelled to restrict his attendance to the residences mentioned in the Peerage. But he did not grudge a share in the spoils (*laughter*) to his professional brethren. (*Applause.*) He would call on his friend MR. HONEYBOY to move the first resolution.

MR. HONEYBOY said, that they should really cut matters short, for time was fees in a time like this, and they must make hay while the influenza shines upon them. He was happy to say, that the weather was most trying, most depressing; you scarcely met a person without a miserable cough, and as for the children, their life was one long snivel. (*Applause.*) He thought the Clerk of the Weather deserved their best thanks, and——(*here a buttony lad ran in and whispered the speaker. Ironical plaudits.*) "No, no, my dear fellows," said MR. HONEYBOY laughing, "it's not humbug this time; he has a real message for me, a whole family laid up, thank Influenza!" (*The speaker bolted.*)

MR. D'EMULGENT said that their friend had gone off in such a hurry, aperiently (*roars of laughter*), that he had forgotten his resolution. Truly they ought to be thankful, for never was there so much sickness about—not dangerous, mind you, for that it would be wrong to be glad of, besides its being difficult to deal with, but that sort of very troublesome, irritating, disagreeable illness that made everybody fidgety and frightened unless the medical man was constantly in the house. He thought, however, that any demonstration on their part was unwise, as there was already a feeling abroad that if people washed themselves well, lived well, took exercise, talked cheerfully, and laughed often, they might do without a good deal of the medical attendance they now paid heavily for, and it would be well not to increase any prejudice against the profession.

MR. FITZLABEL agreed. They were going on very well, let them take their money and be quiet. He had his washing-copper brewed full of "The Draught" every morning, and it was empty at night. (*Sensation and applause.*)

DR. GREED had been afraid the weather was going to settle, but up to that time there were no unfavourable symptoms. He advised their making their game while they could, and talking about it, if people wanted to talk (he didn't) afterwards.

DR. TWADDLER said, that as this seemed to be the view of the meeting, he would adjourn it *sine die*, and retire from the chair, heartily congratulating the profession on a state of things that must fill them with so much justifiable pleasure.

After the usual vote of thanks, the meeting rushed off to make pills.

LORD BYRON, LORD PUNCH, AND LORD FINGALL.

LORD FINGALL, an Irish Catholic nobleman, has very properly refused to join the ridiculous movement which the Irish priests have commanded their dupes and tools to perform on behalf of the POPE. His Lordship's father has his name embalmed in a verse by LORD BYRON, which verse *Mr. Punch* (in every way a superior poet to the latter) begs to modify as follows, in honour of the son:—

"Well done, that thou would'st-not, O FINGALL, recal
The fetters on millions of Catholic limbs,
And manly the scorn thou must lavish on all
The slaves, that now hail POPE PERUGIA with hymns."

WON'T-EE GO TO CONGRESS?

AS LITTLE GRIGLEY IS ON HIS WAY TO CALL UPON THOSE JOLLY GURLS HE MET ON NEW YEAR'S EVE, HE THINKS HE WILL HAVE HIS BOOTS TOUCHED UP. JUST AS THE POLISHING BEGINS, THE JOLLY GURLS COME ROUND THE CORNER. "DOOCED AWKWARD! WASN'T IT?" AS LITTLE GRIGLEY SAID.

TOBACCO-STOPPERS WANTED.

THAT very reverend Tobacco Stopper the DEAN OF CARLISLE has been breathing forth a second *Counterblast* against tobacco, which he denounces as the root, or at least the plant, of evil, and brings arguments to prove it of pure Satanic growth. Now *Mr. Punch* cannot echo such a damnatory blast, nor join in any whole-hog putting-down of pigtail. As an advocate of temperance in language as in liquor, or in any other form or shape whatever, *Mr. Punch* holds that smoking is good in moderation; and that it is not the use, but the abuse of it, that harms people. *Mr. Punch* will therefore join in no Tobacco Total Abstinence Society, nor will he lend a hand towards stopping *men* from moderately smoking. With regard to boys, however, the case is widely different. All smoking must with them be smoking in excess—in excess both of their physical requirements and capacities. As a matter of requirement, boys no more need tobacco than any other stimulant, and they are not mature enough to use it without injury. Any boy who smokes should be treated, *Mr. Punch* thinks, as a juvenile delinquent, and by way of counter-stimulant, should have a dose of birch immediately given to him.

That the evil is a "growing one" among us is quite patent. Growing lads of any age from six to sixteen daily practise it. Besides the little vagabonds who prowl about our streets, and play at pitch-and-toss on Sundays with short pipes in their mouths, there are a higher class of juveniles who ought to have their pipes put out, and *Mr. Punch* would willingly assist that operation. The latter lads stand higher in point of social status, and their position in the streets is certainly more elevated. But although they commonly are seen upon the knife-board of an omnibus, they are by no means raised thereby in *Mr. Punch's* estimation; and their habit of short-pipe smoking tends still more to lower them. As a rule, these lads do not smoke because they really like it, but because they think it manly to be seen to smoke, and fancy that they show their independence by so doing. It is, therefore, not for pleasure, but for snobbishness, they smoke, and there is no redeeming reason for excusing them. Their pallid pimpled cheeks, and sallow tallowy complexions, are sufficient indications that tobacco does not agree with them: and while their moral health suffers through the snobbishness aforesaid, their vital stamina is sapped by the sucking of their cuttics. Every whiff which they inhale blows a portion of their brains out; the more they fill their pipes, the more their heads they empty. They begin to smoke too young, and grow prematurely old by it. By the time that they reach manhood, they have become the very poorest apologies for men; for it is the nature of the weed to make all those grow "weedy" who precociously indulge in it.

THE TREATMENT OF THE NAVY.

OLD ADMIRAL BOWLES, in a despatch dated Nov. 20th, admonishes the Lords of the Admiralty by telling them, in reference to the cause of the mutiny on board the *Princess Royal*, that—

"Nothing can be more injudicious and unjust than the way in which officers and men returning from lengthened foreign service are treated with respect to leave; that they are dealt with as if they were culprits in whom no confidence could be placed, and are imprisoned unnecessarily on board their ships, while every possible indulgence is extended to all around them."

Subsequently, Dec. 13th, in another letter, addressed to the same high authorities, the jolly old Admiral expresses the opinion that—

"The severest measures should be taken to crush this rising spirit of insubordination in the British Navy."

What a fine doctor the Admiral would have made. An eruptive complaint is closely analogous to a mutiny. How would DR. BOWLES have treated a case of small-pox or scarlatina. Doubtless, by the severest measures calculated to suppress the eruption. He would thus have made short work of the exanthemata, to the emolument of the undertakers.

But if DR. BOWLES would have taken his severe measures with the system, and instituted active treatment, not against mere symptoms, but for the removal of their causes, then we beg ADMIRAL BOWLES's pardon. The gallant old officer would be for putting down insubordination among seamen by hanging or flogging, or otherwise bleeding, and physicking the misrulers of the Navy.

POPE AND CONGRESS.

THE Papacy's a curious thing;
The POPE comprises Priest and King.
Of Kings he is to be the least,
Because he is the greatest Priest.

What justice can a Prince decree
Like delegate of Deity?
What King should reign like him you call
The Vicar of the King of all?

If, then, the POPE his subjects rule
At best, no better than a fool,
His claim to Vicarship would seem
An imposition or a dream.

If what you deem a rock be sand,
You'll build thereon what will not stand;
No scheme, within the smallest space,
Will do, with humbug for a base.

NAPOLEON, you'll restrict, in vain,
To Rome alone the POPE's domain;
The mischief you will but confine:
True Priest and bad King can't combine.

A NEW LITERARY INVENTION.

IT is extremely disagreeable to a conscientious person to be found out in a falsehood. For this reason *Mr. Punch*, who is excessively conscientious, hails with delight a recent improvement in the letter-writing department of life.

Out of ten letters which one receives, about two are of a kind which it is a pleasure, four a duty, and the rest a simple bore, to answer. One's habit of course, therefore, is to answer the first, and perhaps one or two of the others, at once, but to postpone and neglect the mass. Then, when it becomes an actual necessity to write, one is bothered to begin with a neat falsehood by way of excuse, or to choose among the half-dozen falsehoods that naturally occur to the elegant mind. And another thing is, that there is the probability of sending contradictory falsehoods to people who are likely to meet one another. It is a bore to find that you have written to a man that you have been in Paris for three weeks, and to his brother that you have been laid up for a month in chambers with gout, and that the two have compared your notes at the table of their father, to whom you have intimated that a domestic affliction has detained you at Brighton.

Mr. Punch has, therefore, received with pleasure, from an enterprising engraver, whose invention he commends to the notice of MESSRS. PHEASANT & UNCLES, or GHERKINS & GROTTO, or some other of the great stationary firms, a device for saving a good deal of time and perplexity in the respect alluded to. Everybody's note paper is already engraved with his address, and (except in the case of idiots) with MR. ROWLAND HILL's district initial. The ingenious party who has sent to *Mr. Punch* goes a little further, and actually begins the Letter of Excuse for you. Here are some of the specimens:—

No. 1.

"MY DEAR ——, "*Highbury Terrace, N.*

"YOU will be quite sure that your kind letter would have received an earlier reply, but for accident. Misdirected, it had been taken to [Inverness,] and has reached my hands this morning only. Let me hasten to say that

No. 2.

"DEAR MR. ——, "*Isleworth, W.*

"INSTANTLY on the receipt of your letter of the 19th, I replied to it at considerable length. Judge my surprise to find my reply upon my dressing-room table this morning. It was discovered by my wife in a drawer in the nursery. I suppose that it must have been secreted by one of the children, and forgotten by the servant. I deeply regret the delay, and hurry off a line to say that

No. 3.

"MY DEAR AUNT, "*Eltham, S.E.*

"I FELT so overcome at hearing from you of the demise of our dear cousin in Australia, (and as I had not heard of him for eleven years the shock was so much the greater and more unexpected) that I was totally unable to reply to your letter of about six weeks back. But now that time has calmed down my feelings, let me express

No. 4.

"MY DEAR WIFE, "*Ratcliffe Highway, E.*

"YOUR letter would have been answered immediately, but in consequence of your having so obstinately set yourself against having a hole cut in the street door, the epistle was retained until the morning delivery, when I had gone out of town on business, which kept me at Melton Mowbray for three weeks. I will endeavour to send

No. 5.

"DEAR —— "*Pimlico, S.W.*

"I ANSWERED your letter the same day that I received it, and posted the letter with my own hand. Therefore, if you have had an action brought against you, it is no fault of mine. The post office I distinctly remember was in [ ]* However, let me say that

No. 6.

"DEAR SISTER MATILDA, "*Strand, W.C.*

"HAVING sprained my wrist in saving the life of a fellow-creature, I was unable to write to you, and your letter was one to which I could hardly reply by amanuensis. I now take up my pen

No. 7.

"MY DEAR FATHER, "*Lord's Cricket Ground, N.W.*

"REMOVING from a shelf some old books, for reference, the dust flew into my eyes, and produced an inflammation which has prevented my writing for some weeks, but I am now able to resume my usual habits. Thank you for

No. 8.

"DEAREST— "*Danes' Inn, W.C.*

"Is it possible? You, whose least wish should command lightning-like attention from me. You unanswered! Believe it *not*. I replied to your letter on the instant, and as our posts are uncertain, entrusted my reply to a friend to post in a pillar letter-box. He has failed, and dies by my hand. Believe me, dearest, that

No. 9.

"REVEREND SIR, "*Old Kent Road, S.*

"NEWTON had his *Diamond*, who threw down the candle and burned the great ISAAC's papers. My youngest child, a diamond, too, in her way, clandestinely kindled a Vesta match, and dropped it on my desk, about a fortnight ago. Many papers were destroyed, and your letter among them; and as I had not your address elsewhere, I could not write. Now that I know it, I hasten to

No. 10.

"MY DEAR MADAM,† "*Brompton, S.W.*

"I HAVE received no letter whatever from you, or should have instantly replied, according to my invariable habit; for want of system in answering letters leads to want of system in everything else, and then all goes to sixes and sevens. I never sleep without replying to all letters received during the day. Assuring you that nothing of yours has reached my hands, I

No. 11.

"DEAR COUSIN, "*Welbeck Street, W.*

"HOW can I excuse my delay? The fact is that, while reading your letter, I was called off to a patient, by whose couch (the case being very difficult) I sat for three weeks without any other food than a peppermint lozenge; and during that anxious vigil your letter escaped my memory. I now reply that

No. 12.

"DEAR SIR, "*War Office, S.W.*

"I DULY received your letter, but up to the present time was unable to read it, owing to your writing such an abominably undecipherable hand. But I now gather from a word here and there that you want some money, and I beg to inform you that

Mr. Punch cannot find room for more specimens, but the nature of this commodious invention is now clear. Separate pigeon-holes must be kept for the different forms, and if a writer makes a memorandum of the number of the form he has used and the person to whom he sends it, every one of the above excuses, and twenty more, may be sent to each of his correspondents. Before the stock is exhausted, parties will have left off writing to him. Any communications for the inventor may be sent to 85, Fleet Street, and *Mr. Punch*, not being a government official, will not hinder the poor man from carrying out his idea, and not being a British manufacturer, will not steal the invention and cheat the discoverer.

* Fill up with any place, for even if inquiries are made, the result will only be the same that always occurs when a letter *has* been written and lost—nobody knows anything about it.

† Be sure to burn the letter you say you did not receive, for women's eyes are sharp, and if you leave it about and she calls and sees it, there is another bore.

PAPA POSED.—A youthful prodigy asked the "author of his being," the other day, whether "as it had been used for such a long time, bad language would not soon be worn out?"

"Yes, I 'ave smoked every hounce of it, yer honour; an' my conviction is, as that ere Pipe of yourn 'ul take pounds afore it's coloured anythink to speak of."

A CHANT FOR CHRISTMAS.

BY A POET WHO BELONGS TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

HAIL, Christmas! Hail, thou season festive!
And bring thy feasts most indigestive:
Mince pies, plum pudding, and boar's head,
Which on the stomach lie like lead.

Go, diner out, and stuff and swill,
That thou thereby may'st be made ill:
Go, eat thy pudding and thy beef,
Then come to me and buy relief.

Ye nightmares, from dyspepsia bred,
Now haunt the supper-eater's bed,
Bid sleep his heavy eyelids flee,
Then in the morn he 'll send for me.

Ye parents, now your children cram
With jellies, mincemeat, cakes and jam;
Of pudding too be liberal givers,
And so derange their infant livers.

The poisoned sweets to them present,
Which cakes of Twelfth Night ornament:
Their palates clog with "rock" and "drops,"
And cloy their tongues with lollipops.

Come, snapdragons, a flaming brood,
Most indigestible as food:
Tempt small boys with your fiery sweets,
That he may be made ill who eats.

'Tis sweet the merry groups to see
Who throng around the Christmas Tree;
'Tis sweeter still to think that they
Will probably be ill next day.

Hail, Christmas, then! Of all the year
To doctors thou 'rt the time most dear.
The more thou temp'st to stuff and swill,
The longer grows the doctor's bill.

SPARKLES being asked why Romish priests were called "Father" Confessors, replied, because they formed a part of the Papa-cy.

PUNCH v. BURGOYNE.

(IN THE MATTER OF "LINE *v.* VOLUNTEERS.")

"NOTHING like leather," quoth the currier in the old story.

"Nothing like Regulars," says SIR JOHN BURGOYNE, in his paper in the *Cornhill Magazine*, *apropos* of our Rifle Volunteers. One of SIR JOHN's principal reasons for his rating any possible force of Volunteers low in comparison with the regular, well set-up, well-stocked, well-packed Linesman or Guardsman, is the way in which (according to SIR JOHN) the former would suffer under the hardships of campaigning, the fatigue of the march, the miseries of the wet bivouac, the short rations, and other creature *dis*comforts that real soldiering brings with it. SIR JOHN has in his head a certain ideal "Regular Soldier," who can march farther,—stand more wet and cold,—put up more cheerfully with a thin blanket, or occasionally a wet ditch and no blanket at all,—digest tougher beef, or go without beef altogether more cheerfully and with less harm to himself,—than the Rifle Volunteer.

But where does SIR JOHN find his ideal Regular?

In what way does the life of the Regular Soldier fit him to brave hardship and stand wear and tear better than the Volunteer?

Are we to look for this soldierly ideal among the ill-lodged, public-house-haunting, nursemaid-courting ranks of the Guards? Gallant fellows *Mr. Punch* knows them to be (witness Alma, Inkermann, and a thousand other well-fought fields); but strong-bodied fellows, tough fellows, wind-and-weather-and-hardship-defying fellows, they certainly are not. Or is our ideal soldier to be sought rather in the Line?

Mr. Punch's answer to that question may be gathered from a number of other questions he ventures to put.

From what class is the Line recruited?

What are the habits of the average private in the Line?

How is the Linesman lodged at home? how abroad? How is he fed? How is he clad? What is the effect of his barrack duties,—of his night-guards,—of his accessibility to the temptations of the canteen, the barrack-neighbouring trull-house, and beer-shop, with its singing and dancing rooms, its atmosphere of drink and tobacco, and its low excess? Are these the influences likely to harden bodies, any more than to improve souls? Do they particularly fit a man to face heavy work, long marches, a wet back, and an empty belly? What is the *fact*, as indicated by the figures collected by the commission which reported on the sanitary condition of the Army in 1858? Why, this—that, comparing the death-rate of different classes at ages between twenty and forty, seventeen Linesmen and twenty Guardsmen die annually to eight agricultural labourers and out-door workmen in towns, to nine printers, eight policemen, and ten miners. But our Volunteers are not agricultural labourers at ten shillings a week; nor printers, shut up for long hours in the close atmosphere of the composing-room; nor policemen, liable to long spells of night and day duty without shelter in all weathers; nor miners, subject to impure air and explosive gases in the pit, and to foul skins and dirty clothes, and too often filthy habitations out of it. Our Volunteers are the very thews and sinews of the population—the pick and flower of the middle class, the young farmers and squires of our rural districts,—the tradesmen, and merchants, and gentry, and clerks, of our cities.

If the average of life among these Volunteers could be calculated, it would be found to give as a result, against the seventeen deaths to one thousand of the Line, and the twenty to one thousand of the Guards—not the eight deaths of the labourer and policeman, the nine of the printer, and the ten of the miner,—but something like three or four, if not even fewer.

Mr. Punch respectfully submits to SIR JOHN BURGOYNE, that for all purposes requiring endurance of fatigue and exposure, the stamina of the Volunteer is likely, *cæteris paribus*, to be to that of the regular soldier of the Line as seventeen to four, and to that of the Guardsman as twenty to four: in other words, more than four times as tough and durable. It is quite true—as the *Times* has pointed out—that if you take any army, winnowed of its weak elements by campaigning, you will get an uncommonly stout *residuum*, capable of resisting almost any amount of wear and tear; but SIR JOHN BURGOYNE's comparison is not one between Volunteers and veterans, but between Volunteers and Regulars. While these are the elements of comparison, *Mr. Punch* must still be permitted to trust in his own corps of Volunteers (in all of them, he should say, being effective member of half-a-dozen and upwards) as far better, instead of worse, fitted to bear any amount of hard work, without breaking down, than an equal force of Regulars—be they Linesmen or be they Guardsmen.

A NEW FAMILY PAPER.

ARK!—NO MORE BALLS, EVENING PARTIES, or any other EXPENSE.—The *Photographic Advertiser*, shortly to be published, offers peculiar advantages to Parents naturally anxious to dispose of their grown-up Daughters in Marriage, precluding all necessity of mixing in extravagant society, and all the cost and trouble involved in going to, and giving in return, *soirées*, *réunions*, dancing and musical parties, &c. Each advertisement of a young lady will consist of an accurate description of her personal advantages, accompanied by a sun-portrait, by which the exactness of the text will be capable of being tested, and which will obviate any danger which may be apprehended by country gentlemen of "buying a pig in a poke," or even of being induced to deal for the fair creature whose charms may be unsuited to their peculiar taste. The *Photographic Advertiser* offers its columns to the bereaved widow, as well as to the spinster, regardless of years; the mature conviction of its proprietors being, that no time of life, and no antecedent ties, are adequate to forbid the loving heart of woman from endeavouring to cling, like a tendril, to any eligible object of the stronger sex, that may happen to be brought within its reach: an approximation to effect which is the express object of the *Photographic Advertiser*. To gentlemen, the *Photographic Advertiser* is likewise open, and those happily gifted with regular features, luxuriant whiskers, a prepossessing expression, and symmetrical proportions, will be enabled, by its means, to negociate all these endowments with the utmost facility and at the very lowest terms. Gentlemen less fortunate in ordinary estimation, will find in the *Photographic Advertiser* a medium for the exhibition of those peculiarities of physiognomy or configuration, which are not without their admirers in a world wide enough for us all, not excepting those who weigh eighteen or twenty stone. The nose which has never attained to, or which transgresses, the proportion, or which deviates, in what shape soever, from the outline of beauty; the eyes which are peculiar in their convergence or in the speciality of their colour; the mouth which differs widely, or by opposite dimensions, from APOLLO's bow, will be presented by the *Photographic Advertiser*, in the most attractive light to those individuals of the other sex to whose predilections they have been adapted by the plastic and pictorial hand of Nature. For further particulars inquire at the Office, 85, Fleet Street, E.C.; where attendance will constantly be given to receive any amount of subscriptions.

MINISTERS AT A PROVERB.

ANYBODY who cannot play the drawing-room game of a Proverb is an Nass whom it were base flattery to call a Muff. But *Mr. Punch* is destined to be read in all after time, and in the course of three or four hundred years the game may be forgotten. Who, except *Mr. Punch*, now knows how nine out of ten of the Games of GARGANTUA, commemorated by *Mr. Punch's* prototype, FRANCIS RABELAIS, were played. They are Forgotten. And so may the Proverb be. Know, therefore, O friends of the twenty-second century, that the way to play the Proverb is this: A player, usually a clever person with shrewdness and the gift of the gab, is sent out of the room, out of earshot. Then the others select a proverb, and the number of players being accommodated to the number of words in the proverb, each takes a word. The discoverer is called in, and he proposes any one question of any kind to each player. In the reply must come in the word which that player has had entrusted to him or her. The discoverer must use his wits, and find out what was the aphorism that hath been thus fragmentarily propounded. Give the leading or key-words to the cleverest players who can wrap them up neatest, and the little expletives to your weaker vessels and young ones. Do you understand that, O ye subjects of the Emperor of the United States, O ye bigoted Roman Baptists of St. Peter's, O ye Evangelical worshippers in St. Sophia's, O ye citizens of the Austrian Republic, O ye slaves of the negro King of Scotland?

If so, you will understand the fun *Mr. Punch* and the Palmerston Ministers had on last Twelfth Night as ever was. For they played the Proverb, and this was the manner. The dialogue was taken down in short-hand by *Toby*.

Mr. Punch, as incomparably the cleverest of the party, was desired to withdraw. So he went out and conversed affably with the extremely handsome damsel who ministered the ministerial refreshments, and being after a time re-invited, found the Government sitting in a semi-circle.

"Begin at ATHERTON and end at JOHN RUSSELL, please," said MR. SIDNEY HERBERT.

"All is serene," said *Mr. Punch*, glancing round the array, and gracefully taking his place across a chair, with the back of it in front of him.

"Mr. New Solicitor-General," began *Mr. Punch*, "how do you like the duties of your office?"

"It is very kind of you to inquire, *Mr. Punch*. I hope I give satisfaction," said the member for Durham.

"Has he said the word?" demanded *Mr. Punch*, thinking that his august presence might have flurried the young statesman.

"All right, my boy!" said PALMERSTON.

"Who are you calling boy?" retorted *Mr. Punch*. "Boy yourself; if you come to that! CAMPBELL, what sort of a judge do you think KEATING is going to make?"

"It's a vara deeficult problem, *Mr. Punch*," said the LORD CHANCELLOR, "an' I canna rightly say that I'm free to gie ye a response, my man."

Mr. Punch looked dubiously round.

"My Lord has answered, if you translate the intolerable jargon called Scotch into Christian English," said SIR RICHARD BETHELL.

"Christian Young Men's Association English, SIR RICHARD?" asked *Mr. Punch*, slily. "My dear DUKE OF SOMERSET, be pleased to favour me, if possible, with a civil answer to the following question; namely, "Why is it a good thing to be polite to people?"

"Neither you, nor the game, nor anybody shall make me admit that it *is* a good thing to be polite, *Mr. Punch*," snapped the Duke, and the others applauded, at which his Grace looked more savage than ever.

"How are your Riflemen getting on, SIDDY?"

"Capitally," said MR. SIDNEY HERBERT. "Not a day passes but I have a large addition to our National Guard."

"Glad to hear it. Now, Mr. Attorney, how do you think your Divorce Court—for really it is your invention—is working?"

"My dear *Mr. Punch*," said SIR RICHARD BETHELL, "I can say with perfect conscientiousness that there is no single act of mine, from the date at which I took silk to the present moment, that gives me so much unadulterated satisfaction as that which established a tribunal for the redress of conjugal grievances."

Mr. Punch addressed MR. GLADSTONE.

"Oh, thou tamer of HOMER, when wilt thou take off the Income Tax?"

"I could answer you, my dear *Mr. Punch*, in three ways," said MR. GLADSTONE.

"But you shan't, though," said *Mr. Punch*. "Once for all."

"In that case," said the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, "I must say that an unqualified pledge upon a financial subject is not a thing to be extracted from the custodian of the national purse."

"Very neat," said the PREMIER.

"Is it?" said *Mr. Punch*. "Perhaps, then *you'll* do the gaudy, and tell me whether the Reform Bill is ready?"

"Talk to JOHNNY," retorted the jaunty PALMERSTON. "I dare say he's posted up in domestic details, as he is Foreign Minister; but the matter's quite out of my department."

"Confound your impudence, PAM!" said *Punch*. "If I believed you, there would be a jolly row; but I don't. Now, CHARLEY WOOD, how far is it from Calcutta to Melbourne?"

"Oh, come, I say! I don't think you've any business to be setting a chap sums when we're only playing a game," said SIR CHARLES, "and what is more, I will be blessed if I can tell you, and that's all about it."

"Answered, or blundered as usual?" asked *Mr. Punch*.

"Blundered, of course!" shouted everybody. "What did you expect?"

"Eh!" said SIR CHARLES, "haven't I said the word. Bother! No more I have. Echo answers in the negative. Give us another question?"

"In which Presidency is Benares, SIR CHARLES?" said *Mr. Punch*, mildly. "Take your time."

"Well," said SIR CHARLES, after a pause, "I don't profess to know a great deal of geography, but I have an impression that Benares is in Bombay."

"He's said it at last," cried several voices.

"Hm," said *Mr. Punch*, "I think I see the proverb. LORD GRANVILLE, what's the last *canard* from Paris?"

"I've heard nothing these holidays," said LORD GRANVILLE,

"except that the French are quite sure COBDEN's to have a seat in the Cabinet, after the conversation with the EMPEROR."

"Now, my dear SIR GEORGE LEWIS, as I believe I have found out the secret, you must wrap up your word very discreetly. What, as a classical scholar, do you consider the most noble deed performed by the Ancient Romans?"

"Their smashing those Jews," said the Home Secretary, with a promptitude that showed he had not forgiven the Mosaic race for the trouble he had been caused about certain loans, when Chancellor of the Exchequer. "That was far and away the best thing the Romans ever did, that demolishing Jerusalem, under TITUS, A.D. 60, walking into the hooknoses like one o'clock, making 'em eat sow's head and sausages before going to execution, and erecting the Arch of Titus in remembrance of that most laudable operation."

"*Habes*," said *Mr. Punch*, turning up his thumb, after the manner of the spectators of gladiator fights, when a victim was floored. "And now, last and least, my dearly beloved JOHNNY, do you mean that PALMERSTON or yourself shall introduce the Reform Bill of 1860 to the House of Commons?"

"I have no personal vanity to gratify," said LORD JOHN RUSSELL, "and I am free to confess that, inasmuch as LORD PALMERSTON has the ear of the House, that is a reason why he would introduce the measure in a popular way. But on the other hand, I am the parent of the bill, and therefore it may be thought that I ought to bring it in, inasmuch——"

"That'll do, JOHN," said *Mr. Punch*, "keep the rest for the introductory speech. I tell you what, my lords and gentlemen, you might have selected a less vulgar proverb. Of course I know that

"You cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.

"Mind that, if you are thinking of putting political power into the hands of the ignorant."

[*Loud cheering, and enter the pretty young lady with no end of punch. The party was left imbibing.*]

A RISING CORPS.

A REGIMENT of boys is being organised in Italy under the patronage of GARIBALDI. This rising corps, which may be addressed literally, in the words of the *Marseillaise*, as "*Les Enfans de la Patrie*," is already 400 strong. It is not often that *Punch* is opposed to GARIBALDI, or GARIBALDI to *Punch*, but we do protest most emphatically against this encouragement of a nuisance that cries out more loudly than any other for suppression. If GARIBALDI wanted a regiment of Italian Boys, why didn't he organise a corps out of those that infest the streets of London, and appoint MR. BABBAGE his recruiting-sergeant? They would have made rather a formidable body, as their powers are well-known for driving everybody before them, and effectually clearing the street at any time.

COMIC CHRONOLOGY.

A TABLE SHOWING THE ANTIQUITY OF JOKES.

B.C. 999. The Sphinx invents the riddle "When's a door not a door?" Upwards of ten thousand lives are lost through inability to answer it.

B.C. 900. ARCHIMEDES asks SOLON, "Where was the first nail hit?" Whereto SOLON shows his wisdom by replying, "On the head."

B.C. 878. NERO, on the point of setting fire to Rome, observes that he intends to "throw a light upon his subjects."

B.C. 850. At a supper party given at the house of AREOPAGUS, the first attempts are made to pun on "tongue" and "trifle."

B.C. 800. SOPHOCLES, while taking his usual "constitutional," is accosted by a wag who asks him, "Pray what makes more noise than a pig under a gate?" SOCRATES spends upwards of ten minutes in reflection, and then replies he doesn't know, unless it be a "babby."

B.C. 799. The joke of "Who stole the donkey?" is introduced by HECTOR, on observing that ACHILLES has come out in a white helmet.

B.C. 777. QUINTUS CURTIUS, preparing to plunge into the chasm, remarks, that though it looks like a good opening for a young man, he has very little doubt that he'll be taken in and done for.

B.C. 690. XANTIPPE, meeting SOCRATES at an evening party, astonishes the sage by inquiring in a whisper, "Has your mother sold her mangle?"

B.C. 681. JULIUS CÆSAR invents the celebrated riddle, "What smells most in a doctor's shop?" To which SCIPIO AFRICANUS makes reply, "I Nose!"

B.C. 655. EPAMINONDAS is accosted by a small boy in the Forum, who asks him, "Why a miller wears a white hat?" EPAMINONDAS being nonplussed is compelled to give it up; whereat the small boy grins and says, "It's 'cos he wants to keep his head warm."

B.C. 568. At a Civil Service Examination for the government of Athens, EUCLID first propounds the problem, "If a herring and a half can be bought for three halfpence, how many can be purchased for eleven pence?" Nineteen candidates are plucked through incapacity to solve it.

B.C. 500. The comic observation that "Here we are again!" is introduced by CÆSAR's ghost at the meeting at Philippi.

B.C. 456. ROMULUS, inventor of the riddle, asketh REMUS, "Where was MOSES when the candle went out?" REMUS makes reply that he was in his skin, and adds that when MOSES jumped out he (ROMULUS) might jump in.

B.C. 444. At the wedding of THUCYDIDES with HELEN of Troy, the conundrum is first asked, "Why do we all go to bed?" Eleven of the dozen bridesmaids go off into hysterics, on being told that, "It's because the bed won't come to us!"

B.C. 303. DIOGENES, while dancing λὰ πόλκα with ANTIGONE, in a lull of conversation cries out, "Pray, Miss, who's your hatter?"

POPE AND POLE.

PUNCH's prescience is infallible. The ex-Pole M. WALEWSKI, impatient of the Napoleonic attack on priestly despotism, has resigned. And truly, resignation, with two estates and £5000 a year, as a parting gift, is an easy martyrdom. Besides which, all the decorations with which a courtier's coat can be spangled are M. WALEWSKI's. As A POPE, but not his, says—

"Stars unnumbered gild the glowing Pole."

And now perhaps M. WALEWSKI, making way for M. THOUVENEL as the EMPEROR's Foreign Minister, will betake himself to Rome, in whose cause he has suffered thus terribly, and receive the blessing of the Holy Father of Perugia. Touching that blessed parent, it may be mentioned that MR. LAYARD (*Punch* is glad to welcome him to work again) has just disinterred the fact that while the Austrians were occupying Bologna, and committing all the cruelties that their priests applaud, the POPE interfered once only. Was it to save life? Was it to restrain brutality? Why, we are speaking of PIUS IX. An Austrian officer had slaughtered a boy of seventeen, and as there was a rule that boys must be eighteen before Austrians could lawfully slaughter them, the POPE came forward with a Pardon to the butcher who had been a little too zealous in the service of the Faith. Will M. WALEWSKI mention to his friend in the Vatican, that this little characteristic of the amiable Pontiff is now circulated throughout the world, and add *Mr. Punch's* best regards, and assurances, that none of PIO NONO's good deeds shall be forgotten by PUNCHO PRIMO? But if, as is not improbable, the whole WALEWSKI affair is merely a shuffle of cards, we shall one day see the great French acrobat again balancing his Pole, and in the mean time we may leave the Pole to balance his exceedingly comforting books. Never did renegadism rule higher in the market.

SCENE—A PARK. HOUNDS RUNNING.

Keeper. "STOP A BIT, MESTER REGINALD, AND I'LL LIFT ONE ON 'EM UP!"
Mester Reginald. "NOW YOU JUST LET 'EM ALONE, I 'M COMING OVER!"

THE MOCK DUTCH AUCTION.

A Little Comedy from Real Life.

SCENE—A well-known Shop in Westminster, appropriated to the trade in Unredeemed Pledges.

Present—PAM (*behind the auctioneer's pulpit*), LITTLE JOHNNY WOBURN, BEN DIZZY, THE DERBY SLOGGER, *and* JACK THE QUAKER, *well-known touts and "bonnets" in the Mock-Auction business.*

As the Scene opens business is at a stand-still, none but the confederates or "bonnets" being present. LITTLE JOHNNY *is talking confidentially to the auctioneer.* DIZZY *and* NED THE SLOGGER *are busy fingering some second-hand clothes, which hang near the door, as if to attract customers;* JACK THE QUAKER *standing apart, and with the manner of one who has nothing whatever to do with the rest.*

Johnny (*to Pam*). Come—PAM, my noble—Don't be a-vaiting all day.

Pam (*sucking the flower which he carries in his mouth*). Easy does it, my toolip. Vot's the hurry?

Johnny. I told that stout party as we wos a nibblin' at yesterday that you'd be a puttin' up a first-rate lot this morning—that pair o' Franchises, you know. He'll be here soon, and if he don't find us 'ard at work, he'll be fly to the dodge, and we shan't nobble him.

Dizzy (*to the Slogger, directing his attention to the second-hand clothes*) I say, NED, jiggered if here ain't all the old second-'and lots up that we tried 'em on with last year. *We* never made nothin' on 'em, when *you* and me was in the business. Bless you (*with a contemptuous jerk of the left thumb over the shoulder in the direction of the auctioneer*), *he'll* never make 'em answer.

Ned (*shaking his head*). Don't be too sure o' that, BENNY, my boy. You see they wos out of our line. I know'd we'd never make anything of 'em. On'y you *would* try—*you're* too artful, *you* are, BENNY—that's a fact.

Dizzy. Well—I don't see why we shouldn't 'ave our reg'lars. *They've* 'ad more than their fair share o' the swag—(*pointing to* JOHNNY *and* PAM)—'Owever we're all in it—now—for this 'ere Reform article.

Ned (*to Pam*). Now, PAM, when are you a' goin' to put that lot up?

Pam. What—the pair o' Franchises? Eh, NED?

Ned. Yes—You've nothing else likely to draw 'em, you know. But it won't do, my boy. *We* tried the lot on here last year, and didn't get a bid.

The Quaker (*angrily and contemptuously*). What's the use o' puttin' up *that* shabby sort o' thing. If you'd go in for this here out and out Brummagem pattern,—lots o' lacquer, and showy style—(*producing the article in question from under his coat*) you'd find the flats dropping in to bid for it like flies into treacle.

Pam. I like *you*, Quaker! Why, you know you've been an' 'awking o' that article o' yourn all over the country all last autumn, and haven't had a blessed bid for it.

The Quaker. 'Aven't I, though! At any rate I drawed a bigger crowd of flats to *my* pitches, than ever *you* did, old boy. (*Turning round, and appealing to the rest.*) Just look 'ere! Blest if there's a soul coming into the place!

Johnny (*at the door hurriedly*). Look alive, pals. Put up the Reform lot, PAM, here's that old cove a-coming—I'll plant him.

[JOHN BULL *approaches the door of the shop. He pauses, attracted by the gaudy display of trumpery wares in the window.*

Johnny (*approaching the door, and with ostentatious enthusiasm*). Beautiful—Beautiful! Going dirt cheap—

Pam (*dashing into the middle of an imaginary competition of tremendous intensity for a town Franchise and a country ditto*). Now—then—eight—ten—twenty pounds bid. What shall we say for this most valuable lot?—A pair—you see gentlemen—one for town use—one for country, gentlemen—the price hitherto has been ten for the town, and fifty for the country article.

Dizzy (*aside to* MR. BULL). If I was you, Sir, I'd go ten all round—

Ned (*with apparent eagerness*). Ten all round.

Pam. Thank you, Sir—Ten bid for the town, ten for the country

YOUNG 1860.

MR. PUNCH (TO THE NEW YEAR). "THERE'S THE WORK BEFORE YOU, MY BOY."

article—going at ten each—a sacrifice, gentlemen—an alarming sacrifice—ruination I may say—absolute ruination.

Johnny (*to* MR. BULL). Won't you step in, Sir? I would, if I wos you. It's a wonderful bargain.

Mr. Bull. H'm—I don't know. (*Looks in doubtfully, but exhibits very little inclination to bid.*)

Johnny (*explanatorily*). They're a sellin' on the Dutch principle, Sir: the lowest bidder gets it, if it's above the reserved price.

Pam (*aside to* JOHNNY). Wake him up, JOHNNY.

Johnny (*aside to* MR. BULL). I say, Sir, I think I could get you the town article for six, and the country for ten. I'm a regular dealer in the articles, Sir, I knows their real valley. Here's my card, Sir (*gives it*). Say "done, Sir," and let me secure 'em for you?—There's those gentlemen (*pointing to* DIZZY) ready to go as high as ten for each on 'em.

Jack the Quaker (*aside to* JOHN BULL). Never you mind *him*, Sir. Employ *me* and I'll let you have one for half nothink—an 'andsomer article than *that*, Sir—look here.

[*Shows the piece of Brummagem Goods from under his coat.*

John Bull (*with contempt*). Trumpery, Sir, trumpery. (*Holding it up to the light.*) Why, I can see through it! No substance. Wouldn't last a twelvemonth—all electro-plating and brass lacquer.

Dizzy (*aside to* MR. BULL). Let *me* bid for you, Sir—I should say ten apiece was about the figger.

Johnny (*aside to him*). All gammon, Sir. I tell you I'll get 'em you as low as six and ten.

The Quaker (*aside to him*). They're neither on 'em to be trusted, Sir. *You* try my articles, Sir.

John Bull (*extricating himself, and aside*). My belief is, they're all a pack of rogues together. I've a good mind not to employ any of 'em—not to bid for the article at all. I'm not at all sure that I want it. After all—I've got on very well as I am.

[*The confederates again close round him in eager competition to be allowed to buy for him.* MR. BULL *stands pondering and distrustful. Scene closes.*

A PUT DOWN FOR THE POISONMONGERS.

RY to blink it as we may, there is no doubt of the fact, that poisoning is as rife now as it was in the dark ages, the only difference being that we have another name for it. The synonym we use now is the term "Adulteration." In the place of the BRINVILLIERS and BORGIAS of old, we have now in every city, town, and even village, a host of BROWNS and JONESES who are not less deadly poisoners, although their deadly work is done in course of ordinary business, and is not made a theme for opera or harrowing romance. Scarcely ever a *Times* passes without bringing the dark deeds of these poisoners to light. For instance, here is an account of an attempt at wholesale boy-slaughter which took place at Bristol a week or two ago, and which makes us think the BORGIAS could not have been a whit more cruel than the BROWNS:—

"On Thursday, the 15th inst., various persons became seriously ill after eating Bath buns purchased of a confectioner, at Redland. Among the sufferers were six youths, pupils at a leading school at Clifton. Within half an hour after eating the buns they were seized with deadly nausea and other unmistakeable symptoms of irritant poison. Emetics having been promptly administered, the greater part of the material was fortunately removed from the stomach before much absorption had taken place. Nevertheless, the violent symptoms lasted six or eight hours, and one lad, who had eaten three buns, was in some danger from collapse. MR. MAY, a publican, who had also partaken of the buns with like effect, applied to the Magistrates for advice last Monday, but as he had not been poisoned outright, they could afford no assistance."

We seldom pin our faith upon the dicta of our Magistrates; but if it be really true that half killing by poison is regarded as no crime in the eyesight of the law, we think that the law clearly is afflicted with shortsightedness, and the sooner its defect is remedied the better. Proceeding with the poisoning, we are next informed that—

"The confectioner, when closely pressed, admitted that, being ambitious of making his buns appear extra rich, he had coloured them with chrome-yellow (*i. e.*, chromate of lead, an insidious poison, and, like all the compounds of lead, persistent and accumulative in its action on the system). To procure this, he repaired to a druggist only two doors off, who must therefore have known his occupation, and might have suspected the probable use to which he would apply a yellow powder. However, 'no questions asked' was the order of the day, the pigment was handed over, and the buyer and seller are at direct variance as to whether or no the word 'poison' was written on the packet. The confectioner confesses that he mixed this powder with his dough in the proportion of about six grains to each bun, and in a very few hours his unsuspecting customers were writhing in agony from its effects."

The ambition of the pastrycook to make his buns look "extra rich" by colouring them with poison, might perhaps seem "extra rich" for its consummate coolness, did not its heartless villany demand a stronger term for it. But other hands than the confectioner's were made uncleanly by the bun-making. On further test it turned out that the chemist had a finger in the poisoned pie, and that the chrome yellow left a black stain on his character. It proved upon analysis that—

"No chromate of lead was present at all (indeed it could not have produced such speedy and violent effects), but that the colouring matter was pure orpiment, or yellow sulphide of arsenic. The druggist when asked by a baker for a slow poison had sold him one of the most deadly under a false name. Application was subsequently made for a sample of this powder. He produced a brown paper parcel of it, loosely tied, and scattering its poisonous contents on all sides. Having put up a sample he wrote on it, 'Chrome yellow' (chromate of lead), though it proved on analysis to be yellow arsenic, and the parcel from which it was taken was actually so labelled. With the agents of life and death in the hands of such men, who among us is safe?"

Who indeed? will be the probable echo from the reader. Where druggists are so careless and so ignorant as this, any stroke of business they may do may be a deathstroke, and probably the reader, more especially if he be either nervous or dyspeptic, will also echo the suggestion which he finds subjoined:—

"There is little doubt but that many of the obscure chronic and dyspeptic complaints now so prevalent are due to the systematic adulteration of articles of food with unwholesome or slowly poisonous materials. This is difficult to trace, so it generally passes unheeded, but, when ignorance or knavishness risks our summary dismissal to our last account with a lozenge or a bun, a signal example should be made of the culprits. Private individuals, however, can hardly devote time and trouble as well as a considerable outlay to the getting up a prosecution. A public health officer, armed with powers for the detection and prosecution of such offenders, is imperatively demanded in large towns."

This is the opinion of a Doctor who belongs to the Bristol School of Chemistry, and it is an opinion with which few doctors, except quack ones, we think would disagree. Quack doctors might say No to it, because quack doctors mainly live by those "obscure complaints" which, it is said, adulteration is so likely to produce. We may presume then that quack doctors would prevent as far as possible the punishment of poisonmongers, and would be the last to sanction the appointment of detectives to eradicate such pests. We trust however that the Government have not forgotten their latinity, and have no need to be reminded that *Salus populi est suprema lex*. If they put down poisonmongery, they would doubtless in great measure be putting down quack-doctoring, and would thereby do the state a double service, killing two broods of destructives with one legal stone. Were a police force of Poisoner-detectives set on foot, there would be far fewer tricks of trade played than there now are; and the health of the community would be much less endangered.

Anyhow, till some such a provision has been made, we shall keep our sharpest eye upon purveyors of provisions. We shall look upon confectioners as vendors of dyspepsia, and shall regard a pastrycook as probably a poisoner. We shall eat the plainest food with inward fear and trembling, and after taking a ham sandwich we shall expect to want a stomach-pump. We don't mind owning we had once a relish for Bath buns, but that has given place to terror after hearing of these Bristol ones. Should we be ever crossed in love and desirous to commit suicide, we might perhaps prescribe ourselves a brace of Borgia Bath buns, just as other lunatics would take a brace of pistols. But unless we went distracted and wished to blow our brains out, we should no more dream in future of lunching off Bath buns (and more especially if they looked "extra rich" ones) than we should of putting our nose into a blunderbuss, and asking some kind friend to come and pull the trigger.

Volunteer Rifle Movement.

THE Rifle movement is proceeding in full activity at the various metropolitan theatres. Legs of mutton are manœuvred out of butcher-boy's trays, and sausages are deployed from pork-shops; while all comers are taken in flank by the various Clowns, who dexterously rifle the supernumerary passengers' pockets.

THE VERY WORST THAT WAS EVER ATTEMPTED.

WHAT article of a lady's dress reminds one of theft?
A neck-ribbon (*any cribbing*).

LE PHOQUE EST MORT, VIVE LE PHOQUE!

ANOTHER Talking Fish is, *Mr. Punch* understands, caught, and in course of education for the next Season. The proprietor's motto is, "*Sealum, non animum, muto.*"

MEETING OF SOUTHAMPTON MAINEIACS.

HERE was a gathering of Teetotallers and advocates of the Maine Law in the Town Hall of Southampton on Tuesday evening last week. The chair was occupied by the Worshipful the Mayor, MR. F. PERKINS, who had convened the meeting in compliance with a requisition of a numerous body of simpletons. The magnanimity of the Mayor in acceding to their ridiculous request, will be appreciated by our readers when they are told, if they do not know, that he is an eminent liquor merchant. We wonder that the bare name of PERKINS, its associations considered, had not deterred them from the attempt to hold their abstemious orgies under the presidency of its bearer; but probably if MEUX had been Mayor of Southampton, they would have perpetrated the same absurd impropriety; and would not have stuck, under similar circumstances, at offering a similar impertinence to TRUMAN, HANBURY, or BUXTON. Perhaps Vegetarianism will take root and flourish in Southampton; for the soil which nourishes monomania in drinking is to an equal extent favourable to the allied insanity in eating. The Southampton Vegetarians will, in that case, perhaps, assemble to discuss their greens under the auspices of a butcher. If there are many members of the Peace Society in the "Liverpool of the South," we shall probably soon hear of their meeting, or proposing to meet, with LORD CLYDE in the chair. They could not, to be sure, have a better chairman, regarding him from a rational point of view, and, in like wise, a distinguished wine-and-spirit merchant may be considered to be a very suitable person to preside over an assembly having for its reasonable object the practice of moderation in the use of fermented liquors.

SO MUCH FOR BUCKINGHAM PALACE!

IT seems that dry-rot, or decomposition, or the action of the atmosphere, or the dampness of the place, is playing sad havoc with the façade of Buckingham Palace. The whole frontage is threatened with a kind of architectural small pox, that in time bids fair to indent it with a number of small holes not unlike the hollows we notice in Gruyère cheese. What remedy may have been determined upon to arrest the ravages of this fearful malady, we cannot say; but if some able doctor, who is well skilled in the cutaneous diseases of buildings, is not instantly called in, the Palace will soon be as open as a doll's house, and we shall be able to look into the interior of all the rooms, and to see exactly what the inmates are doing. PRINCE ALBERT will then have every patent right of boasting that he is the first German Prince in this country who has ever kept open house.

As we are not advocates for the privacy of Royalty being at all hours intruded upon by a vulgar and staring mob of snobs, we should recommend some screen being temporarily thrown up to protect the residents of this crumbling Palace from the ocular invasion of the million, who, not content with reading the movements of the Court Circular in print, would be only too happy to see them acted to the life by the real characters themselves. We don't know whether any new uniform has been selected for the better equipment of Buckingham Palace, but it is very clear that the "facings," as they say in the Rifle Corps, have not yet been decided upon. In every way it is desirable that a new face should be put on this stucco abomination, for it has been an eyesore quite long enough, and in changing faces could not very well get a worse set of heavy, unsightly features. From the impudence of its looks, we should say it was much better qualified to give affront than to take one.

THE SENTIMENT OF COLOUR.

FRENCH White is all very well as a water-colour, but we must not have the Mediterranean converted into a French Lake.

HIS PERSECUTED HOLINESS.

To ARCHBISHOP CULLEN.

MOST REVEREND SIR,

THE Holy Father has again experienced, at the hands of wicked and perfidious men, enemies of all law, human and divine, an act of fierce and cruel persecution, which exceeds in atrocity any outrage that the tyrannical EMPEROR NERO ever committed on the early Popes. Oh, what sorrow and compassion must have thrilled the hearts of all pious Catholics who read in the *Times* the following telegraphic narrative of the suffering and insult inflicted on the Father of the Faithful, as represented by one of his beloved children and servants!

THE MORTARA CASE.

"MODENA, JAN. 2.

"In consequence of a demand made by the family MORTARA, who gave proofs to the Government that the kidnapping of their child had been ordered by the Rev. Father and Inquisitor FILETTI, the latter has been arrested. Judicial proceedings have been instituted against him upon the charge of kidnapping a child."

Oh, most reverend Sir, was LEO the ISAURIAN, COPRONIMUS, HUNNERIC, HEROD, PONTIUS PILATE, ever guilty of so barbarous an outrage? The Successor of ST. PETER, arrested in the person of Father FILETTI, languishes in prison. An Inquisitor is arrested for taking the child of a Jew into the maternal bosom of the Church. Oh, most unheard-of prodigy! To what a pitch has sacrilegious audacity arrived! What, if the reverend Father should be condemned to the galleys? Another grief will then be added to the bitternesses which afflict the paternal heart of his Holiness. Will not the faithful sons of Erin unite to rescue the Sovereign Pontiff from the dungeon in which he lies immured by proxy?

An answer will oblige your Lordship's most Obedient Slave,

PUNCH.

WANTED, A LITTLE MORE IMPROVING.

THERE has been a meeting at the Manchester Town Hall for the purpose of presenting a piece of plate to each of the seven members of the Executive Committee of the late Art Treasures Exhibition. Nor would *Mr. Punch* say that those gentlemen did not deserve the testimonials, nor does he object to the glowing eulogium the speakers passed upon themselves, and upon Manchester, and upon the QUEEN, and upon the pictures, and upon the Police. If it would have been a little more graceful in the testimonialised parties to say a word for the gentlemen—the EGGS, SCHARFS, DEANES, and others—who did the work and got up the Exhibition, while the "Executive" bowed, and lunched, and walked about rubbing hands, and talking of the refining influences of Art, the omission was pardonable, and folks can't remember everything.

But MR. BAZLEY, M.P., took occasion to say—

"He hoped that the people of Manchester would henceforth command respect from many who had previously disbelieved in their possession of attainments that were general among the people of Lancashire. He believed the exhibition had contributed to improve the taste prevalent in the manufacturing districts."

Mr. Punch, M.P., is delighted to hear this from his brother-senator. But it must be the taste for painting only that has been improved, not that for music, or even for decency, if *Mr. Punch* may judge from having read in a Manchester newspaper, within the last few days, that, at a recent Concert in that city, the "improved" audience were so enraged because MR. SIMS REEVES very properly declined to give them twice the quantity of music they had paid for, that they raised about as disgusting a riot as *Mr. Punch* has lately heard of, except at Birmingham, where an "improved" audience committed just the same offence on the same provocation. Do not these provincials want other schools beside Schools of Art?

A HUNDRED TO ONE.

OUR friend the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE, in the speech which he delivered the other day at Worksop on the organisation of Rifle Corps, made a remark which is worthy of serious consideration. The noble Duke instructed his hearers to observe that—

"If they only got a company of one hundred to start with, they would be the nucleus of a greater number, who, in case they were required—which God forbid—might render good service."

The number of men estimated by the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE as sufficient for the formation of the nucleus of a Rifle Corps should be borne in mind by all those whom its remembrance may concern; and perhaps it will be rather the more deeply impressed upon their memory by consideration of the paradox involved in a statement which apparently makes out that one hundred men will serve to constitute the kernel of a regiment.

STANZAS TO A RESPECTABLE CONVICT.

Go to penal servitude,
  Faithless friend, rogue, scoundrel, thief;
Go, and o'er thy future brood,
  With unpitied shame and grief.
Now, thou base, dishonest knave,
  Cheat of men who trusted thee,
Ten years long thou art a slave,
  Smooth Respectability!

Pick thy oakum, wheel thy load,
  Puff and blow, and sigh, and groan,—
Thou whom conscience ne'er could goad,
  Pain of sense wilt now bemoan;
Rascal, would that all thy kind
  Could thy sore affliction view,
Warning swindlers, base of mind,
  What a villain may come to.

Toiling in a convict's dress,
  Lashed to work, if labour tire,
Fear, the sight of thy distress,
  In their bosoms might inspire;
As a Guy that frights the crows,
  Fellow-blackguards thou would'st scare,—
All thy use is, pangs and woes,
  For example's sake, to bear.

THE BLACK QUACK AND HIS WHITE BROTHER.

THE trial of M. VRIES, who called himself the Black Doctor, and murdered a good many unfortunate French persons who, afflicted with cancer, sought the infallible remedy the Surinam scamp proffered, has set *Mr. Punch* a-thinking what a blessed thing it is for a Quack to be in practice in England instead of in France.

VRIES has been put upon his trial, and if he had been one of the celebrated Surinam toads instead of a quack doctor, he could not have been more mercilessly dissected by French philosophers than he was by the Tribunal of Correctional Police. Here is a very small sample of the treatment the scoundrel got:—

"He had convoked all the architects of all nations to send in plans for a temple of Solomon, to be erected in the Champs Elysées, and had promised a prize of 2,500f. for the best. One plan had been sent to him, and he had suspended it in his dining-room; but it was not a good one, and he had not paid the money. 'You did all that,' said the President, 'in order to attract public attention; and to gain that object all means appeared good to you. Thus you took the name of the Black Doctor, though you are not what may be called black; and you wrote to the President of the Academy of Medicine a letter, in which you undertook to cure persons afflicted with cancer, dysentery, and dropsy. Pray, who made you a physician?' 'I, myself, Sir,' answered the accused. 'But you represented that you were a physician of the University of Leyden?' 'HIPPOCRATES had no diploma.'"

Passing over a bit of the dingy quack's blasphemy, here is another specimen of the Court's respect for a rascal's feelings:—

"'Seventeen persons afflicted with cancer were placed in your hands, and you undertook to cure them in six months; but at the end of two months seven were dead?' 'Not one!' 'DR. VELPEAU and DR. FAUVEL affirm the contrary. The former analysed your remedies, and found in them nothing peculiar,—nothing that is not to be obtained everywhere. But as to your patients in the hospital, they are at this moment all dead, except two, and those two are dying!' 'At the end of two months none were dead, and since then it is not I who have attended them!' On the demand of DR. VELPEAU you were excluded from the hospital, and then you caused puffs on your skill to be inserted in the newspapers, and had your portrait published. Did not this publicity bring you in money?'"

With a good deal more of the same sort of mild suasion. The end will be, that the quack, whose trial stands over, will be sentenced to a heavy fine and a long imprisonment.

But suppose that M. VRIES, instead of being a Surinam quack, before the Parisian Correctional Police, had been practising in England. Suppose, for instance that instead of his name being M. VRIES, it had been MR. HOSEA HABBAKUK, and that he had been one of those medical ornaments of the Hebrew race who advertise very largely, and who are thought to proceed upon the wise and humane principle of terrifying and plundering any timid fool as much as possible, in order to make him set, for the future, a due value on his precious health and money. Now, as these persons are usually "ignorant as dirt," it is quite on the cards that MR. HABBAKUK might have slain a few victims in his zeal for improving them. He might—such is the coarse brutality of the Anglo-Saxon nature—be brought before a police Magistrate. But would there be anything of this kind:—

"'Now, HABBAKUK, you are a Jew quack, are you not?' Prisoner. 'Well, I can't say as I ain't a Jew, but quacks is matters of opinion.' 'You call yourself a medical man, but you have had no regular medical education.' 'Vot's the odds?' 'You advertise yourself everywhere.' 'Well, advertisin' ain't no crime, I spose.' 'But you pretend to cure what you don't understand?' 'So does many folks.' 'You begin by telling a patient that he is horribly ill and in awful danger, and you extort large fees out of his terrors.' 'O vot's the fools of this here earth for, my dear, if not to be plunder for the vise therefor.' 'You artfully draw from him his family history, and then, if he hesitates in paying you, you threaten to make unpleasantness.' 'Fools should keep their mouths shut.' 'And you don't do him any good after all, but harm.' 'Anyhow, he's got a lesson.' 'I commit you for trial.'"

Why, every Old Bailey barrister shudders at the mere idea. Talk this way to a man who can pay for legal assistance! Bedlam broke loose could not equal the noise that would break forth from the bewigged Bulls of Bashan. The Magistrate would be simply slain by the Power of Sound—and fury. No, poor Surinam toad,—quack, we mean,—what would occur here would be another thing. HABBAKUK would be represented by a barrister who would watch every syllable that was uttered,—forbid the accused party to say a word,—bully, insult, and ridicule every witness against him, especially every lady witness,—protest against the Magistrate's expressing the faintest opinion,—and finally declare that there was not the least pretence for any charge whatever against HABBAKUK. Possibly the Magistrate might not be overborne by this declaration, and might decide on the case going to another tribunal. Then HABBAKUK's barrister would say that "of course" bail would be taken, and as instantly solvent housekeepers would be forthcoming. The Magistrate would probably "regret to see a gentleman of MR. HABBAKUK's station and appearance exposed to the charge of manslaughter, but justice knew no difference between man and man,"—and HABBAKUK would drive back in his gaudy carriage to his smart house, and hasten to plunder as many more patients as possible, in order to make up for the expense occasioned by his brutal prosecutors. And when the trial came he would be acquitted on some technical point; and though the Judge would not express the slightest regret for the inconvenience HABBAKUK had sustained, he would not feel it his duty to the public to say: "There, you Jew quack, you've had a squeak for it; but mind how you serve anybody else who may be fool enough to let you rob him."

Ah! poor Surinam toad, you should have been an English Advertising Quack.

FANCIES WRITTEN BY THE FIRELIGHT.

ONE of the first fancies suggested by the firelight is, that everybody fancies that he can poke the fire better than everybody else. Philosophy may speculate as to what can be the cause which generates this fancy, but it is doubtful if philosophy will ever make much progress towards solving the moot point.

How ungrateful is man! The fire is decidedly the warmest friend man has, and yet it is, perhaps the one he most delights to turn his back upon. But use it as he may, the fire is incapable of returning his ingratitude. One never knew the fire give one the cold shoulder.

When a cinder shoots out, many say it is a money-box, while others think it is a coffin. The words are not so different as at first thought they may seem to us. There are very many men who make, by overwork at it, their money-box their coffin.

The fire makes a report when something bright comes out of it. The same thing happens generally with the fire of wit. When brilliant things come out, it is pretty certain there will be a report of them.

THE MANUALS.

SERGEANT (*in a breath*). "*Present—Arms! Atth'wordWonnseizethrifletthloowerbar ndraisin'tfewinchesbyslightlybendinthrightarmbut'thoutmovingth'barrelfromtheshoulder'nds lepthethoomb'th'rightharndunderth'corckfengersunderth'gyardt'thfrontslantindownwardsbo tharmscloset'theboodylefthardsquaret'theleftelber'—so—tha'sallyergottodew—*"

(SPRIGGINS thinks it does not look so difficult as it sounds.)

TRANSLATION OF THE ABOVE.

SERGEANT (*in a breath*). "*Present—Arms!—At th' word Wonn, seize th' rifle 't th' loower barnd, raisin' 't few inches by slightly bendin' th' right arm but 'thout moving th' barrel from the shoulder, 'nd slep the thoomb o' th' right harnd under th' corck, fengers under th' gyard t' th' front, slantin' downwards both arms close t' th' boody, left harnd square t' th' left elber'—so—tha's all yer got to dew.*"

A STRIKE IN THE PARLOUR.

THE wife of a distinguished Private in one of the Civil Service Rifle Corps has struck for an increase of house-keeping money; for she says her husband comes home now with such an enormous appetite after having been two hours at drill, that it is utterly impossible to provide the dinners for the same allowance that she has hitherto done. Suppers, too, were formerly an unknown thing in her establishment; but now, regularly three times a-week, her lord and master complains of being so hungry before going to bed, that the tray has to be brought up purposely for him. His consumption is full three times greater than it was before he became a Volunteer. It is, therefore, under these indisputable facts,—to prove which butchers' and bakers' bills can be brought forward in scores too formidable to admit of a sneer, or much less a denial,—that an increase of the home estimates has been peremptorily demanded; and we believe that matters have reached such an alarming height in the establishment in question, that the lady has found it necessary to make a special appeal to her respected mother-in-law to induce her to interfere in the matter, with a view of arbitrating upon it, and getting it properly settled as it ought to be.

It was only yesterday, we are informed, that this poor unfortunate Volunteer, whose appetite is seemingly far beyond his control, finished a leg of mutton almost by himself; and the worst is, with the small Government pittance which as an underpaid Government clerk he draws, that this is a degree of voraciousness which he can ill afford. From the additional exercise that he has lately been taking, his appetite has completely outgrown the small size of his means, which at the best of times was always a tight fit; but now shortly it will be quite impossible for him, without pulling in a great deal, to make both ends meet, if he goes on much longer at the same extravagant rate. What with the drilling he gets abroad, and the drilling he gets when he goes home, his present life will soon be too much for him; though the latter, it must be confessed, though carried out with the greatest severity, has not the slightest effect in diminishing the enormous powers of demolition sharpened to an unnatural degree by the former.

An Admiral Adrift.

WE understand that ADMIRAL BOWLES (who is *said* to have "resigned," but, it is believed, was in reality bowled out) excuses his late conduct on the plea of the old proverb that "They who play with BOWLES must expect to meet with rubbers."

THE singing of a kettle in one respect resembles the singing of a stage singer. An attempt to overdo it will be followed by a hiss.

ST. LUKE'S AND BEDLAM.

ON Wednesday evening, last week, took place the Annual Christmas Ball of the patients in St. Luke's Hospital. On the previous day the Roman Catholics of London met together at the Hanover Square Rooms, to express sympathy with the POPE, and antipathy to LORD PALMERSTON, LORD JOHN RUSSELL, and LOUIS NAPOLEON. The former assembly, we are informed by the report of it in the *Times*, was characterised by the utmost good order and strict decorum. At the latter, the language employed by the principal speakers afforded evidence of violent delusions. MR. RICHARD KEELEY, the Chairman, vituperated "the publisher of *Punch*." A letter, said to have been written by LORD FIELDING, was read, declaring that the POPE had been driven from Rome in 1848 by the Government of LORD JOHN RUSSELL, which had supplied the chiefs of the Revolution with money at the rate of half-a-dollar a day. Another letter, attributed to MR. M. J. RHODES, denounced the constitutional movement in Italy in outrageous terms. MR. H. J. PRENDERGAST delivered a long harangue, in which he insisted not merely that "the POPE had exercised his temporal power most discreetly, religiously, and humanely," but even "that his great fault in the eyes of English Protestants was, that he had no fault at all,"—the orator evidently having confounded the idea of his Holiness with that of the Immaculate Conception. MR. BRETT moved an inconsistent resolution, which affirmed, in a roundabout way, the belief of Catholics in the independence of the POPE's spiritual authority on his temporal power; and also their opinion that the one could not be duly exercised apart from the other. The proceedings came to a conclusion attended with the characteristic incident thus reported:—

"The meeting was subsequently addressed by MR. HARPER, who formerly held high preferment in the Established Church, and during whose speech MR. T. A. MALONE, a lecturer on chemistry and a Catholic, who had ventured to say the POPE would be freer in Ireland than in Rome, received some very rough usage indeed at the hands of some violent partisans near the door. He was struck violently in the eye, forced from the room, and lost his hat in the *mêlée*."

In all particulars that may be considered as indications of right mind, the assemblage at St. Luke's had manifestly very much the advantage of the gathering at Hanover Square. The latter appears to have included some persons who were positively dangerous. The whole number of people present was about 2,000. It is probable that the institution, whose inmates exhibit so favourable a contrast by the side of those other parties, would not hold so many patients as these amount to, or else the right persons would have been in the right places if they had all taken part in the quiet ball of the night following the day of their excited demonstration, and had stayed where they were after it was over. As it was, they were dancing-mad. It would be something quite in their own way, to sacrifice a little time at the shrine, and partake for a season of the hospitality, of ST. LUKE.

FOWL PLAY.—Chicken Hazard.

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Railway Clerk. "HAVE YOU GOT TWOPENCE, SIR?"
Swell. "DEAW, NO! NEVAW HAD TWOPENCE IN MY LIFE!"
Clerk. "THEN I MUST GIVE YOU TENPENCE IN COPPER, SIR!"
[*Swell is immensely delighted, of course.*

THE CONVERTED CABMAN.

DON'T 'it your 'oss 'is 'ed across,
  But treat him quite contrary,
Best means is fair, I larned that 'ere
  Attendin' MR. RAREY.
He, all for love, a lectur' guv
  We cab and 'busmen *gratis*,
And full as true as twice one's two,
  The words as he did state is.

He proved the fact, for bein' whacked
  A 'oss 'as no occasion,
Don't 'ave recourse, he says, to force,
  But take and try persuasion.
And there I seed how that agreed
  With that vunce wicious *Cruiser*,
Which, bein' shown, all coves must own
  How wide-awake his views are.

That there tame thing, around the ring,
  As playful as a kitten,
All by a strawr I seen him drawr,
  And never kicked nor bitten!
Upon the ground, a 'oss, unbound,
  Lay, mild as any weather.
He took his 'oofs, for further proofs,
  And knocked 'em both together.

On one's 'ind 'anch, so game and stanch,
  I'll swear I ain't a 'ummin',
A drum he beat, and, no deceit,
  That are 'oss stood the drummin'.
A 'oss 'as mind, and, next mankind,
  Stands foremost in creation,—
Regardin' which, treat 'im as sich,
  Was RAREY's obserwation.

With this 'ere whip my 'oss's 'ip
  I'll now touch up no longer,
Upon the rawr; give pain,—what for,
  When kindness acts the stronger?
To think what I have larned, my eye,
  This blessed January!
Well, here's success to gentleness,
  As taught by MR. RAREY!

MURDER IN JEST.

To MR. SLEIGH, *Barrister-at-Law.*

MR. SLEIGH, MR. SLEIGH, pray mind what jokes you make in your capacity of Advocate. It is quite true that the Mansion House is a comic tribunal. It is equally undeniable that a squabble between two gentlemen, named respectively LAZARUS SIMON MAGNUS and HENRY GUEDALLA, the latter being a member of the Stock Exchange, both of them shareholders in the *Great Eastern* steamship, and the dispute having originated from an altercation which took place at a meeting of that body, must necessarily be an absurd affair. A snobbish, ill-written, mis-spelt, threatening letter, which one gent, evidently of the Hebrew persuasion, is accused of sending to another gent, probably of the same, undoubtedly constitutes a ludicrous case. The epistle, however, which MR. LAZARUS SIMON MAGNUS, or SIMON MAGUS, was charged with writing to MR. GUEDALLA, contained an offer to fight a duel; and in allusion to this, I find you addressing the subjoined facetious observations to the LORD MAYOR:—

"The only part of the letter which I should have supposed would have excited attention in these days of Rifle Corps and martial enthusiasm is that which offers satisfaction, and to which I should have thought any gentleman feeling himself insulted would have given his perfect acquiescence, although my learned friend has told us that duelling has been scouted from among gentlemen."

Now, MR. SLEIGH, this is a sort of fun of which I hope that you will give us no more. To jest, in a court of justice, even though in the Mansion House, and before the MAYOR, on fear, imputed to one gent, of fighting another gent, is mischievous waggery. It is not so very long since two linendraper's assistants fought a duel; one of them was killed, the survivor and the seconds were tried for murder, convicted of manslaughter, and imprisoned for some two years. Duelling accordingly lost caste, and we have had little or none of it since the shop-boy was shot. "In these days," however, "of Rifle Corps and martial enthusiasm," as you say, a revival of the practice is a not unlikely peril. The world is not getting more intelligent or humane than it was; brutal duels have lately taken place in France; duels more brutal still in America.

As to the immorality and wickedness of duelling, I will not say a word, because if I did you would laugh me to scorn, either for telling you what you deem a truism, or for asserting principles which you disbelieve and deride. But I would ask you to observe, that the prevalence of the usage of mortal combat is a dreadful nuisance to any man who has brains in his head, and objects to have them blown out by the hands, and at the will, of a blockhead. There was a time, when, if the greatest fool at large, and occupying the station of a gentleman, thought proper to give me the lie, the insult itself being contemptibly false, I was obliged, on pain of infamy, to call him out, and allow him a chance of shooting me through the head, or any other part of the body situated in front.

Fancy the plague which it would now be, to be forced to incur the risk not merely of the loss of life, but even that of the loss of a limb, for a cause of no more concern to you than the bark of a dog! Observe, that the risk would be all your own; for what wise man would shoot the fool he was compelled to challenge, and consequently have to stand a trial for his life, and at least get found guilty of manslaughter, which is felony, and entails loss of goods and chattels; as you ought to know. So, no more jokes on the subject of duelling, if you love me; your gentle monitor,

PUNCH.

Laurels for Laurie.

SIR PETER is as good as ever. His mind is like a Stilton, the older it grows, the more it is appreciated by those who partake of the luxury. Lately, he was talking about the "oppressions" weather, and remarked, with a degree of candour that every one was charmed with, that he "really felt half-stupid." "Persevere, my dear SIR PETER," said DANIEL WHITTLE HARVEY, as he patted him encouragingly on the back, "and you may find the missing half, for I am sure it is of no use to any one but the owner."

THE ADVANTAGES OF HAVING WET WEATHER IN THE COUNTRY.

BY ONE WHO "LOOKS UPON THE SUNNY SIDE," EVEN WHEN IT RAINS.

THERE is no doubt that it is unpleasant when one goes into the country for sake of out-door exercise, to be shut up in the house by a succession of wet days; and if one happens to be somewhat of a sporting turn of mind, the moisture of the weather is most trying to one's temper. One is blue-devilishly apt to come to breakfast with black looks, when the rain has all night long been beating hard against one's window, and there seems to be no hope of its holding up ere dinner time. With foxes waiting to be hunted and pheasants to be shot, one can't help feeling savage when one daily finds the glass midway between "Much rain," and "Stormy," and inclining, if one knocks it, to fall rather than to rise. To the people one is staying with the bore is not so great, inasmuch as they, one thinks, can take their sport at any time. But to an uncaged Cockney, whose country visits are like angels', few and far between, it is no joke for a week to be swamped out of one's shooting, and to find the happy hunting grounds, of which one has been dreaming, are of no earthly use to one, from being under water.

Nevertheless, sweet are the uses of adversity; and rightly balanced minds, when shut up in the country, may find something more than billiards to console them. It is surprising how a week's wet freshens up the memory, and how reviving it is found to friendly correspondence. As one has gone out for a holiday, of course one cannot stoop to doing literary work; however much one sighs for one's regular employment. But one flies to pen and paper as a means of killing time, that being the sole thing that the wet weather lets one kill; and for want of something better to occupy one's thoughts, one thinks about responding to one's long unanswered letters. One's most distant correspondents are startled by next post at receiving the replies to their forgotten notes and queries; and friends one has done favours for, and by whom one has in consequence been subsequently cut, are surprised by the receipt of a long letter of inquiry, begging them to furnish the most minute particulars about their worldly welfare and spiritual health. Nay, to such a pitch sometimes in this letter-writing mania promoted by wet weather, that *faute de mieux* one finds oneself writing to one's wife, and inquiring if baby has yet learnt to say "Melchisedek," and whether things in general have gone on smoothly since one left.

Again, too, being shut up by wet weather in the country, one has leisure to hold skeins of worsted for young ladies, and to assist in other feminine pursuits. One learns to feed the parrot, and the bullfinch, and the lap-dog, and is entrusted with the keep of the vivarium and fern-case, which none but female hands before have been allowed to touch. One becomes, in fact, a sort of male maid-of-all-work, and wins thereby, as wages, marks of feminine approval which, had one been out hunting, one would, of course, have missed. Moreover, when one passes a few days in a drawing-room, one obtains a clearer insight into feminine employments than a twelvemonth spent in shooting would ever have induced; and one feels by one's experience enabled for the future to speak with some authority upon the often mooted point, as to "what on earth those women contrive to find to do, when—aw—fellahs are away, you know; and so, by Jove! they—aw—can't flirt."

As to exercise, of course if there be children in the house there will be no lack of chances for the stretching of one's limbs. When a brace of bouncing boys, of three and five years old, mount upon one's back and say they mean one to be "horse," one may surely make one's mind up to as stiff a bit of work as stalking old French birds in November on clay fallows, or taking half a score of "bullfinchers" and clearing six or seven brooks.

Add to this, that, besides one's exertions in the billiard-room, there are other occupations to which one may betake oneself, and which have both a bodily and mental good effect. For instance, when confined by stress of weather to the house, one has time to make oneself not unpleasant to its mistress, and to pay her that attention which is properly her due. It happens not infrequently that, when they have fine weather, male visitors go out directly after breakfast, and do not reappear until the summons of the dinner-bell; and that all the evening they talk of dogs or horses, unless they fall asleep, or else slink furtively to bed. Now, wet weather prevents such selfish want of gallantry, and makes gentlemen who visit her attentive to their hostess, if only for the cause that they have nothing else to do.

MACAULAY IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

JANUARY 9, 1860.

AMONG the men whose words and deeds
He best has taught our time to prize;
MACAULAY's honoured coffin lies,
Mid hush of jarring cliques and creeds.

A shadow falls upon his grave
When morning lights the eastern pane;
And one, when sunset splendours rain
Through the west window of the nave:

That by *his* recent marble thrown,
Who sang of NELSON and the North,
And "England's mariners" rang forth
In music like a trumpet-tone.

This, by his earlier statue flung,
Who in the lettered reign of ANNE
Stands out, serenest type of man,
Best wielder of our English tongue—

ADDISON, CAMPBELL—such the guards
At our MACAULAY's head and feet:
And what companionship more meet—
Of Essayists and Lyric bards—

For him, whose almost boyish breath
The battle-ballad's clarion blew,
And thence heroic war-notes drew,
To breathe a soul through ribs of death—

When the Armada's march he sang,
Along the guarded English steep,
While leaping watch-fires lit the deep,
And village-bells defiance rang?

For him, whose later essays taught
To narrative fresh arts of grace:
Gave to old truths a novel face,
And new to crystal-clearness wrought?

If with the genial English life
That in SIR ROGER charms the mind,
Drawing us closer to our kind,
His brilliant pages were not rife,

Yet let us own the Art that threw
Concentred light on giant men:
Made CLIVE and HASTINGS breathe again,
And LAUD and STRAFFORD strive anew.

Fitly his resting-place is given
With these great dead he loved so well.
Stand on his grave, and you may tell
The chief stars of our English heaven.

From CHAUCER's glad May-morning beam,
To SPENSER's planet rays that warm
Cold Allegory with a charm
Of life, seld given to Fancy's dream—

And CAMDEN's steady light, that falls
In each dim nook of England's past,
Now on some worn inscription cast,
Now on grey tower or minster walls—

And JOHNSON's, BEAUMONT's, changing stars,
One moment glad as Hesper's glow
With light of mirth:—to tragic woe,
Shifting, the next, like blood-red Mars—

And all the galaxy that fused
Their lesser splendours into one,
When WILLIAM ceased, and ANNE begun,
And state-craft writer-craft abused.

Who knew and treasured of all these
What was worth treasuring, more than he
Who to their silent company
Has last gone down, from life and ease?

Yet love and skill of letters give
But half his claim to take his state
In our Valhalla, with the great,
Whose names in lettered memories live—

With our historic worthies, too,
He shared state-life: their measure gauged
With rule, where strife of party raged,
Perchance not always just or true;

Yet, granting error, and an eye
Too prone to wink excuse for friends,
Too sharp for flaw in means or ends
Of those whose camps o'erthwart him lie,

Who shall deny his pen has cast
New life in all wherewith it deals;
That light from his bright pages steals,
Between the clouds that wreathe the past?—

Who shall gainsay his right to sleep
With those whom England honours most:
Whom, while they live, we loudest boast,
Whom, when they die, we truliest weep?

MORE FANCIES BY THE FIRELIGHT.

S the fire in the fireplace won't burn without a draught, so the fire of inspiration, to prevent its dying out, needs every now and then a draft upon a banker.

Some persons pretend they can see portraits in the fire. But what they fancy to be photographs are generally all smoke.

Pokers are like critics. Useful as incentives. They are of use too as correctives; but their uses, to do good, must be tempered by good judgment. There is the fear always of their being used too much. As an overdose of poker often puts a fire out, so an overdose of criticism may extinguish the poetic fire in its first spark, and prevent its ever bursting into flame.

The grate looks bright and cheerful in the evening, when the fire is in it; but see it the next morning, how dead and dull it is! So is it with the Great. They shine brilliantly at night when the champagne fire is in them; but when their soda's brought next morning the shine is quite gone out of them.

When it is discovered where dead donkeys go to, perhaps a poker may be found in the fender at a Railway station.

Finally, my son, however much thy wit may sparkle, be not overdazzled by it. Take warning by the writer. Fancies written in the firelight turn out not unfrequently unfit to see the daylight.

ITS NATIVE ELEMENT.

THE native element of the *Great Eastern* seems to be hot water, for it has scarcely been in anything else ever since it was first launched. It should not cost the ship much for coals, since in consequence of the liberality of the Directors, the engineers are provided with hot water for nothing. The cost of this fluid at suburban tea-gardens is generally "2*d.* per head." The outlay to the company of the *Great Eastern* has been somewhat above that modest figure, for the average of the expense has been at the rate of £1 per head; but then the shareholders should not complain, considering the large quantity that they have received, and taking into consideration also, that there has been no extra charge for the fun and excitement of the meetings.

Paw and Maw.

WE lately lighted upon an advertisement of MAW's Feeding Bottle. Noticing the odd name of the proprietor of this invention, we occasioned a young lady, who had received a first-rate education at a Brixton boarding-school, to remark, that a nice feeding-bottle must be such a convenience to a baby's Maw!

THE SCOTCH PHARISEES' LAST!

THE subjoined specimen of Scotch Sabbatarianism is quoted from the *Standard*:—

"SABBATH DESECRATION IN SCOTLAND.

"At a Meeting of the Edinburgh United Presbyterian Association on Tuesday, a report was read by the REV. W. REID on the subject of Sabbath Desecration. At the outset it referred to the abatement which had taken place since 1853 of certain forms of Sabbath desecration, noticing specially the shutting up of the public-houses by the Forbes MacKenzie Act. It then noticed, as 'another form of Sabbath desecration which had been somewhat abated,' the practice of burying the dead on Sundays. During the five years terminating with 1848 the interments on Sunday in Warriston Cemetery were 20·70 per cent. of the whole, while during the five years just terminated they have been only 16·36 per cent. 'This decrease,' continued the report, 'while gratifying, is far from being what is desirable. While it cannot be denied that there are frequent instances in which the nature of the disease causing death, and the limited accommodation of the dwellings in which death takes place, may demand burial, even on the Sabbath, it is evident that the practice extends far beyond the limits of this necessity. The reasons which sustain the practice are doubtless the convenience of friends and relatives—in some instances, it is feared, the pride of securing a large attendance—while the solemnity of the duty commended itself to many as quite in accordance with Sabbath-day observance. It has been suggested that did ministers decline attending funerals on the Sabbath, much would be done to abate the evil."

So, according to these Scottish wearers of the broad phylactery, it is not lawful to bury the dead on Sundays. Perhaps they would also object to healing the sick. What day of the week was it when the Children in the Wood died? If on the first, which the Scotch edition of the Fourth Commandment calls the "Sabbath," how would the United Presbyterians of Edinburgh have served the little warbler in the red waistcoat, the pious bird that so—

"painfully
Did cover them with leaves"?

No doubt they would have stoned Cock Robin. For the Christian service which he rendered the bodies of the innocents on the Sunday, they would unquestionably have pelted him to death on the following Monday morning. The solemnity of the act would not have commended itself to them as by any means in accordance with Sabbath-day observance, and Jack of Geneva would have broken Robin's bones, as surely as benevolent CALVIN before him burned SERVETUS.

Is there a pin to choose between Jack and Lord Peter? If Jack had been ruler of Rome and the Legations, would he not as effectually have made them too hot to hold him as has that big brother of his who sits upon seven hills in three hats, and wearing petticoats and white satin shoes?

Among the stupid fanatics, or hypocrites, who met to hear the shocking nonsense above quoted, there were, however, two respectable Divines. The REV. MR. COOPER, of Fala, protested that he could not warn his people against the practice of Sunday burial as a desecration of the Sabbath. And—

"The REV. W. RENNIE, of Dalkeith, could not subscribe to that portion of the report referring to Sunday funerals. He did not see why they should denounce as wrong Sunday funerals. He was not aware of any passage in Scripture in which this point was advanced, nor was he aware that the Jews were debarred from burying their dead on the Sabbath-day. At the same time, he was desirous that the funerals on Sundays should be as few as possible. The report stated that the pride of having a large company to attend the funeral had to do with the matter. Now this was a very uncharitable view of it, as the Sunday was often the only day poor people could get for the funeral. He did not see how a burial on the Lord's Day was a desecration. People died on the Lord's Day as well as on any other day of the week, and he did not see any impropriety or incongruity in a funeral on the Sabbath-day."

The foregoing rebuke to the dense and blind bigotry of the speaker's Calvinistic associates is remarkable not only for wisdom, but also for wit—uncommon qualities both of them, the former equally with the latter, on the part of the Sabbatarian professors of the Kirk. MR. RENNIE neatly remarked, that "he was desirous that the funerals on Sundays should be as few as possible." Capital, reverend and pleasant RENNIE! Funerals on Sundays as few as possible? To be sure, and as few, also, as possible on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays. Bravo, RENNIE!

"Reweigh this Justice."

ONE ADAM VALANCE, a Catholic, of somewhere in Limerick, has been pounced upon by the priests, and handed to the law, and sent to prison. His offence was, that he went about and "under false pretences" collected the sum of one and ninepence, which he alleged was to be applied in aid of the POPE. Well, if it were shown that "the offending Adam" meant to confiscate that eleemosynary twenty-one pennies to his own use, we suppose that his punishment was just. But this should be clear, for otherwise he may be as innocent as ANTONELLI, or ISABELLA SEGUNDA. For how, in the name of all truth and humanity, can anybody obtain a single penny of charity for POPE PERUGIA,—except under false pretences?

CROSSED IN LOVE.—The Hellespont, every time that LEANDER swam over it to meet his heroine of a HERO.

WITH A PARDONABLE VANITY, TOMKINS, WHO HAS JUST JOINED HIS RIFLE CORPS, INVITES ARABELLA (TO WHOM HE IS ENGAGED) AND HER SISTER TO SEE HIM DRILLED. EVERYTHING MUST HAVE A BEGINNING, AND HE IS PUT THROUGH HIS "GOOSE STEP" BEFORE THE NOT-ADMIRING EYES OF HIS DARLING!

THE DRAFT THAT CHEERS HIS HOLINESS.

THE REV. GEORGE MONTGOMERY, a gentleman who lately went over from Canterbury to Rome, has written to the *Nation* newspaper a letter intended to remove a little doubt which appears to have occurred to the delicate consciences of some of the more verdant of the faithful natives of jolly green Erin. The gentle scruple is hereinunder stated:—

"Sir,—There are, I have heard, many good Catholics who are of opinion that they would not be acting agreeably to the wish of the POPE if they were to make him an offering of money. I may be allowed to do something towards setting at rest this question—whether we ought or ought not to send money to the POPE—by making an extract from the letter which I have received from the venerated ecclesiastic at Rome to whose care I had committed the address to his Holiness, and the little offering made by the people of this place."

Conceive the innocence which could entertain the question, whether the POPE would object to an offering of money. Try him! Such would be the exclamation of the least wide-awake mortal to whom any uncertainty on that point was suggested. The experiment was performed by the REV. MR. MONTGOMERY, with the satisfactory result thus described:—

"I duly received your esteemed letter, with the address and accompanying draft for £10, the oblation of your good congregation to our Holy Father, PIUS IX. Agreeably to your request, I shall have the address at once translated and duly presented; but in the meantime (to gain time) I made out a summary of it in Italian, and at once presented it to the Cardinal Secretary of State, H. E. C. ANTONELLI, with the enclosed amount, who at once laid it before his Holiness, who was greatly consoled by this act of filial devotion of his faithful children of the mission of Wednesbury."

No doubt his Holiness was greatly consoled by the receipt of £10, accompanied by an address which probably tended to intimate that there was more money where that came from. Such sterling consolation under the inevitable afflictions of this life is acceptable to almost anybody; by most people it is regarded as the only true solace which can be administered to real distress. The POPE is very likely hard up; but even if he were ever so flush, his Holiness, in common with all mankind, would be safe to know what to do with a £10 note, if sent to him. Whatever may be the result of Congress, or the policy of LOUIS NAPOLEON, the Holy Father will doubtless continue open to subscriptions to any amount, whilst the smallest contributions will be sure to be thankfully received. Let not the bashful Irishman, therefore, be ashamed to offer his mite to the common Father of the Faithful, who will be very glad of it, and whom it will help to afford a more respectable maintenance than tribute extorted from involuntary subjects.

ALBERT SMITH'S "PIGEON."

BETWEEN the repulse at Peiho and the illness of ALBERT SMITH, Chinese affairs have not been on a satisfactory footing of late. It is therefore highly gratifying to know, that our French ally has actually sent off his General to the East, and that our English entertainer has re-appeared in Piccadilly. We hope that it is not unaffectionate to say so, but with certain Crimean recollections strong upon us, we are rather inclined to believe that the new Chinese campaign will be carried on with most loyalty by GENERAL ALBERT. At all events we are certain *he* will not bring it to a conclusion without due consideration for his allies, and that he will give them all due recognition of their presence, and of their zeal in taking places—a trifling attention to facts which is occasionally pretermitted over the water. *Seriatim*, as VISCOUNT WILLIAMS says, we deplored, in company with the QUEEN, and in common with the public, the affliction which interrupted MR. ALBERT SMITH'S entertainment, and are exceedingly happy to "depend" upon a French General (on this occasion only) a congratulation to our pleasant-faced, pleasant-tongued lecturer, upon his resuming his Nights with the Pigtails. In the words of CONFUCIUS (whom we never read, and have not the least intention of reading) "May our EGYPTIAN Fisher always have a good HAUL."

POST OFFICE ORDER:—The great regularity shown in all the departments of St. Martin's-le-Grand, ever since ROWLAND HILL has been Secretary there.

THE CONGRESS PARTY.

EMP. "I THINK WE HAVE WAITED FOR OUR OTHER FRIENDS LONG ENOUGH—SUPPOSE WE BEGIN?"

SUICIDE AT STOCKBRIDGE.

"MEASTER PUNCH, ZUR,

"LOOKEE here at this here handbill as I zee t'other day in the winder of a shop at Zouthampton, and axed vor un, and got un o purpus to zend up to you. What I wants to drect your particler attention to is the N.B. towards the bottom on un:—

PIGEON SHOOTING!

TO BE SHOT FOR,

AT SAM SCOTT'S, WHITE HART INN, STOCKBRIDGE,

On Wednesday, January 18, 1860,

A CHESTNUT GELDING,

A good Hunter and Hackney, very fast, and a capital Trapper.

By 25 Members, at £1 each; 9 Birds. 12 gauge Guns limited to 1 ounce and a half of shot, to stand at 18 yards. Guns over 12 gauge limited to 2 ounces, 21 yards.

N.B. Any one not wishing to shoot himself is at liberty to find a Substitute.

SHOOTING TO COMMENCE PUNCTUALLY AT 12 O'CLOCK.

"Anybody not wishun to shoot his zelf is to be lowed to vind a zubstitute. Dostn't think these there Stockbridge shooters must be a precious clumsy zart o' chaps? I've a heerd o cockneys shootun theirzelves at pigeon-matches to be sure. If you knows are a fellow as wants to commit zuicide and not have it vound feller de sea, you advise un to goo to that are shootun match at the White Hart. Them as be like to shoot theirzelves be as like to shoot their neighbours. I wonder who them as doan't wish to shoot theirzelves expects to git vor zubstitutes. I have a heerd that Chinamen, zome on 'em, be willun to be hanged vor a trifle stead of other people, but I should think there warnt no sich natives as they be at Stockbridge.

"Your sarvant to command,

"*Blue Boar, Jan.* 1860." "SMOKER."

SADDLING THE RIGHT HORSE.

WHILE the hunting Season lasts sub-editors of Country newspapers lay their scissors eagerly on anecdotes of horseflesh, and snip out for their readers as many equine tales as they have vacant corners for. Here is one, for instance, which was copied lately in the *Herefordshire Times*, and which doubtless interested readers in that district much more than the questions, Will there be a Congress? and if so, Who will go to it?

"ECCENTRICITY OF THE HORSE.—In 1806, during the campaign of Austerlitz, a Piedmontese officer possessed a beautiful and in other respects a most serviceable mare, but which one peculiarity rendered at times exceedingly dangerous for the saddle; she had a decided aversion to paper, which she immediately recognised the moment she saw it; and even in the dark, if one or two leaves were rubbed together, the effect produced by the sight or sound of it was so prompt and so violent, that in many cases she unhorsed her rider; and in one case, his foot being entangled in the stirrup, she dragged him a considerable way over a stony road. In other respects this mare had not the slightest fear of objects that would terrify most horses. She regarded not the music of the band, the whistling of the balls, the roaring of the cannon, the fire of the bivouacs, or the glittering of arms. The confusion and noise of an engagement made no impression upon her; the sight of no other white object affected her; no other sound was regarded; the view or the rustling of paper alone roused her to madness. All possible means were employed to cure her of this extraordinary aberration, but without success; and her master was at length compelled to sell her, as his life was in continual danger."

Of course we no more doubt the truth of this narrative than we do that of the tale about the horse of *Baron Munchausen*, which we are told was cut in two by the fall of a portcullis, and was sewed up with some laurel twigs, which grew into an arbour, under shade of which the Baron could sit in pleasant coolness in the hottest of his fights. To us the only doubt that hangs upon this horse-tale is whether or no the story is not meant to be an allegory. From the statement that the animal showed so "decided an aversion to paper" we can't help fancying that the creature which is said to have been a horse must in true reality, have been a printer's hack.

Succour for Scotchmen.

IF a Scotchman were between Scylla and Charybdis, and puzzled as to which he should give the preference, would not his national instinct prompt him at once to take the *Siller?* and, when once he had got his hand fairly upon it, we do not think he would very quickly leave it again.

BEARS AND LYONS.

MR. PUNCH has been very much excited by reading in a Lyons journal that the authorities of that city have devised a new method of allaying the impertinence of the Cabman. The city of weavers has woven, for that enemy of mankind, and chiefly womankind, a net, from whose meshes he cannot easily escape.

In London, as most people know, we have a cab-law, which works pretty well for able-bodied and strong-nerved Fares who have plenty of time on their hands. If you have complaint against a driver, and you take his number, and find out the right Magistrate before whom to bring him, and take out a summons, and attend on ever so many adjournments, and bring your witnesses, and resist the abject importunities which the ruffian, driven to bay, makes for forgiveness, on account of his wives and children, you may at last get him slightly fined and mildly rebuked. But if you don't care about doing all this, if your time is valuable, if you are an unprotected lady, or indeed any lady without most admirable firmness, or if you fail on any of the requisite points, the scoundrel has his triumph,—he extorts more than his fare, and has the additional pleasure of insulting you. And on the dozen chances in his favour the Cabman builds, and in eleven cases out of twelve is the victor.

Moreover, there is a great deal that a Cabman can do that, though it is particularly offensive to his Fare, does not bring him within the mild embrace of the law. He may grumble hugely, though he knows he has been overpaid. He may abstain from actual insolence, but keep up a long remonstrance that is nearly as objectionable. He may say that he would not have taken you had he known he was to have only his bare fare, and that the servant who hailed him for you "said you was good pay." He may enlarge upon the wetness of the night, or the season of the year, or your being apparently out for a holiday, or a dozen things that have nothing to do with the question, and which—though when they are addressed to a resolute English citizen merely produce a "Well, what then?" or the amplest permission to the would-be extortioner to take the chance of getting the late DON GIOVANNI as a fare—are pesterous to the quiet, and to women, and usually produce the effect desired, namely, robbery. Yet no Magistrate will notice this, if the offender does not "demand" more than his fare, or is not what is called "insolent"—that is, one who uses language no decent person should hear. So, practically, we are in the Cabman's power.

But at Lyons, it appears, French tact has encountered him with another weapon. In every cab is placed a little letter-pocket. And in every letter-pocket is a little printed form of letter. And the letter is to this effect:—

"This Cab, number 1756, was hired on
day, the of , at o'clock,
By
MRS. Blank, Blank, who resides at
(Residence in full)
And who makes the following complaint against the Driver
(State your Grievance.)
You are requested to fill up this form, if there be reason, and to drop it, unpaid, into any letter-box."

It is addressed to the Superintendent of Police Traffic.

Thus, you observe, O Cabman, all the impediments on which you rely are removed. Your power to annoy ceases as the door closes on you, and the law's power to annoy begins. The letter is examined by a competent person, and if he finds the complaint really frivolous or unjust (and some complaints are so, even in England) there is an end. But if not, orders are passed to the policeman on duty in the complainant's street, and he ascertains whether all is correct, and the accuser be a respectable person. If so, there comes a little inquiry after *you*, and perhaps you get a caution—perhaps, if an offence be previously registered against you, a stern lecture—perhaps, too, a little punishment, or a good deal. Anyhow, the knowledge that you can be infallibly got at, at once, must have a marvellous effect in keeping you in order—and *Mr. Punch* submits to SIR RICHARD MAYNE whether some adaptation of the Lyons system might not be advantageously introduced in rescue of the London Cabman's Victims.

Sweets to the Sweet.

"PRAY, can you tell me, my dear MR. JENKINS," asked with admiring eyes a very pretty young lady, "How is sugar refined?"

"When a lady gives it to you, Madam," was the happy reply of the great artist who grinds the fashionable organ every day.

STRANGE INCONSISTENCY.—Those people, who rail because so many foreigners fill high appointments in England, forget that they themselves are continually *calling them over.*

BUCHANAN ON HUMAN STOCK.

PRESIDENT BUCHANAN is a grave statesman. Gravity is a quality peculiarly American. The most preposterous anecdotes about snakes and spirits are related by citizens of the United States with a composure of face that is more wonderful than the anecdotes. But, for profound seriousness of statement, is there anything outrageous in even American romance to match the subjoined paragraph in the PRESIDENT'S Message to Congress?—

"It is a striking proof of the sense of justice which is inherent in our people that the property in slaves has never been disturbed, to my knowledge, in any of the territories. Even throughout the late troubles in Kansas there has not been any attempt, as I am credibly informed, to interfere, in a single instance, with the right of the master. Had any such attempt been made, the judiciary would doubtless have afforded an adequate remedy. Should they fail to do this hereafter, it will then be time enough to strengthen their hands by further legislation. Had it been decided that either Congress or the territorial Legislature possess the power to annul or impair the right to property in slaves, the evil would be intolerable."

MR. BUCHANAN talks about property in slaves with the calm assurance of a moral philosopher; just as if he had not the least idea that the title to such property had ever been disputed. He speaks of the right to that sort of property as coolly and confidently as if he really believed that such right was something distinct from might. Yet, in a subsequent part of his Message, he condemns the Slave Trade. What objection is there to the Slave Trade, if it is possible to acquire a right of property in slaves? If slaves are property, how do they differ from buffaloes in a commercial sense, and in what respect is the Slave Trade worse than the buffalo trade?

That Americans are in a fix with respect to Slavery—the evil legacy of ancestors—that immediate abolition of that vicious institution is impracticable, and that its present maintenance is a deplorable necessity, are things that one endowed with a real sense of justice may be conceived capable of saying with a grave face. But to talk of the right of property in Slaves, as though under a solemn conviction of its moral existence, is surely possible only to those who are inspired with that peculiar sentiment which MR. BUCHANAN happily describes as "the sense of justice which is inherent in our people."

Most Indecorous.

THE very rudest thing we ever heard of, as directed against a member of the respected aristocracy, was launched by the titled chairman at the Marylebone Rifle Meeting last week. He said that "there ought to be no distinction on account of the different social rank of the Volunteers." This was all right. But he went on to say, that at the time of the Chartist disturbances, "the DUKE OF HAMILTON was between a footman and a chimney-sweep." We believe that his Grace has since abandoned both professions.

What is Twaddle?

THIS question was asked in a police case that arose out of a stock-broker's squabble. The person interrogated, though properly qualified to answer, for he was an Old Bailey barrister of great experience, declined to give the information demanded, but quietly continued his speech. Perhaps it was the best definition that he could have given.

WHICH is the Stoutest Man in the village? The Grocer (*grosser*).

THE RIGHT COLOUR FOR A RIFLE CORPS.

"FRIEND PUNCH, "*Broadbrim Villa, Brompton.*

"I DO not often write unto the Newspapers, inasmuch as it costs time (which, as thou know'st is money), to say nothing of the paper, pens and postage-stamps one spendeth on it. But I feel inclined to say a few words at this present, on the subject of the colours to be chosen for our Riflemen: and I say them unto thee rather than unto the *Star* (which paper I, till lately, have paid my daily penny for), inasmuch as thou art truly the organ of the movement, and anything thou printest on the subject of our Rifle Corps will assuredly be read by all who are enrolled in them.

"Much debating there hath been, in print as well as out of it, as to what colour is fittest for the dress of Volunteers, and anent the whys and wherefores such should be adopted. I will not weary thee by tedious recital of the arguments, nor mention how each corps, with that independent spirit for which Britons are so famed, hath elected to abide by its own choice of its own colours, without paying any heed to what its neighbours wear or think. Nor need I remind thee how the Government hath, with its usual alacrity, stepped in when just too late with its advice upon the subject; and now that almost all the uniforms are ordered, hath decided of what cloth they ought to have been cut. All I wish to do is to bid all those who own themselves disgusted with their uniform (and I am told their name is nearer Legion than thou'd'st guess) instead of giving up their drill, as they are threatening to do, because forsooth green doesn't quite suit their complexion, or they fancy that their figure isn't well set off by grey, to bid all these disgusted ones enrol themselves at once in a corps which I am raising, wherein the colour of the uniform shall be uniformly drab. Drab verily, I think, is the best colour for our Riflemen; inasmuch as if it be not 'flashy' or 'flare up' (I use the terms which Slang maketh current in our language, that I may make my meaning clearer to the youths whom I address), it at least hath the advantage of being inconspicuous, and of presenting a bad mark to any enemy who aims at it. Moreover, it may truly be regarded as symbolical, when worn by Riflemen who arm as ours do, not in menace but in simple self-defence. A Rifle Club so formed is a truly Friends' Society, formed for keeping friends with all who fear it as a foe; and by adopting for its dress the colour which the Friends' Society hath chosen, it shows its mission plainly as the noses on its front.

"Of course it would be easy to enlarge on these advantages, and show that drab not merely wears well, but is cheaply to be cleaned by simply sending it to the wash; but I have said enough, I think, to recommend it, and I now confidently look for an influx of recruits. Meanwhile, I would exhort thee to continue ever zealous in the cause thou hast supported, and for all the baleful light the *Star* may strive to shed on it, we shall see the movement flourish, and the country safe at peace.

"In which belief, believe me to remain, your constant reader,

"BOANERGES BROADBRIM."

"P.S. Hath our friend BRIGHT joined a Volunteer Corps yet? He hath shown himself well skilled as a political sharpshooter, and he hath a strangely bellicose propensity for one who claimeth to be writ of as a man of peace."

The True Aristocracy.

MY DEAR BRIGHT,

IT is clearly absurd that the Peers should be hereditary legislators. It is equally clear that the working men are endowed by nature with political knowledge. Let us not subvert, but invert the Legislature. What say you to abolishing the House of Lords and substituting for it a House of Labourers?

Make what use you please of this suggestion, freely offered by your old friend,

PUNCH.

CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATION.

Q. WHAT do you call Antimony? *A.* The Austrian Currency.

[*Candidate is instantly admitted into the Foreign Office.*

A WELCOME TO WINTER.

BY A POET WHO BELONGS TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

HAIL, Winter! Hail, and snow, and rain!
Send forth thy storms o'er earth again:
Come frost and fog! Come slush and sleet!
That he who walks may get wet feet.

Blow, wintry winds! Blow cold and keen,
And let no warming sun be seen;
So that, despite their thickest coats,
Whoe'er go out may get sore throats.

Inclement time! the chills prepare
To which weak human flesh is heir:
Let muggy mist, and noxious damp,
Breed ague, asthma, cough, and cramp.

Rude Boreas, cease not to blow,
And lay the halest mortals low:
Bite 'em, and spite 'em, pinch 'em, friz 'em,
And rack their limbs with rheumatism!

Bronchitis, thy dread darts prepare,
And Influenza fill the air:
An evil wind still bloweth good,
For fevers are to doctors food.

Sciatica, tic-doloureux,
With your worst terrors man pursue;
Long sickness lengtheneth our bills,
We live by what our neighbours kills.

So, Winter, hail! and snow! and freeze!
And by foul weather swell our fees:
The heavy head, the light catarrh,
To doctors meat and raiment are.

THE POPE IN A FIX.

THE question What are we to do with him? is a query which suggests itself to all reflecting minds when they begin to think of the position of the POPE. His Holiness just now is somewhat in the place of the dog upon the race-course. Everybody hoots at him as being in the way, and nobody will stretch a hand to help him out of it. And so he runs along with his tail between his legs, and gets considerably more kicks than kind wishes in his progress.

Notwithstanding the assertion made by Hanover Square Meeting-men, that the POPE is most "discreet, religious, and humane," and that "his great fault in the eyes of English Protestants is, that he in fact has no fault at all," the world at large apparently does not seem to see it. Faultless though he be in the eyes of sponting fanatics, those with better eyesight are blind to his good points, and he is in their view by no means quite infallible. Distance lends proverbially enchantment to the view, and what to fools in England has the look of being faultless, to persons nearer Rome appears something very different. The Romagnese have small affection for the Papal rule, and the people of Perugia have bitter cause to hate it. In fact, the closer the inspection, the more spots are discoverable in the Papal Sun: and the nearer people live to him the more they wish to see the Holy Father farther.

Meanwhile, the question still remains, What is to be done with him? Excepting the few fools and fanatics aforesaid, everybody feels convinced that the POPE is in the way, and that soon or late he must be shoved aside or shelved, or somehow else got rid of. Between the two stools of his temporal and spiritual authority, it seems to be decided that he must come to the ground. It may be difficult to run so old a fox to earth, but ere long we fancy the feat will be accomplished.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH MARRIAGE-MARKET.

LOVELY woman appears to be a drug in the Parisian marriage-market. Young lions have been for some time shy of taking lionesses to wife; and according to the *Salut Public*—

"A petition addressed to the Senate is now being signed by the female operatives in this city, in which the petitioners pray that all men who attain the age of forty without marrying may be compelled to pay a tax as unproductive members of society."

The female operatives of Paris can hardly be expected to have the least idea of political economy; for, if they had any, they would be considerably wiser, not only than the males of their class, but than the vast majority of Frenchmen; French statesmen inclusive. It is, therefore, natural that they should request the legislature to encourage matrimony by imposing upon celibacy a duty which they, doubtless, would wish to be rendered prohibitive. Their proposal to create a demand for wives by an artificial stimulant is not more absurd than the mercantile protectionism of their countrymen.

How different, and how much more enlightened, is the conduct of our own young women, and how much more happy are its results! English girls, whose fathers are the constant readers of a Press which devotes itself to the advocacy of sound commercial doctrines, well know that a demand, whether for goods and chattels or for hearts and hands, can only be maintained by a satisfactory supply. They know that if an article is unsaleable because it is inferior, no legislative interference will avail to promote its purchase. Accordingly they devote all their energies to that self-cultivation which enables them to offer an attractive commodity. Their days are devoted, partly to storing their minds with useful knowledge, and acquiring domestic arts and pleasing accomplishments; partly to bodily exercise, with a view to the improvement of their figures, and the enrichment of their cheeks with a healthy roseate bloom.

Not only do the young women of England, high and low, excel those of France in the knowledge and practice of that species of economy which is called political, but also in personal frugality and thrift. So that their moderation, in attire especially, is known to all men; and the consequence is, that they are eagerly inquired for, and experience no difficulty whatever in disposing of themselves to the best advantage. Whilst the French sorts are flat, they are buoyant; whereas the foreign descriptions are heavy, natives are brisk and lively; and when, in Paris, blondes and brunettes are alike depressed, in London they are both looking up. Thus the catching daughters of England are enabled to provide for themselves off their own hooks, and are not driven to stoop to the clumsy and humiliating expedient of begging Parliament to procure them unwilling husbands by the imposition of a bachelor-tax.

AN IRISH ANGEL.

AT DR. CULLEN'S late Dublin meeting in aid of despotism in Central Italy, MR. ALDERMAN REYNOLDS, who had been hissed and hooted for uttering some expressions of loyalty to the QUEEN, said, in deprecation of the traitorous ire which he had provoked,—

"They were all determined to go as far as they legitimately could to sustain the authority of the POPE, and they would not allow a feather of his wing to be touched."

What sort of bird is the POPE?—was the question that arose on the perusal of the foregoing declaration. It remained unsolved until the appearance of the Holy Father's allocution to GENERAL GOYON, wherein his Holiness winds up a benediction by the undignified vituperation of a pamphlet. As soon as that came out everybody saw that the POPE is a goose.

SWELL, JUN. (in a sketchy manner.) *"Ah! 've staying at Woolwich lately—d'lightful S'ciety there—knew most o' th' Officers—Jolly fellows—Ah, d'you?"*

SWELL, SEN. ("Stwangear to the other fellaw.") *"'Bject to Garison Town m'self—have to meet so many Seeond-wate Men!"*

CRINOLINE FOR CRIMINALS.

AMONG the million objections to the use of the wide petticoats not the least well-founded is the fact, that they are used for purposes of shoplifting. This has many times been proved at the bar of the police courts, and we wonder that more notice has not been attracted to it. For ourselves, the fact is so impressed upon our mind, that when we ever come in contact with a Crinoline which seems more than usually wide, we immediately put down the wearer as a pickpocket, and prepare ourselves at once to see her taken up. Viewing Crinoline, indeed, as an incentive to bad conduct, we forbid our wife and daughters to wear it when out shopping, for fear that it may tempt them to commit some act of theft. A wide petticoat is so convenient a hiding-place for stowing away almost any amount of stolen goods, that we cannot be surprised at finding it so used, and for the mere sake of keeping them from roguery, the fewer women have it at their fingers' ends the better. Some ladies have a monomania for thievery, and when they go on a day's shopping can hardly keep their hands off what does not belong to them. Having a commodious receptacle in reach, wherein they may deposit whatever they may sack, they are naturally tempted to indulge in their propensity, by the chances being lessened that they will be found out.

As an instance of how largely the large petticoats are used in acts of petty larceny, we may mention a small fact which has come within our knowledge, and which it may be to the interest of shopkeepers to know. Concealed beneath the skirts of a fashionably dressed female were, the other day, discovered by a vigilant detective the following choice proofs of her propensity to plunder; *viz.*, twenty-three shawls, eleven dozen handkerchiefs, sixteen pairs of boots (fifteen of them made up with the military heel), a case of eau-de-Cologne, a ditto of black hair-dye, thirty pairs of stays, twenty-six chemises, five dozen cambric handkerchiefs, and eleven ditto silk, nineteen muslin collars and four-and-forty crochet ones, a dressing-case, five hair brushes (three of them made with tortoiseshell and two with ivory gilt backs), a pair of curling irons, eight bonnets without trimmings and nine-and-twenty with them, a hundred rolls of ribbon, half a hundred weight of worsted, ten dozen white kid-gloves and twenty dozen coloured ones, forty balls of cotton, nine-and-ninety skeins of silk, a gridiron, two coal-scuttles, three packets of ham sandwiches, twenty-five mince-pies, half a leg of mutton, six boxes of French plums, ten ditto of bonbons, nine *pâtés de foie gras*, a dozen cakes of chocolate and nine of portable hare soup, a warming-pan, five bracelets, a brace of large brass birdcages, sixteen bowls of gold fish, half a score of lapdogs, fourteen dozen lever watches, and an eight-day kitchen clock.

After this discovery, who will venture to deny that Crinoline with shoplifters is comparable to charity, inasmuch as it may cover a multitude of sins.

What Sparkle!

MR. PUNCH surpasses himself—like MRS. OLDFIELD, "outdoes former outdoings" this week. A poetic friend of his, remarking that he wished to grow a beard, but found that it came up rather grey, was asked by *Mr. P.* "Did you never read *Manfred?*" The poet looked indignant at the implied doubt. "Then what does BYRON say is the whole moral and purpose of that poem?" The poet did not remember (poets never remember anything except castigations which they have justly received), and *Mr. Punch* finished him off:

"Old man, 'tis not so difficult to dye."

Phrenology Right for Once.

A PHRENOLOGIST has been examining the Queen's head, and says that he finds the bump of adhesiveness was sadly deficient, if it existed there at all. In justice, however, to this gentleman, we must state, that the Queen's head under examination was a Postage-Stamp.

WHY are the members of the Oxford University Rifle Corps a most frivolous lot?

Because they have Quad-Drills every day.

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MARK, WOODCOCK!

Just as our friend CRACKSHOT *gets into the very* thickest *of the shooting, he hears a cry of "Cock!" and his excited fancy fills the air with "Long-beaks."*

A PILL FOR THE POPE.

DOCTOR LOUIS NAPOLEON has prescribed a bitter pill for his Holiness the POPE. Saith the Doctor: "Your Holiness has been for a long period in a very disturbed state. Your constitution has in fact been thoroughly upset. Something you have taken has plainly disagreed with you, and irritation and uneasiness have been naturally produced. Your symptoms show an absence of quiet and repose, without which we can none of us expect to be in health. I do not wish to frighten you, but there is no doubt that your system has been shaken, and you are altogether in a very weakened state. Clearly something must be done for your relief and restoration, or there is no saying what your Holiness may suffer.

"Far be it from me to make your Holiness feel nervous, but unless something be done Revolution must ensue, and ere long Dissolution will stare you in the face. However, there is time as yet to save your Holiness, if your Holiness will act on the advice which I will give you. I have devoted much disinterested attention to your case, and am thoroughly acquainted with its diagnosis. Let me then prescribe for you, free gratis and for nothing: there is no other state physician so well qualified to do so. What your Holiness requires is a state of more repose, and to ensure yourself tranquillity, your Holiness has clearly but one course to pursue. This simply is, to take the mild form of emetic which I venture to prescribe, and to throw up the things which so long have been disturbing you; I mean, to speak more plainly, your now revolted provinces. The course may be a painful one, but it is Hobson's choice. In point of fact, I really see no other left for you. That it will do you good, I entertain no doubt, indeed I quite believe that it will set you on your legs again."

This is certainly a somewhat bitter pill to take; but make wry faces as he may, his Holiness will clearly have to gulp it down.

Materials for History.

THE report that MR. COX, whose accuracy was put to the test in the little matter of WAT TYLER, was to complete LORD MACAULAY'S *History of England*, is at least premature, though it certainly is a fact; that is to say, like all the facts of that honourable gentleman in connection with historical matters, it is a pure fiction.

POLITICS AND PETTICOATS.

"MY DEAR MR. PUNCH, "*Cato Cottage, Clapham.*

"YOU so very often ridicule us *poor weak* women, and more especially the *stronger-minded* of the sex, that I declare I'm half afraid of writing to you seriously, for fear you'll print my letter for the sake of making fun of me, and set some of your young men to cut it up and sneer at it, although *of course* you know that it's written to you *privately*, and never was intended for a *printed composition*. However, I *must* write, whatever *mean* advantage you may take of my so doing. I can't let that dear duck and darling of an Empress be laughed at by you men for her Crinoline *absurdities*, as you are pleased to term them, without calling your attention to a most convincing proof that she devotes herself to *far more serious* pursuits, and is a *great stateswoman* as well as a good dresser. If you doubt me, read this passage from the *Illustrated News*, where it recently appeared with the account of a new bonnet, and other highly interesting and *most important* French intelligence:—

"The EMPRESS EUGÉNIE has assisted for the last few days at the Council of Ministers presided over by the EMPEROR."

"There now, *Mr. Punch*, what say you to *that*, Sir! Only think, that sweet EUGÉNIE assisting at a Council, not of milliners and bonnet-makers, but of veritable councillors and ministers of state. '*Assisting*,' you observe, Sir! It was not merely her presence, but assistance that they wanted. Although the EMPEROR presided, these great statesmen could not possibly get on without the EMPRESS. Sages as they were, they found themselves in need of her *superior sagacity*. Even her husband, you perceive, Sir, ranked in their eyes of less consequence. He simply was their president, and for form's sake I dare say, took the first seat at their table. But by rights, I think that EUGÉNIE ought clearly to have sat there, for it is plainly stated that she was *of assistance* to them, whereas nothing of the kind is *even hinted* of the EMPEROR, and for all that one is told, I believe they would have got on just as well without him.

"At any rate, I trust, Sir, that with this *convincing proof* of how that dear delightful duck of an EMPRESS spends her time, you will in future give her credit for doing something more than trying on new dresses, and deciding what dimensions shall be considered fashionable. Now that you have heard of her '*assisting*' at State Councils, you will call her something more than Empress of the Fashions, and believe that she *has* something else to occupy her mind than decreeing what costumes are to be worn at Court, and whether the new suits which visitors must bring with them are to be one dozen or six dozen *per diem*.

"I would not encroach, Sir, on your *valuable space*, but I cannot help just saying, that it would in *my* opinion be a good thing for the country, if *our* Ministers would take example by the French, and summon in a *woman* to assist them in the Council-Chamber. HER MAJESTY I know is *occasionally* present, and when they've made a bungle (which *of course* they're *always* doing), she most graciously and kindly lends her aid to help them out of it. But I consider it would be of *great advantage* to the Government if the better halves of Ministers were *regularly* present, and assisted at all sittings of their *lesser moieties*. You men fancy that we women have minds only fit to think about composing a new dress, or ordering a dinner; but if you only knew us better, you would find we've souls far, far above mere Crinoline and cookery, and could come out as extensively in politics as petticoats.

"At least so thinks one whose name until, to aid him in his councils, some *stupid husband* changes it, is

"XANTIPPE ROSE SOPHIA SOPHONISBA SMITH."

"P.S. That darling, MR. ROEBUCK, I remember, once confessed that he felt perfectly *convinced* that if Woman had her *rights* she ought to have a Vote. If I were either of the Ladies PALMERSTON or PUNCH, I would not let my husband rest till he had promised he would get a law made that should give her one.

"P.P.S. Do you know—I ask in confidence; *is* MR. ROEBUCK married? If not, *will* you tell me; *has* he got red hair? and would you call his nose a classically chiselled one?"

VOLUNTEERS AND VETERANS.

IR,—I say, *Punch*, my boy, I wish you 'd just pitch into the old pipe-clay chaps a bit for the way in which they talk and write about us Riflemen. They seem to fancy all we mean is just to play at being soldiers, and that when the work comes we intend to cut it. Their minds are so jog-trotty, they can't keep pace with the *Times*, and the rifle movement clearly is something quite ahead of them. I believe they think the thing a sort of amateur theatricals, and imagine that we drill for the mere sake of the dress. They've a notion that we like to come out spiffy in our uniforms, and think that our ball practice is just for fancy-ball work. And then they drop out hints that even if it's proved that we've the mind to fight, it will certainly turn out that we have not the muscles for it. How can your young fellows who never have camped out, or had anything to harden them, be fit to go a-field, and rough it like your 'regulars?' By Jove, Sir! Why they'd catch their deaths of cold in the first drizzle, and be sent home invalided if they marched a mile, by Jove, Sir! without their umbrellas!

"Now I say, *Punch*, it isn't fair to talk of us in this way. Even were it true, I don't quite see the fun of saying it; for the movement is well meant, if it be nothing else, and it's not the time just now to try and throw cold water on it. But my belief is really, that there's not a word of truth in what these old chaps say of us. I don't believe the 'regulars' are tougher men than we are, or more able to fight against exposure or fatigue. I believe our constitutions are just as good as theirs: if anything, indeed, I'd rather back them to be better. As for being trained to bear hunger and privation, to my mind that's all gammon, and against all human nature. You could no more train a soldier to put up with half rations than you could train a horse to work without your feeding him, and to live on miser's diet of a straw and half *per diem*. If you wan't a long day's hunting, it won't quite pay to give short commons in your stable; and the more you practise men or horses to bear hunger, the more you will reduce their power to put up with it.

"But when old fogies say that we know nothing of exposure, and that half-an-hour's rain would be enough to make us mizzle, they seem quite to forget that we have, most of us, a pretty fair acquaintance with field sports, which, in the way of standing weather, give us pretty fair field practice. We volunteers of England, who sit at home at ease, and (they say) daren't venture out if it should rain, or blow, or freeze, get with tolerable frequency wet jackets in our sports, and yet no amount of drenching one atom damps our ardour for them. Who can say that we can't rough it, and are untrained to bear foul weather, when he sees in black and white a sporting bit like this. I cut it from the *Illustrated News* the other day, and it just serves to show people that raining cats and dogs won't save the life of foxes:—

"The sport with the Quorn has been remarkably good. A correspondent writes us as follows:—Thursday, Dec. 29. The first day's hunting after the frost; raining in torrents: we had a capital day's sport. The meet, Switheland Stone Pits; fifty-four minutes and scarcely a check with our first fox, killing him in the open: twenty minutes to ground in a drain without a check with the second: and forty minutes as hard as hounds could race with our third fox. . . Friday, Dec. 30. Found a good fox at Thorpe Trussells in the afternoon, and had a capital thirty-five minutes, running him to ground close to Prestwold House, in one of the most tremendous hurricanes and thunderstorms ever known at this time of year in the county. The lightning was most vivid. . . Tuesday, Jan. 3. Staunton Harold. Had one of the fastest eighteen minutes ever known in the country, with the first fox: the hounds coursing him for the last quarter of a mile, and killing him. A very good hunting run of forty-five minutes with a second fox: when, the afternoon becoming so stormy, and the rain so heavy, the hounds were taken home."

"Well—if we are not experienced as yet in standing fire, we have had some training anyhow of late in standing water. And, mind you, all these duckings were incurred for sport's sake merely. There was no compulsion or need to have the nuisance of them. It was in pursuit of pleasure that the risk of them was run, and they who ran it, I dare wager, were not a whit the worse for it. Rheumatism is less rife with us than with the 'regulars;' yet who shall say we haven't just as good a chance of catching it?

"Besides, haven't we in some way been in training from our boyhood, and exposed to roughish usage as well as roughish weather. Life is not *all* smoothness at the best of public schools; there are sure to be *some* thorns mixed among the roses. Fagging out at cricket is tough work for young muscles, and a 'shinning' bout at football is really no bad practice for the sharper give and take of a regular pitched battle. At all events such exercise fits for active service, and strengthens those who take to it, in lung as well as limb. Thanks to boating, bathing, and to hunting in the holidays, an Eton boy grows up as hard in sinew as a clodhopper, and is just as much accustomed to exposure to the weather.

"Why he should not therefore make just as good a Rifleman, is a problem which I leave for the old pipeclay chaps to work at, and they'll astonish my weak mind if they can bring it to a negative. Meanwhile, thanking you for all you've been and gone and done to help us,

"Believe me, my bo-o-o-o-oy,
"Yours everlastingly,
"YOUNG NIMROD."

NIGHTINGALE'S NOTES.

IT is not often that one hears a nightingale in winter-time, but a NIGHTINGALE has lately been bringing forth her *Notes* for us, and in the name of the nation, *Punch* thanks her for the novelty. The NIGHTINGALE is the same whose sweet voice soothed so many a sick ear in the war-time, and whose notes may well be listened to in time also of peace. The theme on which she sings has less of music than of melancholy in it, but her notes in their sweet charity, are to our ear most melodious. She sings of the sick room and how to lessen its sad sufferings, and give help and comfort to those who have to bear them. The world knows how our NIGHTINGALE has sung this song before, and how our countrymen have blessed her shadow while she sang it. She now repeats the theme with copious additions, but without a variation from the tone of its kind spirit.

But it is not for this alone that *Punch* cries "Listen to our NIGHTINGALE!" It is not only for the sweetness which is breathed into her *Notes* that *Punch* would bid his readers to hear them and to profit by them. For the most practical of purposes her song, like herself, is "as good as gold." Every note she utters has the value of a Bank one. Ears deafened by disease may hear it, and be bettered by it: and ears which have been sharpened by acuteness of affliction, may be soothed and set at rest if our NIGHTINGALE be listened to. Hear, ye Nurses, how she speaks of needless noise in a sick room, and hold your chattering tongues as experience bids her bid you:—

"Unnecessary noise is the most cruel absence of care which can be inflicted either on sick or well. (For in all these remarks the sick are only mentioned as suffering in a greater proportion than the well from precisely the same causes.) Unnecessary, although slight, noise injures a sick person much more than necessary noise of a much greater amount."

Who, hearing this, shall say how many sick friends have been tortured by their Nurses holding covert consultation with the cook, as to the quantity of kidneys they can stuff down for their supper, and how many goes of gin they wish to swill by way of opiate? Who shall say how many patients have been worried by great doctors, advising this and that in a loud voice on the landing, or giving their suggestions in a trumpet-tongued stage whisper, before their creaking boots have borne them from the room? Who shall say how many sick ears have been grievously tormented by friends rattling up in cabs to leave their cards and kind inquiries, or, if they be more bosom ones, stumping their way up-stairs to see "some one of the family," because they can't be satisfied with "what those servants say"? And who shall say how many sufferers are day-and-nightly racked and harassed by those worst of needless noises, noises in the street? Who shall count the headaches caused by cries of "sprats" and "hareskins," "creeses" and "old clo':"—or say what days of anguish street-music has occasioned, and what nights of agony have been inflicted by the Waits? Think of this, ye Magistrates, when next your "mercy" is appealed to in behalf of a "poor organ-grinder." Think how many death-beds he has probably embittered, and let him have that mercy which in justice is his due.

But these are not the only noises which cause suffering to the sick, and which our thoughtful NIGHTINGALE notes down as being nuisances.

New clothes she denounces just as much as "old clo'," and shows how Nurses ought to dress for the part they have to act:—

"A Nurse who rustles is the horror of a patient, though perhaps he does not know why. The fidget of silk and of crinoline, the rattling of keys, the creaking of stays and of shoes, will do a patient more harm than all the medicine in the world will do him good. But the noiseless step of woman, the noiseless drapery of woman, are mere figures of speech in this day. Her skirts (and well if they do not throw down some article of furniture) will at least brush against every article in the room as she moves."

Keep your tongues from chattering, and your limbs from stays and crinoline, and silks and other finery: these are main points in a Nurse's duty to her neighbour, and when we next fall ill we hope that somebody will put all our attendants through their catechism, and ascertain that they both know, and are prepared to do, their duty to us. We have no wish for our bedchamber to be turned into a chamber of "horror" of our nurse, and our weak nerves to be fidgeted and fretted by her finery. A Nurse in stays and crinoline, who can't move without creaking, must be as great a nuisance in a sick room as a barrel-organ; and if we ever have the misfortune to be plagued with one, and are driven to distraction, and to death perhaps, in consequence, we hope our relatives will issue a commission of inquiry, and our Nurse be taken up for having maddened, if not murdered us.

But our NIGHTINGALE pours forth another Note or two on this point, and inasmuch as they are highly complimentary to us men, we trust that women generally will have the gallantry at least, if not the good sense, to give ear to them:—

"It is, I think, alarming, peculiarly at this time, when the female ink-bottles are perpetually impressing upon us 'Woman's particular worth and general missionariness,' to see that the dress of women is daily more and more unfitting them for any 'mission,' or usefulness at all. It is equally unfitted for all poetic and domestic purposes. A man is now a more handy and far less objectionable being in a sick room than a woman. Compelled by her dress, every woman now either shuffles or waddles: only a man can cross a sick room without shaking it. What is become of woman's light step? the firm, light, quick step we have been asking for" [instead of the Sairey-Gampish slow and ponderously noisy one].

Listen to this, ladies. This is not what *Punch*, the ribald jester, says of you. It is not *Punch* who brings this charge of crinoline against you, and accuses you of sheer domestic suicide by dress. You are self-arraigned, convicted, and condemned. It is a woman who denounces woman's folly and her uselessness. It is a woman who condemns you for following the fashion, even though the fashion lead to sacrifice of service, and to duties being stifled by absurdities of dress. Swaddled in her finery a woman cannot move except with fashionable slowness, and is as useless as a mummy while she is so swathed up.

Such, then, are a few of the *Notes* which have been lately brought forth by our NIGHTINGALE; and as, clearly, the more widely such notes are heard the better, *Punch* is glad to give them echo in his world-pervading print. Every father of a family should change his silver for these *Notes* (their price is fixed so moderately he need not change his gold for them), and every member of a family should both hear and try to profit by them. It is not too much to say, that no domestic library can be complete without them; and considering the doctor's bills they probably will save him, any Paterfamilias who stupidly neglects to get these *Notes* will deserve to get a stress laid on his last Latin syllable.

The Conundrum that Won the Prize at the last Grand Metropolitan Conundrum Show.

The Prize Question. Why is a sheep that is casting sheep's-eyes, and making love, like the absurd designation that is generally given by blackguard little boys to a Frenchman?

The Prize Answer. Because he is a woolly-woo (a *Voulez-vous.*)

☞ It is perfectly unnecessary to state, as persons always say, when they are about to state the very thing that is necessary, that the winner of the above was a confirmed Cockney, brought up in the very same school as the Wiwacious Wiscount.

An Orleans Plum.

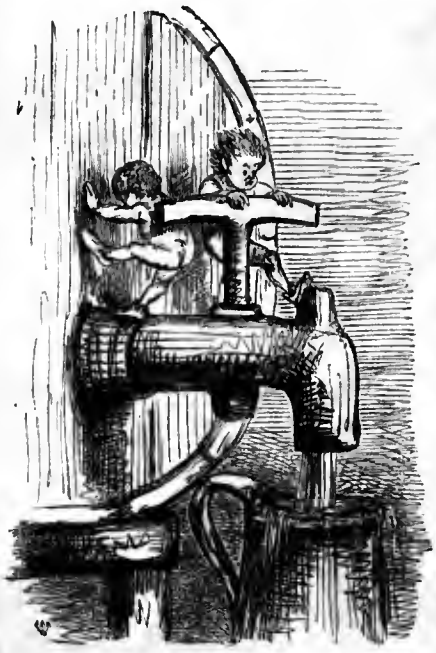
"The selection of the High Schools at Edinburgh for the Orleans Princes has caused great offence to the Roman Catholic Clergy."—*Tablet.*

EACH Papist he winces at news, tart as quinces,
That all the French Princes seek Protestant schools,
But *Punch*, who ne'er minces, declares it evinces
Belief that all Catholics need not be Fools.

An Ominous Present.

THE KING OF PRUSSIA, it is announced, has presented the POPE with two porcelain vases, as a memorial of his stay at Rome last year. The *souvenir* is appropriate in every respect. What could be more fitting the position of both giver and receiver than a present as easily cracked as the wits of the KING OF PRUSSIA, and almost as liable to an utter smash as the temporal power of the POPE.

GRAVESEND'S CASE STATED.



THE papers say that a deputation from Gravesend has waited upon the Government, and demanded that in the new Reform Bill provision should be made for giving a member of Parliament to that odoriferous borough. The Government rather snubbed the deputation, which reception *Mr. Punch* thinks was rude, and he has therefore resolved to aid the oppressed, and assert the claims of Gravesend to a share in the representation. He has requested the Mayor and Corporation to give him a list of the reasons why Gravesend considers it should have a member in the people's House, and he has pleasure in publishing the grounds on which the demand is based. They are these:

1st. Because the aristocratic element predominates far too largely in Gravesend, it having no fewer than three Piers.

2nd. Because half its population lets apartments, and would therefore expect its member to spare no pains in setting a Bill in a proper light.

3rd. Because the other half of its population boils shrimps, and is therefore not likely to be deceived by political Feelers.

4th. Because it is quite opposite Tilbury Fort, and therefore likely to resist profligate military expenditure.

5th. Because it is celebrated for its water-cresses, and is therefore likely to enforce official reform in the way of Small Salary.

6th. Because its lodging-letters rob their lodgers' brandy bottles, and therefore must understand the spirit of the age.

7th. Because, being burned down about once a year, there is no kind of Policy with which it is not familiar.

8th. Because there is a popular demand for a Digest of laws, and a person accustomed to Gravesend cookery can digest anything.

9th. Because it is next Milton, and therefore as good as SHAKSPEARE, who is always being represented.

10th. Because genteel people now go on to Margate, and compensation to Gravesend, in the way of election expenditure, would be highly acceptable.

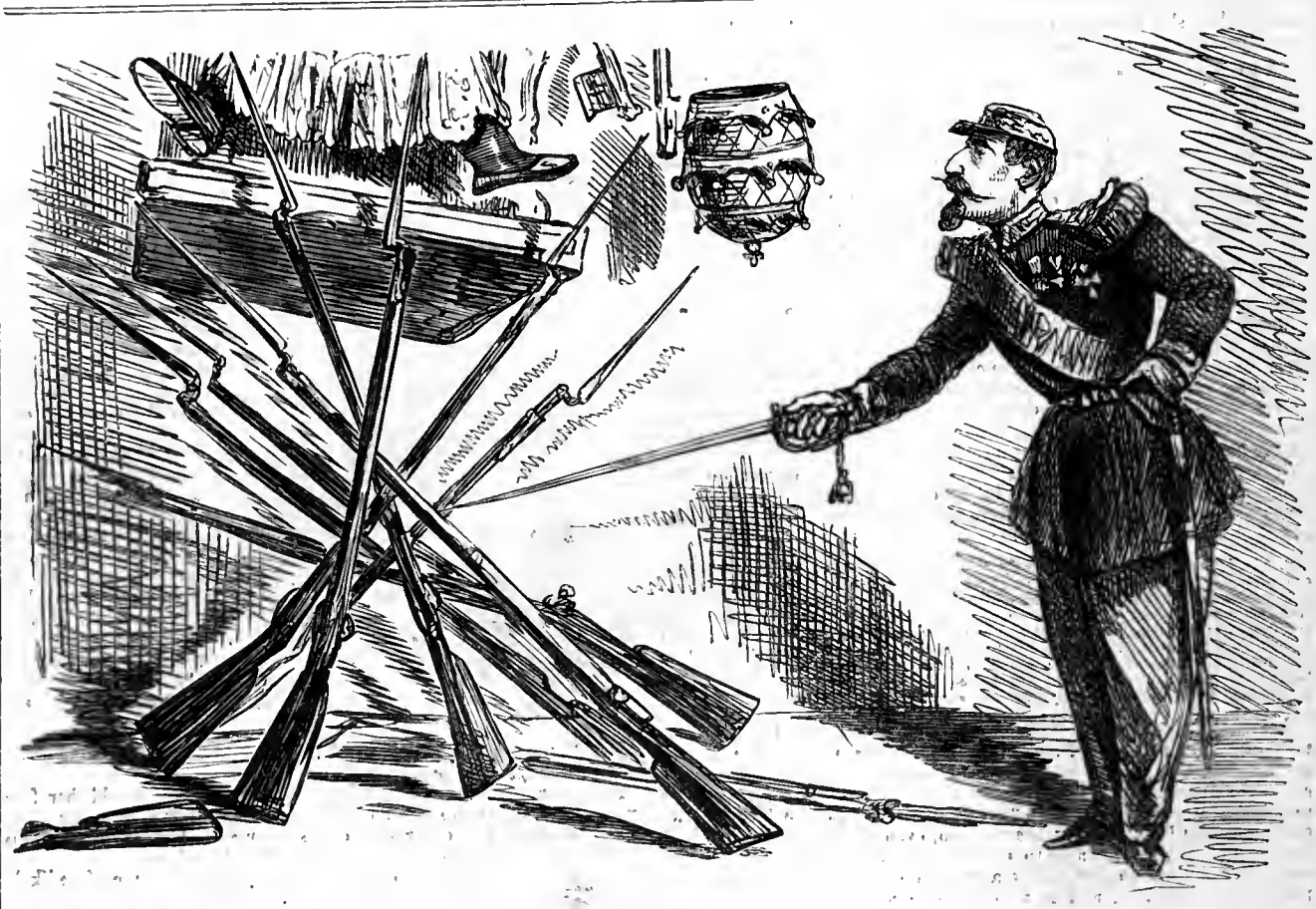
11th. Because it is aggravating to see so many returning officers going over to Tilbury, and not to have one Returning Officer for Gravesend.

THE PAPAL POSITION.

SAVE me from my friends! must be just now the aspiration of his Holiness the POPE. His Holiness's friends seem bent on buttonholing him whenever they've the chance, and telling him what they would do if they were in his shoes. Of course the doses they prescribe are most unpleasant ones to take, and every one advises him to do what he don't like. The most general opinion, however, seems to be the one that friend NAPOLEON avows himself inclined to; namely, that his Holiness should give up earthly territory, and content himself with exercising spiritual sway. The more the Holy Father's temporalities are lessened, the more will his authority in spirit be increased. Such is at least the view these friends of his have taken, but strange to say, his Holiness does not quite seem to see it.

The POPE's, in fact, is the position of the *Malade Imaginaire*, whom *Toinette* can't convince that if he will but have one eye out, he'll see better with the other, and that lopping off his right arm will invigorate his left. His Holiness is not to be persuaded by his friends that amputation of his provinces will increase his Papal power: and however strongly his friends may recommend it, his Wariness will doubtless abstain, until he's forced to it, from making the experiment.

A DOUBLE OPENING.—Parliament opens on the 24th, and, on the same day, MR. DISRAELI will, in all probability, open on—Ministers.



RHODOMONTADE.

"I HEAR A VOICE, SAYING, 'ROBBER! TAKE YOUR HAND FROM THE THROAT OF THE VICAR,'" &c., &c.
WELL, MR. DIXON, AND SUPPOSE HE DOES TAKE HIS HAND FROM &c. &c., WHAT BECOMES OF YOUR PRECIOUS BROWN PAPERCY?

THE FREE-TRADE SCHOOLMISTRESS AND HER FRENCH SCHOLAR.

THERE was a boy in Pa-ris; his name was LOU-IS NA-PO-LE-ON. He was a great big boy, and he made all the lit-tle boys do what he pleased. Now all the lit-tle boys want-ed to buy all their things in France, when they might have sent to Eng-land for many of those things, and bought them there twice as cheap. Was not this fool-ish of them? They said, "If we spend all our mo-ney at home, a-mongst our-selves, then none of it will go a-way to Eng-land." But they for-got that if they bought cheap Eng-lish things, the Eng-lish would buy cheap French things, and so their mo-ney would come back a-gain.

LOU-IS NA-PO-LE-ON was a cle-ver boy as well as a big boy, and he thought the lit-tle boys were in the wrong. But he had been fond of play-ing at sol-diers, with ri-fles and can-nons, and knew more a-bout such things than he did a-bout buy-ing and sel-ling.

Just af-ter he had fin-ish-ed a game of sol-diers, which he won, and when he was sit-ting down to rest him-self, there came to the town of Pa-ris, where he lived in the Tui-le-ries, a nice old la-dy. Her name was COB-DEN. She did not like play-ing sol-diers at all, but loved to see lit-tle boys, and big boys as well, play at com-merce in-stead. When they would let her, she was glad to teach them those gen-tle games. LOU-IS NA-PO-LE-ON said to him-self, "I would like to take some les-sons in com-merce of MIS-TRESS COB-DEN, so as to be a-ble to teach the un-der boys." So he went to her house, and asked her to come to him and tell him all a-bout it; and MIS-TRESS COB-DEN went and told him, and ex-plain-ed ev-e-ry thing to him that he wish-ed to know.

It was fun-ny to hear her make him spell,—F, r, dou-ble e, Free; T, r, a, d, e, Trade,—Free Trade; and I, m, p, o, r, t,—Im-port, and E, x, p, o, r, t—Ex-port; and also Ta-riff and Du-ty, and so on; and teach him the mean-ing of all those hard words of one, two, and more syl-la-bles. At last, when he was per-fect in his les-son, he went and re-peat-ed it to the lit-tle boys, to try and make them learn it. And then he told them they must now be-gin to let one a-no-ther go and buy things wher-e-ver those things were to be sold, and not cry and make a piece of work if French boys dealt with o-ther boys.

Now French boys are to deal with Eng-lish boys, and buy cof-fee and su-gar, and knives and scis-sors, per-haps they will not be so rea-dy as they were to quar-rel and fight. And if they take what we have to sell, we must take what they have to sell. We must let their wine in at a low du-ty. It is good wine; some of it is call-ed Cla-ret. Let us pour out a glass of nice Cla-ret to drink the health of DAME COB-DEN, and suc-cess to her pu-pil LOU-IS NA-PO-LE-ON in his new game of Com-merce and Free Trade.

INTERESTING TO PERVERTS.

WE learn from the *Times* correspondent that, in consequence of the Alps hemming in foreign trade, and the Apennines interrupting internal traffic, "Italy has been about the last country in Europe to have roads." Then, let us ask of the old proverb what, in the name of the Holy Poker, it means by telling us that "every road leads to Rome?" It is clear that the assertion must be thoroughly groundless, when we are told that there are scarcely any roads in Italy at all; and there being no roads, how is it that Rome is to be approached in all directions, no matter whether a person takes St. Paul's, or St. Barnabas, or St. George's-in-the-East, or Oxford, as his starting-point? We suppose that every one who has made up his weak mind to go in that direction generally finds a way of his own. In the meantime, if we Protestants are all to be carried over to Rome some day, as the WISEMEN of that hopeful sect are always telling us, we only hope that they will take good care to pave the way for us. The journey may as well be made comfortable, with as little injury to our soles as possible.

THE UNPROTECTED FEMALE'S BEST FRIEND.—SIR C. CRESSWELL.

DAME COBDEN'S NEW PUPIL.

VERBUM SAPIENTI.

GOVERNOR WISE, an American pro-slavery spouter, has been good enough to refer to a Cartoon which *Mr. Punch* issued during the Italian War, and in which two Eagles are represented as fighting, watched by the British Lion. The respected Governor, in a speech also containing much other ridiculous matter, declared that the Eagles meant the North and South in the Union,—the Free and the Slave states,—and that Britain was watching their Slavery quarrel in order to pounce on America. It is no news, either to *Mr. Punch's* English or American friends, that GOVERNOR WISE is an Awful Ass; but he might have given *Mr. Punch* credit for more ornithological accuracy. Had that gentleman intended to typify the South and its foul means of subsistence, he would not have drawn an Eagle, but a Carrion-Crow. He respectfully hopes GOVERNOR WISE will accept this explanation.

OUR ROVING CORRESPONDENT.

No. I.

"MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"WHEN my laundress, MRS. KINAHAN, presented herself at my chambers on the 24th of last month, while I was discussing my breakfast, to inquire whether I intended going 'hout of Town, please Sir, this Christmas,' I was happy to answer that worthy woman in the affirmative. Christmas Day in chambers may be likened to an exasperated bull in a narrow lane—I mean, that you pass both with a certain feeling of discomfort, and therefore when that accomplished whip, MR. CABMAN, Seven-hundred-and-two, drove me away towards London Bridge Station in his patent chariot, I cheerfully resigned myself to fate, nor regretted that I had left behind me a key which would give MRS. K. free access to my Cognac. It is true that the bottle which I had opened the night before my departure, only contained three teaspoonfuls on my return, but, after all, what is a pint or so of pale brandy compared with the comfort of a fellow-creature? If man is but mortal, sure laundresses are not immaculate. Christmas, as the philosopher has observed (and my Tailor inclines to the same opinion), Christmas comes but once a year. Let us hope the old lady enjoyed her grog, and forgot her cares and her chilblains and dust-pan under its genial influence.

"Arriving at the terminus, after stumbling over hampers, knocking my shins against oyster-barrels, and getting entangled in groves of mistletoe, I managed to take my seat in the train. A young gentleman with a military deportment and unexceptionable whiskers entered the carriage soon after, who from the delicate hue of his gloves, the cursory—not to say maledictory—observations which fell from him concerning "The Service" and his contempt for the Volunteer Rifle movement, I rightly judged had but lately entered his profession. It soon appeared that he was also bound for Hollygate, where I was going, and indeed it was my lot subsequently to meet the youthful warrior at dinner, where he appeared in great state, did ample justice to our host's claret, and kindly entertained us with some choice anecdotes—doubtless gleaned at his mess, and chiefly remarkable for their antiquity.

"Hollygate is a charming village on the banks of the Ripplemere. My uncle's cottage, where I had been invited, stands in about a dozen acres of land, about a mile from the Station. It is not a large house, but is noted for containing three of the prettiest girls in the neighbourhood and a cellar of excellent wine. Their ages vary from seventeen to three-and-twenty—the girls I mean—the wine dates from a more remote period.

"Don't you think, under the circumstances, that I was justified in 'running down' there for a week?

"My cousins, though I say it, are moreover, remarkably agreeable 'parties,' and but for an unfortunate prejudice concerning the subject of affinity, I am by no means sure that I should not—however, I won't enter on that subject *now*. These three young ladies differ somewhat, as sisters generally do, in character. LAURA, the youngest, confesses to a weakness for the Army. The sight of a red coat or the jingle of spurs will suffice to set the poor child's heart in a flutter, and a partner clad in those habiliments is sure of her hand in a ball-room, though the first is confessedly an awkward garment to waltz in, and the latter invariably tear holes in her dress.

"AGNES, on the other hand, inclines with more favour towards the clerical profession. Now, Ecclesiastical sentiment may be shown in various ways, and there is as much fashion in its manifestation as there is in the cut of MR. BUCKMASTER's coats, or in the shape of my lady's bonnet. You, my dear *Punch*, will remember, when Evangelical principles were in vogue, that if a young lady wished to show her respect for a pet parson, she would purchase a yard of Bishop's lawn, and forthwith make him a set of 'bands.' Occasionally slippers were worked by the faithful. Sometimes his Reverence received a silver tea-pot.

"Times are altered now. Bands are no longer orthodox, copes are coming in. Slippers have given place to 'M. B. waistcoats.' Tea-pots are out of date.

"Our fair devotees now employ their leisure hours in working altar-cloths or copying texts, so beautifully illuminated that you can hardly read them. MISS AGNES, who is skilled in the latter accomplishment, employs my ultramarine and rose madder with great effect on vellum, and, as she never uses more than nine cakes of colour per week, I am delighted to direct her efforts. 'Do, my dear JACK,' cried the enthusiastic girl one morning, 'Do please make me a design for an antependium. Our Curate wants me to embroider one for——'

"'What on earth is an antependium?' said I, snatching up MR. RIDDLES' famous dictionary.

"'You won't find it there,' said LIEUTENANT WAGSBY, with a grin. 'In plain English it's a *hang-before;* and I suppose, MR. EASEL, haw, haw! you'll see the reverend gentleman *hanged before* you do it!"

"Without paying any attention to WAGSBY's coarse and rather flat joke, I set to work, as soon as I understood what was wanted, and produced a sketch for the article, which I am proud to say gave satisfaction, not only to MISS AGNES, but to the Curate himself (the REV. MINTON TYLER), who, being remarkable for his mediæval tendencies, is an excellent judge in such matters. He has made heel-ball rubbings of every 'brass' in the United Kingdom, and wears a stripe down his trousers as an emblem, he says, of the Church militant.

"ROSE, who is the pet of the family, laughs at both her sisters, and, to do her justice, confines her smiles to neither red nor black coats. Why should she? We all admire her by turns, and, in due rotation, she jilts every one of us. She will talk 'pipeclay' to WAGSBY, discuss field matters with the Squire, and 'high art' with your humble servant. It was but the other morning I caught her ogling the Curate, and begging him to buy her a rosary. A rosary, indeed! If he had been an Archbishop, and she had asked him for York Minster, I don't think he could have refused her. She is irresistible. Just as certain great generals arise only to triumph and come off victorious in every engagement, so some women are born, I think, to conquer and carry captive before them all whom they encounter. With what ease they begin the assault, and how perfect are the tactics of coquetry! A judicious sigh, a well-timed glance, a lock of hair escaping, or a pretty foot displayed, may throw some of the bravest of us off our guard, and make us prisoners before we have time to think about it, or cry for quarter. A few members of this fair Rifle Corps are always practising, and care little whom they wound so long as their shots take effect. Who can say he is proof against such warfare? To-day a valiant Ensign falls a victim, to-morrow an honest tar. It may be young DAUBNEY in his studio, or MR. PARSON in canonicals. It is the great heir going out to shoot, or poor JOHN coming in with the tea-tray. No matter—a look—a word—a laugh has done the mischief, and down we all go, priest, soldier, painter, plump upon our knees, and become her slaves for life. No—not for life. There comes a time when the most skilful manœuvring will not avail, and all the charming strategy of our generalissima is lost upon us. Wit, beauty, pride are fair burnished weapons, which may rust with age, and cannot last for ever. Beware, ye flirts, in time lest——

"'Pray, MR. EASEL, is that a sermon you are composing?' asked MISS ROSE, who had been watching my grave face as I wrote.

"'Yes, my dear,' I said (for in truth it is tolerably prosy).

"'I hope you'll get it printed, Sir, that we may all profit by it,' said she, dropping me a saucy curtsey.

"'That,' said I, 'will depend on *Mr. Punch.*'

"Whose faithful servant subscribes himself,

"JACK EASEL."

Missionary Economy.

ACCORDING to the *Times*, the Church Missionary Society expends annually on the maintenance of missionaries and their families, on "deputations," publication, and other little sundries, £38,000, or nearly the fourth of its whole income at home, "before one native is converted, or even sees a missionary." It would be interesting to know how many natives the Society converts yearly with the rest of the cash. The charity of the Church Missionary Society begins at home, indeed, and remains there in a very considerable measure. To what extent does it go farther? if to any, what number of converts has the Society to show for its money?

Glorious News.

WE saw in a shop-window, the other day, the following announcement, "*Cheap Coburgs.*" This is very gratifying intelligence for poor tax-paying JOHN BULL, who has a numerous youthful Royal family "on hand," and to marry.

HUMOURS OF THE HOLY SEE.

BY the account of the Roman correspondent of the *Morning Post*, the paternal heart which has been represented as oppressed with so much heaviness, is, on the contrary, particularly light and jolly. We are informed that—

"On the 2nd instant a deputation of Jews waited upon his Holiness for the purpose of congratulating him upon the New Year. . His Holiness is stated to have been peculiarly jocular with the members of the deputation, inquiring after the health of SIGNOR "MOMMOLO," the father of MORTARA, and asking the astounded Israelites whether they thought the Congress would oblige him, the POPE, to give up the boy."

"MOMMOLO" is plainly an Italian diminutive of MOSES; the same playful species of appellation as our English "Mo," or as the familiar and affectionate name of IKEY, substituted for ISAACS. MORTARA is, as evidently, one of those euphemisms for MOSES which correspond to MOSS and MORRIS. It is incredible that the POPE, who is personally a decent kind of man, should have spontaneously and impertinently bantered the Jews who came to pay their respects to him on such a subject as that of the bereavement which he has considered it his duty to inflict on MR. MORTARA. Gentlemen of the Hebrew persuasion are generally rather prone, in conversation, to adopt a style of facetious personality, with small regard to the dignity of the personage to whom their observations are addressed. If his Holiness said anything about "MOMMOLO," the probability, is that it was only a retort, provoked by the Jews in offering the Sovereign Pontiff some of their chaff. "What will you take for your temporal crown?" or "Want any clo' for your foreign troops?" or some other such pleasant colloquial inquiry on their part, may be presumed to have elicited the allocution respecting SIGNOR "MOMMOLO'S" health, and their opinion of the probable action of Congress in that sufferer's behalf. One thing no doubt led to another; we can conceive that gibes were respectively exchanged about Saturday and Sunday, or that raillery was bandied in like relation to celibacy and abstinence from black-puddings; the Holy Father finally dismissing his visitors by poking fun at them with the corner of his mantle folded into the shape of a pig's ear.

THE DEATH OF THE CAT.

THANKS mainly to *Punch!*—readers who doubt this should look back some thirty volumes, and see how *Punch* attacked and has continued to attack her—thanks mainly to *Punch*, the cat is on her last legs both in Army and in Navy, and *Punch* will take good care that no one lifts a hand to save her. Slowly, but with sureness, she is passing from among us, and we need not fear we ever more shall look upon her like. The cat has no relations to endow with her bad properties; and although her lives may be as many as her tails, no long time can pass before we see the end of them. *Moritura vos saluto* is now a fitting phrase for her, wherewith to introduce herself to those who wish her further; and as she visibly grows weaker on every fresh appearance, there seems very little question but that we shall soon lose sight of her. Reduced to her last legs, and being as she is upon the very worst of footing, there is no doubt she must shortly disappear *in toe-toe*. If an inquest be demanded to decide what were the causes which induced her dissolution, it will not be found difficult to find a verdict in the case, "Died from the attacks of *Punch* and Popular Opinion" of course would be at once the finding of the Jury, and no Coroner could hesitate one moment in confirming it. That the death has been a lingering one is not the fault of the assailants; but the cat, be it remembered, is an "ancient institution," and, like old annuitants, "Ancient Institutions" are always slow to die.

THE BEST SETTLEMENT FOR A RICH WIFE WHO ELOPES.—A Penal one.

CLERICAL COSMETICS.

A TRADESMAN of Ratcliff Highway, named DANIEL STOCKER, was brought, on Tuesday last week, before MR. YARDLEY, at the Thames Police Court, in consequence of having, the evening before, shouted after the REV. BRYAN KING and his lot, on their departure from St. George's in the East, after the performance of their "Evensong," "There goes those Puseyites!" In the course of a dialogue with the Magistrate, the defendant said, that he knew that the reverend gent and his associates were Puseyites "by the cut of their clothes." Whereupon inquired—

"MR. YARDLEY. Then they become Puseyites by the art of tailoring?
"The Prisoner. Very much like it; I have seen chaps of the same sort, with their pale Jesuitical faces, in Devonshire, where I came from."

The pallor of the sacerdotal complexion is very peculiar, and may well have attracted the attention of an ordinary observer, such MR. STOCKER may be conceived to be. How do the priests acquire it? By singularity of diet—"making so many fish meals that they fall into a male green-sickness"? Mere fasting will not produce the effect; or paupers would resemble Papist and Puseyite parsons; moreover these white-faced gentry are some of them fat. Do they use any wash in order to blanch their cheeks? We see no cosmetics for such a purpose advertised in the lay papers; but, for ought we know, there may be Ecclesiastical journals with a strictly professional circulation, containing puffs of various preparations of the kind in question; such as LIGUORI'S Bleaching Balsam, XAVIER'S Exsanguinatory, and LOYOLA'S Anti-Bloom.

Deserters at St. Martin's-le-Grand.

WE wish the postage-stamps were not cowards, and would not, from the want of a little gumption, keep dropping off, one by one, from their posts. We are sure if they would only begin to screw their courage up to the sticking-point, that we should be the first to back them.

A REPORTER'S READING OF IT ON JAN. 21.

"*The Great Tribulation Coming.*" Parliament meets on Tuesday!

FRIARS' BALSAM.

A Gregorian Chant.

PIO NO-NO,
Who'll kiss thy toe,
Worship to show,
If thy crown go?
Terrible blow!
If the proud foe
Over thee crow,
Whilst we, for woe,
Cry, oh, oh, oh!
Oh, oh, oh, oh!

We will do so,
Kneeling, as though
Thou didst bestow
All that we owe,
Heads, which we mow
Bare, bowing low,
Punctilio
Not to forego,
Singing, oh, oh!
Oh, oh, oh, oh!

Too much men know,
Run to and fro,
Too bold they grow,
Our speed is slow,
As the ponds flow:
Thy boat we'll row,
To Jericho,
There kiss thy toe,
Chanting, oh, oh!
Oh, oh, oh, oh!

Wit in Literary Circles.

A GENTLEMAN, whose name stands very high in Albemarle Street and the Row, was reading out in a literary circle the announcement in the *Athenæum* of a new work by LADY CHARLOTTE PEPYS to be called *A Journey on a Plank from Kiew to Eaux Bonnes*, when the Wiscount, who happened quite by accident to be present amongst literary gentlemen, cried out: "Like the notion amazingly! I've a good mind to do a companion to it, and call it, *A Journey on the Knifeboard from Kew to 'Olborn.*" The meeting suddenly broke up.

SIMPLE, BUT AGRICULTURAL.

Q. WHAT is the best time for sowing tares?
A. When the landlord goes round and collects his *rents*.

ADVICE TO BACHELORS.—Eat cold pudding to settle your love; but don't do anything which will induce you to settle your money.

A TOBACCO CONGRESS.

(*From our Foreign Intelligencer.*)

EASURES have already been instituted for the due accommodation of the Plenipotentiaries who are to attend the proposed Congress, in case that great assembly is destined to come off.

The ultimate object of these arrangements is to facilitate the despatch of the important business which the representatives of the Great Powers will be commissioned to transact.

The principle on which the preparations in question are based is suggested by the circumstances under which their Imperial Majesties the EMPERORS OF FRANCE and AUSTRIA, meeting, discussed and came to an agreement on the preliminaries of the Treaty of Villafranca. Their Imperial Majesties, on that memorable occasion, met, and talked over the politics of Italy, and were enabled to settle the affairs of many millions of men, with cigars in their mouths.

It is this consideration which has generated the idea, that the questions to be brought under the consideration of Congress shall be debated whilst smoking. Hence has arisen the necessity for the arrangements above intimated.

These provisions, summarily stated, are liquor and tobacco, with their accessories. In detail, they include, besides wines, spirits, and cigars of all the higher qualities, Bristol Bird's Eye, Turkey, Latakia, Cut Cavendish, C'Naster, and Common Shag, together with an adequate proportion of pipes and beer. The latter will comprise all varieties of malt liquor from stingo to swipes, which may be preferred by some of the illustrious diplomatists, who, nevertheless, think no small beer of themselves. The former will embrace every species of meerschaum, hookah, cutty-pipe, narghilé, and churchwarden.

Spittoons of a rich and chaste construction, in gold, will be provided for the use of the high contracting parties. The manufacture of these utensils has been entrusted to the eminent jewellers MESSRS. BÉRYL. The Plenipotentiaries will be empowered to carry away their gold spittoons together with the customary allotment of diamond snuff-boxes.

The thought which has presided over the creation of these conditions for the session of Congress is, that of converting this European convention into a veritable Divan; in which grave questions, pondered by diplomacy behind a pipe, will receive a sober consideration from those who well know how not to take too much brandy-and-water.

Nevertheless, it will be in the power of this grand modern council of Amphictyon, to imitate, if it pleases, the wisdom of the ancient Scythians, and discuss all matters submitted to its consideration twice; the first time during a state of intoxication, and, secondly, when sobriety shall have resumed her sway; so that its determinations may not, on the one hand, want vigour, nor, on the other discretion.

It is not too much to hope that the Sachems of the smoking Congress will conclude their labours by passing round the pipe of peace. The only possible obstacle to this desirable result will be, the deplorable obstinacy of a sovereign who persists in obsolete pretensions, and who, if he will not accept the cigarette which will be offered him, will be recommended to put nothing whatever in his pipe, and smoke it.

THE RIGHTS O' MAN.

(*A Southern Version of them, in black and white.*)

IN the Rights o' Man I du believe, with WASHINGTON and JEFFERSON;
But from them ondying patriots a pint or two I deffers on:
In their noble declaration they oughter set out fuller,
That black and white stands opper*site*, in rights as well as colour.

They 'd no pesky abolitionists, a hatchin' revoloctions
To upset our Southern chivalry's domestic institootions;
If they 'd a' know'd such varmint as in GREELY'S *Tribune* figgers,
They 'd a' had two declarations—one for whites, and one for niggers.

To supply this 'ere omission is what I du propose to,
And this 'ere's the sum and substance, pretty much, o' what I goes tu;
White rights is all whites likes to take; and as for blacks—(I'm sick o' them)—
Waal, I guess their rights, is jest what's left, when the whites has had their pick o' them.

Or, stoopin' to perticlars (though it 's what I kinder scorn tu)
I conclude that chains and cowhides both whites and blacks was born tu.
With this slight difference, that whites was for their act*ive* use meant,
Blacks, for suff'rin on 'em passive, for white profit or amusement.

The corner-stone of all white rights,—and there ain't nowheres a bigger—
Is the innate right of every white to wop his private nigger.
And all I doubts is whether the right 's bounded to his private one,
And don't reach to niggers gin'rally, whene'er you can let drive at one.

In course I hold there 's dooties that correspond to rights, Sir,
(The first belongs to niggers, and the second all to whites, Sir:)
So, if the white exerts his right to cowhide, and don't spare it,
The correlative black dooty is fur to grin and bear it.

The white man's right to freedom 's wide as universal natur;
But beyond the MASON-DIXON line the black's ain't wuth a tatur,
In fact, I raypher calkilate, that this side of it, either,
If nat'ral justice had its way, 't aint wuth a tatur, neither.

The white he has a heaven-born right to make the black his chattel,
And chattels can't be citizens (see PUFFENDORF and VATTEL):
But in our magnanimity the exclusion we relaxes,
And gives blacks the right o'citizens, as fur as payin taxes.

This makes the critters sarcy, till from inch to ell extendin,
On the priv'lege of tax-*paying* they would hook that of tax-*spendin:*
And the next thing 'll be askin place on the electral rolls, Sir,
Till at last I shouldn't wonder if they set up claims to souls, Sir.

By way o' mild corrective to such doctrines underminin,
This declaration I submit for gin'ral nigger signin;
With gradooated punishments for those who fail or falter—
To begin with tar and feathers, and to wind up with a halter.

"I, Blank—a nigger born and bred—hereby make declaration,
I havn't no rights to nuthin—name, church, vote, home, nor nation;
For the blessins of my slavish state I 'm grateful to my master,
Who feeds and clothes and flogs me fust, and then pays for the plaster.

"Should I be so onlucky as fur to sink to freedom,
And be druv to cast my chains aside, however much I need 'em,
I declare I won't stay in this state, to cut that frightful figger,
That it stands to reason must be cut, by a mis'rable free nigger.

"For New-England or the Canadies I straightway will absquatulate,
That on *one* free nigger more them States themselves they may congratulate;
So to pay for their free-negroism the abolition varmint,
Who backed up old OSAWATOMIE, and said there warn't no harm in 't.

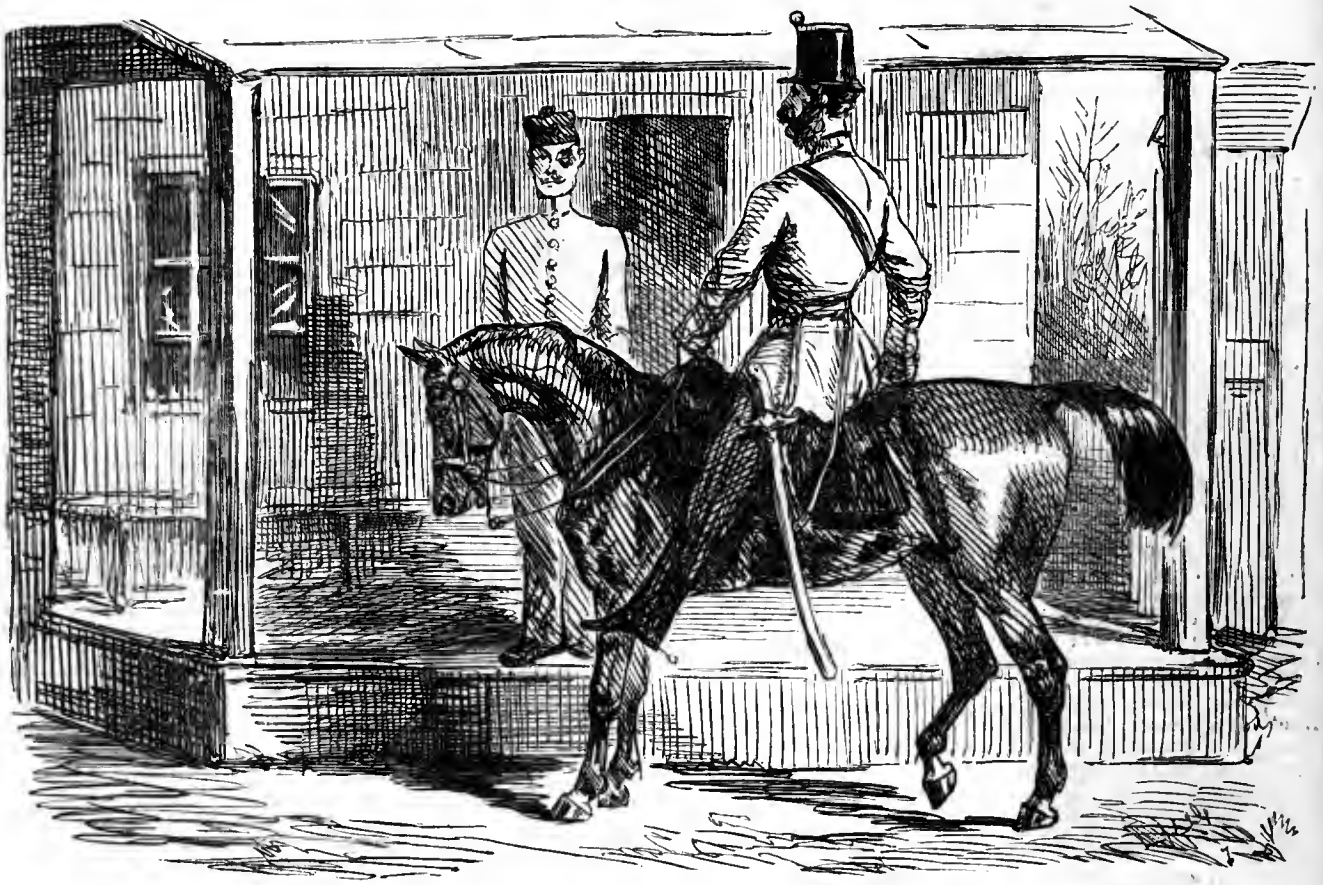
"If cotched at liberty, myself illused I du consider
If I ain't took up and sold right out unto the highest bidder:
And cheerfully I will go back to chains, cowhide, and collar,
So help me GIN'RAL WASHINGTON, and 'THE ALMIGHTY DOLLAR!'"

The Maine-iac's Advice.

"FRIEND! Imitate the example of the railway-engine. He is the greatest tectotaller running—can keep up for hours at the rate of forty, and even sixty, miles an hour—and whistles over his work all the while; and yet he never takes anything but water when he wants to wet his whistle!"

Old Beaux of Brown Bess.

THERE are probably some old martinets who still retain their admiration of old Brown Bess as she was when she wore powder in her prime; and who contend that she was preferable at that early period to what she became when, before discarded for her Enfield rival, she took to wearing caps.



Field Officer of the Day. "HULLO! WHY DON'T THE GUARD TURN OUT?"
Solitary Private. "PLEASE, SIR, THEY'RE GONE TO TARGET PRACTICE!"
Field Officer of the Day. "AND WHO THE DEUCE ARE YOU?"
Solitary Private. "PLEASE, SIR, I'M THE PRISONER, SIR!"
[*Related to us as a fact, but which, as a distinguished Field Officer ourselves, we don't indorse.*

WHAT REFORMATORIES HAVE DONE.

THERE has been a Meeting, not of theoretical, but practical, Reformers, at Birmingham, in favour of the Reformatory movement. As usual at such meetings, MR. M. D. HILL, the energetic Recorder, took a prominent lead. He proved, by the strong force of figures, how much better it was to send young criminals to school, where they were instructed, instead of locking them up in gaols, where they only got corrupted. To them the gaol was as good as a College of Crime, and the juvenile JACK SHEPHERDS confined there were perfect Undergraduates of Vice,—with this simple exception, that the young rascals paid more attention to their studies than Undergraduates generally do. The difference of the two plans of treatment is so largely in favour of the former, that the only wonder is, that it was never put in force years ago. By the Reformatory, young sinners, whose sins are more the fault of their parents than themselves, are reclaimed, and the ranks of good citizens strengthened; and by the prison, a sacrifice is consummated of a poor miserable young creature to ignorance, "to be returned again into society as a double vengeance and as a redoubled punishment upon society which had so ill-treated him."

The wrong thus committed by society falls with a two-fold severity upon itself. MR. HILL fixed the number of our felon population at 160,000, and he stated that the amount of property annually stolen by them was no less than £13,000,000 sterling.

MR. KYNNERSLEY, another philanthropic labourer in the same good cause, remarked that the general diminution of crime in the whole kingdom, since 1856, was, according to the report of MR. SYDNEY TURNER, 26 per cent.—a clear gain of rather more than one-fourth. "How was a fact so incredible to be accounted for?" inquired the honourable gentleman. "In a great measure, (is his reply) to the Reformatory movement, that puts it in the power of Magistrates to send young criminals to these institutions for reformation for a lengthened period."

Since these Reformatories have had the effect of diminishing crime to the extent of one-fourth, it is but fair to conclude, that that sum of £13,000,000, stated to be annually stolen, would have been one-fourth larger supposing that these schools of redemption had not been in existence; and since this diminution has been in operation ever since the year 1856, the gain resulting to the country by their establishment during those three years has been a sum of not less than £12,000,000, representing a saving of a clear four millions every year. To this sum must also be added the cost of maintaining the children constantly in prison, supposing the old method of allowing them to ripen in gaol into adult criminals had been persevered in. This, however, is only the ledger view of the question, and that is a very small consideration when compared with the large practical utility, and the great humanising charity, which are the principal moral features of this movement, whose beneficial effects will be felt by succeeding generations even to a greater extent than by ourselves. As schools are better than prisons, —as it must be more agreeable to teach than to punish,—as prevention has usually been considered a more rational course of treatment than cure,—we are astonished that the Government does not interest itself a little more warmly in the establishment and increase of these valuable institutions, that have aided most materially the cause of civilisation by preventing so many young pupils of crime growing up under able tuition into so many trained professors.

ONE THING THEY MANAGE BETTER IN FRANCE.

THEY wash better; for it must be confessed that a French washerwoman with her linen beats an English washerwoman *all to rags.*

THE MOST DIFFICULT QUESTION OF ALL.—"Who's your Friend?"

A BAR TO PUBLIC PROGRESS.—Temple Bar.—*Peter Cunningham.*

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PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

TIME—*Tuesday, 24th January,* 1860. SCENE—*The Palace of Westminster. On the rising of the curtain is discovered the interior of the House of Lords, crowded with spectators. In the* C. *the Throne, on which is seated* QUEEN VICTORIA, *superbly robed in silver tissue with a train of crimson velvet lined with ermine, a magnificent stomacher of diamonds completely concealing the front of the dress, and on her head a massive demi-crown of brilliants.* PRINCE ALBERT *in F. M. costume and leaning on his sword,* L. PRINCESSES ALICE *and* HELENA *on woolsack,* C. *with their Royal backs to the spectator. Foreign Ambassadors in masquerade costumes,* L. *Peeresses splendidly dressed, but without crinoline, all down the* R. *side of the House; distinguished lady spectators, similarly attired, all down the* L. *A thin margin of Peers, in robes, in front of the ladies.* SPEAKER *of the Commons, with several Ministers and a crowd of Members at the bar, facing the Throne. Near the Throne, and on each side, Great Officers of State with the Crown, the Cap of Maintenance, the Sword of State, the Grand Marshal's bâton, and the Great Seal (the latter in mourning for the demise of its namesake the Talking Fish), soldiers, trumpeters, bouffettiers, pages, heralds, and the* DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

THE QUEEN.

Great Peers of England, pillars of the State,
And you, whom I may also call its piers
(Excuse the jest), because you do support it,
Right glad am I to meet you once again,
And ask for your assistance and advice,
Not being in the slightest need of either.
With all Ten Tea-Pots ('tis an anagram
Culled from the *Boy's Own Book*, and, analysed,
Makes Potentates) I 'm on the happiest terms—
"Footing" I see is writ, but that is WALKER,
And if my Ministers had studied WALKER,
Or sturdy JOHNSON, or fastidious MURRAY,
Or even the Yankee lexicographer,
NOAH WEBSTER, such research perchance had taught
A better style, to set before their QUEEN.
Their grammar 's like the scrambling messages
By telegraphs—I call it Telegrammar.
In August last I told you I 'd been asked
To send my envoy to the general Congress
That was to settle the Italian questions
More formally I 've been invited since,
And I have said I 'd send, provided always,
(And mind, upon this one condition only)
That no external force should be employed
Upon the Italians. They have burst their chains,
Italian irons are gone out of fashion,
The POPE has sold his mangle, and henceforth
Freedom shall wash her Happy Shirts at home.
There is a hitch about the Congress now,
But if it meets, my sentiments are known.
I've made a Treaty with the EMPEROR
For letting in French wines and other things
At a diminished duty—better far
To tap the Frenchman's claret in that way,
Than bellicosely, and as MR. SAYERS
In April means to try BENICIA's tap.
Spain (urged by France) has blundered into war,
And now is blundering through it, and I trust,
One of these days will blunder out again.
What better things can any country hope,
Whose Sovereign, when she sends her troops to war,
Makes fine new petticoats for holy dolls,
And begs their blessings on her cannon-balls.
Not so I mean to teach JOHN CHINAMAN,
Who at the Peiho forts repulsed my ships,
That folks had better play no tricks with me.
Our expedition 's getting ready now
(In concert with the French), and it will cook
The Chinese goose right expeditiously.
Touching that stupid question of San Juan,
We might have got into an awkward row,
With BROTHER JONATHAN, had not my men
Behaved with all forbearance.—I believe
That squabble will be pleasantly arranged.
LORD CLYDE has trodden out the mutiny
That might have lost me India; and LORD CANNING
Walks all about, and with a liberal hand
Showers gold, estates, and honours on the chiefs
Who had the brains to see that we must win.
All is serene in India. With Japan
And Guatemala compacts I have made,
Which, I dare say, will be enormous boons,
But leave it to yourselves to find out why.
'Tis meet to say that no economy
Dictates, this year, the coming Estimates,
Except that best economy of all,
That spares not pennies when the pounds are stakes.
These islands must be guarded, O my Lords,
So, O my Commons, tumble out the tin.
There 's no excuse for shilly-shally, Sirs,
The revenue is satisfactory.
LORD MELVILLE, the Scotch Baron, is a Pump,
To talk the trash he did about the Rifles.
I, on the contrary, receive with pride
And gratitude the aid they volunteer.
It adds an element to our defences.
So do not heed that Scottish Pump, LORD MELVILLE;
He is a gallant soldier—but you know
A soldier 's not, *toujours*, a SOLOMON.
And now, my Lords and Gentlemen, perpend!
You will be shortly asked to give your best
Attention to a measure of Reform.
Amendment and extension are your cues,
I pray you tackle to the task in earnest,
And let 's be quit of that same hotheration.
There are some law reforms tha need your care—
Bankruptcy and Conveyancing the chief,—
And if, by any wise amalgamation,
You can infuse into the bread called law
Some little leaven that 's called Equity,
It would be very well. Now, I have done.
The nation 's tranquil, crime 's diminishing,
And so is poverty; and everywhere
Loyalty, order, and contentment reign,
For which all thanks unto a Higher Power
Than mine. Be your deliberations blessed!

[*Exit* QUEEN, *attended by Court. Scene closes.*

SCENE II.—*The Same Chamber. Five o'clock. Lords present.*

Lord Fitzwilliam (moving the Address). Mumble, mumble, mumble, mumble, mumble, mumble. (*Applause.*)

Lord Truro (seconding the Address). Mumble, mumble, mumble, mumble, mumble, mumble. (*Applause.*)

Lord Grey. Some of the Address is all very well, but the Commercial Treaty with France is a mistake. Why should we take off the duties on French products, unless to do ourselves good? All stuff. If France chooses to be so idiotic as to stick to prohibitions, let her suffer and be laughed at, until she takes them off without a bribe from us. And we are all wrong about China, and might serve trade better without war. I move an amendment to that effect.

Duke of Newcastle. You know nothing about the Treaty, and you don't understand the Chinese question. The honour of this country is not to be made subservient to the interest of the tea-trade.

Lord Normanby. I—a—am very old, uncommon old, I assure your Lordships—and—and I am myself assured that I was never very wise when I was young, and wrote silver-fork novels, sneering at everybody that didn't live—a—in Belgravia. But I hope you won't do anything to encourage that firebrand, MR. GARIBALDI; for I do assure you, my Lords, that the Dukes and Princes of Italy are the dearest fellows on earth—most gentlemanly, I assure your Lordships—most attentive to myself—uncommon attentive, yes.

Lord Brougham. Let the Italians do their own work. Let us arm.

Lord Derby (pleasantly). I couldn't hear a single word that those two fellows said in moving and seconding the Address, but I've no doubt they made deucedly fine speeches, and I beg to congratulate them. But I don't congratulate anybody on the Commercial Treaty, and I don't at all see my way in the China business, and though I don't in the least understand what position Ministers have taken up on the China business, I condemn them just as much as if I perfectly comprehended it.

Lord Granville. As you talk only for the sake of talking, I shall say very little in reply, except that we have done everything for the best, and that a great loss has been sustained by the House and the country, in the death of LORD MACAULAY. (*General assent.*)

Lord Grey. I shan't withdraw my amendment; but as those Tories are afraid to support me, though they would like, I shan't divide.

(*Address voted, and Scene closes.*)

SCENE III.—*The House of Commons.* SPEAKER *in Chair.*

The Speaker. Order! Order! (*Reads the* QUEEN'S *Speech.*)

Mr. St. Aubyn (in Rifle Costume). I move the Address.

Lord Henley (in Deputy-Lieutenant's costume). I second the Address.

Mr. Disraeli. You read so unusually ill to-day, my dear DENISON, that I could hardly hear you. What have you been doing with yourself, to lose your elocutionary powers. However, I suppose that all is right. But I want to know why the mention of Reform comes so late in the Speech. I want to know why we have not got the Commercial Treaty before us. I want to know what Ministers have been doing with Continental questions since August. I want to know whether PALMERSTON really means to produce the papers he promises. And I specially want to know how LORD JOHN RUSSELL dared to mix himself up in the Italian question, and undertake to settle Italy.

Lord John Russell. How do you know I did?

Mr. Disraeli. Why, I read it in telegrams.

Lord John Russell. Telegrams! Anonymous messages! A nice kind of party you are, to bring charges on such grounds.

Mr. Disraeli. All very fine, but I should like to know the truth; because it is a most solemn and important question. I invite a reply. R.S.V.P.

Lord Palmerston. I accept the invitation, and beg to inform you, my dear MR. DISRAELI, that the whole story is bosh. My valued young friend, LORD JOHN RUSSELL, never entered into any compact at all; and I fear that you must add this to your already extensive, celebrated, and highly interesting collection of mare's-nests. We mean to leave Italy to settle her own affairs. If she loves her Princes, let her call them back. If she adores her POPE, let her keep him. But she shall do as she likes. I do mean to produce the papers; and when you have read them, you will see that we have done everything in the most superior manner.

(*Address voted.—Curtain Falls.*)

Wednesday. MR. CARDWELL distinguished himself by an epigram. On the report on the Address, somebody complained that the QUEEN had said nothing about Ireland. MR. CARDWELL replied, that "the absence of mention of Ireland in a QUEEN'S Speech was in itself a matter of congratulation." If the Hon. Member can write as well as talk in that style, he may hear of something to his advantage by calling at 85, Fleet Street. After some miscellaneous talk on things in general, the Address was agreed to.

Thursday. LORD BROUGHAM stated, that all the territories of Sardinia were in Italy, and LORD NORMANBY declared that they were not. We believe that a bet was made, and that the question is referred to the editor of the *Family Herald.* There was nothing else, except the introduction of a little Chancery Bill for making some tiny improvements in practice,—prescribing that India-rubber bands shall be as lawful for fastening up papers as red tape, or some such national boon.

In the Commons the first fight of the Session took place. MR. BOUVERIE, who partakes, a good deal, of the character of the official Prig, and thinks that nothing can be properly done except "in the Department," is scandalised at Private Members taking up the time of the House on Fridays with questions that raise discussions and delay the progress of work. But the zealous Prig got a good deal snubbed, and his proposal for silencing people was rejected by 166 to 48. MR. BRIGHT then came out with a proposal which showed the mild character of democratic rule. There has been bribery in Gloucester; so the friend of justice and freedom proposed to withhold the right of voting from everybody, innocent or guilty, in Gloucester, for Ten Years, that during this penal servitude everybody might point at the place as a blot and blotch on our system. The proposal has not yet been carried. MR. GLADSTONE then commenced his wonderful financial manipulations, to the utter bewilderment of the House, which, after a few of his explanations, despairingly told him he must do as he pleased.

Friday. VISCOUNT DUNGANNON'S interference in Church matters is usually extremely undesirable: but to-night he was exceptional, and made a proper protest against certain zealous but unwise Clergymen, who commit "the foolishness of preaching" on the boards of Theatres. MR. EDWIN JAMES demanded a Court of Appeal in criminal cases; and the HOME SECRETARY had to defend himself for not having hanged DR. SMETHURST, SIR GEORGE'S excuse being that it was quite possible that SMETHURST might not have been guilty. CARDINAL WISEMAN'S Cross-Bearer, MR. BOWYER, attacked the Divorce Court. Is it not curious that the Romish priests everywhere oppose the granting relief to unhappy married persons? On the Continent one can understand this; for there the teachings of Rome have so demoralised Catholic society, especially female society, that if men with bad wives had a way of escape the scandal to the Church would be awful. But as most Catholic women in England are as good as most Protestant women here, the Priests and their tools might as well let the subject alone. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL promised his Bankruptcy Bill immediately; and so ended the first week of the last session of a Parliament pledged to Suicide. *Mr. Punch* will be classically ready to cast his three handfuls of earth, and in the mean time proposes to himself the pleasure of throwing a few stones on account.

ST. STEPHEN'S AND ST. GEORGE'S-IN-THE-EAST.

MR. DANBY SEYMOUR having inquired, whether the Government intended to take any steps for the relief of parishioners from Romanising incumbents, SIR G. C. LEWIS is reported to have said—

"I am not aware that it would be possible to lay down by law any such definition as the hon. gentleman points to, and the Government are not prepared to introduce any Bill such as he has described. (*Hear, hear.*) If he himself should wish to produce a bill on the subject, I shall be extremely delighted to find that his ingenuity has been able to frame such a measure as will draw a line between the extremely obscure limits he has pointed out. (*A laugh.*)"

No doubt the Home Secretary is quite right; and theological discussion in Parliament is to be deprecated. The House of Commons, open to all sects, should be influenced by none. St. Stephen's cannot consistently legislate for St. George's-in-the-East. That being so, what are the parishioners of St. George's-in-the-East to do? If they cannot be enabled to dispense with the services of a Tractarian fanatic, and do not choose to grin and bear them, they have no resource except to hiss them. If Parliament cannot help people, it is not wonderful that they should help themselves, although by means which are popular and ungenteel. It may be irreverent to express disapprobation of an officiating clergyman; but the desecration is initiated by the parson who turns his Church into a theatre. The REV. BRYAN KING should leave off playing at Mass, and then his flock should cease to hoot their pastor.

HOW TO PREVENT BRIBERY AND CORRUPTION.

REPEAL the Corrupt Practices Bill, and legalise Bribery. All the rogues will then combine in bribing and being bribed, and all the honest men will unite in maintaining purity of election. Petty political distinctions will be annulled; there will exist only two great parties, or rather, let us hope, a great party and a smaller one; the honest men and the rogues. The latter, though constituting a minority, are sufficiently numerous to warrant the belief, that, by adopting the above suggestion, the Legislature will succeed in placing Government by Party, both on the right side and the left side, or the right side and the wrong side, upon a broad and substantial basis.

First Elegant Creature. "A—DON'T YOU DANCE, CHARLES?"
Second ditto, ditto. "A—NO—NOT AT PWESENT! I ALWAYS LET THE GIRLS LOOK, AND LONG FOR ME FIRST!"

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER I.—THE ANCIENT BRITISH PERIOD.

UNDER this head, we purpose to write the history of Costume from the earliest British period down to a time which is within the memory of men who are still living. We shall recount the follies which from age to age have alienated thoughtful minds from following the fashion. We shall trace the course of that revolution which terminated the long struggle between periwigs and pigtails. We shall relate how the old shoe-buckle was during many troubled years successfully defended against the newer bootlace: how to the stiffened ruffs and frills of a past period have succeeded the "all-rounder" and starched "gills" of the present time: how the modern "pegtops" sprang from the *braccæ* of antiquity: how from the inauspicious union of the vilest breeds of brain-cover came the hard black "tile" or "chimney-pot," in which so many hundred headaches have had birth.

Nor will it be less our duty faithfully to record disasters mingled with triumphs, in the fashionable struggles of the fairer sex. It will be seen that the dear creatures, whom in gallantry and justice we account as our chief blessings, have in expenditure of pin-money been not without alloy. It will be seen how, on the earlier simplicities of clothing, fashions fruitful of marvels have been gradually established. It will be seen that, being cursed by the domination of the dressmakers, Lovely Woman has been blighted and distorted in her beauty, and pointed at reproachfully by critics, satirists, and cynics: that in an evil time she learned to deform herself with stays, and has been made consumptive by small bonnets and thin boots; that for years she tottered out beneath a head-dress so gigantic that, compared with it, the Pyramids sank into insignificance; and that by other means she has grown monstrous in men's eyes, and still disfigures her fair form with the wide, street-sweeping petticoat, which is descended, crinolineally, from the ancient hoop.

As to the course which we intend to pursue with former writers, we shall use them or not use them precisely as we please, and quote them or misquote them exactly as we like. We shall, when so disposed, take down the ablest of historians, and get up as much or little of their books as we think proper. But while consulting, when we choose, the learnedest opinions, we shall stick at all times to that which is our own; and as we don't feel bound to believe the best authorities, we shall, where we think fit, give credence to the worst.

But instead of wearying the reader with detailing what we mean to do, our better plan perhaps will be to go to work and do it. Beginning, then, at the beginning, or as near to it as history enables us to get, we commence with the costume of those old ancestors of ours, to whom not without irreverence, we moderns have applied the name of "Ancient Britons." Now, where the Ancient Britons came from, and at what period they came from it, is a point on which historians seem rather in the dark, and even *Punch* himself cannot say much to enlighten them. But since it is not probable that they were born of rainbows, or were dropped out of a water-spout like a reporter's shower of frogs, we may reasonably conjecture, that they must have come from somewhere;* and it is scarcely more presumptuous, in a gifted mind like ours, to suppose that when they came they brought their wardrobes with them. It is probable, however, that their clothes' bags did not form a very bulky baggage; for when JULIUS CÆSAR landed he found the natives, as he says, "*in puris naturalibus*," which an elegant translator renders, "being dressed in bare skin." To tell the naked truth, in fact, they showed the Roman WELLINGTON their figures in the nude, except so far as they were covered by a bit or two of hide, which as that ass ASSER saith, "dydde notte saue y^m fromme a hydyngge."

Both CÆSAR and HERODIAN say the Britons were tattooed, and the former talks about their "*cæruleum colorem*," which he says they wore to make themselves look fearful frights in fighting ("*horribiliori sunt in pugnâ adspectu.*") OVID, however, writes of them as "*virides Britanni;*" so that from the pictures of our ancestors, which these

* This conjecture is supported by the learnedest authorities. HERODOTUS and PLUTARCH say the Cimbrians and Celts were the first colonists of England; and this dictum, if established, would suffice to prove our point.

old word-painters have left us, a doubt seems to arise if they were painted green or blue.* We think, had we to arbitrate, we should give judgment in the matter, in the sage manner adopted in the case of the chameleon; there being colourable grounds for thinking both colours were worn, and believing that at times green was as fashionable as blue. We have little doubt the natives wore the bluest of blue looks when CÆSAR came and saw and conquered them; and when, after he had peppered them, he found how strong they mustered, there is no question he regarded them as being precious green.

Be this point as it may, there is plainly no disputing that our ancestors wore paint; and barbarians though they were (in this matter especially), they set a fashion which their feminine posterity have followed, however much their masculine descendants may have blushed at it. To the inquiring mind, indeed, it seems as clear as mud, that an Ancient Briton's dressing-case consisted of a paint-pot: and doubtless the sole care that he took about his toilette was, as a Celtic bard informs us—

"To laye ytte onne soe thycke
Thatte some mote surelye stycke."

* Not to interrupt ourselves, it may be noted in a note, that these colours were adopted by the poets and too priests. Of the latter, some, who doubtless were the Puseyites of the period, "wore vestments of bright green," like their descendants in St. George's, who certainly are "green," although they may not be thought "bright;" while the bards, CYNDDELW informs us, were partial to "sky blue," that colour being viewed as "emblematical of peace:" so that the lacteal liquid sold to Londoners may in truth as well as poetry be called, not cow's, but dove's milk.

IRISH NATIONAL HUMOUR.

THE truly well-informed Liberal well knows that the penal laws which our bigoted forefathers enacted against the Roman Catholics, were wholly uncalled for and unjustifiable; particularly with regard to the Roman Catholics of Ireland. The *Nation* newspaper places the needlessness and injustice of those laws in a very amusing light by certain statements which it pretends to put forward in reply to the *Tablet;* that journal having ascribed to the Irish people profound attachment to HER MAJESTY'S throne, and to British institutions. Historical facts are gravely adduced by the *Nation*, to show that the Irish never were, and never can be, loyal; but every unprejudiced person will see, that those citations are meant to prove quite the contrary to the point which a Protestant ass would think them intended to demonstrate. For instance, after alluding to the conduct of "St. Lawrence O'Toole" Archbishop of Dublin, with respect to HENRY THE SECOND, MR. MITCHEL'S playful organ puts the following question:—

"In later times did not certain Popes grant indulgences to all who fought against the English Government in Ireland? Is not the following an extract from a Bull of POPE GREGORY THE THIRTEENTH, addressed to the Archbishops, Bishops, and other Prelates, as also the Catholic Princes, Earls, Barons, Clergy, Nobles, and People of Ireland—'A few years ago, we admonished you through our letters when you took up arms to defend your liberties and rights, under the leadership of JAMES GERALDINE, of happy memory, that we would ever be ready to assist you against those English heretics who have deserted the Holy Church of Rome. Praiseworthy throughout all time must his exertions be in thus endeavouring to cast off the hard yoke which the English have imposed on you.' These, as we learn, are the words of a Pope written in the year 1580, and called forth by the circumstances of the time. . . . . Again we learn that the same holy Pope rendered material assistance to the fitting out of a warlike expedition destined for the shores of Ireland, not, as it would appear to us, with the object of enforcing submission to British authority."

Of course everybody who is at all acquainted with the history of the period to which the above quotation refers, must know that GREGORY was joking. So is the *Nation;* and none but dull men will understand in any but a jocular sense either the foregoing or the further specimen of grave banter:—

"We also learn from Irish history that another Pontiff sent his benediction to a certain PRINCE HUGH O'NEILL, who was by no means remarkable for meekness and obedience to the English monarch of his day, and sent also liberal indulgences to all who should fight—actually fight—under his standard, against the rule and authority in Ireland of the said English monarch. That was done by his Holiness POPE CLEMENT THE EIGHTH."

It is useless to point out to the average Protestant intelligence, that the preceding passages are burlesques of the preposterous tales which popular writers are accustomed to relate in order to inflame the stupid public against what they vulgarly term Popery. Even the following audacious fudge will be impalpable to the dense masses:—

"Again POPE URBAN THE EIGHTH sent money and blessings to Ireland, to people who were engaged in proceedings which cannot well be called demonstrations of attachment to the British Throne. Subsequently POPE INNOCENT THE TENTH sent his Nuncio RINUCCINI to Ireland, with large powers and authority, with money and arms, not for the purpose of inculcating obedience to English law. The Nuncio brought with him 2,000 muskets—for what purpose? 2,000 pike-heads—in the name of common sense for what purpose? 400 brace of pistols—what to do with them? 20,000 pounds of powder, with match, shot, &c.—to be used in what manner?"

The irony of the *Nation* is exquisite, but too subtle. No doubt the penal laws are defensible only on the supposition that the Popes were the enemies of England, and that the Irish, if not all the Roman Catholics, were a faction of traitors, subservient to the POPE. But just as footmen and housemaids read SWIFT'S *Directions to Servants* for instruction, so will the swinish multitude take the *Nation's* extravagant fictions about those hostile Popes and traitorous Papists for realities of history. Entertaining that ridiculous supposition, they will only wonder why all the Roman Catholics in Ireland, if not in England also, were not exterminated like vermin; just as they think that DRS. CULLEN and DIXON, whom they really believe to have uttered the ravings ascribed to them, ought to be shut up, and that the Editor of the *Nation* ought to be hanged. Our facetious Irish contemporary should not cast those pearls of his before the British Public. There are old women amongst us who not only believe that Popes and Papists have in times past burned Protestants alive, but that even now the POPE keeps in his clutches, and refuses to surrender, a little Jew whom he stole from his parents. Many of these anile simpletons are possessed, too, with an idea that "Popery" is something more than a pure, mild, and reasonable religion, and regard it as involving allegiance to an alien rule, opposed not only to the established creed, but also to the established government. A journal which pretends to superior intelligence, and appeals to genteel sympathies, must ever, studiously and systematically, deride those ignorant snobs.

A WORD IN THE SWELL VOCABULARY.

A YOUNG gentleman in an office at Somerset House, was highly delighted by reading in the letter of the Alexandrian correspondent of the *Morning Post*, the statement, that the Suez canal, as contemplated by its projectors, would have to be excavated "by the labour of the fellahs of Egypt," and that—

"Indeed it would be difficult for a foreigner to form an adequate idea of the disastrous and ruinous consequences to this country, if, as originally proposed, and insisted on as indispensable for the success of the undertaking, by M. LESSEPS, this Pharaonic work had to be executed by the labour of the Egyptian fellahs."

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "that fellah in the *Morning Post* is a deuced cleva fellah! Knows how to spell fellah. Those other fellahs deuced clever fellahs too—those phonetic fellahs—spell fellah same way. Shall always spell it so myself in fuchaw. Wish all the wawk a have to do to-day had to be executed by the labaw of those Egyptian fellahs."

Mr. Justice Punch on Consolidation of the Law.

MR. SLEIGH announces another "Handy-book" of Law, called *Personal Wrongs and Legal Remedies.* The Law seems gradually being bottled off out of the old-fashioned treatise-cask into these little handy-book-quarts and pints, first introduced by LORD ST. LEONARDS. But we will help MR. SLEIGH to a still further condensation of his subject:—

"Personal wrongs"—bad enough.
"Legal remedies"—still worse.

The Cat on its Last Legs.

THERE is an old saying which says that "Care killed the Cat." Now, whether this can be proved true in the case of the decease of any common cat of nine lives, there may be very possibly a reasonable doubt. But with regard to the now dying cat-o'-nine-tails, there is not the slightest question that the proverb has been verified. It cannot be denied that, in our Army and in our Navy, a proper care for the well-being of the men has killed the Cat.

A PLEASANTRY FOR THE POPE.

A DISTINGUISHED foreign personage, being asked by an Englishman, if he intended to take away the POPE'S possessions, replied with pleasant *naïveté*, "I cannot tell, *mon ami; mais* I may take Vat-i-can!"

THE TRUE LOVERS' KNOT.

PAM AND THE JACKDAW.

Pam. "TELEGRAM, INDEED! I'LL TELEGRAM YOU!" (Floors Him.)

THE WEED AND THE FLOWER.

A Domestic Opera.

Laura.

It's really provoking, you will go on smoking,
The smell's never out of these curtains of ours,
And the money, good lack, O! you spend in tobacco
Would buy me such loves, dearest Henry, of flowers.

Henry.

My dear, you are joking, I can't give up smoking,
Without it I should not be able to do;
And as for the flora you talk of, dear Laura,
Believe me, I care for no flower, love, but you.

Laura. It's really provoking;
Henry. My love, you are joking;
Laura and Henry { You will go on / I can't give up } smoking;
Both. What is one to do?
Laura. I might have such roses;
Henry. Some folks have fine noses;
Laura and Henry { And marriage / A husband } supposes
Both. Compliance a due.

Henry.

My child, leave off crying, I meant not denying
One innocent pleasure that sweetly beguiles,
Accept this small cheque, love, and hasten to deck, love,
Your tables with flowers, and your features with smiles.

Laura.

O Henry, my darling, forgive my slight snarling,
You're really too good to me, Henry, by far;
But now my behaviour shall merit your favour,
Do let your own Laurakins light your cigar.

Both.

In future united we'll live, and delighted
To please one another by words and by deeds,
And often, shall Henry's gift-Flowers be requited
By Laura's presenting her darling with Weeds.

A STOPPER FOR A BOTTLE-STOPPER.

The hot wrath of Dean Close lately smoked against tobacco; and now we find the fumes of wine have an ill savour in his nostrils. The Dean was terribly whole-hoggish in his intolerance of pigtail; and as an advocate of temperance, he is as terribly intemperate. When he appeared as a tobacco-stopper, he not merely clapped his veto upon smoking in excess, but denounced the "filthy weed" as being the root of every evil; and when now his Very Reverence comes before us as a bottle-stopper, he not merely would impede the over-circulation of the claret-jug or beer-pot, but would stop the make of these and other stimulating beverages, on the ground that drink which cheereth *must* certainly inebriate.

Whether water-drinkers suffer much from water on the brain, is a point which we throw out for the doctors to determine. But their orations are, in general, very watery and weak, and their flow of words not seldom becomes the merest dribble. The late outpouring of Dean Close to the Members of the Carlisle (so-called) Temperance Society, forms clearly no exception to this aquatic rule. Here, for instance, is a sample of the wishy-washy stuff which, no doubt, passed for "true Pierian" with those who sat and drank in the Dean's dean-unciation:—

"His Christian friends had no idea of the extent and ramifications of the misery occasioned in this country, not by drunkenness, but by drink,—by the thing itself, by that which intoxicates. He did not care what they called it, or what the Bible might call it, but it was the something that made people drunk, whatever that might be, only it was not water."

"Only it was not water." Readers will please note the importance of these words. Something makes people drunk: the Dean don't care what it's called; only it is not water. How surprisingly Close-reasoning a brain the Dean must have, to arrive at the conclusion that a something makes men drunk, and that this something is not water!

Further on we get another sprinkling of wish-wash, such as no one but a water-spouter could have managed to pump up:—

"Whatever made men drunk—he would not say, reduced them to the level of the beast, for beasts never got drunk,—but whatever reduced them to the state of madmen, robbed them of their mental power, so that they could not distinguish right from wrong; this was the evil that percolated through society."

Here is set a fresh proof of the Dean being a Close thinker. Having informed his hearers that beasts do *not* get drunk, whatever the unlearned in zoology may say of them, the Dean proceeds to argue that, whatever makes men mad deprives them of their mental power; and hence it is, he reasons, that they are unable to distinguish right from wrong. This is a conclusion that we cannot get away from, and we congratulate the Dean on so convincing a remark.

In what follows this, however, the Dean is not so happy, and, with however great a diffidence, we must own we disagree with him. In the course of our experience, which is not a slight one, we have so much more frequently seen our friends made jolly than made miserable by wine-drinking, that we cannot coincide in defining wine to be

—"an artificial drink, which God never intended man to take, and which man only drank to his own misery."

As Dean Close reads the Bible without "caring what it calls" things, one cannot be surprised at finding him misreading it. Perhaps the Dean will at his leisure add a footnote to his text, and quote the sacred passages which prove to him that wine was not "intended" to be drunk. It is the fashion with some preachers to boast of being taken, as it were, behind the scenes, and having further insight into millstones than mere laymen. But to our ears it assuredly smacks of profanity to make profession of acquaintance with heavenly requirements, and of knowing what Divinity "intended" to be done.

His Very Reverence the Bottle Stopper next proceeds to tell us that—

"He had often thought people appeared stupid, and when he came to ask the cause, the answer was *Drink*."

Drink? Yes, very possibly; but of what sort, please your Deanship? Do you mean us to infer that only wine-drinkers seem stupid? If so, we must beg tee-totally to differ from you. We don't believe that water is a good thing for the wits. Mental faculties get low when kept on a *l'eau* diet. Claret, while it clarifies, invigorates the brain, while water but dilutes, and consequently weakens it. Indeed, if you doubt the fact, your Deanship, of waterbibbers being stupid, one need not seek much further than your Deanship's speech to prove it.

Great Social Questions.

Which is the right side of twenty? What do you say to fourteen? Is twenty-one the wrong side? Should you call twenty-nine the wrong side of twenty, or the right side of thirty? Has forty any right side at all, nearer than some figure under thirty? If there is a right side of forty, is it not that which is the nearer to three-score and ten?

PERFORMING PARSONS.

We think the Pit and the Pulpit should not be jumbled up together. When the former is invaded by the latter, we doubt if the pull is altogether on the side of the Church. We shall be having the Beadle going round next, as often as there is a pause in the service, and crying out, "Any apples, oranges, or ginger-beer?"

LATE FROM THE NURSERY.

Governess. "NOW, FRANK, YOU MUST PUT YOUR DRUM DOWN, IF YOU ARE GOING TO SAY YOUR PRAYERS."

Frank. "OH, DO LET ME WEAR IT, PLEASE; *I'LL POMISE NOT TO THINK ABOUT IT.*"

BOOK-KEEPING BY THE FRENCH METHOD.

THE Annual Report on French finance, presented by the Minister of that department, M. MAGNE, to the EMPEROR, this time contains some remarks which are important, if true. For example, take these:—

"The excellence of our financial system principally reposes on two valuable guarantees—control and publicity; control, which prevents the smallest sum that leaves the hands of the tax-payer from entering into the public treasury, or from passing from one office to another and thence into the hands of the creditor of the State, without the legality of its receipt, the regularity of its movements, and the legitimate employment made of it being proved by responsible agents, verified judicially and on documents by fixed magistrates, and definitively sanctioned in the legislative accounts; and publicity, which every year places before the eyes of the great bodies of the State and the public the periodical table of the receipts of the taxes, the special accounts of the Ministers, the labour of the commissions of control, the declarations of the Court of Accounts, and the general statement of the Finance Department."

Of this general statement of the Finance Department, which, though general, goes into the most minute particulars of expenditure and fiscal economy, M. MAGNE speaks in the following observable terms:—

"Thanks to that important document—the indispensable manual for all those who wish to obtain a practical knowledge of our finances, and which I every year endeavour to render more and more clear and complete—it may be said, with all truth, that in France the management of the public money takes place in the broad light of day, and that its results have a character of certainty which cannot give rise to the slightest dispute."

Can the public money be one of those things which they manage better in France? is the question which one is incited to ask by the above information. I wonder, one says to oneself, whether the control and publicity on which the financial system of that country reposes have anything to do with the maintenance of half a million soldiers, and a navy nearly as big as our own, at a rate so much less expensive as it is than that of British armaments? What becomes of all the money? is the demand which we are continually hearing on every side. Suppose the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER had to answer it after the French fashion, might he not soon begin to see a faint prospect of abolishing the penal Income-Tax at some period between this and the Millennium?

What delightful results might be produced by the adoption of the French method of "control" in the dockyards and arsenals, and at the Horse Guards and the Admiralty, if it would only work! But there's the rub; that is to say, perhaps our official wheels would get clogged by friction. The only control of military and naval extravagance that we have ever attempted has been exerted by means of a checkstring of red-tape, always getting into a harl, tying itself into knots, and entangling everybody. This celebrated texture is one of those products of our administrative industry on which LOUIS NAPOLEON would, of course, retain a prohibitive duty, if there existed among his subjects any demand whatever for such an inferior article. It is manufactured entirely for home consumption, like British wine; and we can only wish that is was as likely, as that fluid humbug is, to be superseded by the importation of a better thing from France.

INSPECTOR-GENERAL DR. RUSSELL.

WILLIAM RUSSELL, LL.D., who told England how the authorities managed her Army, and who thereby did even a better thing for the Army than in immortalising its deeds in his noble narratives of our wars, has taken up his pen in behalf of the Service in Red, and the Service in Blue. He directs a newspaper for himself, and will, it appears to *Mr. Punch*, materially assist that gentleman in his efforts for the good of our Combative Institutions. It would appear that even the terrible exposures made during the Crimean War, and the indignation that followed, and the promise of reforms that followed that, have not quite cured officials of neglect or jobbery. MR. RUSSELL discovered, and announced in his *Army and Navy Gazette*, the fact that some of the woodwork of the carriages for the Armstrong guns that were put on board the *Himalaya* was *rotten*. Those splendid engines, of which we have lately read so much, would therefore be useless when wanted to be used. MR. RUSSELL called the attention of the Authorities to the fact. As usual, when any shortcoming is pointed out by a civilian, the first thing is to give him the lie. Out comes the duly instructed *Morning Post* with a bullying reply, thus—

"A statement appeared in the *Army and Navy Gazette*, to the effect that the carriages manufactured at the Royal Arsenal for the Armstreng guns, on being hoisted on board the *Himalaya* steam-ship, were found to be rotten, &c. This assertion is (we are informed on good authority) *entirely incorrect*. The carriages in question were constructed from timber most carefully selected, and as regards materials and workmanship, they were considered by practical men in the carriage department to be perfect specimens."

This is the true official style—not only is the thing not bad, but it is the very best thing in the whole world. But MR. RUSSELL has had some experience of official veracity, and is not exactly the man to be very much impressed by such an answer. He institutes a new examination into the case, and favours the Authorities with the following rejoinder:

"If the 'good authority' were present on the occasion of hoisting the guns on board, we would request him to favour us with an interview, for the purpose of discussing a matter of fact. As he could not have been on board, or his contradiction would not have assumed such a positive form as 'entirely incorrect,' we beg to reiterate our statement on *better authority than his own*, and to repeat, on that authority, it was found, on hoisting some carriages of the Armstrong guns on board, that portions of the woodwork were unsound, *i.e.* '*rotten*.'—EDITOR."

That is an awkward wunner. Perhaps the Authorities will recollect themselves, and WILLIAM RUSSELL also; and consider whether, in the future cases of neglect or jobbery that he will assuredly have to point out to them, it will be of any use to try to put down the Pen of the War by falsehood and impertinence, and whether it will not be better to amend the error and thank the critic.

Proceed, EDITOR. The name is fortunate, for you "exhibit" not only our fighting men, but the folks who make their fighting a crueller task than it need be. And we rejoice to see you do it like a true Roman Editor, *per libellum publicè affixum*, and called the *Army and Navy Gazette*.

Quite Enough Too.

THERE is a new paper called *The Dial*, which, in its great moderation, tells us it is published only "once a week for the present." We suppose when it becomes a daily as well as a weekly paper, that it will change its name then to the *Seven Dials?*

TWO SWELLS BOW TO LADIES; OLD CLOTHESMAN ACKNOWLEDGES THE SALUTE, MUCH TO SWELLS' ANNOYANCE.

SCOTCHING THE BANKRUPTCY SNAKE.

THE Scotch enjoy the reputation of being a long-headed people, but in the article of conscience they seem singularly short. With the "Scotch system" of banking, as exemplified not long since in the broken Western Bank, our commercial readers doubtlessly are pretty well familiar; and we are willing to believe that their familiarity, with a not less doubtlessness, has been productive of contempt. It now appears that the "Scotch system" which has been applied to bankruptcy is fully as contemptible as that applied to banks. Defaulting English tradesmen make use of this Scotch system as a means of getting comfortably free of all their creditors, and taking quiet sights at those who wish to see them safe in quod. As soon as business blackguards find our soil too hot to hold them, they coolly start away to Scotland for a change of air, and find the Northern climate most refreshing to their pockets. Directly they begin to feel shaky in their credit, they pack up their portmanteaus for a journeying due North, and don't think of coming back till they are quite set on their legs again.

With reference to this system, the *Times* last week informed us that—

"The trade of the Scotch lawyers in getting English bankrupts quietly out of all their difficulties is still said to be increasing, the decision of the judges at Edinburgh a few months back, which virtually dispensed with the necessity for the parties to be so designated as to insure their identification by their distant creditors, having greatly smoothed all such operations. So long as the system is tolerated, it will scarcely be necessary for the Government to trouble themselves by proposing any measure of bankruptcy reform in this country."

The writer of this makes a most judicious choice of words when he speaks of the Scotch "trade" of getting scoundrels out of difficulties. A lawyer's business usually is spoken of as his "profession," but when he does things unprofessional another term should be applied to it. As in the law's eye the assistant in a crime must share the penalty, so an attorney who assists in a dishonourable system for the purpose of assisting swindlers out of punishment, ought in justice to be viewed as a dishonest trader.

As Scotchmen always stick together, especially in trade, of course we cannot hope that the Edinburgh judges will alter their decision, while the Edinburgh lawyers daily fatten on its faults. It remains, therefore, we think, for the English judges now at once to lay their wigs together, and devise some means of checking the move of their Scotch brethren, which is moving all our bankrupts to take tickets for the North. If this "Scotch system" continue, Scotland will be looked on as a refuge for our rascals, and a sanctuary or safety-place for those who swindle us in trade. In fact Edinburgh now is the Gretna Green of commerce, and is repaired to by all our runaways in debt.

If an English law be passed to check "the trade of Scotch lawyers" of which the *Times*, and every honest tradesman, so complains, we suppose we shall hear talk about "Another Scottish Grievance," and be threatened with (at least) Annihilation in revenge. SANDIEMON McLEVI will tear his blue bag into bits, and make oath that for each shred he'll have a pound of English gold, by way of compensation for his injured legal rights; and his example will be followed by all the Scottish Jew-attorneys, who, being noted to the world as the sharpest sharps in Christendom, are not likely to submit to be laid flat without a fight for it.

Save us from Such Friends!

A WEAK-MINDED young man whom we should much enjoy to kick, but can't just yet afford to pay a lawyer for that luxury, observed last night in our hearing, that he considered rifle-shooting a very vulgar exercise, inasmuch as those who practised it were so often taking sights.

Omission at the Opening of Parliament.

(*From the Court Circular.*)

A CARRIAGE drawn by six piebald horses, containing *Mr. Punch.*

OMENS OF FREE-TRADE.

ACCORDING to a common superstition the present of a knife is unlucky. The consent of the French to take our hardware assures us, however, that friendship will be created, and not love cut, by the knives which MR. ROEBUCK's constituents will send them.

A COOKE'S HEAD ON A CHARGER.

OUR excellent friend MR. WILLIAM COOKE, the much respected lessee of Astley's, announces his farewell season. His own benefit, on the 30th of January, was, of course, a bumper,—ominous as was the choice of a day which gives one associations with calves' heads — instead of COOKES—on chargers.

There is at least one COOKE who has deserved well of the public. The French talk of "*des chevaux dressés pour le manège*," but there is no Cook who has "dressed" so much horse-flesh in this way as the COOKE in question. Has he not dished up for us

"*Manège* horses hot, *manège* horses cold,
Manège horses (cream and spot) no end of seasons old?"

Has he not sauced SHAKSPEARE for us, like roast beef, with a spicy sprinkling of *horse*-radish,—tossed up opera *à la pas de Galoppe*,—and served solid *pièces de resistance* of contemporary military history with a flourish of horse-music, such as beseems the rough throat of Mars? In short,—though we are not of the Hippophagous school of M. DE ST.-HILAIRE,—may we not say, that MISTER COOKE has proved himself a Master Cook in the composition of his bills of fare at Astley's, of which horse-flesh has always formed the standing dish? Never were there so many COOKES associated in any culinary enterprise before, without spoiling the broth. WILLIAM has been Head COOKE; but he can boast a numerous train of COOKE-boys and COOKE-maids: Gallant, graceful, and agile JOHN HENRY; lithe young ALFRED, and elastic young HARRY; brown-eyed, round-limbed, and graceful KATE, prettiest of *Haute-école écuyères*, now lost to the ring of Astley's, alas! by her suit and service to the ring of Hymen; and ALICE, KATE's younger sister, as brown-haired, as brown-eyed, and as pretty, but not *quite* such a Hippodamia,—not so consummate a tameress of horses; modest and maidenly CLARISSA; and last, not least, fair, slender, and statuesque EMILY, a Hebe on horseback, or an Iris, under the floating arch of her rainbow scarf!—and even then our catalogue is incomplete. But only think of so many COOKES, male and female, and not a Plain Cook among them!

It is difficult to conceive an equestrian artist in retirement. Does he always, I wonder, wear the blue single-breasted coat, white tights, and riding-boots, which are his nearest approach to the vulgar attire, while in his enchanted state of a slave of the ring? When he gives an entertainment, is it a "drawing-room one," *à la* RISLEY? When he rides to hounds, does he bound along by the side of his horse, vault over five-barred gates, by aid of the pummel of the saddle, with a "*houp la!*" in the manner of the well-known *British Foxhunter* of the arena? How does he bring up his children? In a series of round turns, like the professors whom we see tying their infant progeny in knots round their own necks, or at the end of a long pole, like the acrobatic parent of the side-street pitch? Can he forbear breaking out, from time to time, in the airy splendour of trunks, alike spangled and scanty, and the statuesque simplicity of fleshings? Does he never take a turn on his lawn, on summer mornings, as *The Grecian Statues?*

When brother COOKES encounter, are their greetings like those of common men, or like those of the "bounding Olympian," or "Athenian" brothers of the Circus—consisting in a rapid smiting of the chest, a rigid striking of an attitude, a sudden fall of one brother into the *Dying Gladiator pose*, and a rearing of the other over him, in the manner of the *Destroying Hercules?* But—whatever be the occupations, pleasures, pursuits, of MR. COOKE's retirement,—*Mr. Punch* wishes him wealth, health, long life, and happiness to enjoy it. He has always—*Mr. Punch* is pleased to know—maintained the character, which his family have upheld for generations of equestrian managership. He is a kindly, honest, and industrious man; a good trainer, a good rider, and has been, in his time, a daring athlete of the arena; and, crown of all, he is the most affectionate of sons, husbands, fathers, brothers, and uncles.

Long may his pot boil, while generations of COOKES gather round it—helping to fill, helping to empty.

A HAPPY NAME.—We notice in the list of the pantomimic company at Drury Lane, the name of SIGNOR GRATZANY. This is as it should be; except that *G, r, a, t,* is not the way to spell *great*.

A PANEGYRIC ON PARLIAMENT.

THE Papers daily I peruse,
Because I wish to learn the news,
That up to last night I may be
Informed in current History.

The Parliamentary Debates
Are quite a feast, which never sates;
As tea and toast or morning roll
Refresh my frame, so they my soul.

As full as any egg of meat,
I find the intellectual treat
Which every orator affords,
Both in the Commons and the Lords

The speakers, each one, so condense
Their flow of lucid eloquence,
That when I skim it o'er, I seem
As though I were enjoying cream.

How many thoughts in words how few,
How many phrases, neat and new,
Which render high conceptions plain,
Their speeches brief and terse contain!

Their logic, too, is oh, how sound!
At once perspicuous and profound,
Close to the point they always keep,
Intelligible when most deep.

No crotchets any men display
In either House; what sense EARL GREY,
Renowned for colonies improved,
Talked, the Amendment when he moved.

D'ISRAELI, too, both just and wise,
How fairly does he criticise
The other party's acts and deeds,
And business ne'er with talk impedes.

The gentlemen from Erin's Isle,
The Powers that be who ne'er revile,
The public weal alone in view,
Contend but for the Good and True.

In every fresh debate I find,
Still something to improve my mind:
The only fault of that good stuff,
Is that I never have enough.

One runs it through a deal too soon,
Sometimes before the afternoon;
All night if members talked away,
The papers we could read all day.

But if they say their say too fast,
The more good measures thence are passed,
Well, therefore, may we be content
With our sententious Parliament.

Simply Idiotic.

HAS the *beau-temps* anything to do with the bell-wether?

We decline answering the above question, because, in our opinion, it is simply idiotic. We trust the reader has the good sense to agree with us.

ONE WORD TO ENGLISHMEN.

A GRAND Ship—the grandest the world has ever heard of—has for some years been approaching completion. The ship is, and rightly, a subject of pride to England. A brave man—held to be the best man that could be found—has been drowned in the discharge of his duty to the vessel. He has not died rich, and he has left a family. Will any one who has stood upon the deck of the *Great Eastern*, and considered what kind of man he should be who could be entrusted with such a care, willingly omit to aid the household that has given—and lost—such a man? A HARRISON Testimonial Fund is opened.

PUNCH.

THIS IS JONES, WHO THOUGHT TO SLIP DOWN BY THE RAIL EARLY IN THE MORNING, AND HAVE A GALLOP WITH THE FOX HOUNDS. ON LOOKING OUT OF WINDOW, HE FINDS IT IS A CLEAR FROSTY MORNING. HE SEES A SMALL BOY SLIDING—ACTUALLY SLIDING ON THE PAVEMENT OPPOSITE!! AND—DOESN'T HE HATE THAT BOY—AND DOESN'T HE SAY IT IS A BEASTLY CLIMATE!!

A LITTLE TOUR IN FRANCE.

"MR. PUNCH, SIR,

"I AM obliged to you for your invitation to me to give you a full and graphic account of the visit,* which at your request, I have just made to the dominions of the EMPEROR LOUIS NAPOLEON. I am the more obliged because I shall be enabled to confound certain spiteful parties (this *is* a very spiteful world, *Mr. Punch*) who I find have hinted that my temporary absence from England was caused by what a recent writer on finance prettily called 'the disturbance of the desirable equilibrium between receipts and expenditure.' I paid my laundress to the last shilling before leaving (including eightpence for the mending one of my shoes), and yet had another with which to guerdon a postman whose Christmas box I had forgotten. These details may seem trifling, *Mr. Punch*, but a great man has said that the sooner a lie is trampled out the better.

"You desired me to go to France and adjust with the EMPEROR and M. FOULD various points in the Commercial Treaty which were too intricate to be settled by MR. COBDEN. Had I not gone, the Treaty, as you are aware, would never have been signed.†

"It may not be necessary for me to describe minutely my journey to the station near London Bridge, or my progress by rail to the point of embarkation. Suffice it to say, that the South Eastern Line performed its engagements with its usual punctuality, and that I am able to speak in favourable terms of a Bath-bun purchased for me by the obliging guard, at Ashford. The whole of the females who embarked at Folkestone had made up their minds to be ill (though the sea was as calm as *your* mind, *Mr. Punch*) and woman, as usual, did what she had determined to do. Under the circumstances, and believing that you would wish me to escape observation as far as possible, (though it is difficult for a distinguished-looking man of thirty-nine ‡ to avoid it,) I felt myself justified in abstaining from offering any assistance to any of my fellow-passengers, and in enveloping myself in a cloud of smoke raised by myself in a comfortable corner under the bridge.§ The way some of the foolish persons in the cabin groaned and moaned was very objectionable, and I think those who cannot take a volunteered voyage without making such helpless idiots of themselves had better stay at home, or seek inland recreation.

"Moored alongside Boulogne, and the gangway ascended (ladies with indifferent ancles complain of its steepness), I passed into the Douane. My ears are keen, and I detected an affected sternness in the demand of the gendarme who inquired whether I had a passport. A glance at his face showed me that my telegram had been received. It was the COUNT DE M——Y, sent on by his imperial patron to see that no difficulty was thrown in my way. Needless to say that in another minute I was passed out at the other door, and amid a chorus of touters recommending the thousand and one hotels of Boulogne to my patronage, I caught a well-known voice, that suggested "Hôtel du Nord." Of course *he* would recommend anything Du Nord—that WALEWSKI—no admirer of despotism like your converted patriot. However, as I knew that he had been ordered to give me the hint, I took it, the rather that I have loved MUHLBERQUE'S ever since the evening when at the *table d'hôte* I induced the sparkling yet affectionate ANNA MATILDA * * * * to own that of all the——but I will not intrude these recollections upon you. I went to the Hôtel du Nord, in Five Bob Street, Boulogne.

"I shall have occasion hereafter to allude to what I ate and drank, and therefore will only remark, that my duty to my country dictated my denying myself nothing that could tend to make me comfortable and fit for the duty which you had imposed upon me. But shortly before eight o'clock I threw over me a noble Inverness cape (would I could have 'thrown in' some noble Inverness whiskey, not that the Marasquin was bad, but 'tis woman's drink, *Mr. Punch* *), and lighting a cigarette, I proceeded to the end of the eastern pier. It was deserted. Moonlight played upon the lapping and plashing billows, and shone out on the big letters all along the roof of the Imperial Hotel. The pier lighthouse had been newly whitewashed, *not without a purpose.*

"Lightly humming to myself the favourite French chanson which I have so often heard on the pier amid crowds of perfumed and crinolined matrons, '*Comment, Madame—er, n'avez-vous pas un mari?*' I lighted a second cigarette. The signal was noticed, and in another instant Three Men stood at the end of that pier, far out in the waters. The first was your Correspondent. The Second was M. FOULD, who had for some reason disguised himself as a Jew with beard and gaberdine. The Third was the Elected of the Millions! We saluted, and the next moment M. FOULD signed to a sentinel, whom I had not previously seen, to prevent our being intruded upon. The order was not in vain, for during our emphatic colloquy which followed I heard footsteps approaching—some one was ordered back, and was contumacious. I heard the bayonet clash, and the intruder splash heavily into the harbour—but we were engaged on too important a business to notice trifles.†

"What passed between those Three Men must be known only by the Treaty. How its provisions were then discussed and re-discussed will never be known at all. We drew out our pencils (a gold one handed to me by the EMPEROR I shall retain, though I do not approve of every act of his life ‡), and the lighthouse, *newly whitewashed*, was covered, as high as the hand could reach, with our *chiffres*—our calculations. It was whitewashed again before the public were admitted in the morning, and as the whitewashers might have revealed secrets, they were, at the conclusion of their job, deported to Cayenne, for no great good was ever achieved without a little suffering.

"The Treaty was completed. How the trio spent the remainder of that night need not be said. Perhaps we went to the Café Vermond, and played at dominoes. Perhaps we went to the Café Martin, and played billiards, and perhaps that old Hebrew FOULD tried to do the old lady out of three *sous*, and failed in a remarkable manner. Perhaps we disguised ourselves *à la matelote* and went into the Fisherman's town, and exchanged harmless jokes with the younger and prettier mermaids. Perhaps we

* Nothing of the kind. We only desired him to send in his bills.
† This may be true.
‡ Forty-seven or eight, and looks it.
§ We notice the hint, but decline to pay a bill incurred by our correspondent with our respected neighbour, MR. KIRK, the tobacconist.

* This burst of epicurean sentimentalism means something, we suppose, or we should excise the whiskey.
† This anecdote we firmly believe to be an outrageous and gratuitous lie.
‡ If the EMPEROR has really given you anything, and it is worth having, you will leave it at the office, if you please.

went to the Cathedral, knocked up the Bishop and Chapter, and made them bring out their richest wines for the Eldest Son of the Church and his particular friends,—FOULD the Jew sneering at the Church whenever the EMPEROR wasn't looking. All this concerns not the public even in an age when Bohemia records whether a public man takes lemon-juice or lobster-sauce with his salmon. Let me only say that the Alliance is stronger by the events of that night, and that M. FOULD has solemnly promised me to read PALEY'S *Evidences*.

"Which way I returned to my native country matters not. I did return, and wishing for a quiet day to make up my despatches and memoranda of what had occurred, I remained at an English hotel. I think it was called the Quintilian. I know that it was very comfortable, and that though there was only one bell in my bed-room there, though there were four bells in my bed-room in France, that one had an advantage possessed by none of the four, namely, that it rang. I know that there was an excellent *table d'hôte*, at which the landlord of the hotel, a foreign gentleman, took his seat among the guests, and was the loudest and freest spoken among that congregation of Swells, arguing, confuting, and rallying as if he were one of Us. Nay, I was delighted to see how the Swells (and there were grand ones) abated their Anglican haughtiness, and permitted M. DORENAVANT to sit among them in the smoke-room, match his experiences with theirs, travel more miles, catch larger fish, and be cured of more awful complaints than any of them. They looked surprised, certainly, but tolerant, and even permitted themselves to be occasionally amused. Truly comfortable, also, was the British bed, on which you laid down in confidence, assured that a battery of springs would not repel you, with a jerk, out of window or into the fireplace. I slept the sleep of the good.

"I have but one more revelation—a double one—to make, and it is of a financial character. I went to the French Hotel on a Monday, and I left it on the following Friday. I went to the English Hotel on a Friday, and left it on the following Saturday. I sought to live exactly in the same manner at each place—that is, I had a bed-room, and took my breakfast and dinner at the public table. I was Eighty-Six Hours at the French Hotel, I was Twenty-Six Hours at the English Hotel. My bill in France for the long term was only twice my bill in England for the short term. For all I had in three complete and two incomplete days I was charged no more in France than I was charged in England for my twenty-six hours. I was perfectly comfortable at both places, and I am not complaining in the least, especially as you, *Mr. Punch*, have generously paid my expenses.* But the narrative of a diplomatic mission regarding a commercial treaty may properly terminate with a financial statement.

"Agréez, Monsieur,
"&c., &c., &c.,

"*Bottons, S.W.*" "YOUR DIPLOMATIC YOUNG MAN."

* On the contrary, we must see these bills before paying them. The above general statement, though interesting, will not go well into our petty cash book.

JUVENILE ARTIST (to his Model). "*I tell you what, Gran'ma,—would you mind standing upon a CHAIR?*"

Louis Napoleon's Master Stroke.

FRANCE, say the French, is Paris: and Paris is, to them, the world: and the Emperor of France is therefore master of the world.

The English may dispute this proposition as they please; but they cannot deny, that LOUIS, by a recent act, has shown himself the master of the *Univers*.

A FACT FOR MR. BOWYER.—If there be any truth in the Shakspearian saying that "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," we can easily imagine that the head of the POPE must at present be trebly uneasy, since he wears three crowns.

NI PLUS NI MOINS.

MR. PUNCH is pleased with this advertisement, and if he lived in the Portland Road instead of not having the faintest idea where it is, he would certainly buy his greens of MRS. NYE.

WANTED, a FEMALE SERVANT, who can cook in a general way, and be useful in other respects, where a housemaid is kept. Only three in family. Hoops are objected to, and so is a want of cleanliness. Apply to MRS. NYE, Greengrocer, Clipston Street, Portland Road.

Hoops are objected to, and so is a want of cleanliness. Very sensible coupling up, MRS. NYE. Over-dressed folks are often slatterns also. A general cook that goes about in hoops has, ten to one, kitchen drawers of an evil-odorous character. You have a shrewd appreciation of character, MRS. NYE, and we wish you a good servant, and many happy returns of your carrot-cart.

A SAD PROSPECT INDEED.

THE most intimate friend of GARIBALDI in this country was lately observed to look very sad, and to sigh heavily, at the mention of the General's name.

"Why do you sigh?" he was asked.

"Poor GARIBALDI!" he said, and sighed again.

"Poor GARIBALDI? Why 'Poor GARIBALDI?' Because he was forced to resign the command in Central Italy?"

"Worse than that."

"Because SIR JAMES HUDSON's objection compelled him to sanction the disbanding of the *Nazione Armata?*"

"Worse than that."

"Because he has lately taken to himself a wife?"

"Worse than that!"

"What stronger ground for commiseration can there be?"

"ALEXANDRE DUMAS is going to write his life!"

Mr. Punch comprehended the sigh, and echoed it.

Bright on the Old Ways.

WHEN SIR GEORGE LEWIS brought in his Highway Bill, MR. BRIGHT "protested against Bills being brought in from Government Offices to disturb ancient arrangements." At that moment the Ghosts of LORD ELDON and the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE were observed, by that eminent spiritualist SIR E. B. LYTTON, placing a laurel-wreath on the head of the Honourable Member for Birmingham.

THE VERY MAN FOR IT.

WE see that there is a *Divorce Journal* announced for publication. We will say nothing about the good taste of such a periodical, but we conclude that SIR CRESSWELL CRESSWELL is engaged upon it to do the "Answers to Co-Respondents."

HOMAGE TO THE PUBLIC SERVICE.

Mr. Punch is not in the habit of frequently admitting that he is in the wrong. If he were, he would be in the habit of frequently telling a falsehood. But he has been sometimes led into error. Any person can "sell" an unsuspecting gentleman, because in good society · frankness and straightforwardness are considered proper, and persons do not lie in wait to snap up one another, whereas a smart bagman or shrewd attorney's-clerk is perfectly unsaleable, and always wide-awake. Hence *Mr. Punch* has once or twice formed an erroneous judgment, which he has freely confessed. There may have been half-a-dozen grains of common sand in the millions of grains of the purest gold dust with which he has been filling the hour-glass of Time for the last eighteen years. He is now going to own that there is one more sand-grain to account for. He has been undervaluing the intellectual accomplishments of members of the public service.

There may be some excuse for him. Certainly, as a general rule, talking to our Public Servants does not impress you with awful respect for their brains. If you discuss matters with one of those elegant young public servants from the West, you will be charmed with his collar, and delighted with his anecdotes of the "*Jésuites de la robe courte*"—usually known as the ballet. If you converse with one of those smart young public servants from the East, you will be enchanted with his powers of slang, and instructed by his researches in the casinoes. If you engage in friendly confabulation with an exciseman, you will be put up to some curious dodges practised in the world he persecutes, and hear much abuse of his superior officers, and if you talk to a postman—which you ought not to do when he is on his rounds—you will hear, with indignation, that he is extremely hard worked and ill paid. But there is not much in the conversation of these Public Servants to impress you with a notion of what they must have learned—of their marvellous knowledge.

Examinations have been heard of, no doubt, and *Mr. Punch* himself has given some specimens thereof, in the way of parable and illustration. But does anybody know the real examination—what its terrors are—what its tremendous demands? *Mr. Punch* owns to having undervalued its awfulness. But happening to take up a book by Mr. John Boulger, called *A Master Key to Public Offices*, in which the author explains to every ambitious young man in England what he may get from Government, from Premiership to Postmanship—and how, *Mr. Punch* turned to the Specimens of Examination Papers. The real questions, mind, the real rocks against which Hope has been dashed to pieces. Among them were some which Mr. Boulger is good enough to call "easy," but the phrase is a mockery. Look here, fathers—but you have flinty hearts, and will say, "he ought to be able to answer, after what I've spent on his schools;" no, look here, mothers of England, and see the questions on which the souls of your darlings in peg-tops are grated like nutmegs.

To get into the Custom House, a lot of geographical queries are put, which the victim has "from 2½ to 3 hours" to answer. Here is an "easy" one:—

> "Which are the highest mountains of Europe? Give approximately [what's that?] the height of some of them, and of any of the Scotch or English mountains."

Why a clerk in the Custom-House should have to gauge mountains, unless he ascends them in search of smuggled mountain dew, is one thing; whether *Mr. Punch* himself could answer the question in any satisfactory exact way, is another. Yet he has been up Snowdon, and Mont Blanc, and Etna, and Hecla, and Mount Pleasant. But here is another:—

> "State the greatest length of England, Ireland, and Scotland, the number of square miles, and the population in each [mile?] according to the last census."

Why, the demand is perfectly insulting. How many fishes are there in the sea? But now try the Inland Revenue, which means Taxes.

> "Name the Independent Sovereigns belonging to the Germanic Confederation."

If this is to teach the young tax-gatherers to look sharp after sovereigns generally, we can understand it. But what's this for?—

> "On a rough outline map of India mark the positions of Agra, Lahore, Cape Cormorin, the Kistnah, the Godavery, Assam, and the Run of Cutch."

The Run of Cutch, indeed! The run of kegs might be more to the purpose, though that should be asked of the Customs-candidate. Who, of *Mr. Punch's* readers reading the above, can comply with the demand? Upon honour, now, what's the Kistnah, Viscount Williams? Yet you have obtained a gaudy coronet.

Let us pass to History. The fourth demand is,—

> "Give an account of the Star Chamber, the Constitutions of Clarendon, the Petition of Right, the Habeas Corpus Act."

Would the examiners be merciless if a poor bewildered lad, after looking at them tearfully, should write—

"The Star Chamber was a celebrated Observatory, Lord Clarendon has a very good constitution, I see in the paper yesterday as the Petition of Right was wrong, and going to be knocked up in Parliament, and the Habeas Corpus Act is a blessed invention?"

Would he be plucked, or would they try him again with—

> "State, *distinctly*, the claims asserted by Edward the Fourth and his rivals, respectively, to the throne of England"?

Or would they give him one more chance?—

> "Give an account of the political and social state of England (1) at the Accession of Henry the Eighth, (2) at the date of the Restoration."

But that is nothing. Talk to a War-Office Clerk, next time you meet him at Paddy Green's, and ask him this. He has answered it, so must be able to do it again.

> "Who were the contending parties in the following battles:—Marathon, Cannæ, Ilerda, Granicus, Chæronea, Pavia, Vittoria, Marengo, Borodino, Megiddo. Describe minutely the circumstances and results of any three, and in all cases give the dates."

If the War-Office Clerk answers you except by a libation of Mr Green's excellent stout in your face, you ought to stand him poached eggs, or any other delicacy he may put a name to. And then when he is in a very good humour, ask him what he answered to this:—

> "Sketch the history of the Peloponnesian War, mentioning the States concerned in it, the chief men who took part in it, and its results."

And *then*, perhaps, you had better change the subject, and remark upon the excellence of the beer.

But suppose a candidate wants to get into Somerset House, he must be prepared for this:—

> "I buy wine of A. for £50, and sell it to B. for £55. B. gives me a bill for £25 and cash for £30, and I pay A. on account. Give the journal entries A. and B. would make for these transactions."

We sadly fear the "journal" would run this way. "Told A. I'd give him £50 for his wine, but it was such fishy stuff I offered it to B. for £55. He forked out £30, and gave me a bill for £25, and as he'll find out the bad swizzle before that's due, I shall never get a shilling of that, so I gave his bill to A. and spent the tin, and that matter's off my mind."

But, finally and lastly, what do you, young friends, say to this?—

> "Take three hours, and write a comparison between the English national character, and that of any other people, ancient or modern."

You can't do it in three hours. But perhaps the Examiners would let you do it in three minutes, from some nursery reminiscences:—

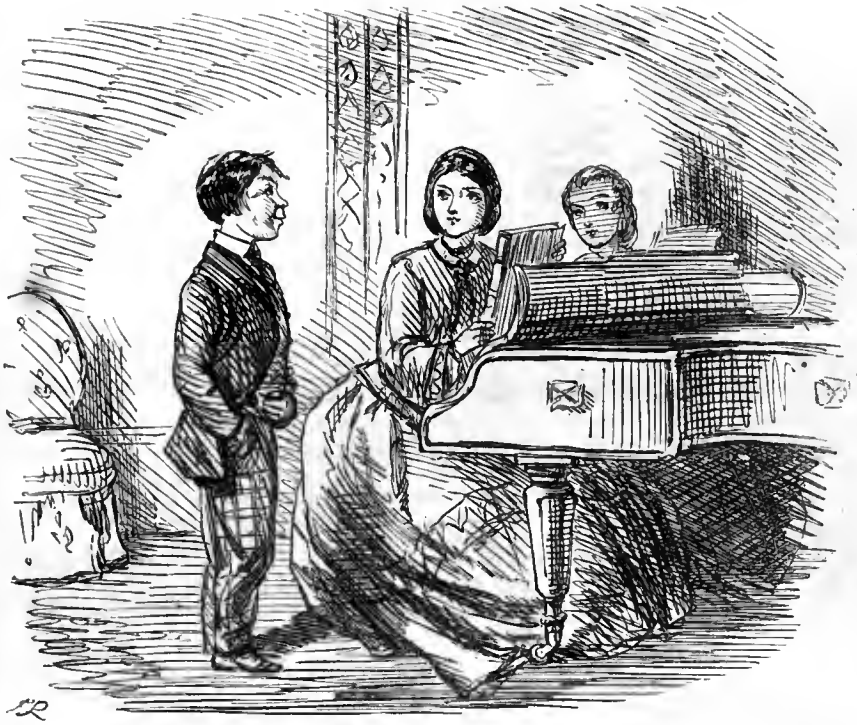
> "Two skinny Frenchmen and one Portuguee,
> One jolly Englishman will lick 'em all three."

> "Write an account of any part of Great Britain or Ireland with which you are acquainted with special reference to the agriculture or commerce there carried on, and the social state and manners of the population."

The following is the specimen of a reply to this inquiry, and the candidate was instantly recommended to office:—

"Well, I don't know. There's Squashford where I was raised. As for agriculture, the farmers is uncommon stupid and sulky, and don't get beery, oh no! on market days. There's no commerce like, the shops is all shy, and if you ask for anything, it's my head to a 'aperny they haven't got it, but it's coming next week if you please. The population are not social at all, but quite the reverse, and as for manners, my eye! an educated bear beats 'em to fits. I don't know the latitude and longitude, but it's on the South-Northern line, and a precious dirty walk from the station."

But has not *Mr. Punch* made out his proposition that men who have taken such honours ought to be held in honour? Henceforth, he takes off his hat whenever he sees a Public Servant.



Georgina. "WELL, GUS! AND HOW DID YOU LIKE YOUR PARTY LAST NIGHT?"
Gus. "OH, JOLLY!—I GOT ELEVEN ICES, AND NO END OF NEGUS, AND WENT DOWN FOUR TIMES TO SUPPER!!"

MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT.

YE who rejoice in beer and pipes,
You ought not to repine,
But be right glad if British swipes
Compete with light French wine;
Because the contest will be, which
Potation shall prevail,
And small beer then will grow more rich,
And men brew better ale.

Brew better ale, I will repeat,
Not bitter, understand,
Beyond the flavour, counted meet,
Of old, in English land;
The taste of sound and wholesome hops;
And we shall fill our jugs
With nappy ale, instead of slops
Imbued with foreign drugs.

Big Brewers will, by cheap Bordeaux,
To look alive be made,
For fear that they should little grow,
Through falling off of trade;
And publicans will take some care
To sell their porter pure,
When people will no longer bear
The stuff they now endure.

Good Beaune will better bad brown stout,
Light Macon when we get
At lower price, it will, no doubt,
Improve our heavy wet.
The stingo of our sires of old,
That made their noses shine,
Again in England will be sold,
Along with cheap French wine.

TAUTOLOGY.—Calling a woman an angel. *Jenkins.*

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

THE CHANCELLOR (*Monday, January* 30) introduced some Bills for consolidating and assimilating (nice long words, are they not?) the criminal law of England and Ireland. It is characteristic of lawyers that they must actually make *some* bills, instead of one, even for the act of consolidation. The omen is not propitious. The only point LORD CAMPBELL explained was, that, by one of these bills, conspiracy to murder in Ireland is to be made a lighter offence than at present, which alteration seems hardly necessary, considering that a shot from behind a hedge at an unarmed man is already regarded as a legitimate overture for a re-adjustment of terms with a landlord. The BISHOP OF LONDON referred to the means by which it is sought to restore the purity of Protestant worship in St. George's in the East; namely, the tearing up seats, destroying railings and lamps, and sending Bibles and Prayer-books flying about the church, amid the shouts and yells of ticket-of-leave Luthers and Calvins from the House of Correction, and his Lordship wished to know whether the Government had any intention of dealing with this Revival. LORD GRANVILLE thought the demonstrations objectionable, but could not say what would be done, and a similarly satisfactory answer was obtained in the other House from the HOME SECRETARY.

Guatemala is in Central America, and adjoins the British Honduras. It is an independent republic of the Roman Catholic persuasion. LORD MALMESBURY thought, very properly, that it would be an extremely good thing to define the boundaries between ourselves and the Guatemalakites, for there is no knowing in these days when a squabble may arise. So not only do we pay the expenses of the survey, but those of the survey for a road entirely in our neighbour's territory. However, it is a small matter, and one in which a great neighbour, like England, can well afford to assist a small one. LORD JOHN RUSSELL explained this, but he did not say, possibly because he was not asked, why the Guatemala cigars are not better than they are. It is impossible to smoke above a dozen or so of them in the evening without getting a headache.

MR. EDWIN JAMES asked LORD PALMERSTON why a new Chief Commissioner of Works was not appointed. The Premier said he intended to appoint one directly, meantime the *ex-officio* Commissioners were competent to do anything necessary. In that case, what was the use of filling up the office? LORD PALMERSTON has ordered back the shrubs and flowers in the Park which were grubbed up last year in a way that nearly produced a revolution, and has made his step-son, MR. COWPER, the Chief Commissioner.

The HOME SECRETARY introduced the meekest of all conceivable bills for reforming the City of London Corporation. It does not touch a single point that people care about, the coal duties, the metage dues, or the other civic extortions, and simply deals with the constitution of the corporation, as if any reasonable person knew or cared whether a Sword-bearer elected an Alderman, or a Remembrancer elected a Beadle, or Gog elected Magog, or the reverse. The whole Corporation is a Sham. Where were the bloated Fathers of the City when they allowed the Gas Companies to consolidate, and get it into their power, if they took offence, to turn out all our lights, like a sulky waiter in a billiard-room, or to send us like naughty boys to bed in the dark. If the wretched Aldermen had stood forward, and tried to protect London against such a clique, they might have done some good. As it is, we earnestly hope that the gas may all be turned off in the Mansion House some night, with an awful smell, just as they are getting into their second help of turtle. The House scoffed at the Bill, let it come in, and then applied itself with more gusto to a personal row about the last election jobbing connected with the mail-packet service. A committee on the subject had been appointed last year, and SIR H. WILLOUGHBY, one of the members, bore testimony to the fact, that it had paid attention to the squabbles only, and not the least to the public interests.

Tuesday. The Shipping Interest bewailed and bemoaned itself, through MR. LINDSAY and some others, and demanded a Committee to inquire into its afflictions. MILNER GIBSON, for Government, did not see that it had much to howl about, but granted the request. If

THE NEXT INVASION.

LANDING OF THE FRENCH (*LIGHT WINES*) AND DISCOMFITURE OF OLD GENERAL BEER.

there was a Committee to inquire into the grievances of emigrants and others who go out in the ships of the Shipping Interest, and who are exposed to insult from the officers, outrages from the sailors, neglect by drunken or ignorant surgeons, and bad and insufficient food from the cooks, there would be a pleasant story to tell of a good many of the vessels whereby these bleating shipowners make their fortunes. MR. MELLOR brought in a bill for trying what the criminal law would do upon bribers and bribed. The House laughed, but had not the indecorum to refuse to admit the measure.

Wednesday. MR. M'MAHON moved the second reading of a Bill for giving an Appeal in Criminal Cases. The HOME SECRETARY, who *is* the Appeal, opposed the measure, as unnecessary, as objected to by the highest legal authority, as calculated to diminish a juror's feeling of responsibility, and as interfering with the execution of justice. He was supported by several speakers competent to give an opinion, and the Bill was rejected. It is noteworthy that, at these Wednesday sittings, when Members assemble in the daylight, and talk before dinner, the most rational and thoughtful speeches are made, and the House becomes really a deliberative council.

Thursday. LORD ST. LEONARDS, in a confidential whisper, explained to LORDS BROUGHAM and CAMPBELL the provisions of a Real Property Bill, and they declared themselves delighted. When the secret of the character of the Bill is revealed, LORD PUNCH will be happy to add his opinion to that of his two noble and learned brethren.

MR. DISRAELI demanded of LORD JOHN RUSSELL what was going on about Savoy. LORD JOHN stated that LORD COWLEY had told the French Government that we should disapprove Savoy's being grabbed by our friend L. N. MR. WISE then made a very impertinent motion. He asked for a Committee that should be a sort of Audit Office (only not useless as a check, like the Audit Office opposite the Edinburgh Castle), and see, annually, how the Government had really applied the money they had taken on account of the Miscellaneous Estimates. Naturally, the Government resented this; but the House did not think the proposal by any means an absurd one, and voted the Committee by 121 to 93. Evidently the age is losing all its good manners. To think of asking Lords and Honourable Gentlemen whether they have applied the people's money for the purposes for which it was given! We wonder some of the eminent Swells did not resign, rather than take salary from such vulgarians as their paymasters.

Beverley is so abominably corrupt a place, that the gentleman who was defeated there last week declared he was afraid to petition against his victorious Conservative antagonist, for fear that the town should be disfranchised. Therefore the prosecuting two unlucky Liberals, for bribing for their man at the preceding election, does not seem likely to do much in the way of purification, but it can do no particular harm, and was directed this evening.

MR. HUBBARD introduced so reasonable a Bill on the subject of Church Rates, that it would be unreasonable to expect it to pass. Any person signing a declaration that he is not a Member of the Church is to be exempt from church-rates, and church affairs are of course to be managed only by those who pay. And a committee was appointed to inquire into the mode of making anchors and chain cables for the Merchant Service; a very right thing; for it seems that Commerce supplies our ships with bad metal, and then when the storm and stress come, miserable catastrophes occur, all that Commerce may carry extra profit to her account. To SIR JAMES ELPHINSTONE belongs the credit of demanding this investigation, and having been a sea-captain he knew what he was talking about.

Friday. Who says that the Peers of England are not affable? They condescended to receive a petition from a law-stationer in Chancery Lane, who complains that the Holborn end of that evil thoroughfare is so narrow that traffic is impeded, and cabmen are quarrelling there all day. As Lawyer Lane is W.C. (remember it by Wicked Cheats) we suppose the City Corporation have nothing to do with it, or we might have recommended that some of the plunder the greedy Fathers of the City collar, by letting St. Paul's be blocked up by new warehouses, should be applied to doing away with so much of the nuisance of Chancery Lane as is of an inorganic kind. However, we do not see very much in the grievance, because any impediment to the usual run of professional business in Chancery Lane must be a benefit to society generally.

LORD PALMERSTON made a pleasant little joke when explaining all about the Great Shrub and Flower in the Park Question. He said it had been alleged that the despoiled part was to be made a nursery. In one sense it was true, "for a nursery was a place full of children." The mammas in the Lady's Cage laughed out delightfully at such wit, and as *Punch* is notoriously the only printed reading for which LORD P. has time, the latter will perceive with gratitude that his friend and Mentor has embalmed the epigram. LORD JOHN RUSSELL answered SERJEANT EÖTHEN that he had no call to be alarmed at French military or naval preparations, and SIR G. C. LEWIS stated that the laws of Jersey were being inquired into, with a view to the civilisation of that island at some future time. If anybody wants to know what a Petition of Right is, *Mr. Punch* apprises him that inasmuch as the QUEEN is our Sovereign Lady and Mistress and Supreme Head and Governess, if wrong has been done to any of us in her name, we do not sue her as if she were our equal, but by a more respectful process, in short by asking her leave to have the matter inquired into. The QUEEN replies, "Let Right, and not my subject, be Done." MR. BOVILL is passing a meritorious Bill for simplifying the proceedings. MR. BOUVERIE growled at the number of speeches that had been made that evening, and the VISCOUNT OF LAMBETH growled at MR. E. BOUVERIE. SIR RICHARD BETHELL was unfortunately ill, so the Bankruptcy Reform was postponed. And now for the Budget and Reform, unless Ministers break up on the question of the EMPEROR NAPOLEON'S European policy, on which it is said they are quarrelling like fun, four against ten, but then three of those four (L. N.'s friends), the three best men in the Cabinet, P——N, R——LL, and G——E. *Qui vivra verra*, but it is a great bore to have changes just as one has got a nice new DOD.

ALLOCUTION ON THE *UNIVERS*.

PIUS PUNCH, P.P.

THE suppression of the *Univers* caused our paternal heart severe affliction, but we derived an equal amount of consolation from the subjoined telegram:—

"*Brussels, Jan.* 27.

"The *Univers*, which has just been suppressed by the French Government, will be continued here."

We are wonderfully reassured in mind by this comfortable intelligence. When first we heard of the tyrannical decree which imposed silence on the organ of our beloved priesthood, we almost began to despair of the continued edification which, in common with all our faithful subscribers, we have so often derived from accounts of apparitions such as that of La Salette, and miracles of the nature of the winking image of Rimini. We feared that we should never more be agreeably astonished by those wonderful shots with the long bow, or amused with those more subtle and profound inventions, with which we had been accustomed to be entertained by our excellent VEUILLOT. We were very much afraid that we should cease to be charmed with that eloquent vituperation of which he is endowed with so singular a talent. But now we are enabled to indulge the pleasing hope that, with a change only of place, his pious zeal will continue to supply us with the customary recreation which has so often occasioned our bosom to expand, and our sides to be convulsed with merriment.

"DOING A BIT OF STIFF."

SCENE—*John Bull's great Discount House in the City.*

Enter LOUIS NAPOLEON.

Louis Napoleon. Permit—MONSIEUR JOHN BULL—that I offer you a leetle bill for discount.

John Bull (*gruffly*). Let 's see it.

Louis Napoleon. Le voilà! (*Hands over his Bill.*)

John Bull (*turns it over and over*). H'm—I see—endorsed "COBDEN"—A good name, Mounseer—but I don't like negotiating foreign paper. However, let 's see—What 's this?—At eighteen months?—Payable in October, 1861? And you want ready money for this?

Louis Napoleon. Mais oui—the security, you see, is excellent.

John Bull. Is it? How do I know where your firm may be before it comes due?

Louis Napoleon (*reproachfully*). Ah—Monsieur!

John Bull. Well—We have seen a good many come to grief, in your line of business, you know, Mounseer. However—you may leave the Bill—I'll think it over—And let you know my terms for discount.

The Bank of Faithful Ireland.

DR. CULLEN has issued a letter authorising a collection in aid of the POPE. We wish he may get some money, so that, when his HOLINESS shall have been dethroned by his subjects, his worshippers may support him by subscription. There can be no objection to voluntary PETER'S Pence; but, from Ireland at least, the successor of ST. PETER will be lucky if he gets anything but PETER'S Promissory Notes, or PAUL'S Paper.

LE ROI FAINÉANT.

MR. HENRY BERKELEY, at the last Meeting of the Ballot Society, declared that "Nothing but the Majesty of the People can carry the measure." His Majesty the People doesn't appear to be in any particular hurry. His Majesty merely endorses the Bill—as the old French sovereigns used to endorse the *projets de loi* of their Estates—*Le Roi s'avisera.*

EIGHTEEN PENN'ORTH OF SNUFF.

THE following advertisement lately appeared in the *Halesworth Times*:—

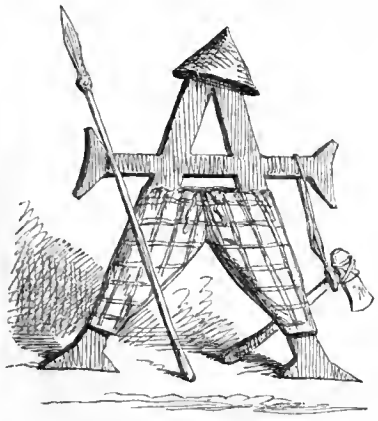
PROFITABLE EMPLOYMENT.—Persons in search of employment, either as a source of income or to fill up their leisure hours, may hear of such, by which means £2 to £4 a week may be realised in town or country by either sex, station in life immaterial, by applying to MR. H. HARVEY, 35, Upper Belgrave Place, Pimlico, London, enclosing eighteen postage stamps, with a stamped directed envelope for reply."

This notification was given to the reporters by the Magistrate of the Westminster Police Court, MR. PAYNTER, to whom it had been sent by a gentleman who had tried the experiment of writing to MR. HARVEY and enclosing a fee of eighteen postage stamps, to see what would come of it. Nothing came; no reply to the first letter, nor any to two others afterwards written. MR. SUPERINTENDENT GIBBS, B, sent by MR. PAYNTER to look after MR. HARVEY, of course discovered that "no such person as MR. HARVEY resided at 35, Upper Belgrave Place, Pimlico." The Superintendent was, however, informed that letters addressed to that gentleman "were regularly fetched away by a man well known as one of a gang of persons who had for a length of time been carrying on a system" described as "of this sort;" which may perhaps be supposed to mean a system of obtaining money under false pretences.

MR. HARVEY, of somewhere else than 35, Upper Belgrave Place, Pimlico, and rejoicing peradventure in an *alias* as well as an *alibi*, must not be indistinctly pronounced a rogue. He differs, at any rate, from a common rogue, and though he may be deemed an uncommon rogue, there is some doubt whether he is exactly a rogue in law. Those who send him eighteen postage stamps, and receive no reply are answered by his silence. By saying nothing, he tells them that he has got the stamps: which would have been returned by the Post Office, if he had not received them. They are thus instructed that, if they are seeking a source of income, they may find it in postage stamps, and that, if they wish to fill up their leisure hours, they may follow his example, and employ all or part of the time at their disposal in putting advertisements such as his own in the provincial papers. Are the pretences on which money is thus obtained false? We must recollect the lesson inculcated on our youthful minds by the copy-books, and "Condemn not hastily."

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER II.—THE ANCIENT BRITISH PERIOD—(CONTINUED).



AS we have said, the Ancient Britons were fond of wearing paint; in which respect they have been followed by some few (say a dozen) of their feminine descendants. Whether the ladies then made use of it to "give themselves a colour," and thought that by so doing they added to their charms, is a matter for conjecture to those who choose to think about it. If the fact were really so, and the gentlemen approved of it, the paint is doubtless noticed in the love-songs of the period. For such a phrase, for instance, as "*She's all my fancy Painted her!*" there would then have been a somewhat colourable pretext: and seeing that sky-blue was the colour most in fashion, a sentimental songster might have written of his mistress:—

> "Marked you her cheek of heavenly blue,
> Her nose-tip of cerulean hue,
> Her chin of that same colour too?"

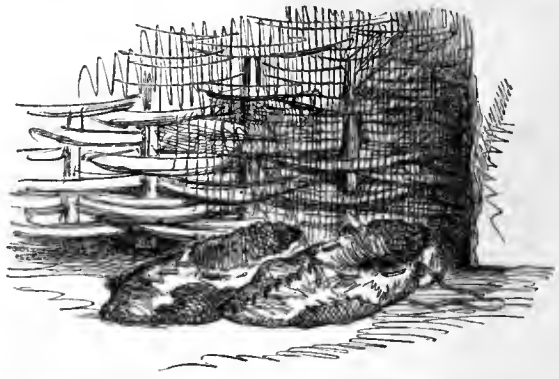
As this blue paint, we are told, was made from a plant called "woad," we cannot wonder that the wearers got the epithet of "woaden-headed:" and to quote, with fit disgust, another vile pun of the period, their public singers, it is said, washed their faces before singing, lest wags among the audience should bid them not to "holler" till they had got clear of the "woad."

But it must not be imagined that the clothing of our ancestors consisted only in their colouring, and that their dress-coats were merely coats of paint. The Romans, it is true, at first inclined to this idea; but, like some one or two of the *Idées* of NAPOLEON, their idea, as it turned out, was utterly unfounded. The fact was simply this, that, feeling fettered by their clothing, our fathers, like their children, often stripped to fight; and hence CÆSAR, when he landed, thought the natives all lived naked. This however, as it proved, was as preposterous a notion as it would be now to fancy that TOM SAYERS hath no toggery, should one see him stripped for fighting the BENICIA BE-HOY. Like the Cyclops, *nudus membra*, when he turned out for a scrimmage, the Ancient Briton when at home received his callers with his clothes on; and there is very little doubt that the P. R. of the period indulged in "fancy" dresses, which were gaudy if not neat.

ANCIENT BRITON IN COMPLETE ARMOUR.

While the lower orders dressed in little else than paint and bear skin (the latter bearing proof that bears abounded then in England; though, except upon Stock Exchange, there are none left living now), the gents and upper classes came out much more extensively, and were clothed from top to toe in a variety of vestments, which with the help of the old writers we may venture to describe.

Commençant par le FIN, we incline to think their "fins," like their faces, were left naked, inasmuch as we can find no mention made of gloves, and may guess that, like umbrellas, they had not been yet dreamt of. Nor can we say much about the boots of the Old Bricks,* seeing that it is doubtful if they'd any boots at all: and for want of our Balmorals, for ought we know, the dandies may have sported blacked-up bare feet. Some of the swells, however, wore a kind of shoe, which being made of neat skin, made their feet perhaps look neat: but whether their possessors used to put their shoes for "Boots" to clean, outside their bedroom doors, is a point which DIODO(O)RUS has said nothing to clear up. That they wore *braccæ*, or breeches, is placed (of course) beyond dispute by the fact that MR. MARTIAL mentions that they did; but he quite omits to tell us, whether or no the gentle-



ANCIENT BRITISH HIGHLOWS AND BEDROOM DOOR OF THE PERIOD.

* A Coltic synonym for Britons.—*Cox.*

men monopolised the use of them, or if the privilege of wearing them was extended to the ladies. That they wore a tunic also is equally indisputable, inasmuch as it is mentioned both by Pliny and Herodian; and over this the swells threw a *sagum* or short cloak, which in the Celtic was called *saic*—a word which seems to throw some light upon the nature of the garment, as it corresponds exactly to our gentish "sack." Posterity, however, is completely in the dark as to whether the old Britons used braces for their *braccæ*, or whether they suspended them by buttons to the tunic, in the fashion of the modern "roley-poley" suit.

Perhaps, however, the most curious part of their costume was the article of clothing which they used by way of head-cover. This was called a *cappan*, from the Ancient British *cab*, a word which meant, however, not a hansom, but a hat. It was called so, we are told, because its shape was conical, and bore resemblance to a roof; and this explains the ancient jokes by which the modern gent now calls his hat a "tile," or, still more recondilely, alludes to it as "thatch."

We believe the Ancient Britons wore their hair in the old way; that is to say, not having hair-cutters they never had it cut. It was turned back, we are told, upon the crown of the head, and fell behind in bushy curls which "oftte dydde tangle inne ye bushes." We are not quite so well up in our Cæsar as we might be, although we had his writings literally "at our fingers ends" at school, and our fingers' ends long tingled with the raps his volumes gave us. But we believe that writer says there's nothing new beneath the Sun, and if he doesn't he has certainly recorded that which proves it. By what we learn from him we find that our recent Moustache Movement has been only a revival, and has restored to us a fashion which we fondly thought was new. The Moustache Mover in fact is nothing but a plagiarist. Tell it not in Regent Street! the Ancient British Swells did precisely as the moderns do; that is to say, they shaved the chin, but wore immensely long moustaches. Strabo describes those of the dwellers in the Scilly Isles as actually "hanging down upon their breasts like wings;" in which respect—with all regard for Regent Street we say it—we think these Scilly fellows were quite worthy of their name.

British Swell of the Period.

As to the dress worn by the women very little can be said, inasmuch as, it is feared, there was but very little of it. Books of fashion were not written so profusely then as now; and even Cæsar, though he penned a volume *De Bell. Gall.*, had scarce the gallantry to mention a single belle or gal in it. Perhaps it may have been his modesty which caused his silence on the subject: for, so far as we can learn, the costume which was mostly worn by Ancient Britonesses was cut much in the same fashion as the dress of that young lady, of whom the poet tells us that—

> "A single pin at night undid
> The robe that veiled her beauty:"

Or, as pins were probably not known in that blest age, a thorn may be assumed to have been used by way of fastening. Of course there were however some exceptions to this rule (for when were women, except sisters, ever known to dress alike?) and compared to the mere commonalty, and maids-of-all-work of the period, the swellesses, we find, were really splendidly got up, considering, that is, the early time of their up-getting. Dion Cassius informs us that Queen Boadicea came out, like Miss Dinah, in most "gorgeous array," for she wore a torque of gold, and a many-coloured tunic, and over it a robe of coarse stuff, fastened by a brooch.

At this mention of a brooch we may fitly broach the question as to what were the chief ornaments which were used by our great, great—we really can't enumerate how many times great—grandmothers: and if it be no fib, we find that, besides *fibulæ*, they wore necklaces and armlets, both having been discovered in the early British barrows, which for purposes of digging resemble the Welsh wheals. Whether, although their wardrobes were but scantily supplied, dress much occupied the thoughts and conversation of our ancestresses, is a point which being moot, we shall ourselves be mute upon. But as women then *were* women, one might fancy that it did; and one might make a fancy-sketch of a tea-party of the period, whereat these ancient ladies met to talk about their torques.

A SCHOOLMISTRESS ABROAD.

The fact is scarcely worth our notice, but now we think of it perhaps we may as well just mention it, that one very often finds the very funniest advertisements are those which are quite clearly meant to be most serious. Here, for instance, is a specimen of the strict scholastic sort, which (*nomine mutato*) lately edified the readers of a rural weekly print:—

> The Duties of Mrs. Stuffem's Establishment for Young Ladies will be RESUMED D.V. January 19th, 1860.
>
> The patronage which has been bestowed, and the success which has attended Mrs. Stuffem's system of Tuition, form for the Parents a guarantee for the improvement and happiness of their children.
>
> The course of education comprises music, singing, drawing, the modern languages, every branch of useful study, plain and ornamental needlework.
>
> Terms, moderate, forwarded on application; also references if desired to the parents of pupils in Great Britain and the Colonies.
>
> At the request of numerous friends, Africans of Colour are not admitted.

This composition is remarkable not less for its omissions than it is for its redundancies. Of the latter, the "D.V." is a conspicuous example, inasmuch as nothing can be done without God's will, and to refer to it thus specially is needless and profane. Equally redundant is the mention of the "plain and ornamental needlework," which of course must be regarded as extremely "useful study," and would clearly be included if "every branch" thereof were taught.

Coming now to the omissions, we have to ask Mrs. Stuffem for a key to her fourth sentence; which, if taken as a sample of her English composition, does not say much for the way in which "the modern languages" are taught at her establishment. Her Grammar in fact seems to be as "moderate" as her terms, and it bewilders us to guess whether the "parents" or the "pupils" are "in Great Britain and the Colonies;" and whether it be to them, or whom, that she will forward references should they be desired. We are, however, still more puzzled by the words which Mrs. Stuffem uses for a climax, and which point out an omission we should like her to supply. In saying that "at the request of numerous friends" [of whom?] she has no admittance for "Africans *of Colour*," she darkly hints at the existence of Africans not coloured, to whom there is no bar to entrance at her school. Where on earth uncoloured Africans are to be found, she does not tell us, and we are driven to our wits' end to guess about their whereabouts. We have heard of an attempt to scrub the black out of a blackamoor, and if the trial had succeeded we might think uncoloured Africans were some of its results. The experiment, however, as Æsop tells us, failed; nor so far as we can learn, has it ever been repeated. We are therefore in the dark about uncoloured Africans, and it would much relieve our mind if Mrs. Stuffem would enlighten us. Were she to tell where they are visible, we would go and take a sight at them; indeed, we would endeavour, on some colourable grounds, to bring the whitest of them over to make at once a public exhibition of himself. In a country where white blackbirds are thought great curiosities, mints of money might be made by showing a blanched blackamoor, which we fancy that an African without colour would be.

Election Colours.

"It appears to me," quoth Lord Palmerston, in the debate on Mr. Mellor's Bribery at Elections Bill, "that in several places the Electors—especially those of the lower class—do not look upon the receipt of a bribe as an offence of that moral dye which *we* consider it to be." We should much like to know the colour of the "moral dye" which—to the eye of the House of Commons—invests bribery at Elections. We should be inclined to think it something like an "invisible green."

Ask the Clerk of the Weather.

A Meteorological article discourses eloquently on the "mean quantity of rain" that fell during the month of January. Our rheumatic recollections prompt us in justice to remark, that the quantity of rain that fell during that aquatic month was far too copious and liberal to deserve such an ignominious epithet as "mean."

Have you Ordered those Coals, dear?—Happy is the Husband whose Wife never asks him for any jewellery, save Black Diamonds!

Volunteer (he of the 'Tastey' Uniform). "*And it's so comfortable and easy, that I shall most decidedly 'shoot' in it next Season.*"

FISCAL FUN AND FROLIC.

"Mr. Punch,

"Cheap wine is a very desirable thing; for my own part there is no commodity that I am more anxious to procure at a low price. I like wine; and the fact is, that I enjoy a very comfortable income, which consists partly of the interest of a large sum in the 3 per cent. Consols, partly of the rent of many acres of arable land and pasture. Therefore I shall not at all care how much the Income-Tax is raised in order that the duty on Claret may be lowered to a proportionate degree. I am only sorry that any duty on wine whatever is to be retained at all, for the purpose of revenue, because the direct taxation of income would answer that, at least as far as I am concerned, with my income alone taxed and my capital escaping.

"Raising the Income-Tax in order to cheapen luxuries just suits my convenience, and I also look upon it as a good practical joke at the expense of those who earn every farthing which they receive; for, in taxing their whole uncertain means at the same rate as that which is imposed upon only a part of my secure and handsome independence, the Legislature takes away money which they ought to lay by, whilst, on the other hand, by offering them wine and other good things at a reduced cost, it proposes, as compensation for its seizure of their savings, encouragement to spend the remainder of their income.

"I am, &c. &c.,

"Justitia."

A New Sensation at the Haymarket.

The *Stranger* has been revived at the Haymarket, amid sympathetic cries of "Welcome Little Stranger!" Miss Amy Sedgwick has been playing *Mrs. Haller* with great success. "Excelsior!" should, however, be the maxim observed in theatricals, as in most other affairs. What a capital play the *Stranger* would be, if Mr. Buckstone himself would but perform the principal male character!

The Silent City.—We read that in Rome all cries, no matter of what kind, are prohibited. We certainly envy the Holy City in that one respect. We only wish that no cries were allowed in the streets of London.

THE CRITIC; OR, A TRAGEDY HEARSED.

Lawyers should teach justice, and Priests should teach kindness. Yet to be between the two (we are going to speak of our contemporary the *Critic*, who is *affiché* between the *Law Times* and the *Clerical Journal*, at a big house in the Strand) does not always induce either justice or charity. Theatrical "notices" are often curious things, comprehensible only by those who know *why* one author is "let down easy," and another fustigated: *why* a long piece at one theatre is briefly dismissed, and a short one at another treated at vast and complimentary length; and *why* a failure occurring at one house is plainly told, and delicately left to inference if occurring at another. Human nature solves those problems, if one has the key. But why a piece that has not been produced should be stated to have come out, and been a failure, we do not know. Nevertheless, such was the statement of the *Critic* in regard to the Lyceum version of the *Tale of Two Cities*. The work was not produced until Monday, the 30th, but on the preceding Saturday the *Critic* recorded its production, and failure. This curious circumstance we cannot explain. Nor is much more light thrown upon it by the statement of a gentleman who was the theatrical critic to the *Critic*. He says that he wrote to the Office of the journal that "the *Tale of Two Cities* had failed him," (meaning that it had not come out) "and therefore he had nothing to write about." But the Editor, it seems, preferred to write what appeared. Would it be taking too great a liberty to ask his reasons? We make the request for them as respectfully as *Sancho's*—"*Why* did your ladyship come by land from the place, seeing that it is an island?" Why did your Editorship say that the piece had come out and failed, when it had not even come out? May we hear?

The Successor of the Fisherman's Billingsgate.

M. Grandguillot, in the *Constitutionnel*, quotes Bossuet to prove that the Pope has no power "over things temporal and civil." The language in which his Holiness has lately been indulging more than confirms the position of the Bishop of Meaux; for it shows that the successor of St. Peter cannot even keep a civil tongue in his head.

WISE BETIMES.

It will generally be remarked, that in moving for an annual Select Committee to inquire into the Miscellaneous Civil Service Expenditure of the year preceding, Mr. Wise acted with suitable wisdom. The fact that the motion was carried is truly cheering; for an ever increasing outlay, accompanied by a constantly re-imposed Income-Tax, frightful in amount, and outrageously unjust, has plunged the mind of everybody but the careless millionaire into an abyss of despondency. The present House of Commons is not a year old; but it is beginning to take notice. If its existence were to be prolonged, it would perhaps proceed farther in the path of an inquiring mind. It would want to know something, also, about the details of our Military and Naval Expenditure, which is so vast compared with the moderate strength of our National Defences which we have to show for it. But when this House shall have been dissolved, Reform will furnish us with another, which, we trust, will prove even yet sharper in its infancy than its juvenile predecessors, and constitute a real addition to our political happiness.

Deux Rues Incomprises.

There is a street in Paris called Rue Lord Byron (Colonel Waugh lives there in luxury and defiance of his creditors, but that's not the matter now) and Frenchmen point to that Rue, and take credit to themselves for paying proper homage to the name of a great poet, though of another nation. Furthermore, they remark that London pays no such compliment to a bard of France. *Mr. Punch*, in the interest of literature and alliance, begs to deny this latter proposition entirely. Cornhill is simply the Anglican pronunciation of Corneille, and you can scarcely hear a person in London directing another without hearing "that is the Way Hugo."

Large Designs.—Louis Napoleon, having failed in setting the Thames on fire, has been obliged to content himself with crushing "*the Universe*."

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Active Cad (Playfully Metaphorical). "*Let me cut you off Twopenn'orth, Mum.*"

THE SOLDIER'S LIFE PRESERVER.

One of the most efficient weapons of the British soldier is his belt. It is a heavy leather strap, armed with a massive buckle, and, when wielded by the strong arm of a grenadier, will cut an enemy's head open, and inflict upon him other dreadful injuries. Its efficiency is most remarkable in a *mêlée*, wherein it enables a powerful man to prostrate surrounding adversaries right and left, mutilating and maiming them with the severest lacerated wounds. At the Middlesex Sessions, the other day, two privates in the Guards, George Hales and Charles Humphreys, were convicted of demonstrating the effects of these weapons on the persons of certain policemen and others, and have, consequently, obtained twelve months' release from military duty and the same period of employment in hard labour. The gallant fellows mistook surrounding circumstances for those of the field of battle, or the storming of a town, whilst in a state of intoxication. Had they happened to be wearing their bayonets, they would no doubt have used them instead of their belts, and it would have been as well if they had, because a bayonet inflicts a wound much less nasty than a strap and a brass buckle, and is of the two the preferable instrument of offence for a soldier to exercise on his fellow citizens. If, therefore, the belts are to be worn any longer by our private heroes about the streets, the bayonets likewise had better be added; because the belt without the bayonet looks absurd: whereas, in the hands of a drunken ruffian, it is equally formidable.

How the Truth Leaks Out!

Scene—*Hyde Park. Time: Five o'clock.*

Friend. Any news? Anything in the papers?

Government Peg-top Clerk. Can't say. Haven't been to the Office to-day, my boy.

"Uneasy Lies the Head."—We see that many states are trying their hardest to bolster up the Pope, but we fancy that his Holiness, in spite of this, will not have a very comfortable pillow, after all.

THE INCOME-TAX FOR EVER.

You struggling traders who subsist on small uncertain gain,
And you who live from hand to mouth by art, or toil of brain,
Prepare for more extortion; for the pressure of the screw
Of Income-Tax untempered, to be put again on you.

You wretches, who for feeble age a pittance fain would save,
To ease your downward passage, as you totter to the grave,
Prepare to have your earnings wrung from year to year away,
Whilst merely on the fruit of wealth the rich not more will pay.

Prepare from this or that mischance, to see your pittance stop;
From broken health, or brain o'erworked, or failure of the shop;
Then hey for workhouse or for gaol! since now the means are gone,
Whereby, if saved, through time of need you might have struggled on.

The Income-Tax will take them; will prevent the little hoard
Which should against the evil day in health and strength be stored;
And you will thirst and hunger, of your pay and work bereft,
Because the State has taxed your all, and you have nothing left.

But then your jolly neighbour there will eat and drink his fill;
He'll not have lost his income; no, he'll live in clover still.
No need had he for saving aught—a man of land and rents,
His name is written in the Bank—the Book of Three-per-Cents.

He pays the tax that you do now; as much; no more nor less;
And he will be in comfort then, whilst you are in distress:
And then your consolation will—as fiscal sages say—
Be, now that you are ruined, you'll have no more tax to pay.

Meanwhile at such a prospect lest your heart, perchance, should sink,
To give you consolation you'll have cheap Bordeaux to drink,
And with that acid draught you may wash down your bitter pill,
And so spend all the Income-Tax will spare you, if you will.

Now are not these good tidings, far too pleasant to be told
In the harsh, croaking, raven's voice of one who has a cold?
And was it not worth while to wait until, in accents clear,
A sweet financial singer could discourse them to the ear?

They whom the Gods do love die young—by them of old 'twas said;
Than outlive health and strength, they thought, 'twas better to be dead;
Heaven for an early tomb you now have greater cause to thank;
The Income-Tax will let you put no money in the bank.

Thus left without provision since you'll be in Life's decline,
Come, let us fill the bowl, and quaff a draught of cheap French wine,
Hurrah for short and merry lives; hurrah for Schedule D!
And when we're in the Union, oh how happy we shall be!

THE GENEROSITY OF GREEN ERIN.

Hibernia has cast her mite into the Pope's treasury. The faithful Irish have subscribed for their common Father the sum of £207. Of this amount, £100 has been contributed by Dr. Cullen himself. Heretical Churchmen have been accused of putting sovereigns into charity-plates to serve the purpose merely of decoy-ducks; but let Dr. Cullen have the credit of offering his Holiness the genuine sacrifice of £100. We cannot but respect the devotion which expresses itself in forking out. Dr. Cullen cares at least £100 for the Pope; how much the faithful Irish at large care for him, we shall perhaps know by-and-by; at present, the figure seems to be a fraction of a farthing a head. In the mean time, they should bear in mind that they cannot possibly do anything so certain to please the Holy Father as sending him a lot of money,—that nothing could more highly gratify his paternal heart than the receipt of any given sum, except the receipt of a greater sum; and they may be quite sure, in spite of any doubts that some weak brethren may suggest to the contrary, that, whilst the largest donations will be those most acceptable at the Vatican, the smallest contributions will be thankfully received.

THE MINT OF MODENA.

The *Modena Gazette* of January 20th publishes a decree of Farini's for a new coinage. Among the contemplated coins should have been enumerated the one which is most loudly asked for—the new Italian Sovereign.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

ONDAY, *February* 6. DEMOSTHENES (who was the son of a cabinet-maker of the same name, by his wife, *née* CLEOBULE GYLON, whose papa was an objectionable kind of Governor, insomuch as he sold the colony he ought to have governed to the Scythians, and made a Scythian lady the grandmamma of the said DEMOSTHENES) was once going to deliver a very important speech. But a party against whose interest that speech was to be directed, sent our eloquent friend a golden gift. Whereby, when the oration should have been made, DEMOSTHENES appeared with his throat wrapped up in no end of woollens and comforters, and intimated that he had no voice. *Mr. Punch* at the time made a Greek joke, which is wholly untranslateable into British. He is reminded of the circumstance by the fact that to-night an orator quite as eloquent as DEMOSTHENES, and in every way a superior character, was to have delivered a grand Financial Harangue; but, having lost his voice, was unable to do so, the accident causing great detriment to the country. In other respects, there is not the slightest parallel between the cases, but a Scholar and a Gentleman is not to be prevented from displaying his classical erudition by a trifle of that kind, and *Mr. Punch* is quite sure that his accomplished friend, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER will agree with him, and if he does not, *Mr. Punch* doesn't care in the slightest degree.

Disappointed of the Budget, and of the particulars of the Cobden Treaty, which however His Majesty the Elected sent to a Belgic paper, and its principal points were published to the world this very evening, Parliament sat for a couple of hours only. By the Constitution of England, measures are discussed,

"Up-stairs, Down-stairs, and in MY LADY'S Chamber,"

a line hitherto mystical, but now explained by *Mr. Punch* to be a dark allusion to Lords, Commons, and HER MAJESTY. Up-stairs, to-night, or rather, before dinner, nothing was done, but LORD BROUGHAM expressed his hopes that the jurisdiction of the County Courts will be increased to cognisance of claims of all sizes. Really, this proposal requires consideration. The County Courts answer their present purpose very well, that is to say a tradesman has only to bring an action against a person not in trade, and the judge instantly orders the latter to pay; or if he is foolish enough to demand a jury, the jurors, also traders, immediately and indignantly return a verdict for their fellow-craftsmen, usually appending a recommendation that the defendant, as soon as he has paid, shall be hanged, for having dared to dispute a bill. But this would scarcely do in some cases. Suppose the EARL OF SHREWSBURY, for instance, who has recently recovered his splendid estates, should be attacked by some new claimant, say *Mr. Punch* (not that he proposes that course) and he sued for £200,000 of rents, in a County Court. The judge's "Now then, TALBOT, how do you want to pay this? Half to-morrow, and the rest on Tuesday week, eh? Or will you be locked up?" would sound a little peremptory under the circumstances. EARL DE GREY AND RIPON, SIDNEY HERBERT'S *sub.*, paid a high compliment to the Volunteers, but declined a further payment rather sillily asked by LORD VIVIAN, namely, that of their tailor's bills. LORD DONOUGHMORE wanted to know whether the Belgian account of the Treaty was correct, to which LORD GRANVILLE made the inconceivably absurd answer, that not being a subscriber to the *Indépendance Belge* he could not say. As if everybody had not read the translation in the English evening papers. The Lords were so disgusted with his flippancy that they left the House at a quarter to six o'clock.*

Down-stairs, LORD PALMERSTON announced MR. GLADSTONE'S illness, and postponed the Budget till Friday. MR. DISRAELI expressed his sorrow, and wanted the Treaty *d'avance*. LORD PALMERSTON wished he might get it. MR. BYNG complained of the outrages in St. George's-in-the-Yeast; and SIR G. C. LEWIS complained that such trifling theological protests as breaking altar-rails, shooting peas, and shying Prayer-books, should be called outrages, said he had done all he meant to do in the matter, and blew up the REVEREND BRYAN KING, Incumbent. Both parties deserve a severe whacking,—the rioters from the *bâtons* of the Police, and the REVEREND BRYAN from the hard end of the crozier of BISHOP TAIT. As the ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN says—

"BRYAN O'KING has no business to wear
Ridiculous garments in preaching or prayer:
What's prose he should read, and what's verse he should sing,
But he's Popish at bottom, is BRYAN O'KING."

Tuesday. Up-stairs, this same subject was brought up by LORD DERBY, who pitched manfully into the Puseyites, but protested against a mob being left to enforce Church Discipline. LORD GRANVILLE hoped that the Puseyites would take warning from the great Church-Champion, LORD DERBY, and added that the Police had orders to do their best. LORD BROUGHAM said he had no "right to say that his Brother was wrong, who thought it right to make certain changes of posture at certain periods,"—which was fair, as his Lordship changes *his* about eleven hundred and thirty-three times in five-and-twenty minutes,—but he called on the Bishop to shut up the Church. The Bishop thought that the rioting might be stopped by Police convictions, and that he could then settle the differences between the parties who have theological convictions. That effete old party, the MARQUIS OF NORMANBY, then went into the Savoy and Nice Annexation question, and LORD GRANVILLE stated that he was assured that Sardinia had no intention of handing either over to France. LORD GREY thought (with LORD PUNCH) that the conduct of the Elected on the subject was highly unsatisfactory; and LORD SHAFTESBURY came out with a straightforward and spirited protest against the annexation. The Earl's language was so earnest that it quite frightened the poor DUKE OF NEWCASTLE, who bleated piteously against such a tone,—it was all very well for an Earl, with convictions of right and wrong, to be fervid about children's destitution, or education, or over-work, or any other trifling matter in which over-zeal could do no mischief, but that really was not the way to talk when diplomatic considerations came up. LORD BROUGHAM did not seem to share this feeling, for he said that the proposed annexation, if not the voluntary act of the people, would be "atrocious;" and LORD DERBY spoke eloquently, and *at* our friend ELECTUS, upon the extreme propriety of his trying to establish a character for honesty and pacific intentions. The Constantinople Pet, who has so often floored a Gallic Champion,—need we name LORD STRATFORD DE THERAPIA,—added his voice on the same side; and, in fact, Up-stairs did its duty by a Debate of Protest,—a very desirable sermon to the VICTOR of Sardinia and the Victor of Solferino upon the Hebrew text, "Cursed is he that removeth his neighbour's land-mark."

Down-stairs, LORD JOHN RUSSELL made an important statement. He had been making proposals for the final settlement of the Italian question. Dramatised, and with the replies, they went thus:—

Lord John. LOUIS and FRANCIS, you shall neither of you interfere by force, without leave from the five other Powers.

Louis. Very well.

Francis. I am the Lord's Anointed, and I shall not demean myself by any engagement of non-interference.

Lord John. You, LOUIS, take your soldiers out of Rome and Lombardy.

Louis. With pleasure—when quite convenient to me.

Lord John. Nobody at all shall interfere with you, FRANCIS, about Venetia.

Louis. Very right, too.

Francis. You are highly obliging, but I am quite competent to defend myself there.

Lord John. VICTOR EMMANUEL is not to send any troops into Central Italy until she has decided on her own future; but if she decides to be annexed to Sardinia, she may, and then he can do as he likes.

Louis. I must speak privately to you, FRANCIS, about this. (*They converse apart.*)

Francis. I repeat that I shall make no promise, and I will see VICTOR blowed before I recognise his doings, but I have no intention of sending any soldiers outside my own property.

Louis. I hope that we shall settle everything charmingly, *mes amis.*

Lord John. I 'm sure I hope so.

Francis. Humph!

Then LORD JOHN MANNERS endeavoured to introduce a Bill for closing the doors of the Divorce Court against audiences, and the House of Commons closed its own doors against his Bill by 268 to 83. The proposal was eminently spooney. Denial of the right of the Press

* We have received a note from our friend the LORD CHANCELLOR, apologising for not having expressed himself more plainly on bringing in the Criminal Consolidation Bills. He made *Mr. Punch* believe that the law of Conspiracy to Murder was to be made as light for Ireland as it is for England. JOHN CAMPBELL says that on the contrary, it is to be made as heavy for England as it is for Ireland. We are glad to hear it, and entirely forgive him for our having misunderstood him, and drink his health, and if it is his birthday, wish him many happy returns of the day—also if it isn't. Why does he not call oftener?

to publish reports of the proceedings in any law court is out of the question, and therefore the merely shutting out the handful of disreputable people who crowd into the little den to listen to what does not concern them would be foolish. At the same time it behoves the Press to publish only what is necessary to the comprehension of a divorce case and of the principle on which it is decided. With which dictum *Mr. Punch* gladly dismisses an unsavoury subject.

The Quakers are dying out, and desire to form alliance with the world that turns down its coat-collars. They ask for legalisation of Quaker marriages where one victim is not a Quaker. We presume that in such unions compromises will be made on the subject of grammar, and when Reuben asks Rosa-Matilda, "Art thee going out?" the fair worldling will reply, "Yes, I air."

Wednesday. The Church of England was utterly and finally destroyed, Sir John Trelawney's Bill for the abolition of the forcible collection of about a quarter of a million of her income being carried by the (diminished) majority of 263 to 234. To be sure she has a million and a half of voluntarily subscribed income beside, and may have almost as much as she likes for the mere asking civilly, but what 's the pleasure in money one has given to one—one likes to grab money as matter of right.

Thursday. Up-stairs, another blow was dealt at the persecuted Church, by the second reading of a Bill for enabling Dissenters to send their children to Endowed Schools, and for legally qualifying those dreadful schismatics to be Trustees thereof. The Bishops made no resistance. We have fallen upon evil times. Perhaps the Dissenters will put down Virgil and Horace, and insist on sixth forms being up in "Can you tell me, child," &c. And what will become of Plautus and Terence, writers of vile stage-plays? What *are* the Bishops about?

Down-stairs, Sir F. Kelly introduced a thunderingly terrible and utterly useless Bribery Bill. The only sensible thing that was said was the condemnation by Mr. Malins of attorneys for taking retainers, that is bribes, in elections. He might go a little further. Every attorney is a sworn official of one of the Queen's Law Courts, and every solicitor is a sworn official of the Court of Chancery, and it is most unconstitutional as well as indecent for these persons to interfere in elections. If good were intended, Kelly would introduce a clause making any attorney or solicitor who should take part in an election liable *ipso facto* to be struck off the Rolls. But the attorney-power in the House is far too strong for any such salutary measure to pass. Tom Duncombe then proposed to let the ballot be tried in the next elections for Gloucester and Wakefield, but this was refused by the (small) majority of 149 to 118.

Friday. Up-stairs, the Lords made short work of it, being eager to come Down-stairs and hear the Budget. A brief *Conversazione*, as Mr. Disraeli elegantly calls the Friday evening questioning, having taken place, and the English Demosthenes having also taken his, amid loud cheers from all sides of the House, the latter went into Committee, and received

THE BUDGET OF 1860.

Out spoke the gallant Chancellor, the Chancellor of X,
While all the listening Swells outstretched their senatorial necks:

"At present, Mr. Massey,—and I say it from my soul,—
We're all, financially at least, in what I call a Hole.
'Twixt taxes dead, and duties off, and awful outlays too,
We must really scratch our heads, boys, and consider what to do.
There's China, whose misconduct will compel us to disburse,
And France, to whom we've wed ourselves for better or for worse:
Each has her pull, though, luckily, there comes a little gain,
Whence none would have expected it,—a debt is paid by Spain.
But, on the whole account, I find, I clear myself, about,
Though turning ignominiously my pockets inside out;
And to intelligence like yours, of course, it's very clear,
That we must make, and instantly, provision for the year.

"Well, now, the country's very rich, and richer every day,
There's money to be got at, but the question is, the Way.
Yes, Ways and Means are now the point, but 'twill be also seen
That Parliament must choose a Way the People won't call Mean.
We're all exceeding prosperous, as Income Papers tell,
And even 'Mr. Farmer' owns he's doing pretty well;
But, bless my soul, my Affables, if you go on to pitch
Your money right and left, you know, you never will be rich.
Within the last six years your wealth has taken to increase
Above Sixteen per Cent.,—but then we haven't kept the peace;
And how d'ye think Expenditure's expanded for that date?
The figure of per-centage, Blessed Friends, is Fifty-Eight!
It's almost needless to remark that this will never do,
And for economical reforms the people look to you.
Well, we must fill the gap up, and a real statesman scorns
To shilly-shally, and he takes the bull by both his horns
(That is a dig for Dizzy, whose financial end and aim
Was the making things agreeable by postponing every claim);
So put your shoulders to the wheel, and let us shove along:
This Eighteen Sixty is a year for doing something strong.
Reforms, commercial ones I mean, to which you should aspire,
Will make John Bull more willing to fork out what we require—
He really likes the Income-Tax, although upon his tongue
There's grumble, and one person wrote that 'Gladstone should be hung!'

"Now, on we go to Turkey, and *d'abord*, it seems to me
That I shan't touch the duties on sugar and on tea;
One would have liked to take them off, but as I've often said,
The real way to help the poor's by stimulating trade.

"Then comes the Treaty. *Inter alia*, France will soon let in
(At p. c. 30) sugar, crystal, iron, coal, and skin,
Brass wire, and dyewoods, china, glass, cotton and cloth, and soap,
Hosiery, steel, and carriages, machinery, brandy, rope,
And a long list of other things to hammer, drink, or munch,
I very much regret to add, she will not let in *Punch*.
We on the other hand propose to let in, duty free,
Sulphuric acid, agates, arms, corks, and embroidery,
Clocks, gloves, hats, canes, quinine, brocade, raw fruits, and China ware,
Oils, and pianos, perfumes, grapes, and all things made of hair.
Then, as to wine, we'll let it in at duties much brought down,
Three bob a gallon for the best that can be bought in town,
Brandy at eight and tuppence to the British shore shall come,
And the same duty fall on French as on Colonial rum.
There is the Treaty, meant to bind two nations very tight,
I hope our project will have luck, I'm certain it's right;
Of course each separate interest will attack me for the plan,
But that's all beestly Selfishness, a vice innate in man.
For such objectors I must say profound contempt I feel,
Let's cut up private fatted calves, and help the Common-Weal.
Good wholesome wines of France let's bring to everybody's door,
Let him who never drank it drink, who drinks drink all the more.
Let 'a swamp the nasty African, not African at all,
And be the British wines henceforth doomed to the servants' hall.
Good wine is medicine—then how hard upon the labouring poor,
When ill to drink the public-house decoction, so impure—
The wine our poor sick sailors get's as grimy as Old Nick,
Upon my honour, gentlemen, it nearly made me sick.
I'm sure I touch you to the heart, I'll only add that soon
Trade will find out our Treaty is a most enormous Boon.

"And now to knock some duties off, a process that must please:
Henceforth be Butter free, and Tallow, Nuts, and Eggs, and Cheese,
The Orange and the Lemon, mark, the Nutmeg and the Date
Shall cease in future to bring in revenue to the State,
With Foreign Paper, Liquorice, and many a thing that sounds
A trifle, yet the whole bring near Four Hundred Thousand Pounds.
That same amount, too, I release,—I always said I should,—
By knocking off the Timber Duty. Hear that, Charley Wood?
Then, on some other articles of great and daily use
The duty we will not take off, but largely will reduce:
Currants and Raisins, Figs and Hops: I think that I may say,
About a Million is the total sum I throw away.

"How to make up for all these boons. A plan as good as any,—
Charges on every Package shipped, or brought to shore, one penny;
It is a trifle, which I call a Registration Fee,—
Three Hundred Thousand Pounds, my Coves, that trifle brings to me.
The system that's called Warehousing—it's very full of 'jargon,'
But I've a plan for taxing it—you'll find I've got a bargain.
Some chicory duty, and some stamps will bring me in some aid,
And then I've got a plan will rile the Witlers, I'm afraid,
I mean to let Confectioners, likewise the Slap-Bang Line,
Take out a licence to supply their guests with beer and wine;
And little game certificates I'll sell to Cockney shots
Who shoot but for a week or two—I'm told that there are lots,
And when I've added that I'll stamp a cheque, though drawn by Self,
I've told you all my Little Games for pocketing the pelf,
So now I'll burst upon you like a roaring boar or Aper,
I mean, my boys, Abolishing the Duty upon Paper.
There goes a Million—never mind—let's act like honest men—
The Pen does justice to us all, do justice to the Pen.

"One way or other we shall lose Two Millions, rather more.
How shall we get that money back—that mighty sum restore?
I'll tell you. Take the credits up which Malt and Hops enjoy,
Screw up John Barleycorn, he's been too much indulged a boy.
Nearly a million and a half by this means we obtain—
Then, the beloved old Income-Tax must go on once again,
It *is* as nice as Ninepence, but we'll raise it to the rank
Of such a pretty coin of France—we'll make the Tax a Franc.
There is at once a mine from which our losses we'll supply—
And such a graceful compliment to our adored Ally.

"So there's my scheme. I've often read that Queens in times of old
Among their subjects scattered showers of silver and of gold,
That was a goodly sight, no doubt, but 'tis a goodlier sight
To see this Council of our Queen assembled here to-night,
Enabled by Heaven's Providence to fling, with liberal hand,
Such boons as I suggest you scatter broadcast o'er the land."

Thus amid all those orators, of whom he's Lord and Rex,
Outspake our gallant Chancellor, the Chancellor of X.

SPREAD OF THE VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT.—SCENE THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

Young Larkins. "Oh, Here's Mamma! Now, Ma, if you'll fall in by G'ina, I'll put you through your Facings. 'Ten-tion!"

THE DEFIANCE OF SIR JOHN BARLEYCORNE.

'Twas stalwart Sir John Barleycorne,
And he satte in his elbowe-chaire,
With his milk-white creste of the foamynge yeaste,
And his corselette of pewter fayre.

On either hande a valiaunte bande,
Ycladde in wood and glasse,—
Sir Porter le Perkins, Sir Stoute de Meux,
Pale Alsoppe and bitter Basse.

And the Guinesse of Dublin, briske and brighte,
As an Irish kern mote be:
And Sir Ale de Alloa, Scotland's Knyghte,
A headie knyghte was he!

And aye they laughed and aye they quaffed,
The colde and syne the hotte,
And with crabs aroaste, and the spicie toaste,
They passed aboute the potte.

When in there came a little foote page—
Small Beere of Romforde towne,
And unto Sir John de Barleycorne
Righte lowlie louted down.

"Now newes! now newes! Sir John," he saide,
"Now newes of dole and feare:
That Basse to knowe more bitter will growe,
Browne Stoute turn pale to heare!

"Fair England's strande from thy stout hande
There are knaves would fain see torne;
And *De Vin's* French race set up in the place,
Of Sir John de Barleycorne!

"From cellar and tappe they would ouste thy sappe,
Till thou thy place foregoe
To the fierie stock of Burgundie,
And the thinne bloode of Bordeaux."

Then uppe sprang stoute John Barleycorne,
And upon the boarde smote he,
That glasses rang and pewters did clang,
And the foame flew merrilie.

"Now by the sugar of malte," quoth he,
"And the bitter of hoppe, I vowe,
While there's water in Trent and kilns in Kent,
And graine in the barley-mow,—

"While there is virtue in British beefe,
And fogge in British aire—
So long as Britayne's sons are stoute,
And Britayne's daughters faire—

"So long as '*Rule Britannia*' 's sung,
And eke '*God Save the Queene*,'
So long shall the bloode of Barleycorne
Be here what it hath been!

"A fig for the thinne and hungrie draffe
Of the Loire and the Garonne;
For the frothy strain of brisk Champagne,
And the soure-faced growthe of Yonne!

"Let them come in their bilious bottle-greene,
With their long corke shakos crowned;
The skinny Mounseers will give their eares,
They had ne'er touched British grounde.

"Their corkes we'll drawe, their bottles we'll flawe,
Were we but one to tenne;
The British floode shall drinke their bloode,
But never ye Britishe menne!

'Sour growthes and smalle, come one, come all,
Your inroade we defie!
The fewe of ye sea-sicknesse spares,
In bonde full long shall lie.'

John Barleycorne hath ta'en his casque,
And sounded his humming horn;
And his stalwart kinne come trooping in,
By blacke dray-horses borne.

Burton hath sent from banks of Trent,
Her pale and bitter broode,
And London her route, both heavy and stoute,
Dark-faced and stronge of mood.

From those the triple crosse that weare
In token of commande,
To the smallest of small beers that beare
Romford's or Chiswick's brande.

Barclay's strong draught, and Meux's best,
And Courage's Entire;
And Philipps' and Wigan's mild old ales,
Yet nursing youthful fire—

"Sounde trumpets," quoth John Barleycorne,
"Sounde cymbal and kettle-drum,
Now bid advance the growthe of France—
Let rot-gutte Gallia come!"

A SOP FOR CERBERUS.

A COOL QUESTION AND A COURTEOUS ANSWER.

MR. PUNCH lately received the following polite communication from the indefatigable assessor of Income-Tax for the district in which *Mr. Punch* carries on his labours for the benefit of his species :—

"2, Falcon Court, Fleet Street, February 3rd.

"You will please fill up the enclosed Form with the names and addresses of those Gentlemen who WRITE for *Punch*, in order that they may be duly assessed to the Income-Tax. Please return it to my office within Seven days."

This letter took *Mr. P.* by surprise. He had not been accustomed to consider that his distinguished, though anonymous, correspondents, were "persons in his service or employ"—as specified in the heading of the Form enclosed by the assessor. Satisfied, however, that no assessor of Income-Tax could possibly have over-stepped the limits of law, still more, that such an official could have asked any question he had no right to ask, and thus have been guilty of an impertinence, *Mr. Punch* loses no time in satisfying the curiosity of that official, and at the same time takes the opportunity of indulging the natural eagerness of the public for information as to the sources of the wit and wisdom that weekly irradiate his pages, by filling up the return as follows :—

No. 8. INCOME TAX.

For the Year 1859, ending 5th April, 1860.

City of London. Parish of St. Bride. No. First.

To *Mr. Punch*

IN pursuance of the Acts of Parliament granting to Her Majesty Duties on Profits arising from Property, Professions, Trades and Offices, you are required to fill up such of the following Lists as are applicable to your Case, and to deliver the same to us at our Dwelling-house, situate at

No. 2, Falcon Court, Fleet Street,

within *Twenty-one* Days from the date hereof, under the Penalty contained in the said Acts on neglect so to do.

Dated this 2nd Day of May, 1859.

William Halksworth, James Donald Munro, } *Assessors.*

LISTS to be delivered by Persons employing *Clerks*, or *Servants*, or having *Inmates* and *Lodgers*, and by *TRUSTEES, AGENTS*, &c.

Christian and Surname of every Person in my Service or Employ (except Domestic Servants whose Total Incomes are respectively less than £100 a Year), whether resident in my Dwelling-house or not, and the Place of Residence of those not residing with the Master or Mistress.

Lists of Clerks, Travellers, and Servants.

Christian and Surname.	Place of Residence of those not residing in my Dwelling-house.
BENJAMIN DISRAELI,	Grosvenor Gate, Park Lane, and Hughenden Manor, Bucks.
THE RIGHT HON. VISCOUNT PALMERSTON,	Cambridge House, Piccadilly and Broadlands, Hants.
WISCOUNT WILLIAMS,	Park Square, Regent's Park.
RALPH BERNAL OSBORNE,	Charles Street, St. James's, and Newton Anner, Co. Tipperary.
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE CONSORT,	Buckingham Palace, &c.
MESSRS. BUCKMASTER (Army Tailors),	New Burlington Street, West.
SIR GEORGE W. W. BRAMWELL,	Deans' Yard, Westminster, and Court of Exchequer.
JAMES MYERS,	(Travelling with a Circus, and not having any fixed residence, so far as I know.)
COL. THE HON. SIR C. B. PHIPPS,	Buckingham Palace; Osborne, Isle of Wight: Balmoral, Co. Aberdeen; and Windsor Castle, Berks.
BARON NATHAN,	Rosherville, Gravesend.
JOHN JENKINS,	*Morning Post* Office, Wellington Street North.
THE VERY REV. FRANCIS CLOSE,	Deanery, Carlisle.
THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE,	Downing Street.

(Signed) *Punch.*

Dated (by anticipation) the 1st day of April, 1860.

FACTS FOR FOREIGNERS.

SOME people may have smiled at the following announcement, which was inserted in the *Times* of not many days ago. More thinking minds, however, will probably agree with us, that the statement should elicit commendation more than laughter, as it tends to show how England is made much of on the Continent, and how foreign writers try to magnify her might :—

"THOSE ENGLISH!—Some of the German journals announce seriously that a Company of English capitalists have made an application to the KING OF NAPLES for a concession for the extinction of Vesuvius. The principal seat of the fire of that volcano is situated several thousand feet below the level of the sea. By cutting a canal which would carry the water into the crater, the fire would be completely extinguished, and the operation, which would only cost 2,000,000f., would restore to cultivation land of ten times that value."

As a pendant to this story we are authorised to state, that there are several new Companies now forming in this country, by which our surplus money will be usefully employed, and highly profitable work be found for those who want it. Among the projects now in prospect we may mention the few following, which will instance what grand schemes have of late been started in the city, for the purpose of employing our few millions of spare cash :—

The first that may be noticed is a Company established to set the Thames on fire, and by this means to deodorise and render it salubrious. A second purpose of this project is, by means of the caloric which thus will be engendered, to keep up a supply of hot air in cold weather, whereby the streets of London will be always kept well warmed, and those who walk in them will save the cost of wearing a great coat.

Another Company is now in progress of formation for the purpose of importing the summit of Mont Blanc; which, after being carried round the country as a peepshow, will be put up in Hyde Park as a practice-ground for tourists.

A third project has been started to employ our idle capital in bringing all the gold-fields bodily to England, so as to save the cost of working them so far away from home. By avoiding the expense of the export of machinery, and the higher price for labour which is paid abroad than here, it is reckoned that, at quite a moderate calculation, the profits of their project will be fully cent. per cent.

The next scheme to be noticed is a plan by which the Sun will be induced to shine at night; so that the public will be able to dispense with burning gas, and need no longer make complaints about monopolising companies, who supply it of low quality at rather a high price.

Besides a plan just set on foot for making champagne out of cucumbers, a scheme has been devised for procuring the extraction of pea-soup from London fog. When the foreigner remembers that our fogs are now so frequent that the clear blue sky in England is never clearly seen, he may form a faint conception of the work which is cut out for this new Company of Soup-makers. The fog will daily furnish a lot of raw material, which English ingenuity will soon cook into soup.

Another paying speculation is that which has been started for importing the Great Pyramid, for which purpose (it is known) we have been building our Big Ship. It is stated that the stones of which the pyramid is made will fetch ten millions sterling as ballast for our fleets, for which pacific purpose all the paving-stones in England have been long ago grubbed up. The myriads of mummies which the pyramid contains will of course fetch a high price among our farmers for manure: while the mummy-wheat alone will pay the whole cost of importing, for every one has heard how prolific it has proved, and there cannot be a grain less than a million billion bushels of it to be unearthed.

Our foreign friends moreover should know, that some half-dozen of our great West-end capitalists have subscribed among themselves eleven millions of loose cash, for excavating bodily the biggest of the glaciers, and placing it *en masse* in MR. GUNTER'S ice-house. How many sherry-coblers will be made from its contents, we leave the schoolmasters abroad, if they live long enough, to calculate.

We may state too for a fact, that shares are now in course of issue for a Company whose work will be to dig up some few square miles of the Sandwich Islands, and to import for home consumption the richest of their strata, which are composed of bread and butter with alternate ham and beef. By way too of providing liquefaction for these viands, another project has been thought of for digging up and shipping some few dozen of the Geysers, which when mixed with British brandy will afford the best of grog.

But perhaps the most surprising proof of English enterprise is the fact that application has been made to the Americans for concession of Niagara for sake of importation. The torrent when brought over will be made a "water privilege," and its vast power will be used to work the printing-press for *Punch!*

To these examples of our energy and speculative spirit we could, if we had space, add many dozens more. We have said enough, however, to convince the German journalists that the scheme which they assign to us falls far short of the truth: and as they have already been stretching their credulity, if they swallow their own stories, they may easily bolt ours. It is not wise to underrate the power of an enemy, and we think our foreign friends will be the less apt to attack us, the more they are convinced of our gigantic strength.

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER III.—THE ANGLO-SAXON PERIOD.

NOT because this is leap year, we may make a leap here over the Anglo-Roman period, but because there is but little change of costume to record in it. The only noticeable novelty which TACITUS relates was, that the better classes mostly "threw away their braccæ," and wore the Roman tunic, which descended to the knee. Scotch writers have however discredited this statement, as it tends to bring discredit on the prudence of their ancestors. It seems indeed incredible that any forefather of Scotchmen could have ever been so wasteful as to throw away his breeches, and we think it far more likely that the better classes either gave away their cast-off clothing, or else let their servants sell it for them to the Jews. Even in our present extravagance of dress, it is seldom that one hears of swells throwing away their trousers; and we imagine when the braccæ first went out of fashion there were many ways of turning them to profitable account. Poor relations were, no doubt, very thankful to get hold of them; and we can fancy the delight of a Roman-British matron at finding an old pair of braccæ in a closet, and exchanging them forthwith to some Roman-British costermonger, for a "hornament to her fire-stove" or a "bowl of 'andsome gold-fish."

We proceed now to a period of which the costumes have been much more frequently depicted, and we have not to draw so largely on our fancy to describe them. When the reader bears in mind that it was in the Anglo-Saxon time that HAROLD lived *and died*, we need surely say no more to convince him on this point. Every student of High Art has dressed up a lay figure to represent how HAROLD lay upon the field, and from the various costumes in which his body has been found, we may arrive at something possibly approaching to the truth.

Hasty critics might imagine that the Battle of Hastings would not afford much notion of the fashions of the period, any more than in a picture of the Battle of Waterloo one would expect to see the pantaloons and pumps then worn at Almack's. But of the Saxons we are told that nearly all of them were soldiers, and they were therefore much more military than civil in their habits. The great guns of historians cite the *Canons* of KING EDGAR, which enjoined, as a great penance, that men should go unarmed; and from this we may infer that the male part of the people went about in mail, and used their spear or sword by way of walking-stick or switch. The addition of a shield to their ordinary clothing would make them just as ready for the fray as for the feast; and as the latter very often ended in the former, we can fancy that they sometimes armed themselves with dish-covers, which now bear a close resemblance to the Saxon shield.

It would indeed seem from the dresses of these ancestors of ours, that their organs of Destructiveness were most prodigiously developed, or else their bumps of Cautiousness were most unusually big. "Every man his own policeman" was apparently their motto, and one would think the Danger-signal always stared them in the face. As a proof of their pugnacity we learn, that they preferred to wear a shortened tunic, "because in it they could most freely wield their weapons;" and they added to this vestment a metal rim or collar, which at times when they grew mettlesome, served by way of breast-piece. This pectoral was no doubt a great protection to the chest, and shielded it from cold as well as from a sword-cut. Besides being a breast-plate, it acted, we do not doubt, as a sort of poor man's plaister, and saved the wearers from bronchitis not less than from a blow.

To protect themselves still further, both from cutting winds and weapons, the Saxons wore a kind of ringed tunic, or *byrne:* so called, perhaps, because it was exceedingly warm clothing, and very likely made the wearers burning hot. The imaginative reader may form some faint conception of the nature of this byrne, by reading an enigma which was made by BISHOP ADHELM, and which, as being a fair specimen of the riddles of the period, it may not be out of place to copy into *Punch*.

"I was produced"—says the bishop, speaking as the byrne—

"I was produced in the cold bowels of the dewy earth, and not made from the rough fleeces of wool: no woofs drew me, nor at my birth did the tremulous threads resound; the yellow down of silkworms formed me not; I passed not through the shuttle, neither was I stricken with the wool-comb; yet, strange to say, in common discourse I am called a garment. I fear not the darts taken from the long quivers."

Serious people may be shocked at finding that a Bishop has stooped to make a riddle, but this episcopal enigma may serve to shut their mouths, when they protest that riddle-making is a frivolous employment, which no one but a punster or a pickpocket would take to. It cannot be denied that the enigma is far-fetched, considering the long distant date from which we fetch it. Still, for such an early effort, it is really not so bad, and we think none the worse of the good bishop for making it.

Whether or no the Scalds were the inventors of the byrne, is a question far more easy to be asked than to be answered. It seems however not unreasonable to fancy that they were, for the byrne was just the thing for fiery people like the Scalds, who were so continually getting into hot water. Being, as we learn, extremely difficult to pierce, it was doubtless of great use in what the Yankees call a "difficulty." At the time of which we write the thoughtful reader may remember that revolvers were not known: and, as duels then were fought with daggers, spears, and swords, the byrne, there is no question, often saved the skins of those who came up to the scratch.

The Anglo-Saxon shields were oval and convex, with an iron boss, or umbo, projecting from the centre like the handle of a dish-cover; to which, as we have said, the shields bore somewhat of resemblance. But though they looked like dishcovers, their chief use was as head-covers: and we have no doubt they were useful in peace as well as war-time, and could ward not only weapons but water from the brain. Their projecting umbo gave them quite the look of umbo-rellas, and they were doubtless of good service in a shower or a scrimmage, and could protect the head from anything, whether wet or blows, which happened to be rained on it.

These dish-covers, however, were not their only brain-covers; for, as the sapient observer has possibly remarked, men don't wear an umbrella with a view to keep their heads warm. So besides their shields the Saxons wore by day a sort of night-cap, which a modern writer tells us was "borrowed from the Phrygians." We think though, that this writer writes wrongly on this head; for we can't believe our ancestors were so hard up for hats, that they were forced to go so far as Phrygia to borrow them. The old illuminations throw some light upon this cap, which seems in shape to have been a cross between a nightcap and a foolscap. In material, however, it differed from them both, being made of leather, which was sometimes edged with metal: so that, at least in one material respect, this queer cap bore resemblance to the French *chapeau de cuir*.

NOTES ON NAPLES.

THE *Court Circular*, the other day, contained a statement that the band of the 1st Life Guards was in attendance during HER MAJESTY'S dinner, and played, amongst other pieces of music, a "*Mélange*" by BINDER, named "*Souvenir de Naples.*"

MR. BINDER'S medley we may suppose to have been one of a descriptive character; such as the celebrated *Battle of Prague*. In the latter composition, our grandmothers used to hear the "groans of the wounded;" in the former the Royal dinner party probably distinguished the groans of the tortured, and the rattling of the prisoners' chains. Such sounds "most musical, most melancholy," would necessarily constitute the strongest effects in the performance of any accurate harmonic recollection of Naples.

QUESTIONS FOR THE ADMIRALTY.

Is a screw steamer, if a man-of-war, a male screw or a female screw? Does the screw principle involve any economy of coals?

THE FREEWOMEN OF VENICE.

VENICE is asserting herself. According to a letter from that fair city,—

"Not many days since the word was given by the ladies through the Venetian provinces that, in order to be distinguished from the female companions of their oppressors, one and all should renounce wearing Crinoline."

The Venetian ladies have done admirably in signifying their hatred of an abominable despotism by the renunciation of an odious fashion. In thus acting, they have vindicated the dignity of their sex; for the gregarious and sheepish submission to the burden of hoops and whalebone, on the part of the softer sex, had rendered it questionable whether woman, however stubborn and obstinate she may sometimes be, really possesses any intelligent will of her own. The Venetian ladies, however, by bursting the bonds and casting away the cords of Crinoline have proved themselves endowed with sense, reason, and the power of free agency; faculties which, therefore, we may regard as only paralysed in the case of the rest of the females, who persist in wearing clothes which are inconvenient and ridiculous, as if they were unable to help themselves. As the ladies of Venice have rejected the yoke of the LADY BELLASTON dynasty revived, so may they, by the help of men who are worthy of them, very soon be enabled to get rid of the atrocious tyranny of the Imperial dastard who suffers his execrable hangmen to whip them.

TRUE AND FALSE PROPHETS.

THE Irish Revival is not by any means approved of by the priesthood over which DR. CULLEN presides. From the following statement made by a Dublin journal in reference to the present state of King's County, it appears that some of those reverend gentlemen pretend to prophetic gifts of their own:—

"The priests openly proclaim the banishment of all Protestants from the district, and prophesy that before winter is ended many of them will make clay in the churchyard."

What do DR. CULLEN and his episcopal coadjutors say to these predictions? They may, if they please, contrast the prophecies of their own clergy with those of the Revivalists, and argue that the latter, being unfulfilled, are evidently the utterances of mere enthusiasm, whereas the former must be regarded as attestations of true faith, because they are verified: for if Irish priests predict that Irish Protestants will make clay in the churchyard, their words are pretty sure to come true.

A Nominal Duty.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Post*, signing himself HOPEFUL, proposes to avoid any addition to the Income-Tax by the expedient of imposing "a tax of 5*s*. on every name but one a child of HER MAJESTY's subjects receives at its baptism or registering." The aristocracy are requested to observe, that the adoption of this proposal would involve the impost of five BOB for every extra REGINALD, HUBERT, BERTRAM, or other proper name of a noble boy.

ARGUING IN A CIRCLE.—The POPE's Encyclical Letter.

A GO AT THE GAS-ROBBERS.

CORRESPONDENTS keep complaining of the badness of their gas, and of the insufficient quantity with which the streets are lit, and as they don't quite seem to know on whom to fix the blame, they as usual make appeal to the omniscience of *Punch*. This they do as usual with their stereotyped facetiousness, saying they are rather "in the dark" about the matter, and begging *Punch* to "throw a light upon the subject," and to "blaze away" at somebody for sake of a "flare-up." One writer makes remark, that from the bad gas in the theatres the audience looks "ghas-tly;" and another says, that gas is now of no use for "gas-tronomy," inasmuch as one can't cook by it, and can hardly see to eat. They most of them agree too, that the gas is "no light matter," and seeing that its badness is a constant "heavy loss," to them, they disclaim the least intention or endeavour to "make light" of it.

Now, *Punch*, once for all, must state, that he cannot any longer be a martyr to these witticisms, and he trusts the manufacture of them may at once be stopped. If there be just cause for a serious complaint about the gas, let the charge be made in seriousness, without making a bad joke of it, and *Punch* will "seriously incline" himself forthwith to hear and see to it. If it be true that, as one writer sentimentally observes,—

"The gas of other days is faded,
And half its glory gone:
The lamps of Regent Street are shaded,
Their cocks but half turned on,"—

Punch, who has a hatred of doing things by halves, will fire away unceasingly at those who are in fault, until the missing moiety of gas-light be restored to us. With his literary powder always kept dry for emergencies, *Punch* with pleasure will blow up any gas-making monopolists, who are proved guilty of giving scanty measure through their meters, and of sending out bad gas although they get in a good price for it. Ever at his post—although it be but a street lamp-post—*Punch* will keep his eyes unwinkingly upon our gas suppliers, and bring his *bâton* down on any who may give a short supply. "Turn on, Old Cock, to th' full thy gas!" will be his warning adjuration to any London lamplighter, who may be paid to keep his burners nightly at half-cock. To rob the streets of gas is a sort of highway robbery, which *Punch*, personifying Justice, never will abet; and he will not stay his pen from passing condemnation until the gang of gaseous TURPINS be turned off—like their lamps.

A DREADFUL BLOW AND GREAT DISCOURAGEMENT.

MONSIEUR BURAT is a French Protectionist. He is so enraged at the attempt of the EMPEROR in favour of Free Trade, that he has actually registered a vow before Heaven that he will rather henceforward—

"Blow his nose on his fingers than use a pocket handkerchief of English make."

Spoken like a true *mouchard*, who does not mind lending his hand to anything! MONS. BURAT has strange tastes, and it will be rather awkward for him if he is in the habit of taking snuff. He has registered a vow that is certainly more curious than nice, and we only hope that he may come clean out of it. He pulls his own nose, and then fancies he is tweaking Free Trade's. We suppose he would not mind cutting his nose right off, if he thought by so doing he could damage the face of any Free-Trader. Clearly, MONS. BURAT is one of those short-sighted Protectionists who can see no farther than his nose: the bridge of it must be a regular *Pons asinorum*.

British and Foreign Exchange.

THERE is a way for the pacification of Italy which might perhaps be adopted with success. Suppose the POPE and QUEEN VICTORIA were to change subjects as far, on the QUEEN's part, as Ireland is concerned, Protestants excepted. HER MAJESTY could perhaps take the inhabitants of the Duchies too, and give an equivalent in certain Britons who also had rather be slaves. Constitutional Sovereign and Despots would then be accommodated with contented peoples, and the Legislature would enjoy a good riddance of bad rubbish.

"WHAT CAN'T BE CURED MUST BE ENDURED."

"THEY say that smoking cures hams, and herrings, and haddocks, and many other things—but all I know is, that I have tried it on my wife's temper for the last dozen years, and it hasn't had the smallest effect in curing that."—*A Persevering Husband.*

EXTRAORDINARY VEGETABLE.

LOUIS NAPOLEON, having proved so successful with his "plants," has turned his attention to vegetables, and is at present engaged in forcing a gigantic specimen of *Savoy cabbage*.

A CAPITAL FINISH.

Excited but rather Behind-hand Party. "NOW THEN, MY MAN, HAVE YOU SEEN 'EM? WHICH WAY HAVE THEY GONE?"
Man. "ALL RIGHT, SIR. THEY'RE DOWN 'ERE; FOX AN' 'OUNDS IS JUST RUN INTO *TH' INFANT SCHOOL!*"

LITERATURE LOOKING UP.

WHAT was it that MR. MILTON pocketed for his *Paradise Lost?* (We have a horribly bad memory, and have mislaid our Commonplace book, or we should never dream of asking so commonplace a question.) Was it Ten Thousand Pounds, think you? Certainly not more, you say. Well, then, we can tell you, there is extant now a poem, whose estimated value equals that of MR. MILTON'S, and yet, actually, no offer has, it seems, been made to publish it!

This we learn from a perusal of the following advertisement, which was copied from the *Hull Advertiser*, the other day, into the *Times*:—

WANTED to borrow £500 on a manuscript poem, the estimated value of which is £10,000.

The *Times* calls this, in irony, "A Modest Request." But what the *Times* intends for sarcasm, we prefer to take as truth. To ask for such a paltry sum as only Five Hundred Pounds to be advanced on what is estimated to be worth Ten Thousand, appears to our mind a request that could never cause a blush. As for raising brutal doubts if the security be really of the value it is judged at, it is enough to point to poems which have recently been printed, and which, according to the statements of reliable authorities (of whom "*Our London Correspondent*" stands conspicuously first), have been paid for at the most exorbitant of rates. When it is known that sums of one, three, five, nay, even twenty, fifty, and a hundred pounds per line have just been handed across counters for poetic compositions, one surely can't feel wonder that a poem should be valued at a mere Ten Thousand Pounds, nor that the Milton who has written it, instead of keeping "mute," should open wide his mouth.

No! Prosaic as we call ourselves, Poetry is looking up. Poets are no longer out at elbow and of credit, whatever they may possibly have been in days of yore. They can afford to put their Pegasus in harness as a carriage-horse, and are not driven to use him as a half-fed printer's hack. Every line they write is, now-a-days, a golden line: every verse they scan for us is worth a guinea a foot. Their manuscripts are all of them negotiable paper; money-lenders will advance on them to an uncountable amount. Rampant idiots who doubt this, and who question if a poem now would fetch Ten Thousand Pounds (whatever, in its writer's estimation, be the value of it), may be silenced in a jiffy by propounding just one problem: How many Hundred Millions is the "estimated value" of the poetry of *Punch?*

REVEREND HISTRIONICS.

THE REV. FREDERICK GEORGE LEE has written a letter to the *Times*, the conclusion whereof is remarkable. Repeating what he had told his congregation from the pulpit, he says,—

"And, moreover, I observed that, as MR. KING and his Curates had not transgressed any law, either of the Church or State—as they pay their taxes, and have not been outlawed—they deserve that protection in the performance of their duty which, in a country professing religious liberty, is so justly awarded to the Mormonite and Unitarian, and which SIR RICHARD MAYNE even kindly bestows upon those clerical gentlemen who have recently taken to the stage."

A very pretty sneer, MR. LEE, is that with which you refer to the clergymen who have been preaching at various theatres. But, reverend and sarcastic Sir, which clerical gentlemen are the more culpable, those who use theatres for churches, or those who turn a church into a theatre?

The Beginning of the End.

THERE can no longer be any doubt entertained as to the imminence of Austria's downfal in Venetia. Punch has been put down in the streets of Venice! A rising of the people is momentarily expected.

NEW BULLS AND BEARS.

WE understand that it is the intention of the Government to grant every private soldier admission to the Stock-Exchange, by enabling him to change his black choker for a convenient tie.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, February 18, 1860.

Experienced Young Fellow. "*Ah, Clara, you should have seen the* Pantomines *that I've seen; these modern affairs ain't half so good.*"

A BALLAD ON THE BUDGET.

Tune—"*The Dog's Meat Man.*"

I find it hard my rent to pay,
That's due on every Quarter Day,
But then I did, with free consent,
Agree to take this tenement.
I know it was my act and deed;
But if a tenant comes to need,
He underlets, and off he packs;
But I can't run away from my Income-Tax.
Sing oh, the heavy Income-Tax,
Unequal burden on our backs,
No greater do my profits wax!
But my rulers go on adding to my Income-Tax.

Before, if earnings chanced to fail,
I could reduce taxation's scale
By eating and by drinking less,
Or by economy in dress;
But now that luxuries are cheap,
Small gain from abstinence I reap,
And am unable to relax
The stress of that inevitable Income-Tax.
Sing oh, &c.

When I can earn no more, 'tis true
My Income-Tax will then cease too;
But then, what will become of me?
A wretched pauper I shall be.
For I shall have no money left,
Of what I should have saved bereft,
Since all my thrift that impost sacks,
The villanous abominable Income-Tax.
Sing oh, &c.

Were I a wealthy Lord or Squire,
The Income-Tax I should admire,
For I should have no need to hoard,
And cheap good things could well afford.
Had I an ample income, sure
That ample income would endure,
I'd drink, in wines of choicest smacks,
Everlasting imposition to the Income-Tax!
Sing oh, &c.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, Feb. 13. Lord Chelmsford's Bill for doing away with the Grand Jury Nuisance within the metropolitan police district was read a second time, with the approval of Lords Campbell and Brougham. Lord Wensleydale, who was put into the Lords simply and solely because it was thought he must have picked up a good deal of legal knowledge which might be useful when Law Bills were discussed, and who therefore takes every opportunity of protesting against any law reform, made his usual grumble. He is Wensleydale of Walton, but it ought to have been Walton-on-the-Nays. However, his objection was very properly unheeded, and the Secret Tribunal, as Lord Chelmsford called it, will one of these days be as extinct as the Vehme Gericht.

The vestry and inhabitants of St. George's-in-the-Yeast petitioned against the doings of the Rev. Bryan O'King. The Bishop of Exeter said that O'King had done many objectionable things, but nothing contrary to law, and that a mob ought not to be allowed to interfere. So said Lord Brougham, who mentioned that he had been accused of turning Romanist, because he refused to condemn another person for worshipping after his own fashion. *Punch* would as soon accuse his old friend of having a Roman nose. The Bishop of London said, that the presence of sixty policemen in the church had kept the rioters in awe the last Sunday. Lord Granville said, they had made as much row as they dared. A highly creditable state of things altogether. If the police would clear out the mob, and the bishop would clear out the parson, a new clergyman might come in with advantage, though as was said in old time, "What can the man do that cometh after the King."

Mr. Fitzjurld will no longer wield wild arrums and employ minacious terrums as an Irish patriot. Judge Perrin retires, and the Attorney-General for Ireland takes a place on the vinerable binch of secret Thaymis. Mr. Serjeant Deasy is made easy by being shoved up to Fitzjurld's place; and Mr. O'Hagan, the Pagan, takes Deasy's. So that thrifle of justice to Ireland is adjusted; but of course there is a row—somebody has been overlooked or neglected, as always happens in Ireland.

The Commons had a Chinese Debate, which came to nothing, except that Charley Napier asked for the Victoria Cross for the gallant old Admiral Hope; and Charley is hereby clapped sonorously on the back for that piece of good taste and good feeling. After which, Lord Clarence Paget moved the Navy Estimates, and got votes for 85,000 men and boys, and about Five Millions of Sovereigns to pay and feed them.

Tuesday. Lord Normanby, who has all the spiteful pertinacity of a not very wise old man, abused our *chargé d'affaires* at Florence for attending the official reception of Signor Buoncompagni, the Governor-General under the new order of things. There was talk on the subject for about three hours, and it was, of course, made perfectly clear that our *chargé* had acted quite properly, and that Lord Normanby was only carping at what was distasteful to his friends the ex-tyrants. This being Valentine's Day, *Mr. Punch* sent the old goose the following lines:—

"When young you were a smartish fribble,
But now your talk 's the merest dribble:
Don't kick up such a feeble Shine,
My Pantaloon and Valentine."

Lord John Russell stated, that the Spaniards had actually forked out £493,885, which they owed us. We all know how one hates a creditor who has asked one for a just debt, and the bitterness of the Spanish press against England just now may be easily understood. If Spain were more in the habit of paying her debts, she would not perhaps find it so very disagreeable. Mr. Spooner brought on the Maynooth question, and Mr. Patrick O'Brien reminded the House of O'Connell's saying, that the worst enemy to religion was a pious fool. Mr. Newdegate flared up; but Mr. O'Brien explained that he had not meant to be personal, only playful, and apologised like a gentleman. The Spooner motion was rejected by 186 to 128 pious fools, we suppose. The evening ended with some talk about certain alleged inconveniences to Dissenters at Cambridge, but Lord Stanley said that all was right,—so of course it is.

Wednesday. Mr. Mellor's Bill for inflicting terrible punishment on people who were guilty of bribery was squashed. *Mr. Punch* rushed down to the House hearing that something was up about the character of Mr. Balfe. Thinking it was about his friend Michael, who writes the elegant operas, *Mr. Punch* instantly rose and delivered a splendid

eulogy on the *Rose of Castille*, with introduced compliments to the admirable vocalism of MISS LOUISA PYNE and MR. HARRISON, at the end of which the SPEAKER smilingly informed *Mr. P.* that it was not the composer who was being talked of, but some Irish magistrate named BALFE, who had been oppressed, but that the House was only too happy to hear *Mr. Punch* on any subject whatever. *Mr. Punch* was not in the slightest degree abashed, told the SPEAKER that he, *Mr. P.*, knew quite well what he was about, and delicately worked round the subject from the Royal Italian Opera House, and MR. WALLACE's new opera, to the Floral Hall, and so to the Volunteers' Ball, and thence to the Volunteer Movement, and to the state of the country generally, until the House, instructed and delighted, rose.

Thursday. CALIGULA made his horse *Incitatus* a Roman Consul (in imitation of which feat a good many British and Foreign Consuls are made out of asses) and it is a pity that we have not an Hereditary Legislator out of the *Incitatus* stock. His lordship would have been useful to-night, when another Hereditary Legislator, LORD REDESDALE, actually thought proper to invite all the other Hereditary Legislators to consider whether it would not be well for them to give their official attention to racing matters. He pathetically deplored the evil practice of putting "ridiculously light weights" upon racers, inasmuch as the practice encouraged gambling, and like a practical Hereditary Legislator, he was provided with a proposition to remedy so terrible an evil. He suggested that no horse should, after this year, be allowed to run with less than Seven Stone on him. It is due to his hearers to add, that they not only gave their best ears to the subject, but showed their acquaintance with it; for when LORD REDESDALE inadvertently said "pounds" instead of "stone," he was instantly corrected by a dozen Hereditary Legislators. The question, he said, was too important to be disposed of hastily, as if it were a mere Church Rates Bill or Reform Bill, and therefore he would fix the second reading of his measure at a distant date, in order that the Hereditary Legislature might have ample time to meditate on the proposed alteration. Perhaps witnesses had better be examined, in which case *Mr. Punch* would like to hear the sentiments of certain Crimean Hereditary Legislators, who should know something of horses, having introduced a new mode of feeding cavalry chargers, namely, by leaving them to devour one another's tails.

LORD EBURY wanted a document (upon the subject of a revision of the Burial Service) which was in the private library of the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, and was severely abused by the CHANCELLOR and LORD BROUGHAM for making so ungentlemanly a demand. LORD BROUGHAM, indeed, who visited the House of Commons on the night of MR. GLADSTONE's budget speech, and had never been there in the interim between that night and his own elevation to the Woolsack, did not seem to have been greatly conciliated by anything he saw or heard Down-stairs, for he pitched into the Commons uncommonly, for having made the same demand as LORD EBURY. The EARL OF AIRLIE assailed the Coal proposals of the Budget, and was told that he did not understand the question, which was probable enough, though the Ministerial reply could scarcely be considered civil.

Down-stairs, LORD JOHN RUSSELL gave notice that he should bring in his Reform Bill on Thursday, the First of March. He had previously mentioned, in a Cocky sort of manner, that this would be an auspicious day for the purpose, meaning that it was on a First of March, twenty-nine years ago, that he brought in his first Reform Bill. We don't know what he meant by auspicious, but *that* Bill was read by a majority of one only, and smashed on the first hostile amendment. Is that sort of thing what our courageous young friend is looking to?

He, our courageous young friend, then explained that the Americans had shown their usual smartness in interpreting a treaty between themselves and us. When we repealed the navigation laws, JONATHAN promised to be equally liberal, and in fulfilment of his promise has excluded us from the whole trade between New York and California, pretending that WASHINGTON and FRANKLIN provided for such exclusion. LORD JOHN was so struck by an appeal to the American LORD SOMERS and LORD GRENVILLE, that he could not find it in his heart to say we were owdaciously cheated, as no doubt we are.

It was then announced, by bits, that our ally the Elected was enforcing his demand for Savoy and Nice by withholding his consent to the union of the liberated provinces of Italy. He pretends to be afraid lest his frontier should be endangered by a powerful Sardinian kingdom. LORD JOHN had to be put on the rack a little to get the fact out of him, but he finally confessed. *Mr. Punch* would not wonder if the Opposition made a valuable handle of this pleasant announcement, before the Budget debates are over. MR. DISRAELI may, by a stress of imagination, be conceived "reposing the most illimitable confidence in a sagacious Sovereign, our valued friend and ally, but a diminished and attenuated confidence in the ministerial wisdom that could resign invaluable revenue as a propitiatory sacrifice to an Imperialist idea."

LORD JOHN further stated, that the KING OF NAPLES is so awfully afraid of plots, that an English officer, who bought a cake in Naples as a present to a lady, got into trouble because there was a little three-coloured flag on it. Neither the Poet PUNCH nor the Poet COWPER will be accused of anti-monarchism, but really some lines of one of those great and pious bards force themselves into the memory of the other:

> "QUEVEDO, as he tells his sober tale,
> Asked, when in hell, to see the royal gaol:
> Approved their dealings in all other things,
> But where, good Sir, do you confine your Kings?
> 'There,' said his guide, 'the group is full in view;'
> 'Indeed,' replied the Don, 'there are but few:'
> His black interpreter the charge disdained—
> 'Few, fellow? There are all that ever reigned!'"

Then came a debate on Manning our Navy, and a debate on one of the causes which prevent its being Manned. On the first some useful things were—said. By the second a useful thing was done, for our friend the Viscount of Lambeth, who now and then performs a wise act (or wouldn't he catch it harder for his chronic unwisdom), carried a motion for a return of the number of floggings in the Army and Navy for 1859. The object was, mainly, to have a new brand of condemnation marked upon the system. The only professional answer was, What other punishment avails with "riff-raff." To which the triumphant rejoinder was, Make your Services what they should be, and you will enlist honest and good men, instead of riff-raff. Government were then going to be beaten on a motion of MR. HENNESSY, for inquiry into the manner in which candidates are nominated and examined for the Civil Service, but LORD PALMERSTON prudently gave way. A committee was appointed to consider, whether something could not be done to promote the recreation of the people. *Mr. Punch*, who it need not be said, has done more towards that object than any person who ever lived has done, or any person who ever will live can do, heartily applauds the proposal, and SIR JOHN TRELAWNY, the proposer.

Friday. Further confirmation of the Savoy and Nice business—our Government is now formally apprised that if Sardinia is to be increased, France will demand part of Savoy—but not against the wishes of the inhabitants. *Mr. Punch* proposes a compromise. LOUIS NAPOLEON must not have any of the land of Savoy, but *Mr. Punch* offers to hand over to him every Savoyard, organ, monkey, and white mouse in England.

The Dissenters again trespassed on the Lords, and the Schools Bill was a good deal mangled in Committee.

The Conservatives mean to fight the Budget, and MR. DUCANE gave notice of an amendment. The Derbyite cry is to be, "Don't destroy Revenue, don't increase Income-Tax." So there will be a regular Mill. PAM demands that there be no stopping, and that the fight go on day by day till one party is floored.

After the *Conversazione* (*Punch* thanks thee, BEN, for teaching him that word), MR. SIDNEY HERBERT moved the Army Estimates, and got a vote for 143,362 men, which number does not include our Indian Army of upwards of 90,000 soldiers. SIR ROBERT PEEL fired off some rather amusing buffoonery at the Volunteers, especially at "fat lawyers." BOBBY is not a dull Bobby, but is sadly misplaced in the House of Commons. Why does not PADDY GREEN engage him to take the Chair at the Harmonic Rabbits?

THE PROSPECTS OF PAPER.

THE *Times*, in an interesting article on the subject of paper-manufacture, adverts to the fact, that for some time past there has existed in this country a great dearth of rags, because their exportation has been prohibited by the majority of foreign states. The demand for those materials, however, will very soon be supplied by the operation of an ever-increasing Income-Tax, imposed upon the insecure earnings of industry, which will reduce multitudes of professional and mercantile men, with their wives and families, to beggary and starvation, or the workhouse; in either of which cases their relinquished garments will afford the paper-makers abundance of rags.

The Pursuit of a Policeman.

SIR RICHARD MAYNE, in one of his letters to MR. BRYAN KING, begins it by saying, "I consider it my duty." Most noble words, considering the high position that SIR RICHARD occupies! We wish that the entire police force would only follow the example of their magnanimous chief, and never do more than what they considered their "duty." The Force, then, would be more of a Moral, and less of a Physical, Force.

"SOMETHING ROTTEN IN THE STATE OF DENMARK."

WHAT can be expected but Ministerial confusion in Denmark, where the Minister just out is *Rott-wit*, and the Minister just in is *Mad-wig*.

A curious Correspondent, by the way, writes to ask, whether *Mad-wig* is any, and if any what, relation to *March-hare?*

LEFT HIS PLACE—A GOOD ENGLISH COOKE.

The Westminster Road is in tears! Without in any way retiring from the management of the horse, Mr. William Cooke has thought fit to retire from the management of Astley's. Having lived so long by pleasing other people, he of course has fairly earned the right to please himself; but although he can afford, it seems, to part with the public, the public can't so easily afford to part with him. London without "Hashley's" would be, in holiday time especially, a place not worth the staying in; and its late manager has shown himself so capital a Cooke, that in his *manège*-ment of "Hashley's" he has never made a hash of it. Whatever has been promised there has always been performed; and excuses, elsewhere stereotyped, never have been printed there. The horses never have had colds, nor been "indisposed" (to act); nor have the human actors ever been too hoarse to show themselves. Mr. Cooke, like a good cook, has always had some "stock" (piece) by him, ready for emergencies, and in all his years of Cooke-ry has never dished the public. The pieces he has served have been always nice and delicate, and however hotly they may have been spiced with gunpowder, there has never been a *soupçon* of the flavour of *gros sel* in them. A hippodrama certainly is somewhat a coarse diet: seeing that its principal performer is a courser: but Mr. Cooke is a top-Soyer in serving up his horseflesh, and has caused it to be relished by the most refined of palates.

Mr. Cooke, it is well known, is blest with many children; but however they may spoil the look of his *potage*, we think there cannot well be "too many" of them like him. A thoroughly good cook is a rarity in England, and we cannot wish too strongly for the breed to be perpetuated. We therefore trust that Mr. Cooke in his period of management has managed to lay up something handsome for his larder, and that he and his may keep their pots a-boiling, without coming to the need of cooking their account-books.

A GEM OF AMERICAN CRITICISM.

It was quite by accident that we stumbled against the following gem, which we picked up in the pages of the *Mobile Register*. In describing a play, called *Cloud and Sunshine*, it says—

"The curiosity of the audience is kept upon the rack of expectation until the very *omega* of the drama."

We wonder who would be donkey enough to go to the theatre to be kept on the rack all the evening? We don't know what the 'rack of expectation' may be, unless it is one that a hungry steed is looking up to impatiently for his customary allowance of hay, that has been abstracted by a dishonest ostler. It sounds like some instrument of torture, worthy of the days of the Inquisition. Perhaps the rack is brought in purposely to keep the attention of the audience on the stretch throughout the play, and so to increase its painful interest? The whole thing is a cruel mystery to us, down to the "very *omega* of the drama." If the *Mobile Register* is generally full of such gems, we should like to subscribe to it.

A Policeman's Signature.—We suppose that, when a Policeman writes to Sir Richard Mayne, that he always signs himself "Your dutyful Servant."

RAILWAY LINES OF POLITICS.

"Mr. Punch, Honoured Sir,

"As a British Elector, I should just like to know your opinion about the follerin obserwations as was made by Mr. Tite tother day at the meetin of the South-Western Railway shareholders:—

"They were placed in a false position, not by the acts of the Directors, but by the rivalry of other companies, and the support which Parliament gave to that rivalry. . . . Take another instance which they would have to fight that session, and which involved the running of a broad gauge line into Southampton. Whether that line was withdrawn or not, the going to Southampton on the broad gauge was on the cards, and they must oppose somehow or other such a project as that. There was a disposition to encourage rivalry in railways, and Directors were driven to measures which were beyond their control."

"What do you say now to these here remarks of Mr. Tite's as exibitin his notion of the duties of a Member of Parliament? What I said when fust I read em was, Blow me, Tite! Here's Mr. Tite, a wery respectabel gentleman no doubt calls his self M.P. for Bath; but is Bath the constitchency repersented by that hon. legislator? Is he Member for Bath, or Member for the South-Western Railway? I don't know what may be the Bath voters' notion of the bisnis of their repersentative, but what I should like mine to do would be to fight the battles of the people in the House of Commons, instead of fightin rival railway companies. That's how the work of the nation's neglected, for the sake of forcin' up dividends, by means too of inderin competition, so as to enable directors to charge the public whatever fares they choose. It strikes me there's a good deal too much of this here sort of thing, and these here M.P.s for Railways in that there Assembly, which may be all rite and Tite for such as it may consern, but is wery like to be the cause of a good deal of loose legislation by which the people suffers in warious ways, besides bein' overcharged for travelin, thanks to the Railway Members as goes there to fight for privilidge and monopoly agin Free Trade. I has the honner to scribe myself,

"Your abitchial Reeder,

"*Tenpun Alley, Febwary*, 1860." "Simon Pure."

"P.S. If there must be Railway Members, why not let 'em be returned to Parliament for the different lines at wunce? Well—there'd be raather too many on 'em, I spose, in that case for the size of the bildin; so probbaly that scheme won't form no part of the nu Reform Bill."

A DREAM OF THE GREAT UNPAID.

The *Express*, the other evening, contained a letter relating the subjoined curious dream:—

"While staying at St. Alban's early last month I strayed into the Town Hall where the Quarter Sessions were being held, on Thursday the 8th. I then and there heard a poor agricultural labourer, out of work, for stealing a few sticks from a fagot-stack during the inclement weather, sentenced by the Earl of Verulam (Chairman), with the concurrence of the Bench, to three years' penal servitude. The poor fellow had a family of four young children, and his wife (whose distress in Court it was heartrending to see) was daily expecting a fifth. It was stated that the man had been before convicted - for stealing rabbits, I understood,—and that this was the cause of the ferocity (for so I must call it) of the sentence."

The Earl of Verulam has the character of a benevolent nobleman, and cannot possibly have dispensed a specimen of justice like the above—as outrageous as any sentence that was ever pronounced by a bashaw on the county Bench, even if a reverend one. The correspondent of the *Express* must have dreamt of the cruelty with which he charges the worthy Peer. Perhaps he is fond of poetry; and on the morning of the day on which the foregoing day-dream happened to him, had been reading Wordsworth's story of *Goody Blake and Harry Gill*. Lord Verulam has, no doubt, also read that story, which the poet declared to be a true one; and surely the fear of the perpetual shivers would have effectually deterred him, if any determent were needful, from giving a poor fellow three years' penal servitude for taking a little fuel to keep himself from congelation.

The Latest Arrival from Paris.

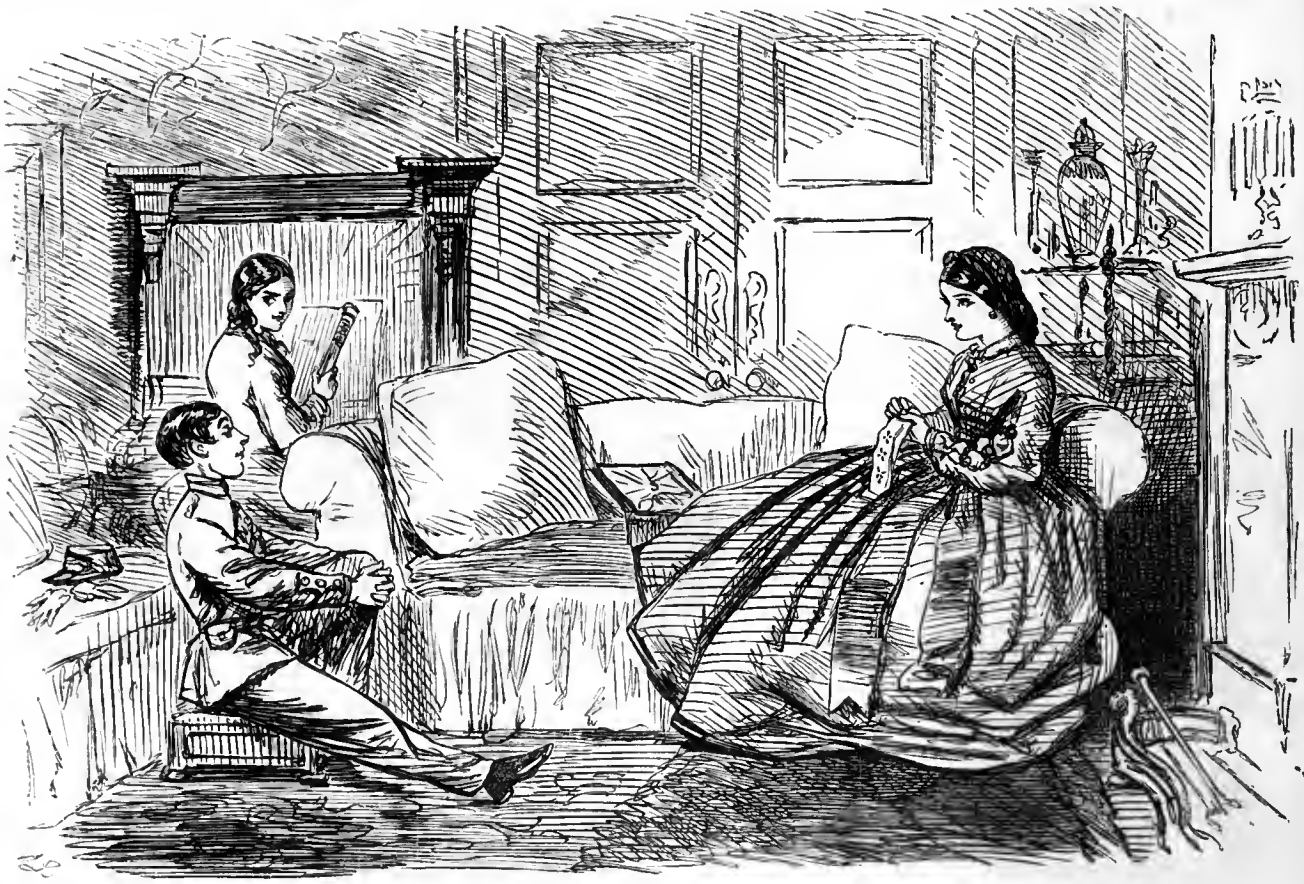
English Question. Why is Victor Emmanuel like Mr. Gladstone, when he was prevented by his cold from making his exposition of the Budget?

French Answer. Parce qu'il a presque perdu Savoie (*sa voix*).

A FRESH PALM-LEAF FOR PALMERSTON.

Should Pam succeed in introducing the wines of France into England, he will deserve to be known henceforth by the title of the "Judicious French Bottle-Holder."

How to Write Well.—W-e-l-l.



FLATTERING PROPOSAL.

Volunteer. "I SAY, LUCY, WE'RE GOING TO HAVE VIVANDIERES IN OUR CORPS. NOW, IF YOU LIKE, I'LL APPOINT YOU TO ATTEND UPON ME!"

THE BITTER PILL, OR THE LEAST OF TWO EVILS.

"YES," quoth JOHN BULL, with a rueful pull at the purse in his leather breeches,
"If it must be done, it had best be done, with the fewest possible speeches;
Fifteen millions odd for my Army, and almost as much for my Navy;
It's enough to leave Old England's Roast Beef uncommonly short of gravy!
I should mind it less were I sure I'd had value received for my money,
But I feel uncommonly like a Bee, that's just been smugged of his honey;
He *knows* the store's been rifled that he trusted to for hard weather,
But as to whose belly it's gone to he is in the dark altogether.
Then there's The Debt, of course I can't lighten that—though true it is,
I *did* rather flatter myself this year, in the hope of those Long Annuities;
But their dropping has been the excuse for so much financial phlebotomy,
I feel that not only they've dropt, but have certainly dropt atop o' me;
For every hundred I save by their falling in my Exchequer,
GLADSTONE calls on me for *two* hundred—that nineteenth century NECKER!
And then by this treaty with France—that's to end all animosity—
I've to give eighteenpence for a shilling, by way of reciprocity!
It's true I may drink *vin ordinaire*, at a saving of sixpence a bottle,
But I'd rather pay a shilling than let such stuff into my throttle!
I can use all my own coal and iron—to make Armstrong guns *in terrorem;*
And as for French hops—I can get what I want of MR. GYE, *ad valorem.*
However I'll swallow the treaty—though in making it, COBDEN, d'ye see,
Had *two* Chevaliers to deal with—and one *de l'industrie.*
If English revenue must go to teach France free trade—why let it:
And as for the *quid pro quo* for my loss, why let us hope we may get it:
I give up the paper duty—good bye to that, and Amen, Sir:
With the Sword asking thirty millions, one isn't much for the Pen, Sir.
As for sweeping away the tatters of that old flag of Protection,
That stuck here and there in my tariff,—I'm sure I've no objection—
And even your biggest and bitterest pill—this tenpenny Income-Tax, Sir,
Well—I'd rather swallow *that*, than put myself in the hands of those quacks, Sir,
Who puff themselves off in the papers and their own trumpets blow,
As Proprietors of the Conservative Pill—MESSRS. DERBY, DIZZY, AND CO."

INVOLUNTARY PUNSTERS.

THE *Cheltenham Examiner* makes the following statement, which reflects great credit on a worthy nobleman:—

"It may not be generally known that one of the best, if not, *par excellence*, the best rifle shot in the neighbourhood, is our respected Lord Lieutenant, EARL DUCIE. His lordship very recently shot, at his seat, Tortworth Court, against one of the most practised officers from Hythe, and was victor by many shots."

This paragraph must gratify all rightly constituted minds, rejoicing to hear of anything that redounds to the honour of the British Peerage. At the same time it will be the occasion of some annoyance to many innocent persons, who, in consequence of the reputation which it will have conferred on LORD DUCIE, will be sure to be accused of attempting to make a joke, whenever they happen to speak of anybody as a DUCIE-d good shot.

BACON CAREFULLY ATTENDED TO.

"TIME (says LORD BACON) is the right Reformer." So there is hope for the poorest of us. In time, if we only have patience, we shall get the Reform Bill.

THE GLADSTONE PILL.

Dr. Gl-dst-ne. "THERE, MR. BULL—SWALLOW IT AT ONCE, AND IT WILL RELIEVE YOUR CHEST DIRECTLY."

Our Artist Catches it again this Winter in the Highlands.

THE CAT IN THE CUPBOARD.

IN speaking on the motion of our friend MR. WILLIAMS for returns of the numbers of British soldiers and sailors who, in the year of Christianity 1859, had suffered torture by flogging, COLONEL NORTH is reported to have made the following remark:—

"If the honourable Member for Lambeth, or any other of the civilians who were always crying out against flogging, would only devise some other punishment which, while severe, would keep the soldier but a short time from his duty, he would earn the gratitude of the whole Army?"

Before attempting to earn the gratitude of COLONEL NORTH, and the whole of that army in which he is a commanding officer, *Mr. Punch* would fain expostulate with the gallant Colonel, on a certain form of words occurring in the above-quoted passage. What does COLONEL NORTH mean in talking of "the civilians who were always crying out against flogging?" The late CHARLES MATHEWS, in one of his entertainments, used to create much laughter by exclaiming, on a particular occasion, "Confound that boy,—he's always tying his shoe!" The force of this exclamation lies in the word "always;" which implies a complaint of weariness and consequent irritation. These are, perhaps, the feelings which COLONEL NORTH means to express when he describes certain civilians as "always crying out against flogging." Everybody who is at all concerned with a class of gentlemen whose highest moral quality is their self-respect, is familiar with this use of the term "always." It is predicated of the kind of being styled by those same gentlemen as a bore; or, as many of them are accustomed to pronounce that appellation, a baw.

Bores, however, or baws, Colonel, are useful things in their way. To bore is the property of a gimlet; and the bore, otherwise called baw, often succeeds in ultimately penetrating the very heart of a wrong. The Press is one of those baws, or bores, that have been always crying out against flogging. It incurred the disdain of the supercilious gentry by so doing, on the occurrence of the last gross case in point. You heard MR. SIDNEY HERBERT, the other night, state the result. According to report, he said:—

"As to the case that recently occurred, and excited some discussion, the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF was not in England at the time: he arrived two days afterwards. I immediately called his attention to it. The DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE ordered an inquiry into the case; and the result was, that the officers conducting the punishment were severely reprimanded. Another result of the inquiry was, the issuing of the general order that has been before referred to."

If the Press had not cried out against flogging in this instance, would the case have attracted any notice, and would the general order mentioned by MR. HERBERT ever have been issued to limit torture by the lash? Yet how boldly the Press was accused of exaggeration and hollow sentimentality; and how contemptuously it was informed, that stripes would of course draw blood, and that blood would naturally trickle down to the ground, and form a puddle there!

Will *Mr. Punch* be rewarded with the gratitude of the whole Army for the suggestion, that perhaps a good substitute for flogging might be found in the long-continued stoppage of an offender's pay? What punishment could be more severe—if that is what you want? Think of the suffering which is inflicted by the Income-Tax! To the stoppage of pay might be added reduction of rations, and the stoppage of them also in the event, and during the continuance, of refusal to do duty. And ought not *Mr. Punch*, by this suggestion, to earn the gratitude of the Navy as well as the Army? Pay is the main consideration which mans the Navy; would not the privation of it be a sufficiently formidable punishment? According to LORD CLARENCE PAGET, out of the whole Channel Fleet only three per cent. of the men have been placed in the class liable to corporal punishment. British sailors therefore do not seem to include a very large proportion of blackguards; and if the cat were altogether thrown overboard, would it be missed?

The whole merchant marine ought long ago to have gone to the deuce, if tough old commodores are right, and flogging is essential to discipline in the Royal Navy, and the Royal Navy is like a certain place which is not to be mentioned by *Mr. Punch*, and in which the crew can be kept under control only by terrific punishment. If this were the case—which surely it is not—we might reasonably be told to go to that place if we want to man our Navy.

WHAT NEXT?

OR LIGHT WINDOWS AND LIGHT WEIGHTS.

HERE'S a Bill of old CHARLES BURRELL'S,
For punishing by law,
Maids of all work, sharp as squirrels
(But not quite so sure of claw)—

Who their lives and limbs go risking
To clean our window-sashes,
And in payment of such frisking,
Oft come to awful smashes.

Against such legislation,
An objection raised *in limine*'s,
That in this favoured nation,
"*Lex non curat de minimis.*"

But none should raise objection,
(SIR CHARLES at length maintains)
To making a connection
Between "penalties" and "panes."

One more reason we may summon,
(Though SIR CHARLES for it should scold one,)
That laws to guard *young* women,
May be best left to an *old* one.

But encouraged by example,
Of this Burrellesque law-making,
Comes LORD REDESDALE next, his ample
Committee-work forsaking,

And would have it straight forbidden
(By a Bill last week made known),
That a race-horse should be ridden
By a jock below seven stone.

Now, if sharpers must be shackled,
And too weak the legal lock is—
There are light-weights to be tackled
In *loaves* as well as *jockeys*.

Thoroughbreds deserve affection;
But let REDESDALE if he's able,
Give us thorough *bread* protection,
In the bakehouse, not the stable.

Lest the turfites all unwilling
To submit to legal fetters,
Bid him mind his *private* billing,
And leave *public* to his betters.

Personally Speaking.

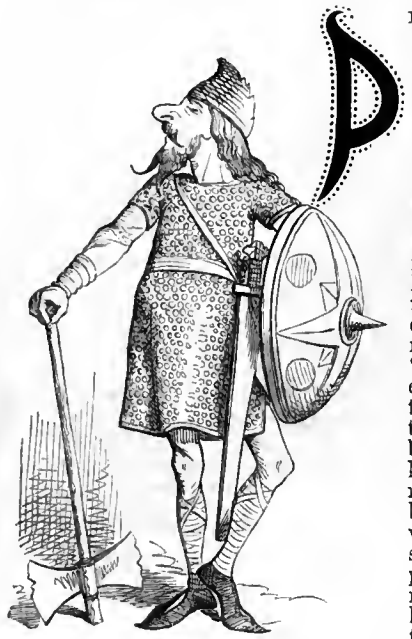
ENGLAND is Free, but in America one is not only Free, but apt very frequently to be a great deal too Free; in fact, more Free than welcome. To put it concisely:—

England is the Land of Liberty,
America is the Land of Liberties.

ADVICE TO GAS MONOPOLISTS.—"Gentlemen, Flare up, or you may burn your fingers!"

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER IV.—THE ANGLO-SAXON PERIOD—(CONTINUED).



ANGLO-SAXON WARRIOR. FROM THE BEST AUTHORITIES. BEING EXTREMELY RUDE IN THE ORIGINAL, THE FIGURE HAS BEEN PUT INTO CORRECT DRAWING.

PROCEEDING with the military costume of the Saxons, and having shown in our last chapter what they wore to shield their heads, we may now describe the weapons which were used to break them. Of these, one of the most striking was the double-edged long broad-sword, an arm which was generally wielded with both hands, and which, from the great muscular exertion it required, gave rise to the expression of "More power to your elbow!" It was with this weapon, we read, that at the Battle of Caerbardon, KING ARTHUR killed above four hundred men with his own hand; but we doubt if any arm would have sufficed for such a feat, and though perhaps KING ARTHUR may have said he drew his long sword, we rather think it was his long bow which he really drew there.*

Another formidable weapon which was wielded by the Saxons was an axe with a long handle, which they called a bill. This bill was somewhat like a lawyer's in its length, and was thereby well adapted to make short work of an enemy. BOB WACE, the Norman poet, says—

"My contrymen onne Hastynge's Hyl,
Were sorelye cutte up bye ye Bylle:"

—though BILL, the Conqueror, he adds, got the better of his namesake. Although the weapon was unwieldy, the Saxons were expert in wielding it; and whether through their superior muscular development, or whether they had less Opposition to contend with, there is no doubt they succeeded in carrying their bills far more easily than Ministers nowadays do theirs.

For the still further comfort and enjoyment of their enemies, the Saxons armed themselves with daggers, javelins and spears; of which latter some were barbed and others broad and leaf-shaped. Of the barbed ones ASSER saith, that their use was "trulye barb-arous;" but the others may have possibly been used with some politeness. We can imagine civil Saxons saying, "By your leaf!" when they parried the home-thrust of the spear of an assailant.

Although, as every schoolboy knows, the Saxons owed their name to the Scythic tribe, Sacassani, called otherwise Saxones, stupid people have persisted in deriving it from *Seax*, a word meaning a curved dagger, which tradition says they wore. To support this foolish notion, these ninnies turn to NENNIUS, or as we rather should call him, NINNIUS; and quote from him a speech, which he reports to have been made by the chairman at a certain public dinner at Stonehenge, which there is reason to believe was an apocryphal repast. NINNIUS says this dinner was turned into a tea-fight by the chairman, MR. HENGIST, jumping on the table, and shouting "*Take your Seaxes!*" as a signal to the Saxons; who, having hid those weapons in the pockets of their braccæ, drew them forth forthwith, and bagged about three hundred of their Ancient British guests. Of course, if this story were proved true, it might be cited as a proof that the Saxons used the seax; but, as the proof wants proving, we don't believe they did, for any donkey knows better than to pin his faith upon the tale of NENNIASS.

Another name for the Scax was, we learn, the Sica; and the Venerable BEDE has told another story of it, which, for aught we know, may be as mythical as that which has been told. According to the Venerable, KING EDWIN, of Northumbria, was attacked by an assassin sent by CWICHELM (pronounced Switch'em) who had been made, or else had made himself, the KING OF WESSEX. The assassin gained an audience on pretence of having a message to deliver to KING EDWIN, and when that monarch graciously asked what he had to say, the ruffian made a poke at him with a poisoned sica, exclaiming with a bad pun as he did so, "*I'll mak' sieca!*"* An attendant "thegn" named

FROM A VERY CURIOUS SAXON MS. IN THE POSSESSION OF MR. PUNCH.

LILLA, seeing the king's danger, would have used his shield to save him; but unluckily his shield had gone that morning to be mended, and all LILLA could do was to fling himself between his monarch and the murderer, and nobly throw away his life to save that of his king. Persons who sing songs may perhaps have heard it stated that "*Lilla's a lady,*" but in the Anglo-Saxon time LILLA was a man; and whatever were the rank or station of a "thegn," this story goes to prove that LILLA was a noble man.

We come now to the costume of the civil Anglo-Saxons, having done with the uncivil ones, called otherwise the military. And here the reader will no doubt be somewhat startled when we tell him, that having carefully got up some mountains of MSS., and waded through whole oceans of books upon the subject, we are driven to conclude that for nearly four whole centuries but little change, or none, was noticed in the fashions! A fact so extraordinary of course needs the strongest proof, but there is evidence collateral, besides direct, to cite for it. According to MONFAUCON, the Franks kept to one fashion during just as long a period, and springing like the Saxons from an oriental source, they too showed an oriental liking for old raiment. For the sake though of the cleanly reputation of our ancestors, we trust they did not further prove their oriental origin by adopting in their persons the practice of the Persians. We are told, these Eastern people not merely handed down their fashions to their children, but they left their wardrobes as heirlooms to them also; so that sons not only stood in their fathers' shoes, but wore the gaiters of their grandfathers, and their great-great-grandfathers' great coats. Babies, when they grew big enough, put on their parents' pinafores; and the identical same garments descended to descendants, and were handed down as long as they would hang together. It is therefore not unlikely that the raiment of a Persian, in its ultimate threadbariness, bore somewhat of resemblance to the garment of the Irishman, which was not made of cloth, sure, but of holes just stitched together.

But, however long deferred, changes, like Reform Bills, must be made at last; and accordingly, we find, the Saxons when they altered their religion, changed their raiment, and when they conformed to Christian doctrines they put on Christian dress.

One of the chief novelties in the dress worn by civilians from the Eighth to the Tenth century was, that for the first time then our ancestors wore shirts. We learn from EDINGARTUS that they were made of linen; but whether they were starched or not he quite omits to tell us, nor does he say if they were mostly worn with buttons or with studs. Conjecturing the former, we would ask the feeling reader to drop the tear of pity to the memory of him, who was the first to feel the agony of finding that his dress shirt had been sent home with a

* The sword which is here mentioned may perhaps have been the one which, the poets say, KING ARTHUR christened his "Excalibar:" and with such a name as this, there really is no saying what a blade might not accomplish. We have, however, looked to the latest of authorities, and as the *Idylls of the King* contain no mention of the feat, we incline to think the tale has not a leg to stand upon.

* The Venerable BEDE omits to mention this remark, which the reader of Scotch history may doubtless recollect is therein said to have been used at a somewhat later period. But of course this is no proof that the words were not made use of at the time of which we write, and, for aught we know, the Scotchman *may* have been a plagiarist.

button off!—a discovery which somehow is quite certain to be made at a time when one is dressing to dine with punctual people, who regard one as a murderer if one comes two minutes late.

FROM THE SAME MS.

Over this was worn a tunic, made of woollen stuff or linen, according to the season, and open at the neck so as to put on like the shirt. It descended, as that ASS-ER tells us, "kneearly toe ye knee:" and was confined by a belt or girdle round the waist. We find its Saxon name was *roc;* so if *Sinbad* was a Saxon, he might have fitly worn this garment when he visited the roc's nest. Its chief peculiarity was however in the sleeve, which was made quite long enough to cover up the hand, and was worn in rolls or wrinkles from the elbow to the wrist. The use of having sleeves so long perhaps may be conjectured, on the ground that very possibly they served by way of gloves, of which there is no mention so early in our history; and in this respect their wrinkles might put our daughters up to one, and teach them how to keep their hands warm, without dipping them so deeply as they now do in our pockets, where they look to find the wherewithal to fit them weekly with new kids.

A short cloak called a mentil was worn over the tunic, and fastened on the breast or on the shoulder with a brooch. This mentil, or mantle as we now-a-days should call it, could be thrown off or assumed by merely slipping the head through: as is brought to light quite plainly by an old illumination, in which a Saxon gent is pictured fighting with a lion. A mantle is here seen lying by the lion, much the same as *Mr. Pyramus's* in the well-known tragic farce; and as the mantle is left fastened at the throat, one infers that it was taken off without the gent's undoing it. Judges say this picture is in fact a Scripture piece, and that the Saxon gent we speak of is intended for no less a person than KING DAVID. Whether this be really so, we, who are no judge, are not called on to determine, and we shall therefore show our judgment by not trying to decide.

PHONETIC SPELLING.

A WOOLWICH Correspondent of the *Post* informs us that—

"About 300 girls are employed at a buildiog in the laboratory department of the Royal Asenal for the purpose of making cartridges."

It may be questioned whether the word "Asenal" in the above is a misprint, or a true indication of the writer's spelling and pronunciation of "Arsenal." There are grounds for suspecting it to be a specimen of military orthography and manner of speech; but on the other haud we find the word cartridges correctly spelt: and the young officer who would write "Asenal" for Arsenal would, instead of "cartridge," probably put "catridge."

Q. WHY is MRS. HOWARD PAUL like a twenty-pound note?
A. Because she is the double of a *Tenor* (P.S. In allusion to her life-like imitation of MR. SIMS REEVES).

THE DEMAND OF THE IRISH PATRIOT.—We want to be free to be slaves.

INCOME-TAX WORKHOUSES.

WE are in for an everlasting Income-Tax. We must lay aside all hope. Foreigners who hate and envy us, and who want to involve us all in their own slavery and misery, will go on maintaining armaments intended for our invasion and subjugation, for ever. We must, therefore, provide national defences, superior to their hostile preparations, and continue eternally increasing them. It will consequently never be possible to obtain relief from the Income-Tax. Moreover, the Income-Tax which we are condemned to suffer will be not only interminable but everlastingly unfair. Its equitable adjustment is as hopeless as its cessation. The House of Commons, which mainly consists of capitalists and landed proprietors, will naturally for ever refuse to tax uncertain earnings at a lower rate than certain rents and dividends. In this denial of justice they will be backed by the labouring masses, who pay no Income-Tax at all. They will also be supported by the reckless trading classes, who will pay any premium for unbounded liberty of speculation; and by grasping and sumptuous persons of the ROBSON and REDPATH school, greedy of other people's wealth and lavish of their own, who love a financial system which at once encourages avarice to acquire and luxury to consume, urging the former passion to get as much money as possible, and the latter to spend it on a multitude of cheap enjoyments.

Under these circumstances, a certain weak minority will go to the wall—to the deuce—to the dogs. These are the moderate steady tradesmen and the professional classes; doctors, lawyers, authors, artists, and all other people who get their living by their own exertions, which are liable at any time to be paralysed, or to fail. Then the most part of them, having none to help them, and having been deprived by the Income-Tax of the money which they ought to have saved, will of course have to go to the workhouse—the worst of places on this side of the grave.

The above premises having been duly considered by those whom they concern, it will be manifest to such persons that there has arisen a great necessity of petitioning for the establishment of a better sort of workhouse; for the comfortable entertainment of decayed respectable persons, who have for a certain number of years been paying Income-Tax on the profits of trades and professions, on which they were solely dependent for their subsistence.

The ordinary Union Workhouse is a place of punishment for improvidence, in which common people are justly afflicted, insulted, and outraged for having neglected to take sufficient thought for the morrow; and it seems unjust to consign to the same abode of misery those who would have provided for their sickness, or old age, or loss of employment, if they could, but have been prevented from doing so by the Income-Tax which has confiscated their earnings.

It is possible that the Legislature will listen to the prayer for the institution of Income-Tax Workhouses, because that concession will encourage all provident persons in danger of destitution to submit to, instead of trying to evade, the exaction of Schedule D.

QUITE OUT OF THE QUESTION.

As befits a Knight companion
Of the Order of the Fleece,
The *Nephew* of his uncle
Casts sheep's eyes upon his *Nice.*

But if this close attachment
To a tie he dares to draw,
Let him beware lest Europe
Invoke the *Canon* Law.

The Imperial *Idea*
All *must* desire to please,
But such a union is within
"Prohibited degrees."

A Practical Poem.

THE *Times* invokes MR. COWPER, the new President of the Board of Works, to set resolutely to work at cleaning the Serpentine, and exhorts him honourably to connect his name with the improvement which would thereby be effected. If MR. COWPER will take this good advice, future competitive candidates for Government situations, will, in answer to the question of their examiners, assuredly declare him to have been the author of COWPER'S *Task.*

SEMINARY FOR BRITISH SAILORS.

WE understand that the Lords of the Admiralty are busily engaged in maturing a scheme for the education of sailors, by sending them to a Boarding School.

POLITENESS!

Bill. "WELL, JIM! HOW BE YOU TO-DAY?"
Jim. "WHAT ODDS IS THAT TO YOU?—YOU BEAN'T MY MEDICAL ATTENDANT!"

PHYSIC AND ASTRONOMY.

ACCORDING to a contemporary,—

"The medical profession of Paris have resolved to give a grand dinner to DR. LESCARBAULT, the discoverer of the new planet between Mercury and the Sun. It is to take place at the Hôtel du Louvre."

Is the above announcement quite correct? May not the discovery on account whereof the Parisian medical men are going to feast DR. LESCARBAULT have been that of a new pill? The planet Mercury is rather out of the way of modern doctors, who prescribe physic irrespectively of the influence of the stars. The mineral so called, however, is quite in their line, and may well be conceived to enter into the composition of the pill which has been discovered by DR. LESCARBAULT. *Sol*, in the nomenclature of the elder chemists, was the scientific term for *aurum*, and ancient pharmacy had its *aurum potabile;* gold dissolved and mixed with oil of rosemary, which—without, of course, intending a prospective pun—the old apothecaries used to call a sovereign remedy. DR. LESCARBAULT'S new pill, for the invention whereof the Faculty of Paris proposes to give him something better than black dose, may consist of mercury, and gold in combination with some substance wherewith he has found it capable of forming a novel compound, possessing medicinal properties. The discoverer of a new remedy deserves a good dinner at least as well as the discoverer of a new planet, and better at the hands of the medical profession, which still has to seek a cure for cancer, hydrophobia, and some other diseases, and can by no means boast of as many new pills as the new planets which reflect lustre upon Astronomy.

THE FASHIONABLE FRIZZLING IRONS.

H! MRS. GRUNDY,

ALLOW me to direct your attention to the following advertisement, which appeared the other day in the columns of my fashionable contemporary:—

THE PLICATURA NEW FRISETTES for Dressing Ladies' Hair in the New Style, designed and made only by —— Oxford Street, W.

May I ask, Dear Madam, what you say to the Plicatura New Frisettes, and to the new style of dressing ladies' hair by means of those instruments? Do you not consider them very elegantly named? Would you like to have your own hair arranged by means of them, or have you no notion of such things, or if you have any, are you not disposed to class them amongst the kind of appurtenances of the toilet which you term fandangos? Perhaps your notice has not as yet been attracted by these interesting novelties; but very likely you will soon have your maidservants appearing in answer to your bell with their hair disposed in what you may call a new-fangled style, and will find, on inquiry, that the arrangement has been made by help of the Plicatura New Frisettes. And what will be your remarks on making that discovery, MRS. GRUNDY? I am afraid, Madam, that you will denominate those young women hussies, and desire them to get out. Methinks, too, that I hear you, in perusing this communication, exclaim: "Drat the Plicatura New Frisettes, give me the good old paper and curling-tongs." It may occur to you that you would like to take the inventor of the former instrument and pinch him with the latter by the nose. You may feel disposed to serve him as St. Dunstan served a personage whom you would describe as another rebel. Accept, dear Madam, the assurance of my profound respect.

I have the honour to be, your ever constant adorer,

PUNCH.

IRISH PLAYFULNESS.

ON the occasion of the Maynooth Grant being brought forward (for the last time, we hope), MR. P. O'BRIEN is reported to have said:—

"He confessed he never heard this motion brought on without recalling O'CONNELL'S saying, 'that the most dangerous enemy to religion that ever existed was a pious fool.'"

MR. SPOONER looked upon this as applicable to himself, and resented it accordingly. He did not like being called "a pious fool." However, his resentment took the following gentlemanly form:—

"In reference to the remarks of the honourable Member, he said, that if on reflection the honourable gentleman could obtain his own forgiveness, he had his most cordially. (*Cheers.*)"

We feel inclined, at this disarming retort, to cry out, "Bravo, SPOONER!" It had the effect of calling MR. O'BRIEN upon his legs to apologise, when that gentleman

"Explained, that when he had used the *playful* expression complained of, it was very far from his intention to be personally offensive to," &c.

When an elephantine horse kicks out vehemently, as though he would knock the Great Pyramid down, the timid bystander is frequently told "not to be alarmed,—it's only his play, Sir." MR. P. O'BRIEN kicks, and fancies he is "playful." We would much rather keep out of the reach of his playfulness. Poor sensitive SPOONER, how he must have shrunk back, with electric nervousness, when he saw that great Irish hoof flying up in his face in that way! However, there is one great comfort,—the Maynooth Grant is over for this year, at least.

A BRUTE'S THOUGHT ABOUT WOMEN.

IT matters very little how ugly she may be, a woman never sees a pretty one excepting in the looking-glass.—*Our own Rochefoucauld.*

PUBLICAN'S PORT.—"Oh! yes, what is Publican's (s)port is death to us."—*Sick Pauper.*

Printed by William Bradbury, of No 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, February 25, 1860.

BOY. "*Two 'a'p'ny 'errins.*"
SHOPKEEPER (severely). "*If what, Sir? if you—what, Sir?*"
BOY. "*Well, if y'a' got 'em!*"

RHYMES FOR JUVENILE M.P.'S.

APROPOS OF THE LATE DEBATES.

I.

FIZZY DIZZY went off with a bang,
And opened on GLADSTONE a frothy harangue;
But all the POPE 's asses, and all the HORSMEN,
Cannot bring FIZZY DIZ into office again.

II.

DIZ and DU,
Made motions to
Knock over the Ministers' Budget,
The House felt bored,
Pert DIZ was floored,
And DU was driven to trudge it.

III.

Ding dong bell,
DIZZY don't feel well;
Dong ding dong,
Sang he, the Treaty's wrong;
Ding dong ding,
Small he now must sing.

Ultramontane Tendencies.

THE Correspondent of a Daily Paper, writing from Paris, says:—

"A new journal came out to-day, which is to supply the place of the *Univers*, called *Le Monde*. The French Government desire nothing more than that the real interests of the Catholic Church should have an organ of publicity."

From *L'Univers* to *Le Monde*, what a drop! The Ultramontanists will perhaps get from *Le Monde* to *La Chair*, and from *La Chair* finally to *Le Diable*.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

SOUND, Harp, for the clash of swords, for the meeting of chieftains in battle, for the deadly grapple, and the garments rolled in blood. Wail, Harp, for the heroes who have fallen, and whose souls wander on the banks of the gloomy lake. Cut on, Harp, will you, and wake up!

Grandly the terrible GLADSTONE to the Council his Budget propounded, and grave were the faces of those who listened to the champion. Then said a young chieftain, DU CANE, of the county of calves, "Shall these things be? Young as I am, I will throw myself on the lance of GLADSTONE. A man can but die. Who follows me?"

Then GASCOIGNE CECIL, of Salisbury, called his friends together in his house, and they accoutred the young DU CANE for the battle; DERBY giving him the shield of prudence, and DISRAELI the helmet of sincerity; PAKINGTON adding the spurs of modesty, and HENLEY throwing on him the mantle of suavity. And the battle day was set. And GLADSTONE looked upon his terrible lance, and smiled grimly, as thinking how speedily he should sheathe its point in his adversary's internals.

But on the third night before the battle should have raged, the crafty DISRAELI espied some three or four traitors in the camp of GLADSTONE. And he said, DU CANE is a boy; but if I take this battle on me, those men will revolt against their leader, and shoot him boldly in the back. And suddenly, and late in the night, and to the astonishment of all who heard him, DISRAELI defied his enemy to combat on the day that had been set for the battle with DU CANE. And the hearers said, Aha! And GLADSTONE said nothing, but looked on his terrible lance. Now, Harp, go it!

The Monday came, and the Armies were drawn up in stern array. DU CANE, of the county of calves, had been warned that he must not thrust himself into the *mêlée*, and the signal for charging was given. Proclamation to GLADSTONE made DISRAELI that his Budget might be good or bad, but that it should certainly not be considered until the Council of Sages had first considered the compact made with the Lord of the Tuileries, ELECTUS of France. And, invoking the *manes* of PITT, he defied the terrible GLADSTONE.

Answered the terrible GLADSTONE, in language of scorn and contumely, that the words of DISRAELI were Puerile words, and that for practical purposes that Compact was fully before the Sages. And he also invoked the *manes* of PITT, and bid DISRAELI defiance. Now or never, Harp. Do it like a bird!

They charged. Well and fairly DISRAELI drove his glittering lance at the Homeric breast of his foe, but upon that etherial armour the lance shivered into fragments, and the immeasurable spear of GLADSTONE the next instant went into the vitals of his antagonist, who lay stretched before the armies. Yet he died bravely, and like Memnon under the death-stroke of Achilles, who slew him between the hosts. Then SIR HUGH, of Belfast, no mean soldier, rushed upon the adroit SIR RICHARD of Wolverhampton, and sought to pin him to the earth, but that facile warrior with a calm smile of scorn put aside the stroke, and clove his enemy from the brain to the teeth. "Among the *Cairns* let one be raised for him," said the still smiling conqueror, wiping his gory weapon. Next, four champions rushed out, three from the ranks of Opposition, and one, a traitor from the Gladstonian camp, and his name was AYRTON. Would ye know the names of the others? There was KELLY of the Shiny Head, NEWDEGATE the Wild Protestant, and MALINS, the long-winded, and they made a united charge towards GLADSTONE. When came a voice like a trumpet-call, "Burlibroadbrim to the rescue!" and the thundering BRIGHT was upon them. The next moment the Shiny Head was low; the Protestant on the earth protested with his last breath against free trade; the long-winded MALINS was slivered like a carrot; and the traitor AYRTON, in the grip of BRIGHT, dropped strangled in the dust. "Truly and of a verity I have been and done it," said the victor, lighting his cigar.

SEYMOUR FITZGERALD drew his sword, and might have done execution, but that the fiery RUSSELL, who had held himself in with difficulty, now mingled in the fray, and crossed blades with the gallant Knight of Horsham. "Enviable fate," said the haughty JOHN, as he turned from the slain, "to die by the hand of RUSSELL—tell it with glory to thy fellow ghosts." That instant, mad with ambition and vanity, the doomed HORSMAN was seen in full career, and the battle paused, as all saw, with a shudder, that he was rushing upon his fate. Breath was held, hearts beat high, as HORSMAN, in heedless disregard of all warning, held on his mad way—he levelled his lance at the broad breast of the gigantic PALMERSTON. Not long hung his fate in doubt, not long had Atropos to pause ere she closed her shears, for with a laugh of jovial derision the giant heaved his steel mace in air, and as BRUCE shattered the head of DE BOHUN at Bannockburn, did PALMERSTON shatter the head of HORSMAN at a quarter past twelve. That fearful blow ended the battle—the armies drew off, and counted their numbers. The Gladstone host had 293, the vanquished Disraelites had but 230, and the shouts of victory ascended into the calm, cold air of the wintry morning. Harp, thou hast done well. So well, O Harp, that thou shalt hang upon the hook henceforth. Harp, hook it!

Tuesday. There was a new moon, and the Opposition went into a new lunacy. To-night Mr. Du Cane's motion, postponed by his Leader, who thought he saw victory in another direction, was brought on, and was battled for three nights. Du Cane, duly instructed at Lord Salisbury's, moved that much additional money was wanted, but that it was not the thing to reduce revenue or to increase Income-Tax. *Mr. Punch* is not going to immortalise everybody who contributed his dulness to the debate. On this Tuesday night nobody spoke whom *Mr. Punch* cared to leave the Members' Smoking Room to go in and hear. On the *Thursday* Mr. Hubbard went to the cupboard of the Bank of England for arguments against the Budget, but when he got there the cupboard was bare. Mr. Bright made a smart speech for the Ministers, and Mr. Whiteside rather an amusing and abusive one on the other side. On the *Friday* the greater guns—not those of greatest Bore—were let off. Gladstone, Disraeli, and Palmerston finished the fight, and the week ended, as it began, by a tremendous beating for the Derbyites. The House of Commons approved of the principle of the Budget, by 339 to 223—a goodly majority of 116.

Mr. Punch has put together the Budget story in order to save his invaluable space. As for the proceedings Up-stairs, they have scarcely demanded his august attention. Lord Derby took an opportunity of cavilling at the Treaty, and was informed by Lord Granville that the Treaty was a very good one. Lord Elgin made a speech in his own honour, about his Chinese proceedings, and bore a warm tribute to the merit of Captain Sherard Osborne, which *Mr. Punch* begs heartily to endorse. Heaps of bills made progress, and there was one rather interesting debate on the subject of preaching in theatres, which practice Lord Shaftesbury (Lord Palmerston's bishop-maker) defended as most beneficial to those who could be brought to listen to sermons in no other way. The Puseyite Lord Dungannon had attacked the practice, but did not get much support from the Bishops. Dr. Tait incidentally gave a proof of his liberal and enlightened views, for in alluding to theatrical entertainments he deplored that there were many things done and said on the stage which hindered persons of religious principles from partaking of "a highly innocent and improving amusement." Perhaps the hint from a bishop may do good, both to those who have a bigot hatred for the theatre, and those who support and applaud what is objectionable. The only other thing worth mention is an announcement by Mr. Gladstone—

"The Licensed Witlers will be glad to hear—
He will not license the Slap-bang for Beer;
Therefore the folks who for elevenpence dine,
Must still fork out the Browns—or take to Wine."

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER V.—THE ANGLO-SAXON PERIOD—(Continued).

FROM A CHOICE MS. KINDLY LENT BY MR. JONES.

Continuing our study of the ancient books of fashion, we find that though the Anglo-Saxons had no trousers, they wore drawers, as may be seen by the drawings of them which are still left extant. These drawers did not descend, however, lower than the knee, and so the modest Saxons mostly wore a sock of cow's hide to cover up their calves; which, so far as we can judge from the artists of the period, appear to have been generally turned out to grass. This leather sock or buskin was called by them "scin hose," but as Eningart informs us it was sometimes made of linen, it is probable the Saxons had then another name for it, though what that other name was we must let the reader guess. For aught we know or care, they may have called it "shin hose," from its covering the shin, or they may have named it "thin hose," because it was not thick.

Over this sock, hose, or stocking, they wore fillets, bands, or strips of cloth or wool, or leather, rolled, wound, or twisted round them from just above the ancle to just below the knee. From this exact description, which an eminent attorney has helped us to draw up, the reader doubtless will derive a very accurate idea of the nature of the garment which we wish him to conceive. We may, however, further assist him in conception of it, by telling him it looked like the hay-bands of an ostler, excepting in so far as it looked somewhat different. We own that cloth, linen or leather does not look much like hay, though now-a-days in rifle-suits the first is much the colour of it. But the Saxons' strips of stuff were wound round like our ostlers' hay-bands, unless indeed the rolls were made to cross each other sandalwise, when they looked more like the buskins which are worn by our stage brigands, and which in youthful memories are coupled with bass voices and ferociously black looks.

The Saxon shoe (which, by the way, they now and then spelt "scoh" and now and then spelt "sceo;" but they had no Lord Malmesbury to look to their orthography) had an opening down the instep, and was fastened with a thong. In the illuminated manuscripts it is mostly painted black, but whether it was worn so in reality we know not. It is true that Day had not yet dawned in that dark age, nor could the Saxons' shoes have shone with the lustrous light of Martin. But it is possible the dandies may have somehow blacked their shoes, though how that somehow was we have no means now of determining. The common labourers, it seems, went generally barelegged, but not often with bare feet; in which respects, we think, if they were living now, it is probable that they would do exactly the reverse. It seems though, like good Christians, the princes and church dignitaries did their utmost to make up for the bareleggedness of their brethren; for we find their shoes and buskins represented as of gold, but as all's not gold that glitters, they most probably were gilt.

These articles composed the civil costume of all classes; those who call themselves "superior" being distinguished by the fineness, not the form, of their apparel, and by the jewellery and ornaments with which they overlaid it. These apparently they wore in great profusion and variety; and besides such things as brooches, rings, and chains and crosses, the swells had golden belts, jewelled in no end of holes; and still more, made themselves conspicuous by wearing golden bracelets, which in our time are a part of solely feminine costume. These bracelets, we are told, King Alfred used by way of thief-baits; and had them hung up along the borders of the highways, to test the virtue of his people, and the vigilance of his police. But this fact is, of course, in the remembrance of the reader, and he will doubtless feel insulted if we venture to remind him that King Alfred was the first to introduce "the Force." We doubt though if the reader have an accurate idea of how our first policemen looked, when they were out on duty; and as words would fail us to convey a fair description, we subjoin a full-length portrait of a Peeler of the period, which has been transmitted from a most authentic source.

POLICEMAN, TEMP. ALFRED.

The clergy in their dress were not distinguished from the laity, excepting when engaged in doing duty at the altar. The robes worn by the bishops consisted of the alb and stole, dalmatic and chasuble, with which our friends the Puseyites have made us well familiar, and which we think it therefore is quite needless to describe. When out of Church it seems they had a proneness to the pomps and vanities they preached against; for an order was put forth A.D. 785, forbidding them to wear "the tinctured colours of India," colours which were doubtless looked upon as "fast." It appears too, that they likewise did their best to look like laymen, by letting their back hair grow so as to cover up their tonsure: for a Canon was especially aimed against this practice, and fired off as is reported, just nine hundred years ago. But though forced to shave their heads, the clergy (at least some of them) were allowed, as a great luxury, to let the hair grow on their chins. By a Council which was held A.D. 1031, it was provided that a priest might wear a beard or not, precisely as he pleased: an indulgence which had long been extended to the bishops, but till then the lower clergy had not been indulged with it.

If we believe Tacitus, and we don't see why we shouldn't, the Teutonic tribes were generally lovers of long hair; and by the Franks

it was regarded as a mark of rank, an express law being made that only the first nobles should be suffered to grow ringlets. Whether the heirs of noble families, whose hair would not curl naturally, were suffered to use curling-tongs and curl-papers or not, we do not find it mentioned: but as ringlets were the mark of men's being of high birth, we should think they spared no pains in their capillary cultivation. Among the Anglo-Saxons long hair was quite as fashionable as it was among the Franks: although they suffered more free trade in it, and passed no protective laws to limit its producers. The clergy preached for centuries against the sinfulness of wearing it; but it seems their preaching acted less like scissors than like bear's grease, and their long sermons on long hair just made the hair grow all the longer.

Before we leave this head, it should be mentioned that civilians at this period wore no hats, but went about bare-pated like our Bluecoat boys and butchers. What their reasons were for doing so, it were a waste of time to guess. It is probable, however, that being proud of their long hair, they did not like to hide it, and so declined to wear the hide caps of the period, with which as we have shown, the soldiers were disfigured. Although not ornamental, these caps were certainly a cap-ital protection to the head, and shielded it from blows as well of weapons as of wind. It is on this account we wonder the civilians did not use them, for as they wore their hair so long the slightest breath must surely have blown it in their eyes, unless they had a hat or cap to keep it out. For instance, when they marched out on a windy day in March, we can fancy how the air would "play in the ringlets" of their hair, until it made them look as mad as a March hare or a hatter: though why these creatures should be singled out as samples of insanity, no creature in his senses could undertake to say.

ANGLO-SAXON GENTS TAKING A HAIRING.

AN ANECDOTE CORRECTED.

A Story from Italy—we have had some good stories from Italy in the old days, and hope for even better in the new ones—tells us that the Pope, walking out lately, met a peasant, and suddenly demanded of him whether he were a Christian. The man replying Yes, the Pope, in test of his Christianity, put him at the Mosaic Commandments. The tale proceeds that the man at once broke down, and that the Pope went off triumphantly, saying that it would be well if men learned the Commandments before they asked for independence.

Mr. Punch does not mind agreeing with the Pope that a man who does not know the Commandments is—unless he happens to obey them without knowing the exact words—not the person likely to be a very good citizen. Why the swarm of priests, of every dirtiness, around Rome, have not saturated the minds of the peasantry with religious teaching, is a question for his Holiness rather than for *Mr. Punch*. But, being desirous to verify the above interesting story, *Mr. Punch* sent to Rome to ascertain what was the truth. It appears that the anecdote has been wrongly told. The Pope demanded the Commandments. The peasant ran them over glibly enough until he had finished the Fourth. Then (according to the Catholic arrangement of the decalogue) came the Murder law. The peasant had the word on his tongue when he remembered to whom he was speaking, and he remembered Perugia. He chose rather to be accounted ignorant than to fling crime in the face of the High Priest.

THE RATHBORNE PAMPHLET.

Punch. Who should have long since the cross of the Bath borne?
Irish Echo. *Colonel Rathborne.*
Punch. He did well in India, so wrote Sir Charles Napier.
Irish Echo. *But then the red tape here.*
Punch. He came home, and savagely to the Directors
Irish Echo. *Read lectures.*
Punch. Pitched into them, preached that their extermination
Irish Echo. *Would save the nation.*
Punch. Where did the Colonel these feelings express?
Irish Echo. *In the "Press."*
Punch. Was his writing applauded by Mr. Disraeli?
Irish Echo. *Almost daily.*
Punch. Dizzy, in fact, cheered him on to attack,
Irish Echo. *Patted him on the back.*
Punch. Promised him, when the E. I. C. should be floored—
Irish Echo. *A seat at the Council Board.*
Punch. And the Colonel demolished, Disraeli *duce*,
Irish Echo. *Lord Dalhousie.*
Punch. But when Lord Dalhousie returned home in glory,
Irish Echo. *He made friends with each Tory.*
Punch. And all objectionable parties, at this truce,
Irish Echo. *Were pitched to the deuce.*
Punch. And then our unfortunate Colonel, so manly,
Irish Echo. *Being disliked by Lord Stanley,*
Punch. Was dropped by our friend, the Caucasian Cato,
Irish Echo. *Like a hot potato.*
Punch. Says, I believe, he was treacherously treated.
Irish Echo. *Oh, downright cheated.*
Punch. So pours out his wrath in a thundering *feuilleton.*
Irish Echo. *Such a precious deal too long.*
Punch. Bawls out to Heaven and Earth and the Police
Irish Echo. *For vengeance on Disraeli fils.*
Punch. And they have had an angry correspondence—
Irish Echo. *Hard words—abundance.*
Punch. As for the squabble, the public would have despised it—
Irish Echo. *But you have immortalised it.*
Punch. Then let me add a moral, good as gold—
Irish Echo. *Tools must expect to be sold.*

THE WRONG RING FOR LADIES.

"My dear Mr. Punch,

"This morning I found such an extraordinary newspaper which Frederick—I mean my brother—had left lying about, and in it such a dreadful account of a shocking exhibition, under the title of "Great Fight between Joe Nolan, of Birmingham, and John Hicks, of London, for £60 aside." I had no patience to read it through, as it was full of stupid words which I could not understand; but at the end of it I noticed these shameful remarks:—

"The battle lasted two hours and forty minutes. On leaving the ring neither man was by any means heavily punished."

"Well, then I say it was very wrong, and they ought to have been—the horrid wretches; knocking and mauling—as they call it—one another about. They deserve to have been very severely punished for *mauling* one another so, according to what it goes on to say:—

"Nolan, in fact, has but little the matter with his upper works, although about the body he was heavily mauled."

"Mauled, indeed! They ought to have been both taken up, and put into prison, and done—I don't know what to! Well worked, at any rate, both upper works and under works too. And I think gentlemen ought to be ashamed of themselves to encourage such savages to bruise and hurt one another. Talk of cruel sports, I am quite sure that boxing beats cock-fighting.

"Ever your affectionate,

"Emily."

"P.S. Are any women prize-fighters? I am afraid so; there is an American one I am told, called Benicia; some say it is a boy; but those Yankee girls are such strange creatures, and Benicia is certainly a woman's mane. Perhaps Benicia is a Bloomer—but how unladylike!"

"A Consummation devoutly (not) to be Wished."

The Emperor of the French proposes, by his Treaty of Commerce, to import many articles of English manufacture into France. We trust, however, that, amongst others, he does not intend to *let in* England herself.

Design for a Paper-Weight.—The Portrait of a gentleman waiting for the *Times*.

A WORD TO THE WISE.

Discerning Child (who has heard some remarks made by Papa). "Are you our new Nurse?"

Nurse. "Yes, dear!"

Child. "Well then, I'm one of those boys who can only be managed with Kindness—so you had better get some Sponge Cakes and Oranges at once!"

OPERATIC FINANCE.

The eloquence with which Mr. Gladstone delivered his Budget appears to have rendered a statement of dry details and disagreeable things extremely pleasant, indeed absolutely enchanting to those who listened to it. A long speech, one would think, would be only an aggravation of a recital of hard facts and an announcement of harder taxation. Yet Mr. Gladstone discoursed financial music on themes which included an Income-Tax of tenpence in the pound, for the space of four hours, to the delight of his hearers. He did well to stay till his cold was gone before attempting to charm their ears with the melody of Ways and Means. Just so would Signor Mario postpone his appearance in a new character in case he had the misfortune of being attacked with diphtheria. This consideration suggests an improvement on the present plan of revealing the proposed financial measures of Government to the House of Commons. Instead of being merely declaimed, let the Budget in future be sung. By a judicious mixture of air and recitative, it would not only be rendered additionally agreeable to the ear, but the pleasure of hearing it would be prolonged considerably beyond the short term of four hours. The sweet sounds announcing increased taxation would be as sugar to a bitter pill. In future, therefore, let statesmen who desire to qualify themselves for the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, study tuneful numbers as well as common arithmetic; and let that important office be filled, if possible, by a gifted tenor.

WONDERS OF MACHINERY.

One of the advantages which England owes to a free Press may be said to be an unlimited power of calico-printing. On this branch of typography, as influenced by science, a lecture was delivered the other evening at the Royal Institution by Professor F. Crace Calvert, concluding with the subjoined statement:—

"The extent to which calico-printing in this country is already carried, may be conceived from the fact that in 1858, the number of yards of printed calico exported would reach twice round the Globe."

The machinery of Shakspeare's *Tempest* includes an engine, so to speak, named *Ariel*, capable of putting a girdle round the earth in forty minutes. The cotton machinery of Manchester, and our other manufacturing towns, is not as yet able to perform that miracle: but we may infer, from the fact above stated, that it is equal to putting a calico bandage round this planet in six months.

THE MOUNTEBANK MEMBER.

Respectfully Dedicated to Sir Robert Peel, *principal Low Comedian at the New House in Westminster.*

Oh, have you read the last debate,
On our swingeing Army Estimate,
If you haven't, you'd better do so straight,
For the sake of the Mountebank Member—
His name it is Sir Robert Peel,
And for tickling the House from head to heel,
As he runs his patter off the reel,
There's none like the Mountebank Member!
Laughing, chaffing, poking fun—
Through the comic gamut he's game to run,
From the last bit of gag to the oldest pun—
As stale and as dry as a last week's bun—
There's Bernal Osborne's great at chaff,
And Vivian can "mug" you out of a laugh,
But both together can't come it half
So strong as the Mountebank Member!

Some think the House of Commons a place
Unsuited for gag and grin and grimace—
But for such old fogies who cares an ace?
"Not I," says the Mountebank Member!
"I'm not the man to win respect;
The 'tother line I rather affect;
So the Robson business I select"—
"Here we are!" cries the Mountebank Member!
Slapping, rapping, left and right;
At Mister Speaker "taking a sight;"
It's equal to Tom Mathews quite,
Except that he don't wear red and white.—
Some night to the cry of "Bravo, Rouse!"
The choker of private life he'll dowse,
And go head over heels on the floor of the House,
And for Somerset claim to be Member!

The first Sir Robert, he made an estate,
By spinning of yarns at a wonderful rate,
And the second Sir Robert was famed in debate—
And the third is the Mountebank Member!
He, like his grandsire, a yarn can spin;
And if his father State-laurels could win,
Why, *he'll* earn his wreath, by a horse-collar grin—
Will Sir Robert the Mountebank Member.
As high as the donkey for two more browns,
He soars above all rival clowns,
And in case the House of Commons frowns,
Like other mountebanks, tries the Downs—
For since in the Commons he looms so great,
No wonder that on the turf of late,
He has ventured to court Miss-Fortune and Fate,
The unfortunate Mountebank Member!

Perhaps he's laughed at his betters so long,
That he thinks at that game he can't go wrong:
But you may find your mistake ere long—
My fast-stepping Mountebank Member!
For at that which you like so much—*horse*-play—
The paternal guineas may melt away,
Ere Frederic Robinson you can say,
Then, alas! for the Mountebank Member!
Needy, seedy, out of luck:
Left the hindmost in the ruck,
His brazen head he'll have to duck,
Till under a cloud it's piteously stuck—
And then, alas! a long eclipse
To the puns and patter, and cranks and quips,
That now flow sparkling from the lips,
Of Sir Robert the Mountebank Member!

Confession of a Whiskey Drinker.—"Scotland, with all thy faults, I love thy Still."

THE BOY FOR OUR MONEY.

Diz. "BETTER LET *ME* CARRY IT FOR YER, SIR!"
John Bull. "NEVER AGAIN! I TRIED YOU BEFORE."

MR. BULL ENLARGING HIS BUSINESS.

Mr. John Bull, having lately been obliged to incur an enormous outlay in consequence of the necessity of making the vast repairs and alterations requisite for the defence and security of his Extensive Premises, is sensible that his object of reimbursing himself will be most speedily and certainly effected by an unlimited expansion of his gigantic Business, in all its numerous and important branches. He has accordingly come to the determination of devoting his whole energies to the prosecution of Trade, in defiance of all obstacles, and irrespectively of every other consideration. For the thorough accomplishment of this grand design, he is fully resolved to make the most tremendous sacrifices, at an immediate loss, which would be ruinous under ordinary circumstances. Accordingly it is his intention to adopt a system which will virtually be one of

ENTIRELY FREE IMPORTS,

regardless of reciprocity. He has also made up his mind to run every risk which may be involved in allowing the

Unlimited Exportation of Coal

and everything else, in pursuance of an agreement into which he has entered with his Majesty the Emperor of the French, which will also involve the unrestricted

ADMISSION OF FOREIGN WINE,

subject only to a slight duty for purposes of revenue, which will most likely be ultimately altogether repealed. By the same arrangement all French manufactures, Silks, Gloves, Works of Ornament and Luxury, will be taken on the same advantageous terms. To provide for the temporary deficiency which may be apprehended as the immediate consequence of a bold Commercial Policy, Mr. Bull is fully prepared to submit to pay the awful penalty of a galling, oppressive, and inquisitorial Income-Tax amounting to the amazing, awful, and portentous figure of

TENPENCE IN THE POUND!

By the proof which he has thus afforded of his decided resolution to do Business on the largest and most liberal scale, Mr. Bull hopes to secure the immensely increased custom of his European Patrons, and all Consumers in the other quarters of the Globe.

J. B. begs to state, that he has now nearly completed the Insurance of his Premises, which, beside the regular Police, are guarded by a numerous and effective force, consisting of his Young Men, by whose assistance he trusts to be enabled to repel attack as well as to defy competition.

A New Feature that will Shortly be Seen.

So numerous are the Divorces and Judicial Separations now becoming, that we should not be surprised to see them regularly inserted in the Papers every day amongst the *Births*, *Deaths*, and *Marriages*, taking up their place, with becoming modesty, after the latter. We throw out the notion for the benefit of any cheap paper that is anxious to bid largely for notoriety. What a fearful column, too, they would make every week in the *Observer;* and we have not the least doubt it would prove, especially to the friends and acquaintances of the parties implicated, a most attractive one. Borrowing the title of the *Colonne*, that stands with outstretched wings on the old Place de la Bastille, it might be called The Column of Liberty.

"CHAPLAIN, BUTLER, BRATS AND ALL."

Is there no mistake about the following advertisement, which appeared a day or two ago in the *Times:*—

BUTLER WANTED, an experienced middle-aged man, without encumbrance, for a large family, decided in his religious views (Evangelical). No nominal Christian need apply. Address A.B., 5, Soho Square, by letter, paid.

Surely there is some misprint. The Soho Square personage is made to ask for a Butler, but surely he means Chaplain. What is the connection between decided Evangelical views and the duties of the butler's pantry? Can only a Calvinist detect a corked bottle, and is an Arminian's nose dead to the aroma of Burgundy? Must one despise good works before one can appreciate good port, and is a belief that nine-tenths of one's acquaintances will be eternally unhappy necessary to keeping the cellar-book straight and airing the claret before dinner? Evidently there must be some mistake. A. B. cannot be such a fool as the advertisement would make him. We are the more inclined to think that he wants, or at least needs, a chaplain, to teach him a little of what is fitting, inasmuch as real Christians do not usually speak of Heaven's gift of little children as an "encumbrance." They remember something of a Book where children are mentioned in another way. Evidently A. B. has a right to have his advertisement corrected. By the way, what does he mean by saying he will have "no Nominal Christian?" Is the chaplain or butler, or whatever he may be, to represent himself as something else than a Christian? It may be so, for his proposed master A. B. certainly does the same in his advertisement. We don't know what sort of a cellar of wine A. B. may keep, but it strikes us that as Mr. Compton said in a play, "his bottle of brains has suddenly come to the thicks."

ASTROLOGY IN QUEER STREET.

The other day, in a report of the proceedings in the Insolvent Debtors' Court, there appeared a case under the alarming designation—

"In re Francis Moore."

What! everybody must have exclaimed on meeting the above name in such a position, is this the pass that things have come to with our old friend, Francis Moore, Physician? On further perusal, however, it appeared, to the relief of the reader, that—

"Mr. Sargood applied to vacate proceedings, on the satisfactory plea that the debts were paid and satisfied."

Rejoicing, therefore, to find that Francis Moore has surmounted his difficulties, we suppose that Saturn has got out of conjunction with Mars, or some other equally malefic planet; and accordingly that Francis Moore, Physician, if he is the Physician, has got out of his scrape.

Income with a Difference.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer treats precarious income and permanent income, taken together for the purpose of taxation, as alike income simply and absolutely considered; whereas the truth is, that they are *incom*mensurate.

PICKED UP AT THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS'.

Why is a Syncretic's * tragedy like a blister? Because it draws only one night.

* We generously forbear printing the distinguished Syncretic's name.

THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPHIC DODGE.

Artist-Photographic (to Clerical Old Gentleman). *"Here y'are, Sir; C'rrect Likeness warranted at this Establishment, Sir; Frame and Glass included, and Brandy and Water always on the Table!"*

PAROCHIAL ANTHOLOGY.

In the clerical House of Commons, or Lower House of Convocation, at its last sitting, a reverend member brought forward a proposal which would be deserving of encouragement, if there were any hope that it could be satisfactorily accomplished. According to the Report of the proceedings of that venerable body:—

"Archdeacon Sandford, with the permission of the House, read a notice which he had placed upon the paper. It was to the effect, that his Grace the President be respectfully requested to appoint a committee of the Upper House to act with a committee of the Lower House for the preparation of a draft-book of hymns and a selection of psalms, which, if approved by Convocation, should be submitted to Her Majesty, with a view to its adoption in all churches and chapels that might be willing to receive it."

Lord Byron once invoked a forty-parson power to enable him to sing on a certain subject. A committee of the Upper House of Convocation, and a committee of the Lower House of Convocation combined, would constitute a quantity of parson-power considerably above that which was desired by the noble bard. It is unlikely, however, that even the united parson-powers of the bishops and clergy will be sufficient for the preparation of a draft-book of hymns fit to be sung. Parson-power is one thing and poet-power is another thing. Hymns which are not poetry are doggerel. Hitherto the latter article has been almost the sole product of parson-power applied to versification. Parson-power may indeed succeed in making a selection of psalms from the Psalter, because that is a collection of poems in which a bad choice is impossible, the choice being supposed to be limited to the text pure and simple, uncorrupted and unturned into jingling rhymes by audacious dunces. It is to be hoped that in choosing psalms and hymns, parson-power will confine itself to the sphere of safety, and not appoint to be sung in churches a volume of inelegant extracts in bad verse, uninspired even by the Muse.

What's in a Name?

The London Irish Volunteer Corps have been advertising for a target ground. Since then, we read that Mr. Isaac Butt has been offering his services to the corps. In the absence of a target, they are foolish if they do not put up with a Butt.

Good Title for a Cotton Lord.—Lord Cottenham.

SHALL WE SMOKE ON RAILWAYS?

Menaced, *Mr. Punch* is Boreas; entreated, he is Zephyr. When he reads in railway stations and carriages insolent *affiches*, commanding him not to Smoke (he delights in the weed), threatening him with fines and imprisonments, and holding up to him instances in which the Company has been down upon a smoker, he naturally lights up the largest cigar in his possession, blows a cloud into the face of the ticket clerk, sends the guard to buy him *fusées*, stalks up and down the platform in a cloud of fume, and on entering the carriage, hands round his cigar-case to every fellow-passenger. And in this course he intends to persevere wherever the Directors of a Railway presume to be impertinent. But when he found, on a recent journey on the Brighton and South Coast Line, such an appeal as this, he, like the pious Æneas,—

"Rolled his eyes, and every moment felt
His manly soul with more compassion melt."

Thus gently plead the Brighton Directors—

"In consequence of the numerous and increasing Complaints of Smoking in the Carriages on the line, the Directors have resolved to appeal to their Passengers on the subject."

Very right, indeed. The passengers, and not any whimsical or arbitrary officials, are the proper tribunal of appeal in such a matter. This is truly constitutional, and in the spirit of Magna Charta, and Lord John Russell himself would approve the course. Such an introduction prepossesses the reader in favour of the appeal. Let us proceed—

"The Directors feel assured that if those who thus disregard *the Regulations* of this and every other Railway, framed in this respect to secure the general convenience, were aware of the discomfort and annoyance *they* inflict on the great majority of Passengers, not only while Tobacco is smoked, but from the Carriages being rendered offensive to those who travel in them at other times, they would refrain from doing so during the short period occupied by the journeys on this line."

Mr. Punch begs to assure the courteous Directors that he is quite aware of the discomfort and annoyance the anti-smoking Regulations of that and every other railway inflict on the great majority of passengers; as truly stated by the grammatical construction of the above lines. He is also aware that this is not what the Directors mean, but the reverse thereof. They mean to say that most people do not like smoking, and that the carriages in which smoking has taken place smell disagreeably. Now, he takes leave to contest the first proposition, and will do so on statistical grounds. Referring to an abstract of a Blue Book before him, and turning to the Customs accounts for one year (Mr. Charles Knight is responsible for the figures, and he is never wrong), he finds that the very largest item of all that go to make up the Twenty odd millions of income is the duty on imported Tobacco. Even miserable Tea—that contemptible mess which duchesses take before dinner, and other women whenever they can get it with chatter—produces less than the noble Tobacco—nay, here are the figures:—

Tobacco, stemmed	£2,246,465
Unstemmed	2,888,490
Manufactured, and Snuff .	119,338
	£5,254,293

Upwards of Five Millions of Pounds paid upon the article which "most persons" do not like. Five Millions of Pounds, and this for duty only, mind, to which we must add the rest of the price of the article, if we would know what the Smoker pays. But let us leave it at Five Millions of Sovereigns. Now, how many people travel on Railroads in England? *Mr. Punch* refers to another Parliamentary abstract. Taking the first and second classes for the year—he omits the third, because, notoriously, the unfortunate third class would all smoke if they might, to comfort themselves in their pens—the numbers are:—

First	6,771,060
Second	16,935,303
	£23,706,363

Twenty-three millions of passengers, or rather of journeys, for every

journey is counted, and a commercial traveller may be 100 in the above number, while MR. TENNYSON's clerk that went out of town, and dreamed, may be 2. Well, knock off about half for women, whose opinion is not wanted on a tobacco question, or any other. There are twelve millions of passengers. Knock off a million of the Five sovereigns for people who take tobacco but don't travel, and you have four millions of sovereigns paid for tobacco by railway travellers. Now, *Mr. Punch* requests the Directors' attention. They assume that most passengers don't like baccy? Do they mean to say that a lesser number than Six millions of passengers contribute the enormous sum of four millions for their weeds? Bosh, bother, bah, bo, bee! Are we mad—is the world mad? If figures mean anything, they prove, in an extra-GLADSTONIAN and irrefragable manner, that at least 8 out of every 10 railway travellers hunger and thirst for the Weed. As for the smell that is left in carriages where people have smoked, he does not deny that it is disagreeable for the moment, but if the Directors had the carriages properly aired, and a few pastiles or some of PIESSE AND LUBIN's fumigating ribbon burned in them every morning, the inconvenience would be scarcely perceptible. So we go on again:—

"The Directors invite the co-operation of Passengers, in discountenancing Smoking in the Carriages, and they trust that any who have without due consideration for others, evaded the Regulations of the Company, will abstain from a practice which interferes with the general comfort, and thus relieve the Directors from the necessity of protecting the travelling Public from inconvenience, by resorting to any other course than this appeal to the good feeling and sense of propriety of those to whom it is addressed."

As regards the Short Time plea in the penultimate paragraph, the Brighton line has certainly more right to make it than any other Company, for the time is short, and the travelling is exceedingly rapid and creditably regular. But even the flying express makes an hour of it, and who can go without a cigar for a whole hour? If the Directors of one of the very best lines in the world find it impossible to prevent passengers from resorting to the Nicotian Consoler, is not the case very strong against the prohibitory movement? If one cannot do without a weed while the Brighton engine is tearing away with one like a fiery dragon mad with terror at being threatened with having *Proverbial Philosophy* read to him, how can one exist without the baccy, while the Eastern Counties is drawling away into the fens, or the Great Western is taking about three hours, on Sundays, to do about thirty miles. Therefore the courteous Directors need not hint at "any other course" than courtesy. They might as well attempt to put down sneezing, by a bye-law, as smoking. Especially will not English people be dictated to in a matter which should be one of free will, and the more it is sought to prevent smoking, the more will the carriages be found unpleasantly odorous.

Therefore, recognising the extreme politeness and good taste of the Brighton Directors' Appeal, and admitting that it does credit to a Board of Gentlemen, who look on the public as their friends to be conveyed, not as their victims to be fleeced, *Mr. Punch* is compelled to say that even this meritorious attempt to please low-church parsons, old fogies, and women, will not do. The real remedy is

A SMOKING SALOON.

When this is established, *Mr. Punch* himself will be the first to spy out, inform on, and if need, collar and kick anybody who even mentions tobacco in an ordinary carriage. Till then, *Fumus, Gloria Mundi*, wherever a fellow-passenger raises no objection.

LEGAL STREET-SHOWS.

SENTIMENTALISTS who sigh for the departed "good old times," and grieve that England is not now the "merry England" that it used to be, may derive some consolation from perusal of the following, which describes a scene at Appleby on the morning of Shrove Tuesday:—

"The ordinary routine and parade which accompany the judges as part of the high sheriff's office and duty in providing javelin men as escort and to keep order in Court, and trumpeters to announce the coming of the judges, were here enlivened by the high sheriff, MR. MATTHEW BENSON HARRISON, having dressed his javelin men and trumpeters in the costume of CHARLES THE FIRST. The men appeared dressed in leathern doublets with blue velvet sleeves slashed with white silk, blue velvet breeches, high buff buckskin turnover boots, sombrero hats buttoned up at one side, and ornamented each with a long blue and white feather, and crossbelts with large buckles suspending old-fashioned large-handled swords; a red sash round the waist completed their costume. The trumpeters wore grey hats looped up; in other respects the same dress. The javelins also were very formidable, antique-looking weapons. Most of the men were handsome, tall young fellows; and so decked out, as they marched before the judges down the old-fashioned street of the town on a bright frosty morning, the tops of their javelins glittering in the sunshine, and the gay long feathers in their hats waving in the wind, they carried back the mind to the days of the cavaliers, and certainly formed a very picturesque and, in these days of unadorned utility in dress, a very unusual sight."

The inhabitants of Appleby (and those in petticoats especially) ought certainly to pass a vote of thanks to their high sheriff for giving them this glimpse into the ancient books of fashion, and allowing them the privilege of seeing, gratis, such a show. Decked out as they were, the "handsome tall young fellows" must have found especial favour in the female eyes which gazed on them, and their quaint and antique dresses must have formed a pleasing contrast to the "unadorned utility" of modern masculine apparel. The turnover buff boots doubtless quite took the shine out of the blacked highlow called "Balmoral;" and the sombrero hats with feathers must have made all the bystanders who wore the chimney-pot chapeau groan with mingled agonies of jealousy and grief.

Judging from the taste which MR. MATTHEW BENSON HARRISON displayed in the selection of the costumes of his corps, we can't help thinking him related to his operatic namesake, from whose wardrobe the dresses may have come. But be this so or not, we think that his *costumerie* reflects the greatest credit on him, and we very much applaud him for that which he has done. Street-shows are in general most melancholy failures, but that at Appleby was certainly a very marked success; and the High Sheriff is deserving of the highest commendation for the way in which he catered to entertain the public. Any one who anyhow does anything to dissipate the dulness of a country town has a claim to be esteemed a benefactor to his species, and if the town of Appleby do not erect a statue to him, we shall consider MR. HARRISON has been bilked of his deserts.

A Grand Transformation Scene.

AT Christmas time, every Theatre has its Grand Transformation Scene. This year they have been grander, more beautiful, than usual.

But, without exception, the most startling, if not precisely the grandest, Transformation Scene this year has been that of turning the theatres into churches and chapels! The Beadle's Staff has achieved a greater wonder than Harlequin's Wand.

Colouring the Truth.

WE are told on one hand, that Truth lies at the bottom of a well. On the other hand, the Latin proverb informs us, that there is "*In Vino Veritas*." Probably the contradiction may be reconciled, by supposing that the Wine when there is Truth in it, has been largely mixed with water drawn from the Well that is the fixed abode of *Veritas*. We should not mind if wine merchants never put anything worse into their wine. We only wish that all adulteration were as harmless.

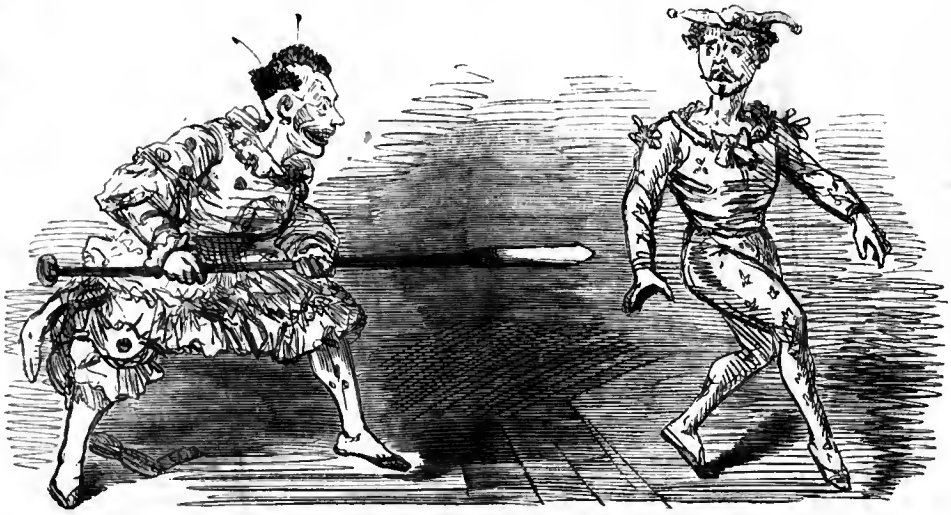
XX-Chequers.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has yielded to the pressure of the Great Brewers as represented by the London publicans, and withdrawn the licenses to Eating-house keepers. Surely the vendor of "One o' mutton thoroughly done" is more of a *Victualler* than the retailer of THICK AND SLAB'S ENTIRE?

WHY should any one afflicted with defective legs turn clergyman?

Because he would cease to be a layman (*lame 'un*).

A GOOD OLD COMIC CLOWN WANTED.



"Mr. Punch, Sir,

"I want to say a word or two upon what seems to me a matter of great national importance, and as the nation reads your paper more than any other, it is naturally to you that I am tempted to address myself. Sir, the subject I allude to, is the marked decline of Pantomime, and the gradual extinction of the good old Comic Clown, and if this be not a matter of importance to the nation, I shall be obliged to it to tell me one that is.

"In my young days a pantomi , Sir, strictly *was* a pantomime: a tale, that is, 'exhibited in gesture and in dumb show;' it is thus great Doctor Johnson in his wisdom has defined it, and there then was no departure from the mea of the word. The tale which was presented was always one of Love, and showing how the cou of it never doth run smooth. A good and evil fairy used their influence through the Opening, and at the end of it the good one transformed the faithful lovers into harlequin and columbine, and sent them dancing happily towards the Bowers of Bliss: while to worry them by the way, clown and pantaloon were summoned by the crutch of the bad fairy, and respectively emerged from the clothes of the Cruel Father, and of the Rich and Ugly Suitor who had had his ears boxed. To save him from these persecutors, the good fairy then gave harlequin his magic cap and wand, the former making invisible, while the latter gave him power to perform his fairy tricks, whereby he was enabled to punish his pursuers, and keep himself and columbine safe out of their clutch.

"Well, Sir, I need not say how we have changed all this, nor how much, to my thinking, we have changed it for the worse. What story there is now-a-days is no longer told in dumb show; I suppose our pantomimists are not clever enough for that. Conversation is no longer carried on by gesture, or in cases of extreme emergency by scrolls. Instead of this, burlesque writers are paid to put bad puns in very much worse verse, and with this mixture are the public nightly dosed, without, I think, their being very much the better for it. Moreover, Sir, the fairies are of far less account now than they were, and their influence on the love-tale is not half so well defined. Indeed, our children's faith in them must oft be sadly shaken, by seeing the good fairy do the bad one's work, and having helped the lovers to their happy change of life, change their persecutors also to continue to torment them. Then, on the principle of quantity making up for quality, pantomimists now-a-days appear in 'double companies;' so that besides a brace of harlequins and columbines, we get a pair of pantaloons and a couple of bad clowns. Novel nondescripts called 'sprites,' too, come bounding on unbidden, and twist and twirl about until one's brain whirls at the sight of them: while, to put a climax on these modern improprieties, there sometimes comes a creature called a Harlequina, whose ears, if I were Columbine, I certainly should box!

"But to my mind, Sir, by far the worst part of the business is that the Hot Poker is now virtually abolished, and the good old Comic Clown has ceased almost to exist. It is true that the hot poker still lingers on some stages, but alas! in modern hands it is a dull and pointless instrument. No longer is it heated in the fire of ancient wit, no longer is it used to poke a joke with any point in it. But ah! your good old Comic Clown, Sir, could wield it to some purpose. In his hands it was always safe to bring the house down. Every time he used it he was sure to get a roar. When he tickled pantaloon with it, I have split my sides with laughing, and have nearly died to see him take it up by the hot end and try to put it in his pocket. What fun there was moreover in the way in which he walked; his hands in his wide pockets (like our young swells with their 'pegtops'), and his toes so much turned in that one fancied he was born so, and that an act of surgery would be required to turn them out. How comically clever too he always was in thieving, and in making his excuse when detected in the act! Your modern clown steals things as though they really were his own, or at least as if he had a perfect right to take them. He does his highway robberies with brutal force and clumsiness, and thinks all the fun consists in the amount of cuffs he gives people.

"But not so did Grimaldi, and those good old-fashioned clowns who studied in his school. When they picked a pocket they did it like a pick-pocket, and showed plainly that they feared the law was at their heels. They preached too quite a sermon on the silliness of thieving, in the tortures which they suffered through possession of their plunder, and their ineffective struggles to conceal it. Many a budding thief, I think, must have been deterred from blossoming, by seeing how Grimaldi was worried with the warming-pan he had contrived to steal, but couldn't make away with: how in despair he 'd try to hide it in his all-pouching pocket, and what an utter fool he looked when, having left the handle out, he was dragged away to prison by it.

"But, alas! Poor Joey Yorick! thy shade no longer visits us. Thy mantle hath long since been torn to bits by rival clowns, and scarcely a square inch of it on any of them (if we except, perhaps, Mr. Leclerq at the Haymarket) is visible. Almost the last shred I have seen was on the shoulders of Tom Matthews; but Tom is now Old Tom, and cannot play the fool with such spirit as he could. I saw him t'other day (another new-fangled idea! they play pantomimes by day, now!) in *Jack and the Beanstalk*, but he was only man enough to take the part of an old woman, and I fear he won't again appear in his clown's petticoats. He sang "*Hot Codlins*" in a way, though, that made me mindful of the past, and his efforts to amuse me were vastly more successful than those of Mr. Flexmore, who later in the piece did his best (or worst) to imitate him. Mr. F., I fancy, is a student in the French school, which as a Briton I, of course, put far below the British. To my thinking, French clownism partakes less of the comic than the acrobatic element; and as I like to go to theatres not to wonder but to laugh, I confess that I prefer our good old English style of fooling. Clowns like Mr. Flexmore are agile and can dance; but to my mind a mere posturer is not a pantomimist, and dancing hornpipes is no more the business of a clown than singing nigger-songs is the vocation of a bishop.

"No, no, *Mr. Punch*. Our good old Comic Clown is a British institution, and *Monsieur Pierrot* must not be permitted to supplant him. If we allow this innovation, we shall next find that our pantomimes are 'taken from the French,' and that, Sir, to my thinking, would eternally disgrace us. A pantomime at Christmas is a good old English dish, and ought to be served up in the good old English fashion. The clown should do his antics after the antique, and not attempt to flavour them with any modern French sauce. I have no wish to see *bouilli* take the place of our roast beef, and would as soon employ a foreigner to get me up a pantomime, as I would hire a French cook to make me a plum pudding. Your *Pierrot* can grimace and kick his legs about, I grant; but my palate has been trained to relish good substantial English jokes, and I own I have no liking for *Pierrot's* foreign kick-shaws. Give me, I say, the fine old Joe Grimaldi style of clowning, and let me still enjoy my butter slide and my hot poker. Gorgeous transformation scenes will never, to my taste, supply the want of tricks; nor will a scanty diet of what should be fun and frolic be made up for by a glut of what is now bad gas and glitter.

"I remain, Sir, yours,

"An Englishman, and One of the Old Sort."

A Jewel that should be Universally Worn.

Temperance, like a diamond of the first water, shines more brilliantly the better it is cut. With a man the reverse holds good: he ceases to shine the moment he gets "*cut*."

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RUINED ENGLAND!

(An Article intended for the "Morning 'Tizer.")

Elas! Our worst fears have been realised. Her enemies have triumphed, and England, erstwhile "merry," sitteth groaning in despair. Aristocratic Nonchalance, in league with classic Imbecility hath, as we predicted, turned traitor in the camp, and thrown open the gates to let in the invader. The dotard Palmerston, in concert with the dull and drivelling Gladstone, hath done the dastard's deed for which Posterity will damn him, and e'en Antiquity would, if it had but known it, joined the curse!

Alas! Yes, it is too true. Government have carried their reduction of the wine duties, and the trade in British beer and British brandy therefore dies. While we write, the French invasion of cheap wines has begun. Their light clarets are trooping to supplant our "heavy wet." Thin Bordeaux is coming to knock down our bottled stout, and rot-gut Roussillon will wave the spigot over prostrate Bass. Allsopp's ale will fall ne'er more to rise again (in price). Reid will soon be shaken by the ill wind of adversity. Whitbread & Co.'s Entire will be entirely swept away, and not a drop remain unspilt of Truman's half and half. Barclay will take refuge in the Courts of Basinghall Street, and over head and ears in trouble will be Charrington and Head. Meux's double X will be X-tinguished by Médoc, while the frenzied friends of Free Trade will in bad French cry, "*tant Meux!*"

And is this—let us gravely ask our readers—is this nothing? Do you call it nothing to destroy the British nation?—by depriving it of health and wealth, nay, everything but name? For that the budget will be nationally the death of us, who doubts? Rob a Briton of his beer, and you rob him of his life. You take away his stamina, if you take away his stout. To substitute sour claret for sweet wholesome malt and hops, would be, at a blow, to break his staff of life, and sap the very bulwarks of the British constitution!

Yet this is what the enemies of England have been doing; and fools, to quote the poet—

> "Have werry much applauded them,
> For what they've been and done."

Little think they of the consequences of this rash, this awful act! Little think they that they've mined the deep foundations of the State, and dealt Britannia a home-thrust which she for ages hence must stagger under. Little reck they that our soldiers will lose their pith and pluck, and our sailors get as watery and weak as their French drinks; that our navies will ere long become as nerveless as our navvies, and our armies be deprived of e'en the strength to use their legs. Thinned by thin sour wine, our forces soon will be our weaknesses. True Britons, it is well known, subsist mainly upon beer; and if they cannot keep their pecker up, goodbye to their pluck.

As we are addressing a moneyed class of men, we consider less their pleasures than we do their pockets. Else might we dilate on the deliciousness of Beer, and the delights which it bestows upon the minds which truly relish it. *Dulce est desippere.* Sweet it is to sip, and yet more delectable is it to drink deeply of. Nor is its nutrition of less note than its niceness. As Plato well remarks in the second of his *Georgics*, "*Siney Bacco friget Venus*, which, we need not tell our readers, means that malt and hops invigorate the body, *Baccus* being, as all know, the classic synonym for Beer.

And alas! this mind-improving, muscle-fortifying beverage are we going to exchange for some few hogsheads of vile hog-swill! Well, "What must be, must," as Shakspeare's *Hamlet* hath it. But the game of the French Emperor may be seen with half an eye by any one, like us, who is not blinded, ay, and hoodwinked, by the spectacles of Office. When his clarets have invaded us, his cavalry will follow them, and in our beerless and brainless state an easy conquest will be possible. After giving us his bottles, he will come and give us battle, and then woe betide the dupes and dotards who have trusted him! The Sun of England will set, and her fair daughters be left brotherless. The flaunting flag of Liberty, of Britons long the boast, no more will flutter o'er the sea that girts our native coast! The Gallic Cock will crow on this side of the Channel, while 'neath the paw of the French poodle will the British lion crouch, and whine pulingly for mercy with his tail between his legs, however much the *'Tizer* may try to get his monkey up.

A "Master of the Horse."—Mr. Rarey.

RIGHTS OF LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

We hear a great deal about the Rights of Women; and it seems to be taken for granted, that there are certain rights which women in general agree in claiming for themselves. Some difference, however, as to what are and are not the rights of women, appears to prevail among the ladies of Aylesbury in Buckinghamshire. In the House of Lords we find, on the one hand, that—

> "Lord Dungannon presented a petition, signed by 300 women of Aylesbury and its immediate neighbourhood, against any measure for legalising marriage with a deceased wife's sister. He assured their lordships that the strongest repugnance prevailed among the women of England to any change in the law; and the present petition was only one out of many hundreds with which their table would before long be inundated. He trusted that any measure which might be introduced into their lordships' House for effecting a change in the law would meet with the same fate as its predecessors."

Whereupon, on the other hand,

> "Lord Wodehouse presented a petition from 428 women of Aylesbury and 145 women of Cheltenham, in favour of the legalisation of marriage with a deceased wife's sister. He was confident that the majority of the women in the country were anxious that the law should be altered, and he trusted that any measure which would be introduced for that purpose would be carried."

The ladies of Aylesbury appear to be as completely at variance touching the Rights of Women in one particular, as their respective champions, Lords Dungannon and Wodehouse are about those of men in the corresponding respect. The ladies, on the one side, demand the right of being allowed to marry their deceased sisters' husbands. Those on the other demand the right of continuing not to be allowed to marry the husbands of their deceased sisters. In like manner the lords are divided as to the Rights of Men; one noble lord requiring for them the right to marry a deceased wife's sister, the other the right of being kept under restraint from doing any such thing. It may almost be imagined that two parties of divines, who differ as to a point of Christian morality, have been severally illustrating that edifying fact by getting up an agitation in Aylesbury amongst the ladies on the subject of their dissension, and have so far, happily, succeeded as to divide them into two sects represented, respectively, by Lord Dungannon and Earl Wodehouse.

Does it not occur to Lord Dungannon and the ladies whose cause he espouses, that the marriage of a lady with her deceased sister's husband, and that of a widower with his deceased wife's sister are not ceremonies which it is proposed to make obligatory on widowers and surviving sisters? The noble lord and his clients have the right of refusing to contract such marriages if they please: cannot they be content with that, and with minding their own business?

INTERNATIONAL DUET.

Air—"*The Cobbler and the Tinker.*"

"Now we're met, let's merry be!"
Says the English to the French-man:
"Let's put aside all enmity,
And act with common sense, man!
I'll bring coal—"
French. And I'll bring wine;
English. My freight be iron—
French. Silk be mine.
Both. { And, we'll have no offence, man.
Nay, we'll have no offence, man!

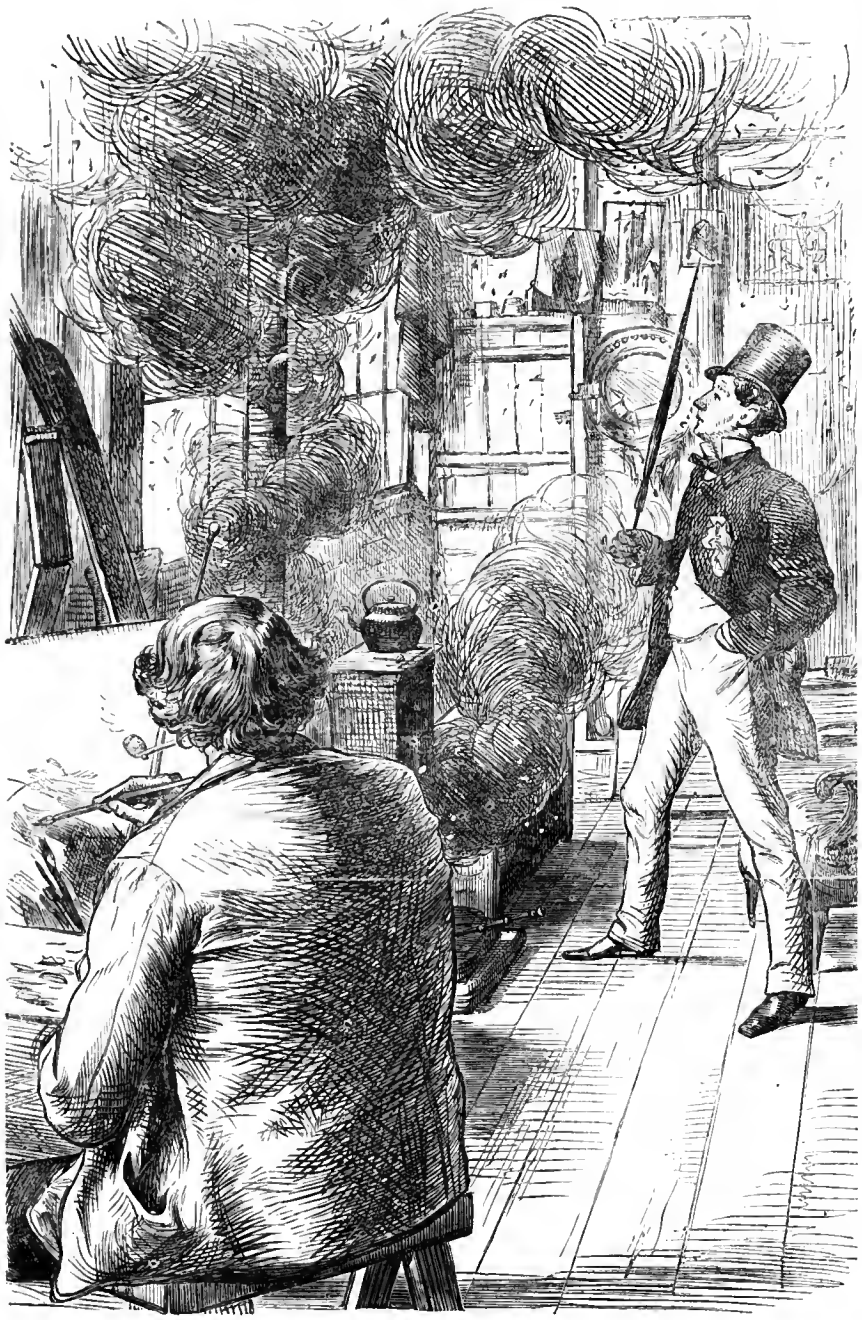
French. The ships of war I've lately made
You thought were for invasion;
I'll charter them for peaceful trade,
For which there's more occasion.
So if you bring iron, I'll bring wine.
English. And if your freight's silk, let coal be mine.
Both. { And this be our invasion,
Our mutual invasion!

[*Exeunt, arm in arm, smoking the cigar of peace, and dancing the cachouca of delight.*

A Canvas-Backed Duck.

Lord Gainsborough's son, Lord Campden, has been soundly beaten by Mr. Deasy in the contest for Cork County. The awful look of dismay put on by Campden, when he found that the Priests could not seat him, has caused him to be christened "Gainsborough's Blue Boy."

The Licensing System.—The Big Brewer is a Vulture, and the Unpaid Magistrate instrumental to his rapacity is that Vulture's Beak.



A MERE TRIFLE.

Startled Visitor. *"Hullo!—Why, look here!—Why, I say, Stodge!—why!*
Stodge. *"Oh! it's nothing, Old Fellow.—All right,—only the Chimney on fire!"*

MILLINERY AND MECHANICS.

In the window of a dressmaker's shop in Bond Street there is a comical picture giving three views of a fine lady, in the elegant and simple costume of the period, exhibiting the use and application of an invention named "L'Impératrice," by reason that it is said to be worn by the Empress of the French, otherwise and in the vulgar tongue called a Dress-Holder. It has the appearance of a small rake—the handle of which is held, or hooks on to the waist; the teeth, or whatever answers their purpose, being hitched in the skirts. Next to making dresses of a convenient length, this is perhaps the most commodious contrivance for keeping them up out of the dirt.

If, however, appearance were consulted without regard to a little additional expense, the office of the Dress-Holder might be more splendidly accomplished by means of a small winch or windlass attached to a girdle or waist-ribbon, and carrying a silk line with a weight and a hook at the end of it, by means whereof the dress might be hoisted up or let down at pleasure. The winch being made of gold jewelled with a variety of precious stones, and the hook and weight also composed of the most valuable of the metals, would render the contrivance ornamental in some degree higher perhaps than that of its utility. Moreover a proper addition would be made to the present very moderate cost of ladies' dresses, which is much too closely accommodated to the meanness of husbands and fathers. If one winch would not suffice, two might be employed; and the process of winding and unwinding them would constitute a new study for those who delight in giving their mind to the observation of feminine actions.

PARODIES FOR POLITICIANS.

I.

Air—"*A Bumper of Burgundy.*"

A Glass of cheap Burgundy, fill, fill for me;
Drink, you who can stand it, Champagne.
But whatever the price, wine expensive must be,
Whilst precarious incomes we gain.
And now, when forbidden for want to lay by,
A man's saddest feelings distress him,
"Income-Tax on Hard Earnings for Ever!"
we'll cry:
Mr. Gladstone's good health—and bless him!

All you who are now closer still to be shorn,
Of all you should save in the year,
With an "ignorant patience" you're told you
have borne
Taxation unjust and severe.
Such patience denotes the long-suffering Ass;
'Tis safe to defraud and oppress him;
Submissive, succumbing, then toss off the glass:
Mr. Gladstone's good health—and bless him!

II.

Air—"*Oh! Say not Woman's Heart.*"

Oh! say not Income's Tax is fair,
A just and gentle measure,
A load which poor men do not bear,
That saddles men of treasure.
All's one to those whose dividend,
Or rent, with wealth supply them,
If you tax what they have to spend,
Or tax what that will buy them.

Both high and low Taxation spares,
The class between to diddle,
That one its burden chiefly bears;
The workers in the middle:
Against old age and loss to guard,
It frustrates their endeavour
Whom Schedule D, unfair and hard,
Will grind—and grind for ever!

AN IMPORTANT DUTY.

In the debate on the Customs' Act, Mr. Bentinck, when the Chairman reached the article of "apples," is reported to have declared, with a considerable deal of misplaced passion, that—

"The duty of apples was one of considerable importance."

However, to Members who partake of Mr. Bentinck's crabbed factiousness, we should have thought that the duty of throwing apples of discord, whenever their party fancied they could gain anything by the move, was a much more important one. To Mr. Disraeli, for instance, we should think that such a duty would be as dear as the apple of his eye.

A NEW READING OF AN OLD PROVERB.

BY BENTINCK TO PAXTON.

"What's sauce for the land, is sauce for the silk-mill."

SEVERE.

Old Lady. "Ah thin, bad luck to ye, Grigory! where's yer Manners? One would think ye was in a Gintleman's House, standin before the fire with yer Coat-tails up, and Ladies present too!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday. Lord Brougham, always true to his humane instincts, brought before the Lords the case of the young children employed in Bleach Works. It is a cruel one. Infants of seven and eight years old are at work for eighteen hours, and are sometimes four nights without sleep. The brutalities by which the poor little children are kept sufficiently awake for the purposes of their task-masters are shocking. Years ago, when the cruelties of the climbing-boy trade were exposed in the Lords, a noble lord told a good story, made their lordships laugh, and by getting the Bill thrown over for a year, left a new batch of children to the mercies of the Sweep. There was nothing of this kind to-night, and Lord Granville promised information. He will be good enough to remember that Lord Brougham *has* tendered information, which proves that our friend Mammon is, as usual, doing the work of Moloch.

Three Hundred Aylesbury women petitioned against the Wife's Sister's Marriage Bill, and Four Hundred and Fifty-Eight other Aylesbury Women petitioned in favour of it. The question seems to interest the Vale.

The Lion-hearted King is to be set up in Trafalgar Square as soon as a pedestal can be got ready, but nobody could say when the Lions will be put up. However, all in good time; Richard died some years before Horatio, and in a few centuries it will doubtless come to the latter's turn to be served.

The Commons got upon the Budget, and the Wine was passed. Some of the Members made wry faces. Mr. Milnes kindly trying to give what may be called a "backhander" to those who have already bottles in their hands, failed in his generous endeavour for the *Vinum generosum.* There was a great dispute as to how wine was to be tested, and the only wonder was, that Mr. Newdegate did not take the opportunity of pleasing Exeter Hall by moving, that for the purpose of testing the Body in wine, we should restore the Test and Corporation Acts.

Tuesday. Lord Clanricarde thinks the Irish Police much too handsome and soldierly to be good Constables. This is matter of opinion. But when his Lordship tried to strengthen his case by stating that crime had increased in Ireland, it was civilly explained to him by the Duke of Somerset that he was stating what was ridiculously untrue, as the Irish were breaking themselves very rapidly and meritoriously of the habit of murder, and were contenting themselves with assaults, batteries, and other milder amusements.

Mr. Pope Hennessy, M.P., who had been ordered to serve on a Railway Committee, bolted to Ireland, at the orders of the Priests, to assist in the opposition to the election of the new Irish Attorney-General, in every respect an excellent Catholic gentleman, but who is hateful to the Ultramontanists, because he belongs to a Cabinet that is hateful to the Pope. So the Priests of Cork county set up a helpless Lord called Campden, and have been working like mad to get him in. Mr. Hennessy was commanded off to help, and what could he do? His absence from the Railway Committee cost "the parties" £400; but what of that, when Father O'Horsewhip is bellowing for a spachemaker? We are sorry for the parties, but not that the Priests' Tool System should be exposed. This is a natural place to note that the Papists were extraordinarily well thrashed by the Catholics, aided by the Protestants, and that Mr. Deasy beat the silly Lord by a very large majority. Archbishop Whateley sends *Mr. Punch* this:—

> "We know nought of Pope Hennessy's
> Birthplace, or Genesis,
> But awfully vexed at us
> Pope made his Exodus."

Sir Robert Peel has been making desperate efforts to efface the memory of his mountebank speech against the Volunteers, and has been holding forth two or three times about Savoy, a place of which it is barely possible he may know something, as he was our *chargé* in Switzerland for four years. To-night he made one of these speeches, in support of Mr. Kinglake, and in protest against the views of Louis Napoleon. Lord John made a mystifying kind of answer, knowing quite well that in forty-eight hours the Emperor was going to declare in his Speech to the Chambers that he meant to have the Slope of the Alps.

More Budget. A fight over Apples, and then over Corks, but Mr. Gladstone vanquished. Mr. Bentinck put himself in a rage about the Treaty with France, and also declared that "the Sword was the only thing that would cut the Gordian Knot." He is entirely misinformed, and we are authorised to state, that if he will apply to Mr. Richard Bentley, the honourable Member will learn that the Paper-knife will answer the purpose much better.

Wednesday. A debate on a meritorious but defective Bill for establishing Councils of Conciliation for settling disputes between Employer and Employed. It was referred to a Committee.

Thursday. The First day of March. Westminster New Bridge was, for the first time, one half opened, in honour of the event of the evening, the Reform Bill. Precisely at five minutes before five, Lord John Russell advanced to the table, was cheered, and sang as follows:—

THE NICE LITTLE BILL.

Mr. Denison, Sir, I 'm obleeged by those cheers,
And I beg that the House will accord me its ears,
While I try to set out to the best of my skill,
The Reforms I propose by my Nice Little Bill.

A new constitution 's not what I design,
I consider the old one remarkably fine,
Nor could I its place advantageously fill
By aught I might give in my Nice Little Bill.

I do not admit that a failure I view,
In the Bill which I passed in the year XXXII.
Au contraire, 'tis because it succeeded, I will
Amend its few faults by my Nice Little Bill.

That the Nation is rich and is happy, are facts—
No need in these days for Lord Castlereagh's Acts:
We 're conservative, loyal, progressive, and *nil*
Is wanted on earth but my Nice Little Bill.

Well, now for the franchise—some folks say francheeze,—
And first to the Counties we 'll go, if you please:
All pledges to them I intend to fulfil
By a £10 francheeze, in my Nice Little Bill.

Occupation shall give it,—but then understand,
Though we don't value dwellings when coupled with land,
On houses not dwellings—for instance, a mill—
There 's demanded £5 by my Nice Little Bill.

I 'd interpolate here a legitimate word:
I hold that the doctrine 's immensely absurd,
That because agitation is absent, 'tis ill
To concede the Reforms of my Nice Little Bill.

I propose, my dear Sir, to repudiate, quite,
Each franchise termed "fancy" (your joke, Mr. Bright);
No doubt they have recommendations, but still
I shall leave them all out of my Nice Little Bill.

For votes in the boroughs, I mean, Sir, to fix
The pounds in the rent at the figure of 6;
Thus two hundred thousand one twist of my quill
To the Register adds, by my Nice Little Bill.

That addition increases one-third, or about,
The roll of Electors at present drawn out;
I trust I don't offer too bitter a pill
To Conservative friends by my Nice Little Bill.

As regards, Sir, the Working Class, surely the best
Will be put on the list by the rate I suggest,
And I think they've a right to remonstrate, until
They're admitted to vote by my Nice Little Bill.

Then, as for disfranchisements, so much, you know,
Was done by my Bill twenty-nine years ago,
That there's no extinct borough, mound, ruin, or hill,
To be scheduled in A, by my Nice Little Bill.

But we *must* preserve Boroughs—I think with you, Ben,
Small places are famed for electing great men;
Look at Burke, and Macaulay. I'm blessed if I'll kill
One nice little burgh by my Nice Little Bill.

Besides, if I tried it, they'd kick up a row,
And parties are balanced so nicely just now,
That a junction of Tories and grumblers would spill
The Palmerston drag, and my Nice Little Bill.

But for less than 7000 inhabitants, two
Representatives can't have sufficient to do,
So we'll take away one, where there are not *sept mille*
In the census return, by my Nice Little Bill.

Sing Marlborough, Thetford, and Harwich so base,
Sing Totness, and Honiton, famous for lace;
Sing Evesham, Wells, Tewkesbury (*there* don't they swill?)
All lose an M.P. by my Nice Little Bill.

So Lymington, Leominster, and Ludlow I sell,
And Knaresborough, known by its strange Dropping Well—
And Andover, Maldon, and Richmond so chill,
(Not the one where I live) by my Nice Little Bill.

And so fares Devizes, Sir, where, by the bye,
Old women fall dead when they utter a lie,
And Cirencester, Ripon, and Bodmin we'll grill
On the same pan of coals, by my Nice Little Bill.

With Hertford and Huntingdon (bold Robin Hood),
And Marlow, where fishing's uncommonly good,
And Dorchester, Chippenham, and Guildford must drill
In the corps I create by my Nice Little Bill.

Here are Twenty-Five seats, you perceive I have got:
Fifteen to big Counties I mean to allot,
And on cities that spread like great turbots or brill,
Four seats I confer by my Nice Little Bill.

Then Birkenhead, Staleybridge, Burnley, I name:
One Member each place may undoubtedly claim;
Let Chelsea-cum-Kensington stick out its frill,
I bestow on it Two, by my nice Little Bill.

Both Oxford and Cambridge will cheer what I do
In giving one seat to our own London U.
They are fountains of learning, but Gower Street's a rill
Should be honoured, and shall, by my Nice Little Bill.

That's all, Mr. Denison—no, I should say
The Poor-Rate, alone, every voter must pay;
No need for the taxes to open his till,
Before giving his vote by my Nice Little Bill.

My measure is simple, but hear my belief;
A plan more ornate might come headlong to grief—
So fell Master Jacky, preceding Miss Jill,
I want no such fate for my Nice Little Bill.

The words of Mercury were not particularly harsh after the song of Apollo, but Viscount Williams,—calling attention to the fact that the Metropolitan constituencies returned such first class men, such wonders of the world, as himself, Cox, late of Finsbury, and others,—complained grievously that more Members were not given to the Metropolis, that there might be a few more such shining lights stuck in the political firmament. Mr. TOM Duncombe, of course, said a smart thing or two against the Bill; and the House, with a unanimous yawn, said, "O, law, yes, bring it in if you like." Irish and Scotch Reform Bills were then brought in—they are very much like the English one, but the only point on which *Mr. Punch* cares to praise either, is a clause in the Hibernian Act, for allowing Irish Peers to represent Irish constituencies. It is an English grievance that Lord Galway, Lord Fermoy, and Lord Palmerston, are considered good enough to be English Members, but cannot be elected for places in the province. Besides, the opening the Irish hustings to these peers may induce the occasional selection of men of a better class than the Pope's Brass Band.

Friday. To-day, of course, Lord John Russell had to refer to the Emperor's speech, and to express his own opinion that there was really a good deal to be said for the proposed Annexation, but that he had no doubt that Electus would do everything in an orderly and diplomatic manner. Mr. Bright came out with a declaration that Savoy wished to be annexed to France, because the value of Savoyard land and produce would be immensely increased; and he hinted that if English territorial landed proprietors had a similar chance, he would not give much for their loyalty to their Queen. This not unnaturally brought up Lord John Manners, in a rage, and he protested on behalf of the Dukery that English noblemen and gentlemen had no such mean notions.

More Budget. Sir Joseph Paxton contended, with much vigour and ability, for the claims of the Silkmakers, but the Juggernaut Car went over their necks.

The nation will be permitted by Lord Palmerston to do something for the gallant Sir L. M'Clintock, and the noble fellows who went with him to the Sea of Ice. Finally, the world will be excited to hear that three Election Committees arrived this week at decisions. This was the report:—

"Young Lawson, and Sir James R. Graham,
Voters you had, but did not pay 'em:
Your conduct too is quite the Stilton,
Good Mr. Brooks, and Grey de Wilton:
And you contrive to save your bacon,
Sirs Henry Stracey and E. Lacon."

Progress of Artillery.

We understand that, when a trial of the Whitworth 80-pounder can be had under sufficiently favourable circumstances, that piece of ordnance, pointed by a first-rate gunner, will (by the help of a telescope) be made to snuff a candle at the distance of ten miles.

THE OLD NEWS BOY.

Boy. "SECOND EDI—TI—ON! REFORM BILL!"

AN UNCOMMONLY CIVIL WAR.

Mr. Bull. "ALLOW ME, MY DEAR EMPEROR, TO INTRODUCE TO YOUR NOTICE THESE BEAUTIFUL DIAMONDS!"
Emperor. "AND LET ME, CHER M. BULL, OFFER YOU A GLASS OF THIS EXCELLENT LIGHT WINE!"—(*N.B. We know who has the best of it.*)

A NOVELTY IN SCOTLAND.

ACCORDING to the *Peebles Advertiser* (which we confess we are not in the habit of reading regularly) we find that—

"Gold has been found among the quartz detritus in Glengaberburn, a small mountain rivulet which falls into the Meggat, about a mile and a half from St. Mary's Loch."

Timon of Athens when he discovered "gold, glittering gold" in the forest, could not have been more astonished with his discovery than was probably MR. MACALISTER, the schoolmaster (and some schoolmasters do not care how low they stoop to pick up the auriferous metal), when his fingers closed with native quickness on those welcome little nuggets. We are told, however, that the quantity picked up is in weight equal to not more than half-a-sovereign. Small as the value was, however, the specimens were instantly despatched to the Chambers' Institution at Peebles, where doubtlessly, from their extreme rarity, they will attract thousands and thousands of the curious to see what the precious ore is like. It is supposed to be the first bit of gold ever seen in those parts of Scotland. After all, we strongly suspect that it must have been dropt by some English traveller. It would be a surprise, indeed, if Caledonia should turn out a second California. Could the fact be only established that Scotland is nothing less than a large money-box, brimful of half-sovereigns, that only requires breaking open, what a sudden rush homewards there would be of all the Scotchmen at present domiciled in England! We suspect that the wooden figures outside the tobacconists' shops even would join in the national race, all the runners of which would be picked out exclusively from "Scot's lot!"

BITTER BEER AND SOUR WINE.

IN an article on the vinous element of the Treaty with France, our contemporary the *Morning Post*, makes the following remarks with reference to bitter beer:—

"None of the English brewers of Paris—and we need scarcely say none of the native brewers—have hitherto succeeded in producing anything faintly resembling this excellent beverage, and we look forward, and not distantly, to the day when 'Bass' and 'Alsopp' will be much more extensively consumed in Paris and the beer-drinking departments of France than any native beverage. These departments chiefly are the Seine, Aisne, Nord, Pas de Calais, and Somme. We need not say, that every one of these departments may be reached by water communication."

It is very possible that none of the English brewers of Paris, and very likely that none of the native French brewers, have succeeded in producing anything faintly resembling bitter beer. The former would be obliged, and the latter would be naturally disposed, to endeavour to make their beer by brewing. This is not the way to produce bitter ale, such bitter ale as is commonly retailed. No doubt *M. le Pharmacien* would encounter none of the difficulty in preparing the so-called fluid which *Messrs. les Brasseurs* experience in attempting to brew it. The French apothecaries are not less skilful than our own, and any respectable British chemist and druggist, could, out of his *materia medica*, easily compose a draught possessing the bitterness, the smell, and the stupefactive power, which constitute the sole recommendations of that beverage. Of course there is no disputing about tastes; every man to his quassia, or gentian, or chamomile, who prefers physic to malt liquor; but a mash-tub is not the proper vessel to mix medicines in; nor are the combinations of pharmacy to be obtained by the process of fermentation.

A bitter infusion, which will keep, is preferred by most people, and by all publicans, to beer that very soon turns sour and nasty. Few publicans and beer-sellers keep any other than that bad sort of beer, if they keep any beer at all; but not a few keep only the bitter infusion which usurps its place and name. Hence at many hotels there is nothing else to be had. Any port in a storm; any port also rather than no wine; any apology for beer rather than no beer whatever. Bitter beer is the consumer's only resource, and therefore it is popular. Stingo is almost obsolete: good swipes are to be had nowhere. Hobson's choice is called universal suffrage.

If the French will take our bitter beer, and give us their sour wine in return, the exchange will certainly be no robbery to us. The Budget will doubtless benefit us there. Good ale will have to be brewed once again, to compete with claret, which is at least better than the common run of ale. If our neighbours are equally satisfied with their bargain, well and good; but if those departments of France which, as the *Post* says, may be reached by water communication, would stick to that communicating medium, however salt, they would act like better judges than they will show themselves to be in drinking a kind of waters of bitterness, which at best are no better than water spoiled.

PROPOSAL FOR A NEW TAX.

"MR. PUNCH, "*The Albany, March* 6.

"I AM a bachelor, and I mean to remain one. I have not a very good temper, and SIR C. CRESSWELL has enough to do without being troubled by any case that might arise out of some woman's imperfectly appreciating the duty she owed to my delicate mental organisation.

"But I see what goes on in the married world, and I see also that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER wants money.

"Why does he not lay a tax upon Babies?

"I am perfectly convinced that this tax would be joyfully paid. I believe that the mothers of England would take a pride in paying it themselves, and charge themselves with obtaining the money by a very slight increase in their fraudulent operations on the house-keeping bills.

"Say one pound per annum per baby. This would be less than sixpence a week, and a woman of the most ordinary peculative powers would smile at the idea of not being able to raise it.

"In 1856, I regret to state that 657,453 babies were born in England only; and the same sort of thing goes on, but at an increase of fourteen per cent. Say that there are 700,000 babies ready for the incidence of the tax. Why, Sir, here is at once compensation for the Paper Duty.

"I think it is a financier's business, or at all events it is expedient, to make the tax as agreeable as possible. I would propose—you know what women, especially mothers, are—to strike a tiny silver coin, of no value, but bearing a playful inscription, to be given to the child by the Collectors, as a receipt for the Tax. Mothers would be proud to put a bit of blue or red ribbon through it, and tie it round the ridiculous layer of fat called a baby's neck. It would be a certificate of the respectability of the parents. An Uncertificated Baby should be treated as an Uncertificated Bankrupt.

"Baby should pay the tax for one year only. If a new baby came to town before the expiration of that year, I would, I think, allow a drawback.

"I also suggest that something might be done in the Licensing way. I myself hate to see single girls carrying about babies, and being fond of them. But if this foolish amusement is to be permitted, why not make it profitable to the State? As a licence was necessary to a man before he might carry a gun, make it necessary to a girl before she may carry a baby. At five shillings a year you would collect a great deal out of the baby-fancying girls of England.

"The Baby-Tax would not fall, as too many imposts do, unjustly on the poor, because the poor have no right to have any children at all. Indeed I am not certain that anybody has that right, but here you may not concur with me, and I am not anxious for discussion, for the reason hinted at in my first paragraph.

"I am, Sir, your Obedient Servant,

"HEROD ANTIPATER."

Desert and Deserters.

SIR WILLIAM NAPIER never was an advocate for brutal punishments. Talking of deserters, and the cruel way in which they are "lettered" with a hot iron, he said indignantly one day: "You may take my word, no soldier was ever improved by it. On the contrary, the soldier, like port wine, invariably turns out the worse for being brand(i)ed."

OUT OF THE BERNAL COLLECTION.

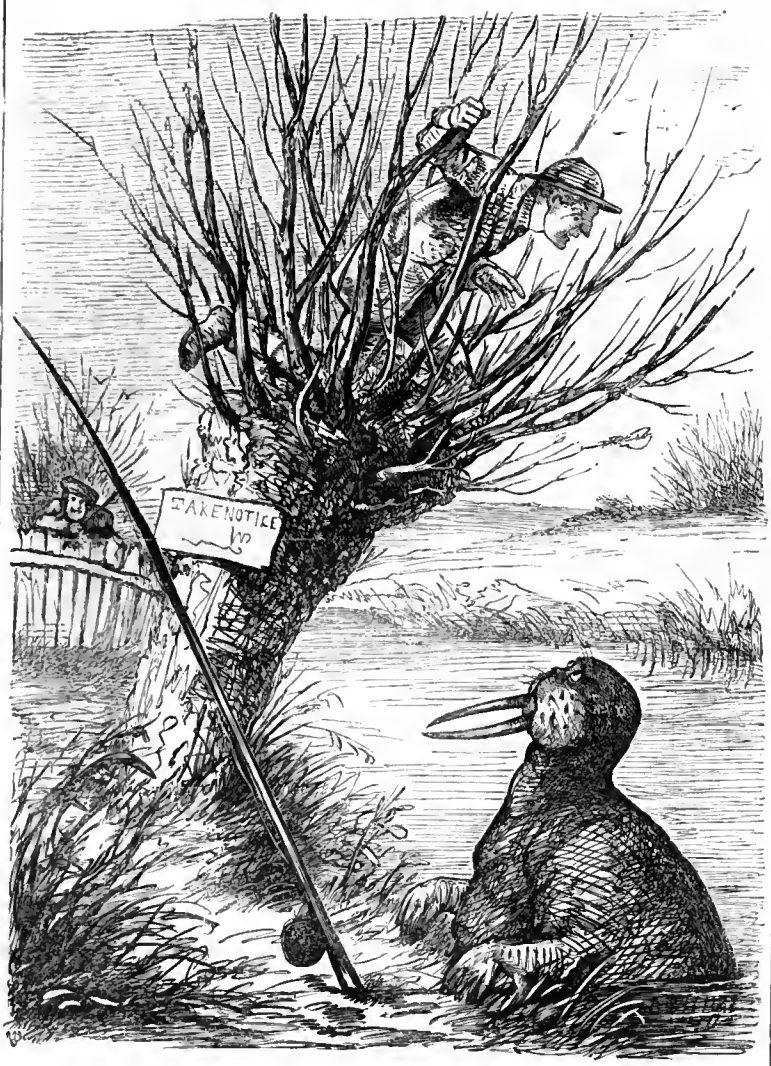
"IN one sense," says OSBORNE, "GLADSTONE is greater than HARVEY. HARVEY only discovered the circulation of the blood, whereas GLADSTONE, my boy, by remitting the duties on French wines, has discovered the circulation of the bottle."

"Contempsi Catilinæ gladios, non Pertimescam tuos."

THEY told MR. GLADSTONE the cork-cutting trade
'Gainst his Budget was all up in arms;
"Of the bite of the Brewers," quoth he, unafraid,
"Do they think that their *bark* has alarms?"

THE REAL "COLLIER CONTROVERSY."—Whether the restrictions, which harass the British shipowner carrying coals into France, and the differential duties in favour of French shipping, should not be abolished?

A FINE ILLUSTRATION OF THE ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS.—*Savoy* suggests *cabbage*.



BEGINNING TO "TAKE NOTICE."

Bobbles devoutly wishes that he had Taken Notice a little earlier.

SOMETHING POWERFUL IN THE CHURCH.

Here is another elegant extract from the American Press:—

"The New York Correspondent of the *Philadelphia' Press* says—'Religion and auctioneering were actively combined at the annual renting of pews in the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's Church at Brooklyn. Two thousand persons were present. After a speech by Mr. Beecher, the auctioneer assumed the hammer, and in two hours *knocked down nearly all the pews and chairs in the church.* The highest premium paid for a pew was 160 dollars, and the lowest twenty-five cents.'"

That Yankee auctioneer must beat all the auctioneers in the world. No other Hercules of the rostrum would have the strength to stand up against him. He would knock down the Crystal Palace at a single blow of the hammer, if he had a chance. It is too bad, however, that he should make a display of his prowess inside a church. He must belong to that new sect, so popular at present amongst physical-force novelists, called "muscular Christianity." His muscular power will be "knocking down" the church itself next. He may be a descendant of the great John Knox himself, for what we know to the contrary. However, he might beneficially employ his mighty hand in knocking down church-rates; or if he could succeed in removing a few of the divisions that interrupt the progress of the service at St. George's in the East, we should look upon him as being as strong a man as any connected with the Church; for the man who knocks down pews and chairs so easily, would not take long in clearing out the congregation also, supposing it happened to be unruly. In fact, this auctioneer is a great Abolitionist in his way. Many Dissenters have been striving in vain for years to get rid of the pew system, and here is a "muscular Christian," who knocks them all down in a minute. We see from the above quotation of prices, that the lowest sum given was "twenty-five cents." We must say that, in the words of the Italian song, it was "*Non tanti più*"—not much for a Pew.

MONS RUSSELLIUS BIS PARTURIENS.

Mount Russell's the monarch of mountains
(Mount Blanc sank long ago
To a London sight, with red and blue light,
In Albert Smith his show);
Though round his waist no forest 's braced,
No avalanche in his hand;
Though far from tall—his person's small,
And the reverse of grand.

Yet of mountains that be the king is he,
And that I do maintain,
He hath had a fate ne'er mount had yet,
And none shall have again.
Some have heaved with the mirth of an earthquake's birth,
Some have brought forth mice, we know;
But Mount Russell alone of mountains hath known
The weight of either throe!

For his the head, and his the hand,
That launched upon their way,
The *Earthquake Bill* of thirty-one,
And the *Mouse Bill* of to-day!

WITLERS' WIT.

The Witlers, it appears, are rather savage with Lord Palmerston for having backed up Mr. Gladstone in his onslaught on their beer-barrels; for they consider (though we don't) the introduction-of French wines will lessen the consumption of English malt and hops. They seem to fancy that by giving this new drink to the public his Lordship's government must do a damage to the publics, since no one in his senses will put up with doctored beer when he can slake his thirst with what is pure and wholesome drink. In this view of the case we thoroughly agree: but when the Witlers call his lordship an "*in*judicious bottle-holder," the stress they lay on the first syllable makes us feel inclined to slightly vary the orthography, and say his Lordship has in this matter been quite an *Inn*judicious one.

PUBLIC HOUSE PORT.

(Mr. Bernal Osborne's *Receipt*).

Put in cider, five times nine
Gallons, brandy six; combine
Ditto two, strained broth of sloes,
Mix eight, real port, with those.
If the colour of the stuff
Is not bright and strong enough,
Add the tincture of red sanders,
To deceive the geese and ganders.
Every bottle, rogue, into,
Put one drachm of catechu,
That will give astringent savour,
And a crust as well as flavour.
Dye corks' ends with Brazil wood:
Public-house Port thus is brewed!

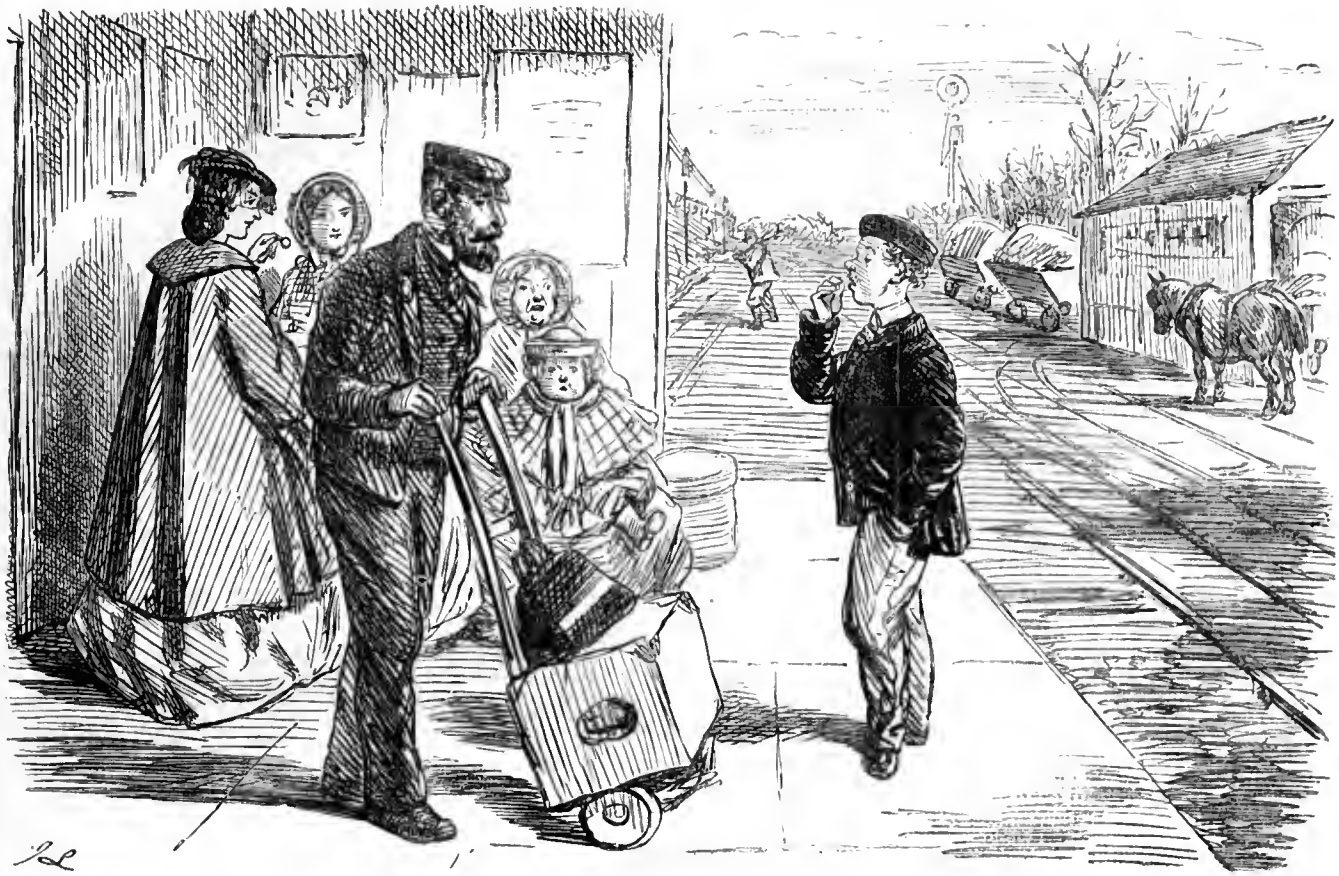
Cynic, Laugh at Thyself.

Sir Robert Peel laughs at English Volunteers. Yet he has not been backward in boldly coming forward as a Volunteer in loyal defence of Savoy. Is it more ridiculous to be an English Volunteer than a Savoy one? We might as well accuse Sir Robert of being a "sweep," because he has turned *Savoyard*, as his treating Englishmen as fools, because they have chosen to turn Volunteers.

A WORTHY SUCCESSOR.

The late Sir Robert Peel was the first to throw open the British Ports, and Gladstone is about to open for us the French Clarets.

Swift defined a "Nice man" as a "man of nasty ideas." Louis Napoleon has taught us to define a "nasty policy" as a "policy of *Nice ideas*."



Young Stickleback. "Por-taw! Have you seen a Friend of mine waiting about he-aw!"
Porter. "Friend, Sir! What sort of Gentleman was he?"
Young Stickleback. "Haw! Tall—Military-looking Man, with Moustachers—something like Me!"

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER VI.—THE ANGLO-SAXON PERIOD—(Concluded).

As Lords of the Creation, politeness of course tells us we must not forget the ladies: and having thoroughly described the mail armour of the period, we have now the pleasing labour of picturing the female. When we say this, we however do not mean it to be thought that the Anglo-Saxon women were really clothed in armour: for crinoline was not in use in that blest age, and the softer sex were not environed with hard steel, as in our own more savage time, they have been driven to defend themselves. But clothing may be fairly viewed as armour against weather, and when a woman puts it on it may be said to (w)arm her. Besides, we wished to make a play upon the two words "mail" and "female," and we are not to be prevented from making a bad pun by any paltry doubt about the fitness of a synonym, which we may find it needful for the joke's sake to bring forward.

Without, however, condescending to this careful explanation, we might have not unfitly used the word we did; for one of the chief articles of Saxon ladies' dress was a garment which was called in their uncouth tongue a *gunna;* a term which certainly to our ears smacks much less of millinery than it seems to do of armoury. Antiquarians have made a lot of shots about this gunna, and as they cannot make their minds up as to what it really was, they have long kept up a fire of critical remarks on it. There are some who like to liken it to the Roman-British *gwn*, a word which, if spelt properly, would obviously be *gown*. This garment Varro speaks of by its Latin name *gaunacum*, and describes as a short tunic reaching half-way down the thigh, and furnished with loose sleeves extending only to the elbow. It is presumable, however, that no decent Anglo-Saxoness would have ever dreamt of dressing in so scanty an apparel: and we incline therefore to think, with other eminent authorities, that the gunna was a long robe reaching to the feet, which indeed in the old drawings it frequently conceals. Still, that short gunnas were worn, there is extant good episcopal evidence to prove: for in searching the old chronicles we find a copy of a letter from a Saxon Bishop of Winchester, who gives some one "a short gunna made in our manner." Who this Some one could have been we dare not stop now to conjecture, nor can we at present spare the space for guessing whether bishops then employed their leisure time in needlework, as the phrase "made in our manner" might lead one to suppose.

From the conflict of opinions expressed upon the subject, gentlemen of the long-robe might spend some days in arguing as to whether the said gunna was a long robe or a short one. But the long and the short of it is, we think, it sometimes was a long robe, and sometimes was a short one, and we hope our readers will be satisfied with this solution of the point. Underneath the gunna, the Anglo-Saxonesses wore a kirtle and a tunic, whereof the latter had long sleeves like the tunics of the men, and wrinkled up in rolls from the elbow to the wrist. From their fitting with such tightness and closeness to the arm, these rolls must have in temperature been hot rolls to the wearer, who, in the summer-time, must frequently have felt herself half baked in them.

What the kirtle was, we shrink from questioning too narrowly, for in the will of one Wynflæda we find that it is mentioned with "other linen webb," and described as being white. It seems therefore not improbable that the kirtle, though spelt differently, was in fact a sort of shirt; but as shirts, we are aware, are never worn by women, we guess the kirtle must have been that sort of she-shirt or che-mise, which inquiring-minded monsters have perhaps heard called a "shift."

The mantle was a garment worn likewise at this period, and which bore a strong resemblance to the ancient priestly chasuble, so far as the illuminators suffer one to judge. Being fastened at the throat, it was made so as to hang loosely down the back and down in front; and except when looped up by the lifted arms, it covered the whole figure like a domino or cloak.

If we venture now to handle so delicate a subject as the Saxon ladies' legs, it is only for the sake of silencing a writer who darkly hints that it is possible that they were left unclothed. This appalling fancy he deduces from the fact, that stockings are not seen in the pictures of the period, wherein the female figure is most carefully portrayed. But a sufficient cause to our mind why the stockings are not seen is, that the legs which wore them were kept purposely invisible: for the Anglo-Saxon artists were extremely modest men, and never, it would seem, were students of the nude, as is the case with their more modern, and perchance less modest, brethren. For ourselves, we blush to think that any foremothers of ours should ever have gone barelegged; and we cannot bear to dwell upon a point so barely possible. Our own impression is, that the Anglo-Saxon ladies not only had stockings, but actually wore them: in which respect they would have differed from some of their descendants; for many a Scotch lassie who likes to show her legs, will carry in her pocket the wherewithal to cover them.

The Saxon ladies' shoes were in shape much like their lords': so far as one can guess from the small portion of them visible. In the manuscripts they mostly are half hidden by the gunna, and it is therefore difficult to say precisely how they looked. From their being coloured black we may presume that they were worn so; but whether they had heels "hath not yette come un-toe our knowledge," to quote the words of one who was once esteemed a wit.

It is doubtful whether gloves were worn by either Saxon sex until just before or after the close of the tenth century. As a proof of their great rarity, we find it mentioned that five pairs of them formed a chief part of the duty paid to Ethelred the Second, by a guild of German merchants for protection of their trade: a fact which serves to show that the earliest of protectionists found it pay to bribe our Government to go hand in glove with them. In a miniature of a lady, supposed to have been done about the year 1001, the left hand is depicted in a sort of glove or muffler, having the thumb separate, but the fingers all together. Whether the lady was possessed of a right-hand glove as well, and if so, why she did not wear it when she sat to have her portrait taken, are questions we despair of ever hearing answered. It is possible, however, that as gloves were doubtless dear when they first were introduced, ladies wore them singly if their pin-money ran short; and so contrived to make a pair last them twice the time they would have done if both were worn together.

From the hand to the head is an easy transition, except with persons born in Cockneydom who can't pronounce their h's; so directing our attention to the Anglo-Saxon head-dress, we find that women of all classes wore a piece of silk or linen wrapped and folded over and about the head and neck, so that it looked a combination of a comforter and cap. Their name for it was *wæfles*, from the verb *wæfan*, to cover; but they also called it *hæfodes rægel*, which means literally head-rail. As depicted in the manuscripts, the garment looks as uncouth nearly as its name; and from its bandage-like bemufflement gives the wearer the appearance of having a bad head-ache, a sore throat and swelled face.

This head-gear was, however, seldom worn withindoors, for the women, like the men, were sadly proud of their long hair, and wasted their time terribly in combing it and curling it, and generally seeing to its proper cultivation. Bishop Adhelm writing *De Virginitate* (a queer theme for a bishop's pen, some readers may think, but it is not long since a prelate* wrote against the polka) makes mention of a lady in the hands of her attendants, and having her locks delicately twisted by the frizzling tongs. But the bishop does not mention if her hair was brown or blue, and strange as it may seem, there are colourable grounds for thinking it may have been either. This we say on the authority of mountains of MSS., in which the hair and beard are mostly painted blue; and hosts of learned commentators coincide in guessing that the Saxons used some dye or powder for their hair, which imparted to their heads the *ceruleum colorem*, of which we learn from Cæsar, the old Britons were so fond. Now, as ladies often imitate the arts of their admirers, and follow in their fashions as far as it is practicable, we have very little doubt that the Anglo-Saxonesses likewise liked to make themselves look frights by using hair-dye; and that, when in love especially, they coloured their heads so as just to match with their "adorers." Of this we partly have a proof in a painting of the period, wherein the flowing locks of Eve are depicted a bright blue: and further evidence is furnished by a fragment of a love-song, which is commonly believed to have been written by King Vortigern, who was inveigled into marriage with the daughter of old Hengist. The original MS. of this is now in our possession, and the lines in question run, or rather hobble, thus:—

"Rowena is my ladye-love,
Her robe itte is a gunna:
Shee wears blewe haire her ears above,
O is shee notte a stunna!"

Critics disagree as to the meaning of the word "stunna," but we incline, ourselves, to think it was a bit of Saxon slang, and from the context we imagine it was used by way of compliment. About the fact of the "blewe haire," however, there is no mistake, albeit a Civil Service Clerk might quarrel with the spelling. And the fact that it was worn thus being thoroughly established, we may fancy that young ladies of the Anglo-Saxon period spent a good deal of their leisure in colouring their hair, more especially perhaps when they were asked to spare a lock of it. "*My Mother bids me dye my hair to a cerulean hue,*" doubtless was a ditty much in vogue about this period, and match-making Mammas no doubt insisted on their bidding being put into effect, if they thought blue hair increased their girls' capillary attractions. There were, however, some exceptions to the rule of admiration of it, as will be seen by the perusal of a sentimental couplet, which we presume to have been written by a poet of the period, though, who the poet was, posterity must guess. In this couplet the blue hair is coupled with black nails and other personal disfigurements; clearly showing that the writer was himself no great admirer of it. The couplet is however neat, and nicely turned, and besides confirming the fact which we have stated, may be quoted for its polish, if not for its point:—

"Youre nose is redde, your haire is blew,
Youre nailes are blacke, styl I loave yew!
Andd gif youre Pa wyl stande ye shine,
Swerette maydde, I'll bee youre Vallentine!"

FROM A CURIOUS ILLUMINATED VALENTINE OF THE PERIOD.

* Archbishop Cullen.

An Apician Budget.

Mr. Gladstone has always "three courses" to set before us. Classical scholar as he is, it is no wonder that even his Budget should have its "three courses" comprised within the limits of a classical dinner, as laid down by Horace. It extends "*ab ovo usque ad mala*" —from "eggs to apples."

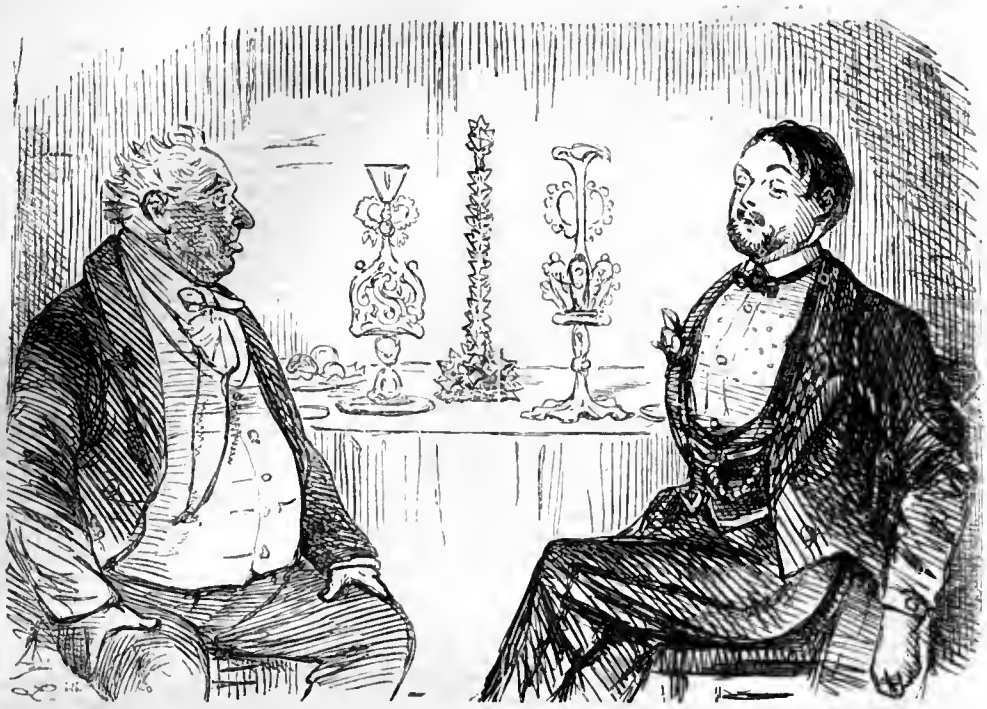
An Old Antithesis New Set.

What Lord John Russell was doing in 1831.—Sitting by the cradle of Reform.

What Lord John Russell is doing in 1860.—Following its (small) *bier*.

French Plagiarism.—"His Majesty the Emperor of the French walked upon the Slope."—*Paris Court Circular.*

Female Fortifications.—Every woman's Crinoline is her castle.



ART TREASURES.

Reginald (who has a fine taste, and is very fond of curious old Glass). "NOW, UNCLE, HELP YOURSELF, AND PASS THE BOTTLE!"

THE CURRENCY OF THE CHEVELURE.

TRUEFITT, upon being asked what hair was the richest, replied quite in an off-hand manner: "The plain Golden, Sir; in every sense, Sir, there's none so rich as the plain Golden." His inquirer nodded assent, and said: "Perhaps you're right, TRUEFITT. It stands to reason, you know, that hair which is plain gold must be richer than any hair which is simply *plaited*." TRUEFITT acquiesced, but was evidently puzzled with the abstruseness of the proposition. He retired into his studio to ponder over it.

Counter-Orders of Valour.

THE *Times*, in a recent leader, speaks of "crosses and ribands hanging from breasts that have never been presented to an enemy," adding, "and we might say even more than this." No doubt; and if all those heroes of whom more can be said than that their breasts had never been presented to an enemy were appropriately decorated, their ribands and crosses would hang from that side of the body which they presented to every enemy from whom they escaped.

LA HAUTE POLITIQUE DE L'INDUSTRIE.

(*As Sung by that eminent Comedian,* LOUIS NAPOLEON, *on the great theatre of Europe*).

ALL kinds of Sovereigns the world has seen,
The bad ones—the good ones—the class between:
Never a hobby mankind hath known,
But a rider to mount it has left a throne.
Some have loved arms, and some have loved arts:
Some winning kingdoms, some winning hearts:
Some have been mad for fun and frolic;
Some mad for fancies melancholic:
Some all for religion, some all for raking;
A few mad for giving, and more for taking:
Some who as shop-boards their thrones put to use,
The bird on their sceptres a tailor's goose;
Some whose hands were aye on their hilts,
Some who never got off ceremonial's stilts:
Wise Kings and weak Kings; coward and brave—
Lazy, laborious; honest and knave:
But one distinction belongeth to me,
Of all the Kings that have been, or that be,
HAPSBURG, or ROMANOFF, BOURBON or GUELPH—
I'm the first King that e'er rigged the market himself!

So well the tricks of the Bourse I know,
So well each dodge of the finished *escroc*,
Knight of the Garter though I be,
My true rank is "*Chevalier d'Industrie.*"
The arts that have hitherto been confined
For floating a bubble to raise the wind—
The puff direct and the puff oblique,
The thumb o'er the left, and the tongue in the cheek;
The "buying in" and the "buying out;"
The "rig" and the "run," the "tip" and the "tout,"
Those happy arts to which Capel Court,
And my own *Coulisses* with effect resort,
To play the game of bulls and bears;
To lift or depress the price of shares,—
The arts, in short, by which FOULD or DE MORNY,
Thread the Bourse's labyrinths dark and thorny,
These self-same arts the first am I
To the work of "*La Haute Politique*" to apply!

Is there a public opinion to muzzle?
A monarch to gull, or a people to chuzzle?
A patriot nation to rouse to war?
A KAISER's good humour to restore?
A COBDEN to buy with a free-trade dole?
A JOHN BULL to soft-sawder, disarm, or cajole?
A neighbour's property to annex?
A Sardinian sovereign to perplex?
A Czar to bribe, or a Pope to bully—
(In defiance of BOWYER and VINCENT SCULLY)?
An Italy to be kept in hot water?
An army *en permanence* there to quarter?
A Lesseps canal scheme to keep afloat
Without risking too much in so leaky a boat?
A Spain to set fighting; and if she falter,
To arouse by whispering "Gibraltar?"
A Mediterranean Sea to make
By hook or by crook a mere French lake,
Without the brute force of NAPOLEON THE BIG?
Trust NAPOLEON THE LITTLE the market to rig.

Not that I'm averse to fighting too,
(But it must be when nothing save fighting will do).
Why fight, when your end can be got by flying?
Or with blows buy what's to be won by lying?
'Tis better to purchase a journalist's pen
Than to pay a reg'ment of fighting men:
To launch a pamphlet as I know how,
Than to launch a fleet of frigates, I trow;
To use a WALEWSKI's washable brains,
Than a sword, where dishonour leaves its stains;
In short, 'tis better brute force to forswear,
And carry one's ends *à la Robert Macaire;*
To rig each market of public opinion,
French, German, English, Sclavonic, Sardinian;
To use England's strength for weakening Russia,
Checkmate Prussia with Austria, and Austria with Prussia,
So sowing dissension 'twixt each and all,
Till each in turn 'neath my influence fall;—
Oh, this is the style invented by me—
La Haute Politique de l'Industrie!

GROUND RENTS.—The effects of an earthquake.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

N *Monday, March* 5, commenced a week of East Wind and Much Ado About Nothing, both highly irritating to *Mr. Punch* and all other thin-skinned and right-minded persons.

Lord Shaftesbury, eager, we hope, to make amends for having delivered a foolish speech in praise and honour of Cabmen (as if they had left off cheating women and other helpless persons upon every possible occasion), brought forward the case of the females and children engaged in Lace Factories. The demoniacal conduct of some of the employers of these unfortunates, entitles their factories to be classically called Lace-demonia, and *Mr. Punch* hopes to see the Factory Act applied to them with more than Spartan rigour. Lord Campbell took the second reading of a Bill for punishing a Poisoner, as a felon, whether you can or cannot prove that he intended actual murder. In addition to the advantage of this Bill, as regards the Poisoner *pur sang*, who knows but that some scoundrelly Adulterator may be hit under its provisions? Anyhow, if it passes, Publicans and other sinners had better look out.

At length a victim was sacrificed to the invisible deity called Purity of Election. Mr. Goff, returned for Roscommon, fell. As in the old witch trials, a brief marginal note in the record ticked off the unhappy hag, "*Convicta et combusta*"—so does *Mr. Punch* score out the evicted from his Don. "*Out: Treating.*" Mr. Goff had not, perhaps, paid due heed to the maxim of his borough's namesake—

> "Election treats admit of no defence,
> For want of stinginess is want of sense."

Rags and Lampblack govern the world, and those who expend the latter in printing on the former will be glad to hear that the French Rag-bag is to be sent over here free from French export duties. Less glad will everybody be to know that the Treaty does not apply to the colonies of France, except Algeria. This is another little "pull" which our beloved Electus retains, but he will have to let it go.

King Thwaites's Palace, adjoining his contemporary Sovereign Queen Victoria's Park, is to cost £16,000, besides a huge rent. This, dear Mr. Bull, is the house in which the haughty Court of Scavengers is to meet. Do you not think that your sewers ought to run rose-water? Know too, that your King owes no allegiance to your Queen, and that this information had to be humbly sued for by Her Majesty's Minister, Mr. Cowper, who took care to explain that it was given him as matter of grace and favour by Thwaites, Rex, F. D., or Flusher of Drains.

Then came the grand Ado. In compliance with very proper forms, Parliament must Address the Queen on the subject of any Treaty. So Lord Palmerston proposed to vote the Commons' Address to-night. The opponents of the Budget flared up, and insisted on more time, and after an angry debate (in the course whereof Mr. Roebuck pitched into the Emperor uncommonly strong about the Slopes of the Alps, and said that he would soon be taking Rhenish Prussia and Belgium), the Ministers had to give way, and fix Thursday for the consideration of the Address. The Conservatives contended that while the Budget and Treaty were designed to conciliate Electus, he was showing how worthy he was to be conciliated by grabbing Savoy. Well, this was at all events a fair and tangible ground of opposition; but lo! when Thursday came (which, in compliance with its usual custom, it did after Wednesday), the Opposition had taken counsel of discretion, and it was settled that though the subject was to be debated—and so it was, and very dully—there was to be no real hostility to the Treaty. Thursday night was given up to a solemn talk, and so was Friday, and the end of all was, that the Address was voted, and it might just as well have been voted early in the week. It is hoped that the formality will greatly comfort the various parties who are weeping and wailing over the Budget, for as Cowper says:—

> "The tear that is wiped with a little Address
> May be followed, perhaps, by a smile."

Mr. Gladstone's Savings' Bank Bill was read a second time; but as it has nothing whatever to do with the management of these Banks, or the security of depositors, and only concerns the mode in which the Government, when it borrows the money, is to keep accounts, and so forth, nobody will care to know much more about it. It is as if a Bill were demanded (which it is, and loudly) for putting down street organists, and the legislature passed a measure for regulating the application of the halfpence carried by the brown nuisances to their rascal employers.

And then, hear it everybody, another attempt was made by the hardened Heathbreaker, Tommy Wilson, to break into Hampstead, but those vigilant Metropolitan constables, Fermoy and Edwin James, from information they had received, were on the watch, and collared the offender, who had previously had seven or eight convictions recorded against him. An attempt at rescue was made by an Irishman called Whiteside, who was very abusive, and by a notorious Prig called Bouverie, who appealed to the bystanders not to let Wilson be nabbed, but the feeling of the spectators was aroused in favour of the officers, and two to one took part with them. There is a curious monomania about Wilson. He is descended from a baronet who distinguished himself by his gallantry in the cause of King Charles the First, and he wants to balance the loss of Marston Moor by the gain of Hampstead Heath. We may tolerate the sentiment, but cannot indulge the sentimentalist.

Tuesday. Much satisfaction was manifested at the announcement of Lord Chelmsford, that he rose to move the second reading of a Bill for the Elevation of Attorneys. A great Drop, of the kind not wanted, was perceived, when his Lordship explained that instead of the elevation which it had been fondly hoped was intended, the attorneys were not only to be permitted to exist, but new facilities were to be given for entrance into the calling. A University Degree to admit after three years' service, the usual term of five years to be four, and clerks, not articled, who had worked for ten years might also be let in. How this scheme is to elevate the profession, *Punch* knows not, unless the prospect of having its plunder subdivided may drive it to drown its despair in bibations.

The Commons had a spirited debate on the Sale of Commissions in the Army, in the course of which Captain Vernon, true to his motto, *Ver-non semper viret*, was green enough to adduce as argument for the purchase system that the Duke of Wellington, who purchased, beat Napoleon Bonaparte, who didn't. Sir De Lacy Evans moved for the extinction of the system, and was supported by Mr. Rich, who is observed to be looking much happier than during the lifetime of Mr. Henry Drummond, whose designation of him as "the pig that squeaked because there was no teat for him," amused the House to excess, and is unforgotten. Sundry officers having talked—like officers, Mr. Sidney Herbert intimated that he had a scheme for the partial abolition of the purchase system. The General forced a battle, and was beaten, retiring at the head of 59 men to his enemy's 213.

Lord Raynham has introduced two meritorious Bills for the further protection of Women, Children, and other Dumb Animals.

Wednesday. This was St. Volunteer's Day,—the levee, the banquet, and the ball. The Commons did not do much besides smashing a Bill for improving the mode of paying coroners. Sir G. Lewis was facetious on the measure, and said that its seconder, Mr. Edwin James, was guilty of infanticide, and the Bill must be "sat on,"—a cheerful strain of humour, highly to be applauded.

Thursday. Nothing remarkable Up-stairs, except that upon a discussion respecting private communications that had passed between Lord John Russell and Lord Cowley on the Savoy business, the Duke of Newcastle observed with *naïveté*, that there had been no desire to conceal anything from Parliament; for if there had been, he should not have told Parliament that there had been any private correspondence at all.

The Dover Election Committee declared Admiral Leeke and Mr. Nicol duly seated. Humph. A quotation from *Woodstock* seems apposite. "Thou art in a mighty merciful humour, this morning," said Cromwell-Punch—"*not entirely satisfied.*"

Friday. The sapient Normanby delivered himself of another burst of spleen against the Tuscans for having got rid of his friend the "twice-perjured Leopold," and his attendant lot of Court parasites, with whom old Normanby loved to exchange pinches of snuff, twaddle, and scandal. To-night he had a special grievance, inasmuch as the Tuscan Government had proceeded against the husband of some lady known in "good society" here; and the shocking atrocity of causing inconvenience to such a person, even for public purposes, was quite revolting to the feelings of the antiquated courtier. Lord Wodehouse, in reply, shook the bran out of him and tossed him away. Tuscany is about to decide for herself between Autonomy (ha! ha! Viscount,—no, it *doesn't* mean Automatons; but that is rather a good shot for you) and Sardinia, and her decision is to be final.

Country cousins, and others who may be desirous of seeing the New Houses of Parliament, had better make haste about it; for that wonderful mixture of carbonates of lime and magnesia, of which the place is built, and which science, after no end of investigation, declared would outlast the world, and even *Punch*, is coming to pieces as fast as possible. Mr. Cowper admitted the fact to-night, and said that the river front was being gummed over, or smeared over with something that might keep it together, but he could not say. The whole

place will be down shortly; and architects had better be getting their drawing-boards and set-squares in order for the next competition. The Home Secretary, in answer to Cardinal Wiseman's Cross-bearer, Mr. Bowyer, referred to a case in which a Catholic priest had been committed to prison for refusing to say where he got a stolen watch, and pleading the Confessional. Sir George, confirmed by Sir Fitzroy Kelly, distinctly declared that Confession communications were not privileged by law. The Priests had better note this, and not receive stolen goods in future, even, as this gentleman did, for the sake of making restitution. Sam Slick then made a violent onslaught upon Mr. Gladstone for being "sneering, and supercilious, and taunting, and contemptuous," about the Timber Duties and the Canadians,—charges which Mr. Gladstone denied. As *Mr. Punch* writes for all time, it may be well to note, that the Chancellor of the Exchequer does sometimes permit the contempt which a very able and honest man entertains for a blockhead to be more manifest than is perfectly expedient or charitable. In closing the Treaty Debate to-night, he introduced the remark, that an adversary's statements had not been worthy the high standard of legislative debate he ought to desire to attain; and that many foolish things had been said in the discussion, adding, as a *placebo*, that all the same foolish things, and many others, had been said in 1787. All which was true, but fools do not like to be told that they are fools; and Mr. Gladstone should remember something about suffering fools "gladly" (which means civilly) knowing that we ourselves are wise.

The said Treaty Debate was resumed by Mr. Horsman. All amendments having been withdrawn, Horsman set up a little one of his own, directed against the coal article in the compact. He contended that the Emperor and the French people were opposing interests, and that we were pleasing the first by injuring the second. Mr. Vivian stated to those who were afraid our Coals would be exhausted by the expected importations to France, that he would undertake to supply, from South Wales only, all the coal we should want for the next 500 years, and that there was enough in England for the next 5000 years. We think the Hon. Member had better enter into contract to fulfil his promise, *Mr. Punch* promising posterity to keep him to it. Mr. Bentinck said he would prefer a war to the Treaty, and Sir Robert Peel supported it, but denounced the Savoy business. He ended with a huge eulogium on Mr. Gladstone, quite deserved, and, of course, doubly valuable on the *laudari laudato* principle. Mr. Disraeli then solemnly attacked the Treaty on three heads—financial, diplomatic, and political. What could have reminded *Mr. Punch* of the wonderful performance of the three Arab brothers, Muley, Ali, and Hassan? "Muley, with a lighted torch, will jump down his brother Ali's throat. Ali, with a lighted torch, will jump down his brother Hassan's throat, and then Hassan, with a lighted torch, and encumbered with the weight of his two brothers, will jump down his own throat, and suddenly leave the company in total darkness—walk up, ladies and gentlemen!" Not that the speech was not a very clever one, but it was a feat whereof *cui bono* may be said by those who understand enough Latin for the purpose. By the way, *Mr. Punch* emits a prophecy as easily as he eats a shrimp, and thinks nothing of such a trifle, so he makes no fuss of having predicted three weeks back, that Mr. Disraeli would praise the Emperor and pitch into the Ministers. To-night he declared that the conduct of the Emperor about Savoy had been perfectly frank from the beginning, but as for the Ministers who had advocated an Italian policy which they knew must lead to the annexation, they filled *him*, Mr. D., with distrust. The Chancellor of the Exchequer wound up the debate with a dashing speech, mangled Mr. Horsman, charged some people with being ignorant and the rest with being fools, and brought the business brilliantly to an end. Horsman could get but 56 to 282. *Post Equitem sedet atra cura*, but who the blacklooking Cure is that sits behind Horsman we don't know, and we don't care, having introduced the quotation only because *equitem* means horseman, and to show that we know Horace.

DINNER NOTES AND QUERIES.

Announcing to the world the important piece of news that the Duke of Wellington has asked the Prince of Orange to dine with him, a fashionable newspaper proceeds to state the fact that—

"Her Grace the Duchess has invited a large circle to meet the illustrious Prince after dinner."

From this interesting but somewhat bewildering intelligence, there arise in our mind the following few queries:—

1. What was the "large circle?" Was it Astley's Circus? or one of the paddle-wheels of the *Great Eastern* Steamship?

2. Why was the "large circle" not asked to come to dinner? Was there not room for it at table? or was it considered that the "illustrious Prince" was only worth meeting after pudding, not before it?

3. Why cannot our noblemen invite their private friends to dine with them without our newsmen drawing public notice to the fact?

THE POLITICAL EVIL.

An interesting movement is now proceeding in most of our principal boroughs with a view to the suppression, if possible, of that system of bribery and corruption which has been denominated the Great Political Evil. The Town Hall is, by permission of the Mayor, opened on certain evenings to the degraded portion of the constituency, invited by the zealous pastors and other philanthropists who have devoted themselves to the good work, to attend and partake of beer and pipes; it being felt that persons of that class would be insensible to the attractions of tea and muffins. Cards of invitation are left at all the low public-houses. The corrupt voters are received at the place of meeting by the benevolent preachers and ministers who are endeavouring to reclaim the sold, and who, in the character of missionaries, appear appropriately attired in reverend black, with white ties. These messengers of purity address the multitude of depraved beings who have bartered their privileges as Britons for a few shillings and a quantity of ale, as creatures who, however deeply sunken in infamy, may, nevertheless, still emerge, and by genuine amendment retrieve their lost character. They also take individual voters apart, and talk with each beery and brandy-and-watery sot, reason and remonstrate with him, and endeavour to point out the iniquity of his path, awaken his almost extinct sense of shame, and beat some notion of responsibility into his head. Some few manifest signs of emotion, scratch their heads, and mutter resolutions of amendment; and one or two occasionally clasp the hand of their instructor, and, with a voice tremulous and eyes suffused with drink, declare that they will vote the next time according to their consciences, confirming the promise generally with an imprecation. The majority, however, listen to what is said to them with stolid indifference, sit smoking and swigging, and at the conclusion of the proceedings withdraw winking and grinning, rather the worse for the liquor which they have had, and nothing at all the better for the exhortations which have been addressed to them.

Brown (*heartily*). "*Ah, Jones, how are you? Been on the ice, I see.*"
Jones (*dismally*). "*IN the Ice, my good friend, IN the Ice!*"

Wanted Some Fine Young Men.

Our Rifle Volunteers muster tolerably strong; but still larger numbers would be required to confront actual danger. The members of the various corps are mostly either independent or professional young men. To bring the Volunteer force up to the mark, shopmen are wanted. Our spontaneous Rifles are dashing young fellows, but their efficiency would be improved by the addition of haberdashers. They take kindly to drill—march admirably; but they want more counter-marching.

Low Joke.—Mr. Hook has been elected an Academician. Very right. But do the Academicians think they will keep Trafalgar Square? With a Hook.

GRAND NURSERY STEEPLE CHACE.

Steward, Clerk of the Course, &c. &c., Master Tom.

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER VII.—THE ANGLO-DANISH PERIOD.

JACK TAR OF THE PERIOD.

THE Costume of the Danes, who for a short period were settlers in England, and may therefore fairly claim the honour of our notice, was more nautical in fashion than the costume of the Saxons, over whom they briefly triumphed, and ousted from the throne. This we say without much citable authority to prove it, for the old illuminations throw but dim light on the subject, and the writers whom they illustrated keep profoundly dark on it. It must be borne in mind, however, that the Danes were mostly sailors, whereas the Saxons, there is reason to believe, were chiefly soldiers: and this would in itself be a sufficient ground for guessing that their dresses were dissimilar, had we not a whit of better evidence to back us. Jack tars now-a-days don't rig themselves in tight stocks and jack boots, nor is it likely that the Danes were dressed like soldiers when at sea, for we question if a crew could work a ship well in mail armour. Still less can we conceive of sailors dancing hornpipes, if attired in heavy military fashion, like the Saxons; and that the Danes danced hornpipes nobody can doubt, after seeing a most singular MS. in our possession, in which a Danish sailor is depicted in the act.*

Not content, however, with thus guessing at the truth, we have exercised that industry which always has distinguished us; and notwithstanding our engagements at rifle balls and banquets, and other terrible time-slaughterings into which, to serve our country, we have recently been dragged, we have managed to consult vast numbers of authorities on the interesting subject of the dresses of the Danes: on which, next to our own uniform, our thoughts just now are chiefly bent. We need not occupy our space by detailing with preciseness all the volumes we have read, or the still greater quantity which we have vainly tried to read. Nor need we excite the envy of the reader by describing our now recognised importance in Great Russell Street; where no sooner are we seen than the courteous sub-librarians rush instantly to smother us directly we sit down, with the dustiest and fustiest and mustiest old manuscripts, which awaiting our arrival they have kindly hunted up for us. Without indulging, like some writers, in such page-filling discursiveness, it is enough for us to state that Mr. Arnold, of Lubeck, distinctly backs us in asserting that the Danes were much more sailor-like in costume than the Saxons. According to his testimony they "wore the garments of sea-farers, befitting men who lived by piracy and inhabited the sea:" a phrase which almost might incline one to picture them as Mermen, or else "inhabiting the sea," all sea-renely like the divers, in a goggle-eyed brass helmet and waterproof great coat.

It would appear from the Welsh chronicles (which we don't pretend ourselves to have deciphered, and still less are ambitious of attempting to pronounce) that the colour of the ancient Danish dress was mostly black. Caradoc, of Llancarvan, often calls them "the black Danes,"

* From the words "Oure Saylorre Prince" being writ beneath this figure, it has by some been thought a portrait of no less renowned a personage than *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark!* In support of this assumption, we have Shakspeare's evidence that *Hamlet* went to sea; but whether he danced hornpipes is a matter which we leave the critics to dispute.

MR. PUNCH SURRENDERS THE SAVOYARDS.

at least so we find the phrase translated for our benefit, for the words in the original are too jaw-cracking to quote. He also gives their army the title of "the black army," and without intending insult calls their guards "the black guards." Why they wore the colour, is a question which the reader may put to us if he pleases, but we regret that he will have to whistle for an answer to it. As their standard was a raven, perhaps they plumed themselves on being "of a feather" with that bird, for in piracy and plunder the Danes were truly raven-ous. However, we at least may undertake to say that the colour had no meaning in the eyes of undertakers. "Strabo of the Baltic" (of course every baby knows we mean Adam of Bremen) distinctly mentions that the Danes never mourned the loss of even their dearest kinsmen, and let their richest uncles die without making the least change in their demeanour or their dress.* Black had therefore no connection

COSTUME OF THE NOBILITY, FROM AN AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT OF HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

with mourning in their eyes, though there is some proof that their forefathers regarded it with sadness. The Danes, it is acknowledged, were of Scythic extraction; and Herodotus makes note of a nation near to Scythia, whom, as they always dressed in black, he names the "Melanchlœnians," a word which very obviously is meant for "Melancholy 'uns."

That fashions are, however, liable to change, is a truth which few debaters would venture to dispute. Accordingly we find that though the Pagan Danes were dressed in "raymentte blacke as nightte," yet when Christianised they "cast their 'nighted colour off," and their sons outshone the Saxons in their gorgeous ar-ray. One writer tells us they came out in scarlet, purple, and fine linen: while another somewhat sneers at them for wearing dresses which he calls "effeminately gaye." As a proof of their effeminacy, John Wallingford remarks that they "didde often change their cloathes:" and to show their marked devotion to the duties of the toilette, he mentions that they actually "didde combe their hayre once in ye daie," and were "soe exceeding cleanlye in their habbits yt they didde even washe themselves as moche as once a weekke!" By these means he observes they pleased the eyes of the women, and behaved as gay Lotharios to the wives of the nobility, and thus found work for the Sir Cresswell Cresswell of the time.

Some notion of the fineness of their garments may be formed from a picture of Canute as he appeared on Ramsgate sands, on the memorable occasion when he rebuked his courtiers. From this and the court journalist's description of his dress,† we may see that King Canute was a "heavy ocean swell," as being by birth a pirate, we may not unfitly call him. His courtiers too were clearly swells of the first water; though from the way they hold their clothes up in the picture we refer to, one might think that on dry land they felt far more in their element.

However dingily and dowdily they dressed, then, while at home, the Danes clearly came out gorgeously when they were out visiting; and while staying with the Saxons they inclined to Saxon pomps and vanities of dress. It may be guessed how rich and rare were the gems their nobles wore, when we mention that the rank and fashion of the period, male as well as female, were bedecked with golden bracelets; which, to show they could afford it, were invariably buried with them. By the Pagan Danes the bracelet was esteemed a sacred ornament, and one was kept upon their altar or worn by their high priests, to serve as the cement for their most binding adjurations. Their ordinary oaths were "by the edge of my sword!" or, "by the shoulder of my horse!" But, when they wished to be believed, they swore "by the Holy Bracelet!" which doubtless was as binding as our "by the Holy Poker!"

Whether or no the Danes, like the Saxons, wore blue hair, we can no more say than whether their eyes were green, or whether, as a rule, they were distinguished for red noses. One swallow, it is well-known, does not make a summer; neither does one statement suffice to prove a fact. Else were it enough to show the greenness of their eyes, if we cited the first stanza of an ancient Saxon love-song, which begins—

"My prettye Dane, my dearest Dane,
Ah dinna looke soe shye!
Butte meette mee in e ebenninge,
While ye greene is in youre eye!"

For the blueness of their hair, however, we have not such proof as this even to quote: and we incline to think their hair was rather nut-colour than blue, inasmuch as it is clear that they were evidently nuts on it. Toræus tells us of a gentleman, one Mr. Harold Harpagre, otherwise called Fairlocks: whose hair flowed down his back in ringlets to his girdle, and who made a vow by moonlight to his mistress, to neglect his crop of curls and not manure them with Macassar until he had completely conquered Norway for her sake. Moreover, we are told that a young warrior, going to be beheaded, axed the axeman to be good enough to keep his hair unstained, and not to let a slave profane it with his touch. This we state upon the evidence of Jomswikinga Saga, a name which sounds so formidable that we must put faith in it.

* We trust the British playgoer will bear this fact in mind the next time he ventures to see Mr. Kean in *Hamlet*. By the traditions of the stage the *Prince of Denmark* has invariably been dressed in a black suit; whence the coarse-minded have jested about his being the Prince of Darkness, and the ignorant have fancied that he must be the Black Prince. It seems clear that *Hamlet's* sables should be viewed as being donned not in mourning for his father, but simply as the usual clothing of his father's son.

† "Hys Majjestye dyd weare hys best or Sundaie suitte; whereof ye tunic was of silk cutte in ye Saxon mannere, and ye mantle alsoe silkenne was embroidered with gold eagles and overlaid with pearles. For ornament and oke for purposes of fasteninge, itte was furnishedde with ribbones, alsoe with cords and tassells, lest ye ribbones mightt ybreak. Hys royalle legges they were encasedde in a payre of silkenne stockynges, embroidered at ye toppe, and were garterred with gold garterrs just beneath ye royalle knees. Onne hys royall feet he wore a payre of stoutte soled shews, notwithstandyng which ye sea didde wette hys royall toes."—*Extract from Court Journal, August* 12, 1039.

THE POPE SITTING ON THORNS.

An Irish writer, with a natural confusedness of metaphor, observes that "the Pope's chair is not a bed of roses." Now, although this observation is not strictly accurate, it is in some degree appropriate, and has a certain smack of truth. If the Pope is not on roses, he is certainly on thorns, and roses bear to thorns the closest of connection. The Pope's chair is supported by the bayonets of the French, and bayonets to thorns have points clearly of resemblance, as anybody will find who happens to sit down on them. So, in saying that the Pope's chair is not a bed of roses, the writer makes fit use of a flowery expression, and delicately hints that the Pope now sits on thorns.

Fatalists pretend that they can look into futurity; and, doubtless, the French Emperor has amused himself with sketching out the destiny of the Pope. We, who make pretence of no such power of foresight, would, however, dare to venture what would be the Pope's position, were the thorns—that is, the bayonets—removed from him behind. Take away his props, and his Infallibility infallibly must fall, and come to grief infallibly in coming to the ground. Perhaps his Humpty-Dumptiness will take some thought of this, before he thinks of trying to dispense with his French props. *Quieta non movere* is clearly the best maxim for sitters upon thorns, for the more they try to move the more painfully they feel it. If the Pope be a philosopher, he knows "what must be, must;" and musty as the saying is, he had better make the best of it. To quarrel with the thorns won't bring him to the roses, and so we recommend him not to make a trial of it. Sitting upon thorns is not the pleasantest position, but the Pope must do his best to grin benignantly and bear it, for it will surely not relieve him much to kick against the pricks.

Mr. John Bull acknowledges the first half of Westminster Bridge, but begs to state that the second half has not yet come to hand. This statement is made in the hope that Mr. Cowper, or Mr. Page, will look to it at their earliest convenience.

"They say these here French Wines is to be a sort of ancient cordial (entiente cordiale ?)—*I can't say as I prefers 'em to 'Old Tom.'"*

CONVIVIAL CHANT.

To be Sung by fraternising Anglo-French Freetraders.

SOLO—*English.*

HERE 's the Treaty! Fill your glasses:
Pledge it, he who shirks an ass is:
Let the free trade toast go round!
We now may drink cheap wine at pleasure,
No pothouse mixture, no short measure:
In it are no headaches found!

DUO.

English. You 'll get coals now—
French. You 'll get claret.
English. Storms will cease now—
French. Never fear it.
Both. In good wine ill-will be drowned!

THE DUMB BELL OF WESTMINSTER.

IN answer to the kind inquiry of ALDERMAN SALOMONS about the present condition of Big Ben, we see that—

"MR. COWPER said that the great Bell was cracked in five places. . . . He could not hold out any speedy expectation of the tones of the great bell being again heard."

If poor Big Ben is so hopelessly cracked as he is represented to be by the President of the Board of Works, it is high time he was taken care of. If there are no means of removing other incapables from high positions, at any rate Big Ben might be sent to Colney Hatch.

TO THE HEADS OF FAMILIES.—Are there any grounds for supposing that *Par-Terre* is in any way related to *Mother*-Earth?

THE DUDLEY MYSTERY.

PUNCH is very much vexed—nay, displeased—with the gentlemen who report for the *Birmingham Daily Post* and the *Wolverhampton Chronicle*, and, with his usual frankness, he begs to signify the same to them. In a similar spirit, and in conformity with his constitutional principles, he at once makes known to them the nature of their offence.

There was a curious personage known about town as LORD WARD, a descendant of one HUMBLE WARD, who was made a Lord for marrying a titled lady. Lately, this LORD WARD has been made Earl of Dudley; and the *Times* says that the reason was, that he saved Kidderminster to the Ministers at the last Election. MR. DOD, in his *Electoral Facts*, speaking of Kidderminster, says, "LORD WARD has some of the old influence of the Foleys of Whitley Court"—meaning, influence upon an election; but inasmuch as Peers are forbidden by the Constitution to interfere in Elections, and as Peers never do anything wrong,—and, if they did, the QUEEN'S Ministers would surely not reward them for so doing,—*Mr. Punch* thinks the *Times* must have fallen into error. This error is excusable only because the *Times* was, doubtless, unable to discover in the relatives or antecedents of LORD WARD,—in his wisdom, eloquence, or political importance,—the slightest other reason for making him an Earl, while such a man as HENRY BROUGHAM, for instance, is only a Baron. *Mr. Punch* never touches on matters not legitimately before the public; and all he knows of LORD WARD is derived from paragraphs in the papers, which show that he has plenty of money; that he lent a lot to MR. LUMLEY to keep up the Opera, and sued him for some of it; and that he cannot make a speech without talking very foolishly. But the Liberals have made him an Earl. Now, gentlemen-reporters.

Mr. Punch reads this paragraph in divers mid-land county papers:—

"On Tuesday week, the new EARL OF DUDLEY was entertained at a banquet got up by a committee of Dudley tradesmen, in celebration of His Lordship's recent elevation to the earldom. LORD WARD, and other nobles, were invited guests. The committee decided that one reporter *should have his dinner down-stairs*, and be admitted to the room when the speeches commenced! But afterwards it was intimated that the accommodation should extend to six. Some gentlemen of the Press arrived. They represented the *Birmingham Daily Post* and the *Wolverhampton Chronicle*, and indignantly protested against such an insult, ordered their own dinners at the hotel, and were quietly discussing their coffee, when, as the eloquence of the assembly began to be unbottled over 'the customary loyal and patriotic toasts,' without the presence of a single reporter, the committee became alarmed, and deputations came in rapid succession to inquire of the reporters 'if they were not coming up, accommodation having now been provided for them.' The gentlemen of the Press quietly directed attention to the way in which they were themselves then engaged. One of the company not upon the committee implored the reporters to re-consider their decision, 'as my LORD WARD was just about to speak.' They, however, were impervious; they had resolved not to report a single line of the banquet speeches, and desired that the tradesmen of Dudley, if they were not before aware of it, might now understand that reporters were unaccustomed to accept the honours usually accorded only to flunkeys and cabmen. The reporters had previously telegraphed their decision to the proprietors of the papers upon which they were engaged, and the banquet was unreported, and the speeches are as completely lost as LIVY'S lost books."

Now, on the abstract merits of the case, the reporters deserve the credit of acting as became gentlemen who were insulted by a pack of Snobs, eager that their sycophant addresses to their patron should be recorded for the disgrace of their posterity. The selfrespect manifested by the representatives of the Press would have, under ordinary circumstances, been treated by *Mr. Punch* as matter of course. But there are times for all things, and there are occasions when to "do a great right" casuists hold that we may "do a little wrong." When a revelation was about to be made for which all England is looking with curiosity, it was no time to be thinking about the vulgar snobbery of Dudley tradesmen, but to rush in open-eared and open-booked, through doors, windows, or down chimneys, whichever way was the readiest. LORD WARD—just made EARL OF DUDLEY, was going to speak, and who knows but that he was going to reveal the mystery why he was made Earl? Nobody else in England seems to know it, and now the knowledge is likely to be lost to us for ever. We are, we repeat, not pleased with these gentlemen of the press. In two views of the case they did good things, they asserted the respect due to their profession, and they squashed the probably servile utterances of the Dudley tradesmen, and the certainly silly utterance of their master. But inasmuch as from the latter flood of washiness there might have been the grain of gold—the truth—about the Earldom, *Mr. Punch* cannot forgive those who perhaps allowed it to be carried away and lost with the rest of the rubbish.

"Taken from the French."

A FRENCHMAN was boldly laying down the law that the English had no literature of their own—that they borrowed, or stole, everything from the French. Upon being challenged for his proof, he said quite braggadociously, as Frenchmen sometimes will say things: "*Parceque, vous voyez*, your two most populaire works are the CORNEILLE* *Magazine* and the RACINE† Calendar."

* The French, we suppose, for *Cornhill*.
† The Ditto, we guess, for *Racing*. The explanations are indispensably necessary to appreciate the depreciation.

ALCOHOLIC TEST.—A Red Nose.

RELICS TO RAISE THE WIND.

THE Dublin correspondent of a morning contemporary communicates the following announcement:—

"THE PAPAL TRIBUTE.

"To-morrow is to be a high day in the Roman Catholic Chapels of DR. CULLEN'S so-called diocese. A piece of the true cross, sent specially from Rome for the purpose, is to be exposed to view on the great altar of the Marlborough Street Cathedral, in order to stimulate the liberality of the people, who are called upon to subscribe to the full extent of their means for the service of the POPE."

A very good expedient, doubtless, for getting money is that which is mentioned in the above paragraph. There was a certain Holy Coat of Treves that did wonders in this way. Still there may be many of the faithful in general whose faith is not quite wide-mouthed enough to swallow a piece of wood or cloth called holy, as undoubtedly genuine. On such minds the exposition of such relics would have no profitable effect. Could not DR. CULLEN have tried a better trick, by getting the POPE to get the Neapolitan clergy to lend him the blood of St. Januarius, and teach him how to liquefy it; and then by performing that miracle on the altar of Marlborough Street Cathedral? Plenty of people would have paid to witness that exhibition, on condition of having their money returned in the event of its failure. Moreover, if the marvel were satisfactorily performed in the presence of a committee of chemists, and under conditions prescribed by those men of science, a large addition would be made to those of HER MAJESTY'S subjects who are prepared to kiss the POPE'S toe.

BIG WIGS AND BREWERS.

GLADSTONE, alas! the brightest gem
Is ravished from your diadem;
Monarch of liberal finance,
So cleverly arranged with France.

You did propose Free-Trade in Beer,
Which, heretofore both bad and dear,
By open competition, should
Henceforth be rendered cheap and good.

This admirable scheme of yours,
At the dictation of Big Brewers,
With partial Magistrates combined,
In league nefarious, you've resigned.

The Vat, conspiring with the Bench,
The subject still, his thirst to quench
On something else than malt and hops,
Shall limit to its licensed shops.

Will no free member, firm and bold,
With independent motion, hold
You to your word, that beer should be
Retailed without monopoly?

How will the British Public mourn,
Your Budget of its glory shorn!
And have you, then, the heart and check
The strong to spare, and pinch the weak?

Hard on taxed Industry and Brains,
How merciful you are to Grains!
GLADSTONE to Brewers; but severe
Grindstone to those who drink their beer.

"The Two Paths."

A MEDICAL student, in allusion to the above book by MR. RUSKIN, says: "He is in precisely the same predicament, for he doesn't know which of 'the two paths' to follow in his profession—whether to turn allo-path, or homœo-path?"

THE ITALIAN QUESTION.

LOUIS NAPOLEON proposes that Tuscany should be an Autonomy. *Query*—does he not mean an Automaton?

SEATS IN PARLIAMENT BY PURCHASE.

MR. SPEAKER, SIR,

As there is evidently no serious desire in your House, and none at all in another place, to prevent bribery and corruption, how much time that is wasted in talking about their prevention might be spared if the idea of preventing them were fairly abandoned, and a much better plan adopted instead!

That plan I will do myself the honour to propose. What can't be cured, says the proverb, must be endured. Sir, I move an amendment on that adage. Make the best of a bad matter. The evil which you cannot abolish, regulate. This maxim goes very deep, Sir. Regulate bribery and corruption. In order to regulate them, legalise them.

Recollect, Sir, that by legalising my acceptance of a bribe, you do not oblige me to accept it. I need not sell myself unless I choose. If I please to be sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded, spiritless,—a self-sold slave, the voluntary bondsman of a bloated aristocracy, or equally bloated commercial interest,—let me be what I please. Am I a free elector? Then suffer me to do as I like with my own; and freedom is not mine unless I may sell it. Besides, if I have no conscience and no convictions, what does it signify whether I vote bought or unbought?

You absolutely refuse to abolish the purchase-system in the Army. If it works well enough there, it will surely work well enough in your House; the floor of which is a ground whereon incompetency is less mischievous than it is in the field of battle. Legalise, therefore, the purchase of votes. Then the Carlton and Reform Clubs will become offices, at which gentlemen of opposite parties may inquire what boroughs or counties are in the market, or, in any given borough or county, how many of the free and independent electors there may be for sale, and on what terms.

Now, Sir, what are the objections to this arrangement? The only one worth notice is, that it would tend to the great increase of corruption and bribery. Sir, this is an advantage and not an objection. It would enable you to restore the old constitutional method of Government by Party. Constituencies would be divided into honest men and rogues. Their representatives would form corresponding divisions in your honourable House, and the humbugs would be all on one side of it, instead of sitting some of them on the Treasury Benches, others opposite, or elsewhere.

I need not add, that you would preclude all the useless trouble of Election Committees, which never convict of bribery those who are the principals in nearly every case of the sale and purchase of votes, and never will convict them whilst bribery is treated by honourable gentlemen as a joke—at the worst as an offence much less serious than poaching. Legalise bribery, and, although a large portion of your House will then represent unmitigated rogues, you will have the other side consisting almost entirely of purely honest men; for the combination of the former will oblige the latter to unite in their own defence; and let us hope, for the honour of human nature, that virtue would find herself in a parliamentary majority.

I have the honour to be, Sir, with a profound bow,
Your most Obedient Humble Servant,
PUNCH.

P.S. When the original Crystal Palace was opened, for the Great Exhibition, the police, at the inauguration of that World's Fair, walked all the members of the swell mob who attended into one division of seats, where they all sat together. Precisely the same convenient separation between Members of Parliament would be the result of the legalisation of bribery and corruption.

Rag Fair.

To do the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER justice, he gives proof that he sympathises with the Paper-makers about the dearth of rags. He continues and increases an oppressive tax, highly likely to promote the production of rags on the backs of the sufferers.

"CHEEK."

Model (*to Friend in the Profession*). *"Why he owes me for Fourteen Hours now; but he'd better have no nonsense, cos I've got Artists as has brothers Solicitors, and I'll sue him, by Jingo!"*

TOO CURIOUS BY HALF.

According to Sir Walter Scott, curiosity is the busiest passion of the idle; and in giving them employment, there is therefore some small good in it. But curiosity sometimes may be carried to absurdity, as the following advertisement in the *Times* shows:—

THE £205 16*s.* 6*d.* RECEIVED. Should like to know whence and why. Mersey.

Now, really, with all deference, we think that this is being too inquisitive by half. The quality of gratitude in Mersey must be somewhat strained, if he cannot take the good things wherewith people may provide him without asking them the why and wherefore they have done so. He surely might rest satisfied with pocketing the money, and leave to fate the finding out of the quarter whence it came to him. Bank-notes are not so plentiful with by far the greater number of us, that they drop into our letter-boxes unasked for and in secret: and we think that when they do so we might take them as they're meant, and not attempt to tear the veil from the face of the transmitter. It clearly should content one to get hold of the cash, without one's bothering the sender to tell one why he sent it. Had he intended one to know it, of course he would have written, and one need not be too nice about pocketing such compliments, nor inquiring what the motive was that prompted their preferment. Upon their own merits, of course, modest men are dumb: but such silence need not hinder one from having thought of one's deserts, and feeling placid satisfaction when they chance to be done justice to. For ourselves we are quite sure that were any one, or any dozen, of our millions of admirers to send us some such trifle as a couple of hundred pounds, we should never dream of asking "whence and why" it came to us, supposing that the present should be made to us anonymously. However curious we might be, we should never be so rude as to go stating in the *Times* that such a *douceur* had been given us, and directing public notice to what clearly was intended as a purely private matter. Do you doubt us, gentle reader? Only try us, now—that's all!

A Spiritual Inquiry.—Is it likely that ghosts talk in the dead languages?

VOLUNTEER BALL ADVERTISEMENTS.

IF THE OFFICER WITH SANDY MOUSTACHES who upset the lobster salad over a lady about two o'clock will call at Swan and Edgar's, and behave like an officer and a gentleman, she will hear of something to her advantage. When you have bought the dress, show this advertisement to the young man, and he will do the rest. You need not trouble yourself further.

TO MISS EMMA.—Excuse my not coming back to dance, as agreed, but I should have lost my supper, which don't suit us Yorkshire lads. I had had nothing to eat for more than an hour. Send us your address, and mother shall send you up such a jolly Yorkshire pie. Hope you got home safe. W. P.

TO SHINY BRAIDS. (Diamond cross, pink ribbons.)—Have lost my purse, and in it your address, and my heart is breaking rapid. Please send a line, only one, to Adolphus, Post Office, Leeds. We are most respectable, and desirous to marry. . . . Please write. A. M.

IF THE LADY who took by mistake the Mosaic brooch that was sticking in a mantle, will kindly return the same, she shall have her own diamond one, with many thanks. Apply at *Punch* Office.

LOST, early in the Ball, the fondest and truest heart that ever beat in the bosom of a gallant Volunteer of Sussex. The lady who was seen to possess herself of it was watched by him all the night, and is implored to communicate her address, as it was the only heart he had. Address to Young Gusher (care of *Mr. Punch*).

SILVER THISTLE. (Highlander).—If you really meant what you said, there are ways of repeating it in writing. Our names are in the *Court Guide*, on the page of the same number as that quadrille. Initial same as you *said* your Christian name was. We go out of town at Easter, but return afterwards for the season. Ellinor.

AN OFFICER TOOK BY MISTAKE a Cloak with a pocket, in which was a letter, which he read before he discovered that it was not for him. Having thereby also discovered something else, he begs through this medium to inform Miss Letitia * * * * * that her falsehood is known, and that she need not expect to hear again (though he hopes she will be happy) from (the once playfully called) Trottibus.

WILL THE OFFICER, WHO MUST REMEMBER ME, because he tore my dress in the polka, be so very kind as to send me my pocket-handkerchief? He may keep the flower. Laura.

P.S. I don't care about it, only Julia, that you wouldn't dance with, goes on so, and says she will tell Ma.

ALBERT. I cannot read your horrid handwriting, but we walk in Kensington Gardens every fine afternoon. Pretend not to know your way, but don't ask me, but Helen, and then be reminded you saw us at the ball. Talk most to her, mind. Margaret.

French and English Fancy.

The new commercial Treaty between France and England has been conceived in the hope that it will induce the two nations to contend in peaceful rivalry, instead of opposing each other in sanguinary warfare. Nevertheless, although the contest will not be sanguinary, it will be attended with no small drawing of claret.

RECIPROCITY AND RAGS.

It is satisfactory to know that the French Government has agreed to remove the prohibition of the export from France of Rags. Let us now hope that our liberal neighbours will go one step farther in the right direction; give us their gold and silver, and take our paper.

Cousins' Talk.

"No, Amy, you're quite wrong. I never was refused in all my life."

"Oh, Tom, how can you say so? Why, there was Louie Simpson."

"I tell you again, you're wrong, completely wrong. It's true I was 'declined with thanks' once, but I never was refused.

A Pair of Smalls.—Lord John and his Reform Bill.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—Saturday, March 17, 1860.

THE LEVEE. A SKETCH IN ST. JAMES'S STREET.

Odious Juvenile. "OH, LOOK YE 'ERE, BILL, 'ERE'S A VOLUNTEER CORPSE FOR YER!"

PHYSICIANS AND FOOLS.

THE subjoined advertisement, which lately appeared in the *Times*, expresses a want that is perhaps rather uncommon:—

TO the PARENTS and GUARDIANS of IMBECILES or IDIOTS.—A married surgeon, with every advantage which situation can command, wishes to meet with a PATIENT of the above description, who would receive every care and kindness.

A surgeon who wishes to meet with an idiotic or imbecile patient, must be one of very strange sympathies or of very unusual practice. Every medical man who has had much experience of the treatment of disease will declare that the most grievous difficulty encountered in dealing with patients is that of making them understand the necessity of conforming to the diet and regimen prescribed in compliance with the natural laws. The majority of ailing persons imagine that their complaints are all to be relieved by means of drugs, and cannot be convinced that exercise and regulated eating and drinking are requisite to a cure. Surgeons and physicians in general will sorrowfully protest that, in their professional capacity, they meet with only too great a number of idiots and imbeciles.

A TRAP TO CATCH LANDLADIES.

Landlady. I beg to tell you, Sir, that you are out of gin (*produces empty bottle*).

Tenant. Impossible; but stop, I'll see. (*Goes into bedroom, and returns with a full bottle.*) I thought you were wrong. I must tell you that I got these two bottles at the same time. The bottle you hold in your hand I put in the cupboard for your special consumption—the bottle I have here I kept under lock and key in the other room for my own private use. The truth is, you drink much faster than I do. Where your bottle is empty, you see that mine is scarcely touched. You must excuse me, it is not *I* that am out of gin, but rather yourself.

[*The Landlady is most virtuously indignant, but evidently guilty.*

STRANGE COIN.—Forty *odd* pounds!

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MARCH 12. *Monday.* Something must be done with that intolerable old party, LORD NORMANBY. He was up again to-day, pottering about Italian affairs, of course in the interest of his friends the ex-tyrants. The only extenuation for his speaking was that he abused LORD CLANRICARDE. The two squabbled for half an hour and more, when LORD GRANVILLE desired them to shut up.

Some unpleasant jangling in the Commons about Savoy, the Opposition intimating that Ministers were as much to blame in the matter as the EMPEROR, and the Cabinet, of course, being unable to see the thing in that light. Then came the discussion of one of the grand features in the Budget, the Abolition of the Duty on Paper. There was a good fight over the question, SIR WILLIAM MILES contending that the extra Income-Tax was too much to pay for free paper. A good deal of nonsense was talked on both sides, or how could there have been a debate; but in the end, after MR. HORSMAN had fired off an uncommon lot of hot shot at MR. GLADSTONE (in revenge for being laughed at last week), the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER appealed to the Spirit of the Policy of PEEL, which policy he said the measure tended to promote, and the second reading was carried by 245 to 192. So died the Paper Duty, and *Mr. Punch* instantly doubled the already enormous salaries paid to his young men.

Tuesday. LORD CHELMSFORD introduced a Bill, the object of which was, he said, to put down Sunday trading as much as possible, in order to prevent persons from being robbed of their one day of rest. He advocated the early paying of wages, and also the early closing movement, and has evidently gained much by a careful and conscientious study of his *Punch*.

In the Commons there was a field-night. Foreign affairs were brought up by LORD JOHN RUSSELL, who declared that the Government had done their very best for the Italians, and that he was very proud of having aided in the re-establishment of Italy. MR. WHITESIDE considered that the Government were accomplices in the robbery of Savoy. MR. MILNES thought the world might be a gainer on the whole transaction. MR. BAILLIE COCHRANE thought—but what on earth does it matter what MR. BAILLIE COCHRANE thought? MR. HORSMAN was only too happy to have another opportunity of attacking Ministers. LORD PALMERSTON said that the annexation was objectionable, but would do England no harm, and therefore we were not going to fight about it. He hoped, however, that the EMPEROR might be induced to change his mind. MR. DISRAELI pitched into LORD JOHN RUSSELL, who, he declared, had been for months aware of what was intended, though he pretended not to believe in it. MR. KINGLAKE thought LORD PALMERSTON'S speech "very gratifying," which meant that MR. KINGLAKE did not attach the slightest value to the PREMIER'S hopes, and there was some more talk on the subject, which then dropped. COLONEL SYKES next rose to ask for information on a matter of no less importance than the re-organisation of the Indian Army, and, of course, the House was Counted Out. However, as this week the telegraph has been laid from Alexandria to Kurrachee (Western India, Wiscount, near the mouths of the Indus, and you are quite right to ask when you don't know), and we can now hear from India in six days, the House of Commons will be rather rudely electrified out of its indifference to the affairs of what was, and is not, a distant country.

Wednesday. MR. LOCKE KING moved the second reading of a Bill for enabling the clergy of the Church of England to perform its rites wherever they might please, without the leave of bishops, incumbents, or anybody else. This proposition was a good deal at variance with received notions of clerical discipline, and inasmuch as at present people rather look to the bishops to keep impetuous or eccentric parsons in order, the emancipating the latter from all control did not appear to be a very good measure of police. MR. WALPOLE opposed the Bill, as did the Government, and it was rejected by 168 to 131. In the course of the debate LORD ROBERT CECIL took a mild shy at the Four Jews in the House, intimating that they must consider as an insult to them the raising any discussion on a question of Christian education. To him responded the clever Hebrew of the four, SIR F. GOLDSMID, who assured him that the Jews were very desirous that Christians should be instructed in their own faith. This complaisance is delightful, and really *Mr. Punch* wonders that, with such extreme liberality of views, it is worth the while of the Jews to be Jews at all. He hereby invites them to come over. Also in the course of the debate young LORD ASHLEY, son of the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, uttered a little bit of

sailorly fun about a clergyman preaching from the stage, with a garden scene behind him, and perhaps "forbidden fruit." It is to be supposed that his stern parient had been down upon him in the interval between the appearance of the report and the next publication of the *Times*, for Ashley hastened to explain in a letter, that he didn't mean anything against preaching in theatres, which process indeed he heartily approved. To adapt the Rev. Ingoldsby Legend, "the Earl had a rod which he called Ticklebby"—and so forth.

Thursday. The Lords had their say on the Savoy business. Lord Taunton (the fluent Labouchere of other days) moved agreement in Address on the Treaty, and the Earl of Cork, who had been selected as a compliment to the victimised Cork-cutters, seconded T. Earl Grey fired into the Treaty and into the Budget, and considered our honour stained by the belief abroad that England had agreed to the annexation of Savoy to promote her own mercantile interests. Poor England, she is made answerable for everything; and indeed the Dresden *Journal* solemnly avers that the Savoy business is entirely England's fault. We shall no doubt be made responsible for the next eruption of Vesuvius, and told that if we had not laughed at St. Januarius, the volcano would not have burst out. Lord Woodhouse, selected in compliment to the Timber trade (he does not spell his name so, but what does that signify?) defended the Budget, and Lord Malmesbury strongly condemned Government, and was very sorry to see Electus going to the bad. Some small men followed, and then Lord Derby assailed the Treaty, and in the calmest manner appropriated (and spoiled) the idea of one of *Mr. Punch's* Immortal Cartoons. Lord Derby described the Treaty as "a sop thrown to England by France." Now, really we have a liking for Lord Derby, who has many good points about him, and whenever he sends us a fourpenny telegram by the London District Telegraph Company's wire, asking us for a few ideas, he will not deny that we send him a hat-full with the greatest readiness. But our Cartoons are solemn and sacred things, and we cannot have them played with. Lord Derby ought to have known better. The Duke of Newcastle, selected in compliment to the Coal interest, defended the Government, and Lord Grey took a division. There had been no Conservative whip, and there was no intention of doing anything real. The Contents were 68, and the professed non-Contents were 38. *Mr. Punch* cleverly replied to Lord Campbell, who said to him, that the majority was an index of the feeling of the country, that his Lordship talked unwisely, as Contents and Index were very different.

In the Commons came the best bit of business of the Session. Sir Richard Bethell brought in his Bill for Reforming the Bankruptcy and Insolvency System. Under the present swindling arrangement, Thirty-three per Cent. of a bankrupt's property is swallowed up by the expenses of collection. Sir Richard sweeps away the whole abominable edifice; appoints a Bankruptcy Judge, who is to be as big a wig as any of the other Judges, and a set of Registrars to do the small work. He abolishes the absurd distinction between Bankrupts and Insolvents, gives any person the right to come before the Court on his own petition, and does a great deal towards getting rid of imprisonment for debt. Our learned friend spoke capitally (his slash at the Bankruptcy Commissioners, who "indecorously" read newspapers on the bench, did not escape us), and his Bill is an exceedingly good Bill. *Mr. Punch* quotes Pope, exactly, in his learned friend's honour:—

> "Thus Bethel spoke, who always speaks his thought,
> And always thinks the very thing he ought."—*B. I. Sat. II.*

More Budget, and the Hops were dealt with. The car of Juggernaut went on, as somebody said to the Viscount, who instantly and wittily replied, that a Jug o' nought was not so good as a Jug of Beer.

Friday. Naples is in a very alarming state, the King, in his frenzy of terror, persecuting all respectable persons in the most brutal manner. There are several English ships in the lovely bay, and noble lords wanted to know what were the instructions of the commanders. The very sensible answer was, that the commanders were to use their own discretion, and noble lords perfectly well understood what, under the circumstances, this meant. Government made a red-tape answer on the question of dividing the diocese of Rochester, and creating a new see, of which St. Albans' Abbey should be the Cathedral, but the thing will be done one of these days.

Mr. Bright took Mr. Newdegate to task for having spoken of Mr. Corden as an admirer of French institutions and of the French Emperor, and Mr. Newdegate made a spirited answer, complimenting Mr. Bright for his friendly chivalry, but asserting himself to be justified in all that he had said. The *Conversazione* then set in with extreme severity, and Mr. Bouverie got in such a rage that he likened the proceedings on Friday night, to Mr. Albert Smith's *Galignani* song. For this we suggest that the Entertainer owes Bouverie one, which we should pay somewhat in the following fashion:—

> "And how a most wonderful kind of discoovery
> Was made by a Scotch representative, Bouverie,
> Who says that the varied discussion which he'd a
> Desire to put down's like my *olla podrida:*
> I think the comparison's one I must scorn,
> *The* Treasury gets Chaff where *my* treasury gets corn."

A Chinese debate, originated by Sir De Lacy Evans, occupied the latter part of the evening. Divers Members thought that we had no business to chastise China, and others that we ought not to take Electus as our colleague in the business. Mr. Baillie Cochrane signalised himself in the discussion, by foolishly accusing Lord Palmerston of making a joke on a grave subject, and caught something which even Cochrane must have understood. The merry old Premier said, indignantly, that he had done nothing of the kind, and that no man of common feeling who respected himself, would unjustly impute such a thing to another. If Cocky has not asked for the Chiltern Hundreds he is a pachydermatous Cocky. Nothing came of the debate, but Government proceeded to ask for £850,000 on account of the Chinese expedition, and it was instantly voted. News for the "Straight Street of Benevolence and Joy."

TEMPESTUOUS DICTION.

One of the greatest advantages enjoyed by the superior classes is that of a superior education. Another, equally great, is that of the intelligent and cultivated society in which members of the aristocracy especially converse, and thus learn to express themselves, as well in speech as in writing, with a singular propriety; whereof a shining example is afforded in the following composition, addressed—

"To the Editor of the 'Morning Post.'

"Sir,—I did not plead guilty of inconsistency in voting for the budget, while I at the same time voted for the budget, as your article of to-day alleges; on the contrary, I justified that course, and shall be at any time prepared to do so.

"I consider, if the results expected to accrue from the budget to England and France are real, and in accordance with the wishes of both peoples, they can be carried out by a commercial arrangement—call it convention, or what you will; but I protest against the approval of the House of Commons being asked, under cover of financial arrangements, to a sham treaty of peace, which, according to appearances, might easily be put in jeopardy; and that the people of England should, by their representatives, indirectly affirm, as it is considered in Europe they will do, their acquiescence in the French Emperor's views of aggrandisement, by the consent of the House of Commons to the address of the Crown on the treaty Her Majesty has been advised to ratify.

"Claiming from your fairness an insertion of this explanation,

"I am, your obedient Servant,

"House of Commons, March 9." "Adolphus Vane Tempest."

Pausing only now and then to admire the perspicuity of the above epistle, it is possible to read as far as the word jeopardy; but there the structure of the letter becomes so luminous as to compel the dazzled reader to stop short. The noble writer protests against the approval of the House of Commons being asked "to" a sham treaty of peace, and he seems also to protest that the people of England should indirectly affirm their acquiescence in the French Emperor's views of aggrandisement. Is this what he means to say they ought to do? An accident of birth fortunately provides the mouths of some men with a silver spoon. They might find some difficulty in the attempt to gain such a prize by competitive examination.

GOOD AND BAD BITTER BEER.

"Cornet O'Flagon presents his compliments to *Mr. Punch*, and, on behalf of Her Majesty's whole Indian Army, desires to declare his unbounded confidence in the genuineness of Messrs. Bass and Messrs. Allsopp's Pale Ale, and to apprise any fellah who may entertain a contrary opinion, that he (the Cornet) is to be heard of at the Blue Posts."

Mr. Punch would be very loth to differ from Cornet O'Flagon on any subject, and quite agrees with him as to the genuineness of the beer which is supplied by Messrs. Allsopp and Messrs. Bass. The bitter ale which *Mr. Punch* hates and despises, and which he denounced in a recent number, is the nauseous mess manufactured by incompetent brewers, and retailed by dishonest publicans as a counterfeit of the "barley bree'" brewed at Burton. It is All-slop and Base, and not Allsopp and Bass, that *Mr. P.* detests.

An Old Rhyme, with a New Reason.

> Annexation is vexation;
> Division is as bad:
> Thy rule, Louis, it bothers me,
> Thy practice drives me mad.

PETER'S PENCE.

Ireland is freely contributing its tin to the Pope, but to what might not the subscriptions amount, if the Pope's band of Irish Members would but contribute their brass?

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER VIII.—PERIOD—FROM THE EXIT OF THE DANES TO THE ENTRY OF THE NORMANS.

WE said in our sixth chapter, that we thought it rather doubtful if the Saxon gents wore gloves, and there seems equal reason for our doubting if the Danes did. As some what of a proof that the Saxon ladies wore them, the careful reader will remember we made mention of a miniature, in which the sitter is depicted with her left hand in a glove. We then wondered if the lady had a right hand glove as well, and if she had, we wondered why she did not wear it. Our bepuzzlement, however, has been cleared up on these points, and humanity inclines us to clear away the cloud of doubt in which we left our readers. A manuscript which lies before us while we write, and which we may claim to be the first to bring to light, states gravely, that the person in the miniature referred to was the herdsman's wife who gave King Alfred a black eye, because he did not look well to the browning of her cakes. The fact of the black eye is disputed by some writers. Asserius says simply that "shee didde boxe hys eares," a phrase which might imply that the gloves she wore were boxing-gloves. But whether this be so or not, it is stated in our manuscript that King Alfred cribbed and kept her right glove as a keepsake, and this plainly was the cause why she was painted only in that which Alfred left her, and which was her left. In his comments on the story, which the best of our historians think is too good to be true, Asserius says, "ye blowe dyd gette uppe quite a breeze," and though "ye kinge's leftte eare was hyt," he adds, "yette itte dyd serve hym righttte." This, however, we must construe as said merely for a joke; for in writing thus Asserius must be an ass if he be serious.

So far as we can learn, the Danish arms and armour were not unlike the Saxon, excepting in those points in which they were dissimilar. Volunteers with them were not so common as pressed men, at least if we may judge so from the laws of Gula, said to have been established by King Hacon the Good. By these it was enacted, that men who were possessed of such a fortune as six marks should be required to arm themselves with a red shield of two boards' thickness, and for weapons were to carry a spear and axe or sword. In addition to these articles, possessors of twelve marks were to wear a steel cap, and men of greater mark, who owned as much as eighteen marks, were obliged to buy a helmet and a coat of mail besides. So that the armour of the people was proportioned to their pockets; for in their savage barbarism (how unlike our own enlightenment!) the lives and limbs of paupers were esteemed of far less consequence than those of millionaires.

MILITARY COSTUME, FROM A RUDE DRAWING ON THE FLY-LEAF OF AN ANCIENT DANISH SPELLING-BOOK.

Why the Danish shields were red, we cannot undertake to say; but as the Danes were mostly pirates, it seems likely that they liked to look something like Red Rovers. The spear, the sword, the bow, and the double-bladed axe were the weapons with which they used to make themselves offensive; and in the use of the two latter, they were thoroughly expert. To their swords in fun they sometimes gave the playful name of "quern-bit," which rendered into English means simply "millstone-biter." It was with one of these, if we believe the chronicles, that King Canute fought his famous single combat with old Ironside, as the Saxon monarch Edmund was familiarly termed. The fight came off at Athelney, as everybody knows; and was one of the most famous broadsword battles ever witnessed. By the account in the *Medulla Historiæ Anglicanæ*, which may be regarded as the *Bell's Life* of the period, the honour of "first blood" was claimed for old Ned Ironside; and when, after administering a slogging upper cut, he was held entitled to claim "first knock-down blow," the Dane threw up the sponge to the disgust of all his backers, and "thynkinge of hys bettere halfe didde cry oute lustilye for quartere."

APPROPRIATE AIRS.

The Anniversary Festival of one of the most charitable institutions in the world, the Asylum for Idiots, was celebrated on Friday last week at the London Tavern by what the reporter of the celebration calls a very elegant dinner. It is known that dinners are tastefully as well as savourily provided at the London Tavern; but heartiness, rather than elegance, on the whole, might perhaps be expected to characterise a banquet which took place in the City of London, and whereat the Chairman was, as we are informed, "supported by Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Phillips, Mr. Sheriff Gabriel, Alderman Abbiss, Alderman Lawrence, Mr. Under-Sheriff Eagleton," and other guests of less note. However, on this occasion, the scene of festivity was not one of gross animal indulgence—of mere eating and drinking. The refined pleasures of song were adjoined to the gratification of the palate. Certain musical arrangements were made for affording, as it were, an accompaniment to turtle and other good things. After "Prosperity and Perpetuity to the Asylum for Idiots" had been proposed by the Duke of Cambridge, who occupied the chair, in a good practical speech—

"The toast having been drunk with loud applause, was followed by a four part song, '*The Idiot Born*,' a solo in which was beautifully rendered by Miss Susanna Cole."

Some composers have been called inspired idiots, and it was perhaps a genius of this order who conceived the idea of such a composition as that above named. Associations apart, one might imagine "*The Idiot Born*" to have been some such a gem of the "*Little Warbler*" as "*Such a Beauty I did Grow;*" but, the occasion considered, it could hardly have been a comic song. Strange things, however, are sometimes done in the City; and after hearing that "*The Idiot Born*" was sung at the banquet on behalf of the Asylum for unfortunate persons of that description, we should not be surprised to learn that at a civic hospital dinner the company had been diverted by a funny vocalist, who, in pleasing connection with the subject of surgery, sang them "*The Cork Leg.*"

Very Evident.

A Discerning friend of ours told us, a short time back, that in his opinion "there was nothing like humbug in this world." This may or may not be the case. One thing, however, is pretty certain: if there is nothing *like* it, there is, at any rate, a great deal of the original article itself.

WE SHOULD THINK IT DID!

Clara. "Mamma, Dear! I wish you would speak to George: he will keep Spinning Freddy's nasty great Humming-Top in my Aquarium, and it does so frighten the Minnows!"

THE NEW RUSSELL SIX-POUNDER.

We live in days of wonders, both social and mechanical,
Of fabulous projectiles, of forces quite Titanical:
Of Lancaster & Armstrong guns, & Whitworth's next, out-topping them;
Till soon, it seems, our shots will fly so far there 'll be no stopping them.

Inspired by the ambition to rival these inventors,
Lo, next on the arena, my Lord John Russell enters!
And ancient limitations discarding as conjectural,
Brings forward *his* six-pounder—the new long-range electoral.

As Lancaster on earlier inventors made improvement,
And Armstrong far past Lancaster has urged projectile movement:
While Whitworth with his short-pitched screw, true-plane, and hair's-breadth gauges,
To throw a shot two miles for one of Armstrong's now engages—

So in our franchise-canons we have witnessed the extension
Of range, from time to time, since Grey's first effort of invention,
When Lord John, then powder-monkey, being small and made some fun of
By way of compensation was allowed to let the gun off.

But since the day that he fired off Lord Grey's Reform ten-pounder,
Lord John of his own trumpet has been unwearied sounder—
And from having *fired* the gun—(which he did, but half repented it)—
Has talked on all occasions as if he had invented it.

Till now, determined to out-do all that 's been since projected,—
From that five-barrelled gun, of which the Chartists much expected,
(And the terror of whose bursting made forty-eight so nervous)
Down to Locke King's ten-pounder, devised for County service,

And that very ill-planned weapon, Dizzy's late ten-pound brass cannon,
Which the verdict of the nation has placed decisive ban on
Whose recoil, upon first firing, not only broke the limbers,
But floored the firing-party, and shivered Dizzy's timbers—

Determined to out-do all these, and make himself immortal,
Lord John at length wheels *his* new gun through Pembroke Lodge's portal,
It isn't more imposing in dimensions than its maker,
And looks harmless as the wooden gun, which Jack-tars call a 'quaker.'

But "*Fronti nulla fides*" is as true of guns as persons;
And reasons may be given (and tolerably terse 'uns),
Why Russell's new six-pounder—though its power appears so trifling—
May go farther than we dream of, 'tis so well devised for rifling.

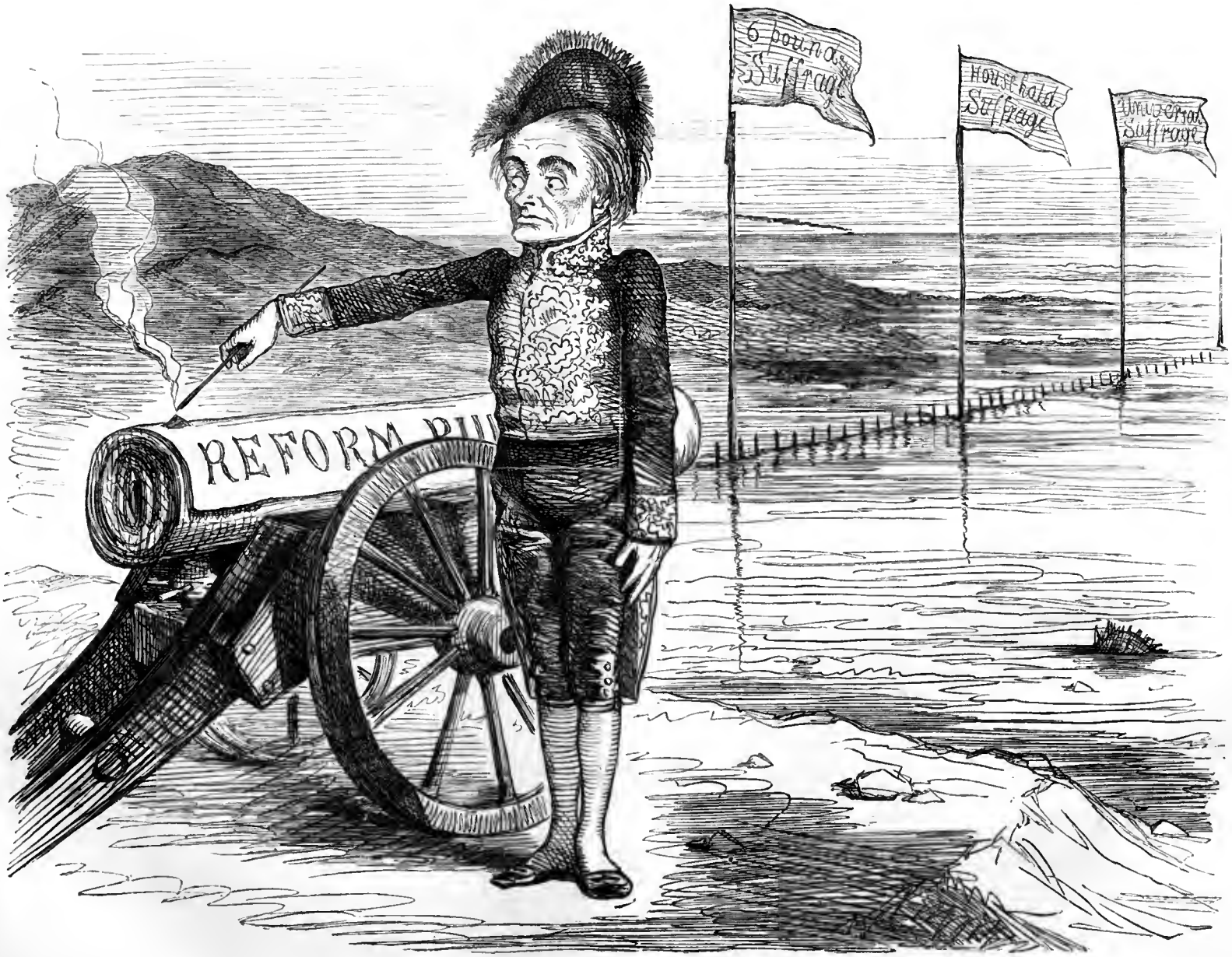
The propelling power 's enormous, though the charge is but a light one,
Not a grain of force is wasted, the projectile 's such a tight one;
As for the cost of practice, *that* Lord John declares he 'll *not* mind;
But it isn't those who fire it first who 'll have to pay the *shot*, mind.

Perhaps the new six-pounder, upon its present trial,
Mayn't go the lengths some say it will, in teeth of all denial;
But use it a few years, and (unless, in use it crack'd is),
I 'm very much mistaken if it don't make startling practice!

Then we may see it sending its bolt beyond the landmarks
That now bound England's practice-ground, but will then be rased like sandmarks,
Till far past e'en the far-off post inscribed with "Household Suffrage,"
The shot still on and onwards speeds its ricochetting rough rage,

To where upon a dreary tract, rude as a backwood clearing,
The "Universal Suffrage" Pole its rough-hewn arms is rearing;
And there the shot may spend its force, and, ere itself it bury,
May work its last of mischief in what whalers call its "flurry."

We may never see such practice from this little gun which Russell
Has at last got in position, by dint of tug and tussle.
But others treading in his track—though Lords, they 've nought to say to—
Will find a gun to reach the goal that *his* gun goes half-way to.



THE NEW RUSSELL SIX-POUNDER.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE OF THE TIPSY.

OUR friends of the United Kingdom Alliance are invited to ponder the subjoined passage in the examination of a gentleman who gave evidence before the Dover Election Committee. The name of this gentleman was EDWARD ALLEN; the profession described as that of boot and shoemaker, but perhaps, in reality, that of repairer of boots and shoes. MR. ALLEN deposed that he had taken a bribe of 25*s.* to vote for LEEKE and NICOLL. His place of residence at the time of the election was Canterbury, which city he left for Dover, there to exercise the privileges of a free and independent elector, having gone thither on Friday afternoon, and returned at the same time on Monday. Question and answer follow:—

"Where did you eat?—I did not have any food, but I had plenty to drink.

"What! did you not have anything to eat from Friday till Monday afternoon?—I ate nothing all that time. I don't want anything to eat when I am drinking.——He was with his friends and drank at his own expense, except when at SHARP's, who kept a public-house, and there he did not pay anything for what he had. The reason he stayed at Dover till Monday was to get his halfpence. It did not pay him for his three days' loss of time, but he was satisfied, as he saw his old friends and had a drop of drink."

From the above interesting account given of himself by MR. ALLEN, we are enabled to infer that there are certain times and seasons of some continuance, during which he is accustomed to devote himself with peculiar industry and application to drinking. These phases of his existence he significantly characterised by the expression "when I am drinking," which may be regarded as a euphemism, the plain unvarnished sense of which is, when I am in a state of beer amounting to chronic intoxication.

The liquor under the influence of which MR. ALLEN is wont to remain some days together without eating, may, to be sure, be brandy or brandy-and-water, gin or gin-and-water, rum or rum-and-water; but beer is the more likely, as that beverage comprehends both food and drink. The supposition that this fine specimen of a British Elector is a mender rather than a maker of boots and shoes, is suggested by his acknowledgment of being subject to periodical accessions of dipsomania. This is singularly characteristic of those disciples of St. Crispin who are entrusted with the cure of soles, and who are addicted not only to the worship of St. Crispin, but also to that of St. Monday; which is one of the worst of the errors of Romanism, and of Protestantism to boot. The Alliance is respectfully recommended to consider whether MR. GLADSTONE's new Tariff, by cheapening wine, may not, in some instances, have the happy effect of refining, if not of reforming, the habits of such a gentleman as MR. ALLEN, in at least converting the beery operative of the awl into a sherry-cobbler.

Bark v. Bite.

THE Romagnoles are threatened with excommunication for their desire to get out of the "Bark of St. Peter." They declare they have no objection to the bark of St. Peter. What they object to is the *bite* of St. Peter's representative.

THE UNDEFENDED ONE.—SIR DE LACY EVANS has been chivalrously defending LORD LUCAN. Will no one come forward now, and say a kind word in favour of the EARL OF CARDIGAN?

THE POPE SELLING OFF.

SYNCHRONOUSLY with the rumour of the Hapsburg sale (or sell?) there has reached us a report that the POPE has made his mind up to retire at once from business, and is about to send to auction all his stock in trade of relics, his peepshows, and his miracles, and other valuable effects. The sale, which is expected to extend over some weeks, will comprise, we are informed, all the juggling apparatus of the holy Romish Church. Among the tricks will be observed the Winking Picture of Rimini, the Blood of Januarius, and the Vision of La Salette. All these will be warranted in good working condition, and with each lot will be furnished a table of instructions, showing how to do the trick. His Holiness, moreover, will by his sale conditions be bound to give a lesson in the art of holy juggling, to any of the purchasers who call on him to do so; and to attend in person the first working of a miracle, to see that all goes smoothly, and that the dodge be kept quite dark. For instance, when the Blood of good St. Januarius is intended to be liquefied to gullify the faithful, his Holiness in person will attend the few first melting-days, and will superintend the sanguinary dripping, as chief cook.

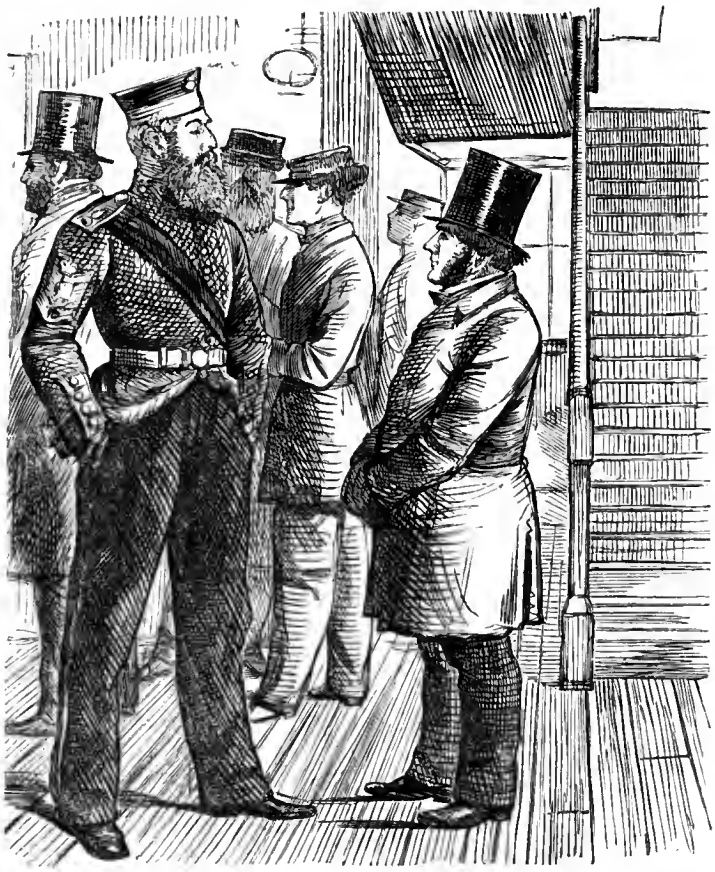
The holy relics to be sold amount to many hundreds, and are expected to realise a very large amount. No matter how great their antiquity may be, they will all of them be found in capital condition, care having been from time to time taken to renew them, whenever they showed symptoms of decay or wearing out. The hair-shirt of St. Filthius has been recently fresh sleeved, and the odour of sanctity will be perceived to cling to it, although for fear of some infection it not long ago was washed. Moreover, still attached to it is the sacred piece of thread, which was miraculously sent to the relief of the good Saint, on the morning when he found the garment with a button off. St. Peter's coat is also in first-rate preservation, notwithstanding the long period through which it has existed, and the wear and tear to which, in pious exhibition, it has daily been exposed.

The waistcoat of St. Timothy will likewise be disposed of, the rumour that the moth was in it being quite unfounded, as it was only some six months since that, although warranted "original," the vestment was re-made. Particular attention will, moreover, be invited to the trousers of St. Titus, which having just been seated, will last for some years longer, before the owners will be put to the expense of fresh repairs. But still more durable perhaps have been the slippers of St. Vitus, which, having been new-topped, new-sided, and new soled, will be discovered even yet in good salutable condition, notwithstanding all the centuries through which they have been kissed.

It should be observed that, for the comfort of the faithful, with each relic which is offered will be issued a certificate, to prove its perfect genuineness, and to verify its truth. This is the more needful, inasmuch as unbelievers have been known to raise a doubt of the reality of relics, and thereby have not only cast an insult on the Church, but, what is more important, have jeopardised a source of income to her priests. For instance, they have said that no coat of mortal make could have ever lasted so long as has St. Peter's, considering how often the garment has changed hands, and being made a peep-show of, how much it has been pulled about. They moreover have affirmed that far more hair of holy St. Hirsutus has been sold, than any score of skulls could ever have produced; and that if good St. Dentatus had possessed a hundred mouths, his jaws would not have held above one half of the false teeth, which have been sown broadcast abroad, and publicly proclaimed as his. The certificates, however, to which we have referred will, it is hoped, suffice to silence these malignants, or at any rate will serve to satisfy the faithful, and so long as they are satisfied, the Church will rest content. By the appended declaration of his Holiness the POPE, or by other equally convincing legal evidence, it will be proved to demonstration that the linen shirt of St. Filthius is the identical same garment which was worn by the good saint; and a voucher will be given with the bunion of St. Limpa and the toe-nails of St. Splaypes, attested by the signatures or crosses of the faithful, by whom those sacred relics have been severally cut.

So far as we can learn, it has not yet been settled who will be entrusted with the business of the sale. But a rumour is afloat that CARDINAL WISEMAN will be honoured with the post of auctioneer, for which his Eminence, we think, is very eminently fitted. Whether the mantle of GEORGE ROBINS will be found to have descended on him, is more than we at present can undertake to say; but we know that he is not unaccustomed to the pulpit, and we have no doubt he will prove himself well able to hold forth from it, with his usual glib utterance, and oiliness of speech. Not having had much practice in the wielding of the hammer, it may be questioned if his Eminence would feel himself at home with it; and we ourselves incline to fancy it would somewhat be more suitable, if the holy lots were knocked down with the Holy Poker.

"DONE TO RAGS."—Austrian finance.



Volunteer, 3rd Squad (*innocently*). "*Shall you initiate us in the Goose-step to-night, Serjeant?*"

Serjeant. "*The what, Sir?*"

Volunteer. "*The Goose—*"

Serjeant (*indignantly*). "*The Balance-step without gaining ground, when you can do your Facings properly! Fall in, First Squad!*"

A SUNNY AFTERNOON IN VENICE.

To the student of Geography, there is no place like Burford's Panorama. It is always full of maps, and every map has the advantage of being beautifully coloured. Atlas supported the world on his back. Mr. Burford does more than that: he carries the entire globe on the point of his paint-brush. Ask for any city you like; and, with two or three effective touches, in less time than you can compose a salad, he will produce it, to the satisfaction of your taste, and most harmoniously mixed, before you. If anything, the oil will perhaps preponderate, but that cannot be considered a fault, either in a salad or in one of Mr. Burford's pictures. The latest-gathered one out of his extensive pictorial garden is Venice. Austria might dispute his right to take it; but, never mind, he has taken it,—and we doubt if Francis-Joseph even could quarrel with the admirable way in which it has been carried off, atmosphere, water, and all, without spilling a drop out of the one hundred and forty-six canals, which, like the veins in the body of a water-drinker, intersect it. And all this has been done with a gorgeousness of colour that Etty might have envied, and with such a firmness of hand as Canaletti himself must have approved. We doubt if a single thing has been damaged in the removal. Not a feather even of the numerous pigeons, that, fearless of Austrian pies and Austrian police, fly, thick as flakes in a snow-storm, over the many-steepled head of the sunny city, has been ruffled by being carried body and bones off to Leicester Square. They seem as happy in that small garret, up ten flights of stairs (which are almost as high as the Campanile itself, only ten times more difficult to mount), as though they were waltzing themselves into a state of almost white heat under their hot Italian sky, or were dipping down below into the Adriatic to cool themselves afterwards,—like unto white-muslined ladies we know at home, who, after dancing themselves quite limp all the evening, dive down-stairs to moisten their rosy little feverish beaks with something refreshing to drink!

"Beautiful Venice," as Mr. Knight calls it in his Henry-Russellite song, sits upon the waters as gracefully as a swan,—only so gaudy is its plumage that, like a peacock, would be nearer the mark (the St. Mark we were about to say), but then peacocks do not sit upon the water. It is a mermaid of a city, with half its body under the waves, and with the Lagune by way of mirror, in which it can always be contemplating its mosaics and the numerous other antique charms that it has hanging from its elegant waist. The water is as clear as any Venetian glass. The sun is so glaring that we almost require a Venetian blind to guard our eyes against it. That large square, with its lava pavement, looks so hot that the *lazzarone*, who is crossing it with bare feet, will certainly be able to break his fast to-day with a pair of fried soles. The only shady arbour of refuge is under one of the porches of the Cathedral, which is as richly chased, as elaborately carved, as any curious weapon by Cellini. You can wipe your streaming forehead under a triumphal arch of saints, festooned closely together, so that if one dropped, you imagine all the others would drop, like the beads of a rosary, when the string has been broken. Or you can dissipate your caloric and melancholy by sauntering, by the side of the Cathedral, under the rich colonnade of two hundred and ninety-two columns of marble, that is much handsomer than the *Café de Mille Colonnes* at Paris, and with not the angry clash of dominoes to be heard in it. If you want the dominoes, you must go into the square of St. Mark, where the Carnival is going on with all the decorous solemnity of an English masquerade. By the bye, this Place of St. Mark reminds one somewhat of the Palais Royal, with its framework of many-storeyed, many-windowed houses, and close lines of pillars standing all in a row, as though they were going to be reviewed at the same time as the light regiment of gas-lamps, to say nothing of the warren of shops that are burrowing underneath the arcade, and the bustling *cafés*, that push themselves forward, like the *Café de la Rotonde*, to meet the customer half-way. It is very like the Palais Royal, and we only miss the "*Diners à 32 sous*," and the celebrated cannon, which reaches the meridian of its glory when it happens, with the punctuality of a minute-gun, to bang off accurately at noon. We never hear that favourite explosion without involuntarily exclaiming, "There goes the Gun of a Sun!"

The most peculiar feature about Venice is the absence of omnibuses and vehicles of all kinds. We did not even see a perambulator. It reminded us of London on the morning of the strike of the cabmen, when there was not a cab to be had for love or money. The Hansoms here are gondolas; and as for the busses, they are all replaced by small smacks. The only animal you see is the winged lion of St. Mark. No fear of hydrophobia, for not a dog is to be seen, unless you meet with an Autrichien. A case of glanders, also, has never been known within the memory of the oldest Venetian Boy. Every saddler and spurmaker died of starvation long ago. Veterinary surgeons would have nothing to do, unless they were called in to operate on one of the four bronze horses that stand over the portico of St. Mark's, as though they were going to pull down the large stained window that is behind them. There is not a hoof-print visible about the place, excepting such as the Austrians have left behind them in riding roughshod over the town. With the above exceptions, no animals have been seen on the Rialto for centuries. We fancy Wombwell's menagerie would make its fortune here in a season, only perhaps the Venetians might be disgusted at finding it contained no winged lion.

More might be said about this water-queen of cities, if one had more time in which to say it. If she is anything like her portrait, she has no reason to be dissatisfied with her painter. Moreover, Mr. Ruskin has given a written testimonial deposing to the lithographic likeness of all and each of the "Stones of Venice" with which, like a proud beauty going to a grand ball, she has arrayed herself: St. Mark's is a small Hunt & Roskell's of precious jewels by itself. Messrs. Prout, Cooke, Stanfield, and a whole host of other admirers, have also left their cards to renew their acquaintance with one, in whose lovely presence they have spent so many happy and profitable hours.

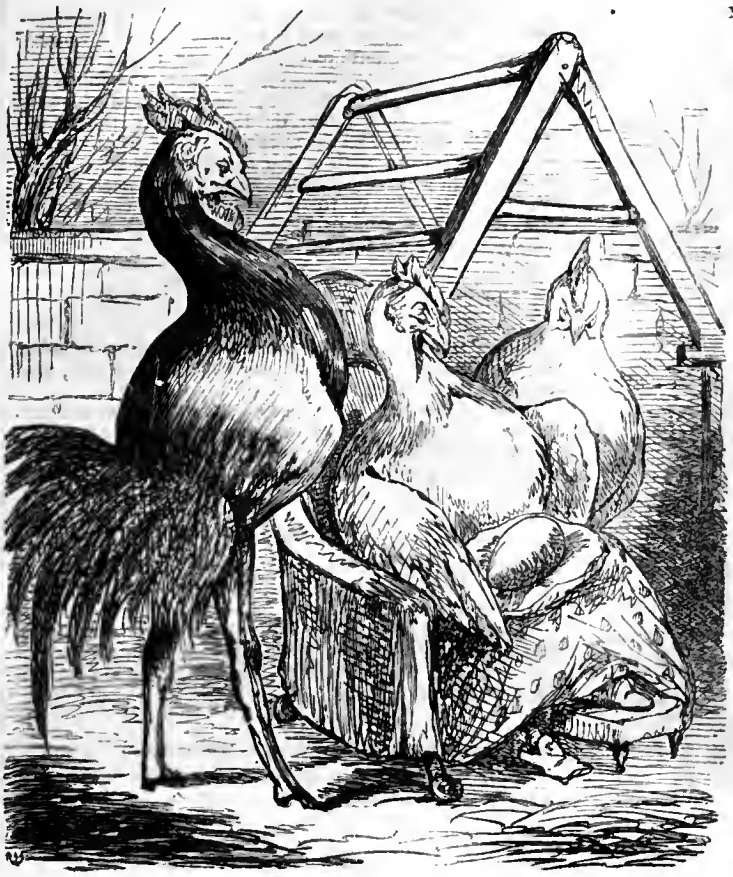
The Abolition of Flogging.

The time when the Navy will be so well manned that you will not find a room on board a ship in which you can swing a Cat!

"THE PRETTIEST LITTLE BABY IN THE WORLD."

The only one point upon which the female sex is ever unanimous—the Baby in every case being, of course, the lady's own.

AN EGGSHELLENT REASON FOR KEEPING FRIENDS WITH FRANCE.



AMIABLY conversing with our cheesemonger last week (for true greatness can never be demeaned by affability), we asked him, what he thought of our friends across the Channel, and whether he considered that their cabbaging Savoy ought, as MR. HORSMAN thinks, to lead us to a rupture with them. "Rupture! law, Sir!" he responded, looking frightfully alarmed; "why you don't mean to say, Sir, as you've fears there'll be a split! Well, all as I can say is, I hope it won't come true; for if the peace were broke, Sir, my business would be smashed. I'd just leave you to tell me, Sir, where am I to go for my 'Best Dorset Fresh,' when our 'friends across the Channel' as you calls 'em, shuts up shop to us? And then, what am I to do, Sir, for my 'Warranted New Laid Eggs,' when we come to have a rupture with our friends across the Channel, who, I'll be bound to say, have always got a six months' stock of 'em in pickle for us? No, no, Sir. Let our friends just cabbage their Savoy, and don't let us be green enough to go and interfere with 'em. That 'ere scrap o' land, Sir, ain't of no account to us. It's our friends across the Channel as we keeps our account with, which their bills for 'newlaids' and for 'freshes' is most 'eavy. We don't get nothing from Savoy, Sir, exceptin' of them organ-grinders, which *Mr. Punch* is right in kicking of 'em 'ome again. But our friends across the Channel, Sir, are always sending us nice things, and when they gets to Nice, Sir, perhaps they'll send us nicer. My belief is, that our friends have a strong wish to keep friendly, and the more we deal with 'em the stronger they will wish it. I've no mind to flatter 'em, and nobody shall say that I want to give 'em *this*," emphatically slapping a firkin as he spoke, "but though they have their faults (such as short credit and short weight), the French, Sir, on the whole, are a most egg-sellin' people."

"METHINKS I SEE MY FATHER!"

WE always thought that there was some mystery about the Editor of the *Morning Advertiser*. We felt that in some way he was a great man, though we did not exactly know how. But, the other day, he suddenly cleared up the mystery, and revealed his parentage. He claims haughty descent from the Minister who perished by the hand of BELLINGHAM. Appended to a letter from a correspondent of the *Advertiser*, he says, "Although dissenting from the views of MR. PERCEVAL, still, *as a son of a late Prime Minister of England*, WE insert his letter.—*Ed.*" Well, as MR. TENNYSON says in the *Idylls*,

"A holy man was PERCEVAL and pure,"

and we cordially congratulate our contemporary on the disclosure of his illustrious pedigree.

A Fair Excuse.

OUR fair cousin FANNY (we dare not give her surname) says she really *is* surprised at the *ridiculous* complaints which men keep making about Crinoline; for of course they *must* admit that the widest of wide petticoats cover but *two feet!*

CONFISCATION FOR CLERKS AND OTHERS.

To the RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

MY DEAR SIR,

DID you really utter the subjoined words, which are put into your mouth, or rather made to issue from it, by a parliamentary reporter? They relate to the impost for the expiration of which in the present year you made such ingenious arrangements, but which, instead, you are going to re-impose and aggravate:—

"It is impossible to deny that it is a grievous tax, as it affects persons of small incomes, and especially of small fixed incomes."

I hope that one particular word in the above extract from one of your eloquent orations on finance has been misreported. For "fixed" I trust that we ought to read "precarious." But then the mistake will prove an unfortunate one; because there are some admirers of your great genius who, receiving implicitly all that you say, will echo, as your expression, a misprint which is just the reverse of it.

To those undiscerning disciples of yours, not of course, Sir, to so profound a thinker as yourself, I would put two cases in point:—A. has £150 a year income derived from 3 per Cent. Consols, or from freehold property. B. has £150 a year income paid to him by a mercantile firm in whose service he is a clerk. His employers may any day fail, and go to the dogs, leaving him to follow them. His health may fail him, and he may go to the dogs by himself. Here are two persons each of small incomes affected by the Income-Tax, and paying equal amounts thereof. To which of them is the Income-Tax especially grievous; to the one who lives in daily danger of losing his little all, which is all taxed, or to the other who, however severely the mere produce of his estate may be taxed, is still sure of some constant annual income in addition to his permanent capital, which he will possess for his life-time, and may leave behind him at his death.

I know in which of these two men's places I would rather be. In which of them you would be if you were unhappily reduced to a choice between them, I cannot doubt. I feel pretty confident that you would rather experience the pressure of the Income-Tax in the person of the sufferer with the small fixed income than in that of the victim with the small uncertain one. It is very true that you do not know what it is to feel that you are dependent for your living upon resources which are at any moment in imminent danger of destruction. Had you ever enjoyed this experience, perhaps you would feel even more keenly than you do, with what especial severity the Income-Tax presses on small precarious incomes, as you said that it does if you were misreported, or as of course you meant to say if you used the word "fixed" by a slip of the tongue.

I am, my dear Sir, respectfully yours,

PUNCH.

P.S. Your Income-Tax shears Capital; whilst Industry it not only fleeces but also skins.

A New Commentary on Cæsar.

THE Wiscount congratulates the nation upon the Treaty being quite safe. Thanks to the remission of the French wine duties, MR. GLADSTONE, mounted upon the Budget, has been enabled, he says, "to pass the Ruby-con."

A PUZZLER FOR EVEN SENIOR-WRANGLERS.

GIVEN: A number of *Punch*.
TO FIND: Its equal.

WANTED—An Act of Parliament, inflicting heavy fines or penalties on all persons who throw orange-peel on the pavement. Will no Member, who is in the habit of tripping, or who is clever in breaking down at every step he takes, propose it?

THE BABY BOMBA, A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK-HEAD.

A WELL-MERITED PUNISHMENT.

A Just penalty has fallen upon us. The indiscreet insertion in our last week's publication, of "whether *Par*-terre was on any ground related to *Mother*-Earth?" has brought down upon our guilty heads the following, from a vindictive correspondent, who maliciously inquires "Whether the Bois (*Boy*) de Boulogne is the ligneal descendant of the *Pas* de Calais?" The first we pronounce boldly, and with a keen sense of shame, to be weak enough; but the second we fearlessly declare, and, without any flattery, to be, if possible, even weaker. However, it serves us perfectly right. We promise to be more careful for the future.

Le Vol de l'Aigle.

The Californian market has been flooded by an influx of bad "Eagles"—the outside of which, we are told, is of gold, but the inside filled up with lead.

These false eagles are suspected to be of Chinese manufacture. We should rather presume them to be French.

The French Eagles, it is certain, are very apt to carry lead in their insides—in the shape of bullets.

A Wish.

Lord Brougham's title—we are glad to learn—on the death of its present possessor, is to go to his brother, William Brougham, and his issue.

May the transfer be far off. But when it *does* come, may the new Broughams only sweep as clean as the old one, and may the next Lord Brougham be a *copy*, and not a *caricature* of H. B.

PRESENCE OF BEAUTY ENSURES PRESENCE OF MIND.

There is nothing so much in favour of the presence of ladies as the abominable nonsense that men talk in their absence.—Jenkins, *on being detained from joining "the Ladies" full three-quarters of an hour after the announcement had been made that* "Tea is ready."

GOOD NEWS FROM NAPLES.

Francis the Second of Naples, by a slight variation of the words which Shakspeare puts into the mouth of *Henry V. of England*, might very nearly express the precise relation in which, as compared with his late father, he stands towards the people who rejoice under his paternal government. If he were to say that

> "Amurath an Amurath succeeds
> And Bomba Bomba,"

he would state almost the exact truth. Almost, not quite; for it is rather less than the truth to say that, in point of wisdom, benevolence, and justice, the present sovereign of Naples is on a par with his predecessor,—Francis to Ferdinand bearing the ratio of Bomba to Bomba. The son somewhat excels the sire in the moral qualities, and exceeds him in the kind of conduct which procured the latter a European reputation. For example, see the *Siècle*, which says,—

> "We have received letters from Naples which paint the situation in very gloomy colours. M. Zir, so well known to travellers as the landlord of the Hotel della Victoria, and Mr. Gatti, an eminent Orientalist, have been taken into custody. The police supposed some hieroglyphics which the latter possessed, to be seditious emblems!"

Here we see how much sharper the instruments of the sublunary *assoluto padrone* of the Neapolitans are than those that were used by the one who was recently translated to the skies. If the tools are the same, they have at all events become much more acute in the hands of their new master. We often hear of the wonderfully discerning senses of certain Indians. The profound suspicion that Oriental hieroglyphics were suspicious emblems, is remarkably like the idea entertained by some unsophisticated children of the wild, that the sketch which an artist is making of their interesting persons is a device of magic. The King of the Anthropophagi is probably waited on by guards and attendants who, in respect of sagacity, are just upon a level with the Police employed by the King of Naples. Like men, like masters: Bomba and Hokey-Pokey-Wankey-Fum very much like one another, especially Bomba.

The *Siècle* proceeds:—

> "A greengrocer of the Place Baracca has likewise been arrested, for having exhibited in his window, radishes, turnips, and lettuces, together, the colours of which are those of the Italian flag."

This intelligence, by leave of the *Siècle*, does not paint the situation in very gloomy colours. The colours of the vegetables, for the combination of which in a costermonger's shop-window the Neapolitan Police took the costermonger up, were a vivid red, a bright white, and a brilliant green; all the most lively colours, and, constituting the Italian tricolour, and exhibited where they were, strongly suggestive to English apprehensions at least, of progress, as expressed in the exclamation, "Get on with your barrow!"

The next piece of news is still more cheering:—

> "The letters add, that a royal ordinance had been issued, directing that all civil and military functionaries shall, in the course of the present month, be subjected to some days' stoppages of pay, and that the amount obtained thereby, shall be sent to the Pope."

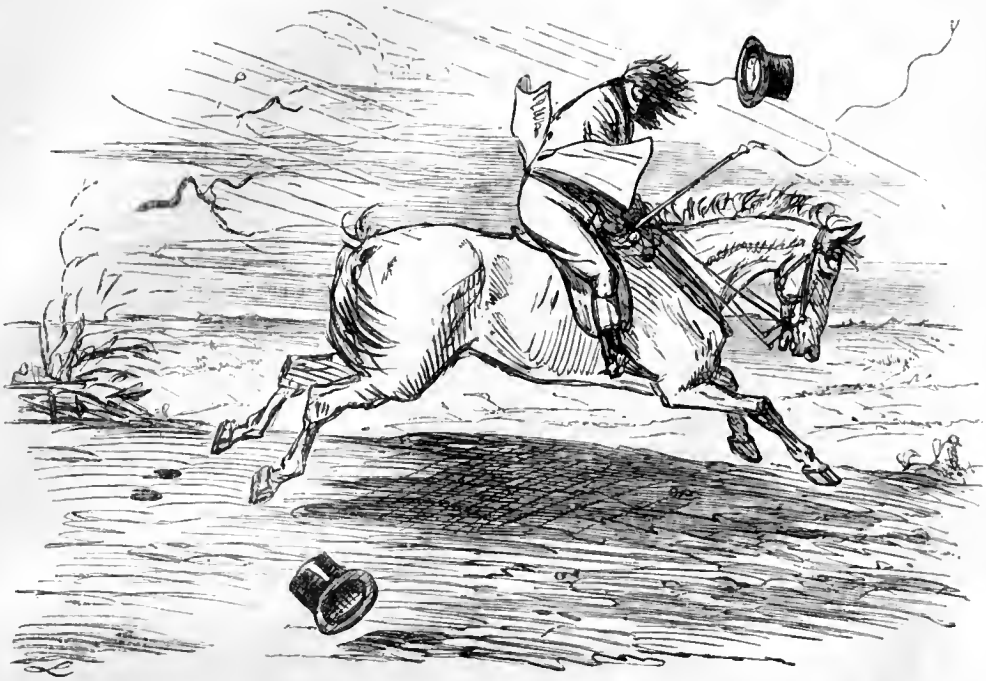
This is just as it should be. Whilst the Pope's subjects are shaking the Pope's yoke off, and, with all the rest of Central Italy, voting themselves subjects to the King of Sardinia, the best thing that the second and more amazing Bomba can possibly do is to mulct, not only his civil servants, but also his soldiers, in order to subsidise the Roman Pontiff. As Byron sings,—

> "Kill a man's family and he may brook it,
> But keep your hands out of his breeches pocket."

Just so, banish a man's relatives, imprison them, flog and torture them, inflict upon them the most filthy and shameful indignities, and he may tolerate, nay, if you fee, and flatter, and pamper, himself personally, and he is a beast, he may even applaud your proceedings. But rob your flunkey of his money, or stop his wages, in addition to bastinadoing his father and mother and racking and thumbscrewing his brothers and sisters, and he will kneel at your feet and lick them only so long as he is afraid to rise. Then look out for an assault. Especially is exasperation likely to be created by stoppage of hire in the mind of the menial who wears that species of livery called uniform. The King of Naples could not at this moment pursue any line of policy more auspicious of the freedom and union of Italy, and more hopeful for humanity, than that of disgusting and disobliging the Army whose aid alone enables him to stay where he is, instead of coming to reside in Leicester Square.

The Cloak of Religion.—A Cardinal.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—Saturday, March 24, 1860.



FOR DOWNRIGHT HEALTHY EXCITEMENT, WE RECOMMEND A DAY'S HUNTING IN A GALE OF WIND.

THE "ENTENTE CORDIALE."

We do not know whether this celebrated Anglo-French "Cordiale" is likely to be affected much by the remission of the duties on French wines and spirits. That measure being so extremely liberal, we should think that the consumption was likely to become considerably greater. From the quotations we have seen in the French and English papers, there seems to be a great improvement, also, in the strength and purity of this "Cordiale." Not only is it stronger in spirit, but it is likewise freer from that slight tendency to acidity, which, at the smallest turn of politics, was apt to vitiate all its good qualities, and to render that which was intended to be sweet and comforting to the taste of both countries, extremely disagreeable, and oftentimes offensive, to those, no matter whether Englishmen or Frenchmen, who happened to have the "Cordiale" for the moment on their lips. The exchange and interchange being now so much freer, it is to be hoped that the "Entente Cordiale" will not linger only on the lips, but will soon reach the hearts of both England and France.

A SHILLINGSWORTH OF CHARITY.

The loss of poor Mons. Jullien, the Mons who had for many years so often been in labour for us, is a loss which we can none of us expect to see replaced, and therefore none of us can be likely to forget. M. Jullien was one of the few public entertainers of whom it could be said that he was really entertaining. In whatever he attempted he did his best to please, and in doing so, he was but seldom unsuccessful. If we have ever laughed at him we ever have admired him, for the reason that so many of his qualities were admirable. He was not one of those who "keep the word of promise to the ear and break it to the hope." His promises were always fulfilled in his performances, and in whatever he might pledge himself he never broke faith with the public. He never let his singers be "indisposed" to sing, nor did his instrumentalists ever fail in "keeping time"—in their appearance in the orchestra.

As a composer, M. Jullien was well and widely known, and in his peculiar walk not better known than trusted to. Dance music was his forte, and there are few piano-players who have not his music literally at their fingers' ends. We should like to know the number of agreeable flirtations to which his *British Army Quadrilles* have given birth; while the marriages effected through his lovely *Olga Waltz* must have occasioned a considerable effect upon the Census.

As caterer of concerts M. Jullien was unsparing both of person and of purse, being as lavish of exertion as he was also of expense. Indeed we think it may be said without untruth, that he mainly lost his life through his efforts as conductor, and his strong reluctance to disappoint the public. Over-work and over-anxiousness to recover his lost credit (a loss occasioned far more by misfortune than by fault) brought on an affliction from which he never rallied: and his brain first, then his body, gave way beneath the stroke.

By his death "his widow and family are left totally unprovided for." This we state on the authority of men who know the fact, and who, knowing it, have given it the attestation of their signatures, each appended to a document called legally a cheque. They moreover have put forth in the *Times* and other Papers:—

"An Appeal to the generosity of the British Public, to whose amusements Monsieur Jullien has diligently and faithfully administered for upwards of twenty years."

And that this Appeal may universally, be read, we call the world's attention to it in our world-pervading print. We moreover would invite all those who can afford it to put their names down on the list which is affixed to the Appeal, and hand their cheques and guineas to the Treasurers of the fund.

But without stopping the charity of the guinea-paying public, may we not appeal, too, to the shilling-paying public? M. Jullien has done much for the shilling-paying public. M. Jullien has done more to popularise good music than any other popular purveyor of sweet sounds. Until M. Jullien came to them, the shilling-paying public had never heard good music; or at least, if they had heard it, they had never rightly listened to it. A symphony was seldom played to them "twenty years ago;" and, if played, was seldom heard without its being hissed. But the public are not now such geese as they were then. Thanks mainly to their Jullien, their hearing has improved, and they can listen to good music without finding their ears bored by it.

We repeat, then, what we said. M. Jullien has done much for the shilling-paying public. In return, will not that public do a little for the family M. Jullien has left? A Shilling Subscription List is opened, to swell in a small way the Jullien Fund for their relief. Those who can't give more, need never be ashamed of putting down their shilling; and the sum would in this instance be most suitably appropriate. As pleaser of the public, it was to the Shillingites that Jullien most appealed; and we may therefore for his family appeal fitly to the Shillingites. If every one in England to whom "the Mons" has given a good shillingsworth of music were now, in return to give a shilling to his memory, the Jullien Relief Fund would be sensibly increased. And as the Shillingites in general like to get their moneysworth, let every one who does so bear this fact in mind, that a shillingsworth of charity is in truth a "*Splendid Shilling*"s-worth.

An Ill Wind.

The breeze which has arisen in St. George's in the East is one of those ill winds which blow no one any good. It arose from certain persons giving themselves airs, and, as might have been supposed, these airs soon led to blows. People make complaints about a Nor'-Nor'-Easter as being the most aggravating wind that ever blows; but in future, when we wish to speak of an ill wind, we shall say that it's as bad as a St. George's-in-the-Easter.

THE ART OF CONVERSATION.

A Remark, apparently neat, but upon examination exceedingly hollow, was recently made by a misogynist. He said, Men talk, but with women it is the converse.—*The Hermit of the Haymarket.*

A QUESTION FOR PHILOLOGISTS.

Philosophers are raising the impertinent demand whether the *utter*-most parts of the Earth are inhabited solely by women?

Wonderful Metamorphosis.—A teetotaller was seen, a day or two ago, to *turn into* a public-house!

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER IX.—THE EARLY NORMAN PERIOD.

THE brief interval between the out-kicking of the Danes and the incoming of the Normans, the costume of the English, of course, underwent some change; for when was fashion ever for a single year immutable? Coming events often throw their shadows out before them; and before the Normans landed their shadows had preceded them, and the English in their habits had aped them to a shade. Fathers now-a-days complain that their children dress like foreigners, and it must be confessed that in the time of the Confessor there was as much reason for a similar complaint. Before the Frenchmen came themselves their manners had invaded us, and we were slaves to them in fashion, although not yet so in fact. For this we have the evidence of WILLIAM OF MALMESBURY, who, contemptuous of orthography, as is his lordly namesake, observes:—

"Inne EDWARDE's rune ye Englishe dyd Frenchifye ymselves both inne manneres and costumes, and made ymselves redickulouse bye their phantastick fashiones, whiche they dyd wear a shortere tunick and eke a shavenne chyn, and dyd clippe their haire allsoe as they dyd clippe their speache."

That men should "make themselves ridiculous" by wearing shaven chins, is an idea to which our beard-movers have lately given countenance, albeit Englishmen in general have long set their face against it. The early Normans were, however, great users of the razor; and besides shaving their chins, and upper lips, and cheeks, they actually shaved the back part of their heads; a fashion which they borrowed from the swells of Aquitaine. This we learn not only from the Bayeux tapestry,* but from an incident which happened on the landing of the Normans, and which authorities concur in thinking proves the fact. It is said that when KING HAROLD heard the cry, "The French are coming!" he prudently remained at home, and sent his spies to see if there were truth in the report. As they dared not face the enemy, the spies crept crawlingly along until they got behind his back; and from this rearward point of view they took their observations, without themselves becoming the objects of remark. They then played among themselves a friendly game of Hie, spy, hie! and, as WALLINGFORD informs us, "dyd putte their bestte legges foremoste, and dyd take un-toe their heeles." On coming to the king, who was as breathless to hear the news as they were all to tell it, they said they had seen no soldiers, but an army of priests; and on HAROLD asking sternly, "What the [two of dice] they meant?" they told him of the way in which the Normans wore their hair, whereat his Majesty impatiently exclaimed, "There, you may cut it!"

FROM A CURIOUS ILLUMINATION REPRESENTING A NORMAN SWELL DRESSING FOR AN EVENING PARTY.

In telling us this anecdote, BOB WACE, the Norman poet, uses the expression "*tout rez et tondu*," which may be literally rendered by the words "all shaven and shorn:" a phrase that, every baby knows, occurs in one of the most ancient of our descriptive ballads. The words, our readers may remember, are applied there to a priest; and their usage may be taken as confirmatory evidence that the Normans in their tonsure had a priestly cut about them. How far they resembled the old ecclesiastic, who performed the marriage service in the ballad we have mentioned, is a point which we suggest to men of strong imaginations, as being a fit problem to exercise their thoughts. For their assistance in the matter we refer them to the figures pictured in the Bayeux tapestry, and to the portrait of the priest as he appears in our edition; wherein the artist has depicted him in a dress which is a cross between a beadle's and a bishop's. In this engraving (which we fancy must be really very rare, for it appears to bear the thumb-marks of several generations) "ye maydenne all forlorne" is most lugubrious in look, and seems to have been taken to what cockneys call the "halter" as reluctantly as though she had been taken to be hung. With an attention to the details which smacks of the Dutch school, the maid is represented with her milk-pail in her hand; while slightly in the background is a portrait of her cow, whose horn is "crumpled" with a power which a Præ-Raffaelite might envy, and a RUSKIN write a page about in notes of admiration of its "conscientious handling" and its "gigantic strength of truth."

THIS TRULY INTERESTING PICTURE IS A VALUABLE ILLUSTRATION OF THE ECCLESIASTICAL AND CIVIL COSTUME OF THE MIDDLE OF THE ELEVENTH CENTURY, OR THEREABOUTS.

The civil costume of the Normans (whom silly sticklers for good grammar have called otherwise the Normen) consisted of a cloak, a shirt, and a pair of drawers; together with a tunic which they wore rather short, and a pair of stockings, which they wore rather long. One writer calls these stockings "panntaloons with feet to them;" and we may guess from his so doing, that the nobles chiefly wore them, for pantaloons have never been in favour much with clowns. Their Norman name was "chaussés," and we are not aware of their having any other: although seeing that the English took afterwards to wearing them, it is naturally likely that they Anglicised the name. But whether, with true British contempt for foreign accents, they called the chaussés "chosses," or "chawsers" or "chowses," with all our wisdom we must own ourselves unable to decide.

To keep their heads warm, which considering how they shaved them, was much needed, the civilians wore a flat round cap resembling a Scotch bonnet. This, however, was not their invariable head-dress, for they sometimes wore a hood, or coif, to serve as their *coiffure*. Combined with their bald-patedness, these monks-hoods must have given them a clerical appearance, and the way they aped the priests was really monkish, if not monkeyish.

For their *chaussure* they wore shoes, over their *chaussés*. But sometimes their long stockings were stuck into short boots, which for aught we know, resembled our plebeian highlow. These short boots have been long familiar to our memory, from the fact that we remember reading when at school (having recently refreshed our remembrance on the matter) that ROBERT, Duke of Normandy, the Conqueror's eldest son, was nicknamed *Gambaron*, or "Shortshanks," and *Courthose*, which meant "Short-boots." His namesake, ROBERT WACE, says, "he hadde shorte legges and large bones, hence was he bootedde with shorte hosen and hadde shorte boottes to bootte." To our mind

* Of course every school-girl knows that this tapestry is called so from its being kept at Bayeux; and is a piece of coloured worsted work, somewhat like a sampler, measuring in length 212 feet. It is said to have been worked by the Conqueror's wife, MATILDA, who was called from her great industry in working it, the Conqueress, the enemy she triumphed over being truly worsted. How long she was doing it, we must let our lady readers have the privilege to guess. Although the fact is not so stated, one might really almost think she had the help of Briareus in accomplishing her task; for one had need have the assistance of a hundred hands, to work so great a quantity as above two hundred feet.

there is nothing very funny in these nicknames; but we mention them to show that our ancestors at times were just as rude as their descendants, in their remarks on people's personal disfigurements and dress.

ROBERT SHORTSHANKS, DUKE OF NORMANDY. FROM MR. PUNCH'S COLLECTION OF HISTORICAL PORTRAITS.

The phrase "bootted with aborte hosen" might lead one to suppose that the Normans wore no stockings underneath their *chaussés*, and that they thrust their ten toes naked into their boots. This, however, we are not at liberty to guess; for stockings, we have seen, were in use among the Saxons, and the Normans, who were more refined, must certainly have worn them. Indeed several quotations might easily be made which would serve to satisfy the reader of the fact; but reading much bad spelling is a thing to be avoided, as it may lead to imitation, perchance, of its defects.

Taking it for granted, then, that they wore stockings, there remain to be considered two most momentous questions; namely, whether or no they commonly wore garters with their stockings, and whether, if they did, they gartered under or above the knee. Antiquarians have been long in the dark upon these points; but we rejoice that our exhaustless industry and patience at length enable us to throw a flood of light upon the subject, and to dissipate the clouds of doubt which have obscured it.

By our almost superhuman labour of research, we have brought to view a MS., which, so far as we can see, has never before been even heard of, and which must excite the wonder and delight of the *savants*. Since we are never prone to keep our good things to ourselves, as is proved by the weekly publication of our jokes, we have now the greatest willingness in parting with our property, and putting before the public that which has been hitherto a quite private possession. The manuscript appears to have been written by a lawyer, at least we judge so, partly from its being writ in rhyme (for all our poets nearly have begun by being lawyers), and partly from the almost undecipherable penmanship, which is a failing common to most men in that profession. Our conjecture too is strengthened by the MS. being written in bad Anglo-Norman French, in which our ancient legal documents were commonly composed. But not to keep our readers longer from their treat, be it known to all men that, so far as our compositor is able to make out, he holds himself in readiness to make an affidavit that what is here subjoined, is a true copy of the lines:—

"Quand je quittais la Normandie,
Je wore mon gartere sur mon knee:
Et quand je Englismans became,
Je suis contente a faire le same."

WHITE MICE AT THE TUILERIES.

For the annexation of Savoy to France, the best reason that can be assigned is, that the language of the Savoyards is, in a great measure, French. If the Savoyard deputies, who waited the other day on the Emperor, to implore him to eat them and the other roast pigs, their fellow-citizens, represent the latter in their way of squeaking, the people of Savoy certainly do talk like thorough Frenchmen.

For example:—

"Sire,—So many natural bonds, so many glorious reminiscences unite Savoy to France, that she trembled with happiness when the august word of your Majesty gave the hope to our country that she was about to be called to make part of the great French family with the assent of its legitimate Sovereign."

Trembled with happiness!—how false! how bombastic! how fulsome! Can there be a doubt that creatures who are capable of this slaver are unfit to remain subjects of Victor Emmanuel, and that they tend to servitude by a natural impulse.

Their address to the Empress affords still stronger proof of their essentially French disposition. What can exceed the peculiar politeness of the following specimen of adulation:—

"Madame,—Will your Majesty allow those who will soon be your new subjects to express to you, on this day, so momentous for them, all the sentiments that animate them? Savoy is an affectionate land, Madame; it loves its Princes."

We cannot conceive anybody worthy to be called an Englishman voluntarily renouncing his Queen, and offering himself to become the subject of any other sovereign. But some Englishmen are unworthy of their name; an English traitor is a conceivable monster. Yet even the basest and most degraded Briton would never, in throwing himself at the feet of another lady than Her Majesty, have the face to say, "England is an affectionate land, Madame; it loves its Princes." The idea of being spurned by the foot that he was licking, would deter him from the utterance of such a piece of impudent servility. He would be conscious of the self-irony of his language. That is just what the Savoyard deputies were unconscious of; and such unconsciousness is eminently French. Therefore, they unblushingly tell Eugénie that "Savoy loves its Princes;" and then they proceed:—

"How could it fail not dearly to love you, endowed with so much grace and virtue?"

How did these gentlemen fail to love the King of Sardinia? Oh! they have not failed to love him; they only forsake him. So they will never fail to love their new mistress; and they tell her—how prettily and affectionately!—

"Savoy hopes that you will also love it, and that you will soon give a precious proof thereof by showing yourself among us."

These people were clearly born to kiss hands. Stooping, no doubt, with appropriate action, they now thus address the infant Prince Imperial:—

"And you, Monseigneur, you who are destined to continue so much greatness, our children will be as devoted to you as we are to the Emperor, your glorious father. As soon as we return to our mountains we will make them ring with the shout of '*Vive l'Empereur!*' '*Vive le Prince Impérial!*'"

Dishonoured mountains! The insensibility of these men to the absurdity of the above pompous apostrophe to a small boy is also perfectly national; that is perfectly consonant with French ideas. The grossness of their cringing to the Imperial great man is paralleled by the ridiculousness of their fawning on the Imperial little man. We are familiar with this style of demeanour as exhibited, in begging, by dirty fellows in high-crowned hats, with white mice and a hurdy-gurdy. Some of these truly crawling creatures appear to have taken their mice and music to the Tuileries.

A Run for the Reform Bill.

Lord John Russell, the other evening, ran into the House of Commons, with a train of supporters at his heels, just in time to secure the discussion of his Reform Bill by saving the House from being counted out. The noble Lord on that occasion may consider himself to have had a run of good luck.

LA MODE—THE ZOUAVE JACKET.

Miss Stout. "Well now, dear, I call it Charming, and shall most certainly have one Myself!"

POOR LITTLE BILL.

(*As Sung by* Lord John Russell *in his favourite character of the "Fond Parient."*)

Friends look cold and foes look scornful,
As I wheel my load up hill;
Meagre art thou and most mournful,
Poor little Bill!

Very tiny thy dimensions,
And thy points of beauty *nil*,
None to thee vouchsafes attentions,
Poor little Bill!

Doctors call thee an abortion
Past all nursing sleight or skill,
Full of rickets and distortion—
Poor little Bill!

Marked for fits, for croup, convulsions—
Spite of potion and of pill,
Syrups, sedatives, emulsions—
Poor little Bill!

With a head o'er-sized and waggling,
Legs no thicker than a quill,
Vacant eyes, and limbs a-straggling—
Poor little Bill!

Never mind, though all despise thee,
Love thy parient's heart doth fill;
E'en for thy defects he'll prize thee—
Poor little Bill!

With unwearied hand propelling
Thy perambulator still,
With paternal raptures swelling—
Poor little Bill!

Through each danger he will steer thee,
Deaf to prophecies of ill,
When all else look cold, he'll cheer thee—
Poor little Bill!

Let them dwell upon thy weakness,
Damn with praises faint and chill,
He'll disarm reproach by meekness—
Poor little Bill!

From all critics ask suggestion,
Strength into thee to instil:
Bare thy meagre frame to question—
Poor little Bill!

Cut thee, carve thee, stuff or starve thee;
Lop thee, crop thee—all but kill;
Like a *corpus vile* sarve thee—
Poor little Bill!

So he'll carry through his darling,
Spite of all that threatens ill,
Scorn of friends and foemen's snarling—
Poor little Bill!

HIGH WATER AND LOW WIT.

Our readers are aware, if they have read the papers, that there was a remarkably high tide in the Thames the other day. Among the damages it did, it occasioned some small injury to the Royal property, that is to say, it caused sad havoc to be made with the Queen's English. A wit in Lambeth said that there was quite a run upon the banks, and avowed his expectation that one of them would break; whereat a byestander remarked, that if such should prove the case, he should wish great Father Thames were a little farther off, or he for one might not be able to keep his head above water. A wag at Chelsea took a similar advantage of the circumstance by observing that his Highness (meaning Father Thames) was not half so high then as he would be in the summer-time; and this remark was capped by another funny fellow, who, clapping his right forefinger against his nasal organ, exclaimed, with exquisite facetiousness, "Ah! that's true enough, I nose it!" A climax to the comicality was, however, put by a punster, who was waiting on the steam-boat pier at Westminster, and who observed that Father Thames, who was usually so untidy, was cutting quite a swell, for the high tide made the river look quite tidy to the eye, in fact, he might remark that Father Thames looked quite eye-tidy.

Street Nomenclature.—Notice is hereby given, that, by an order of the Central Board of Works, the street in the Strand hitherto known as Savoy Street, is henceforth to be called Petty France.

AN UP-HILL JOB.

Mr. Policeman Punch (compassionately). "NOW, LITTLE 'UN, DO YOU *THINK* YOU 'LL BE ABLE TO SHOVE THAT PERAMBULATOR UP THEM STEPS?"

THE FROLICS OF FASHION.

Y all accounts the ladies are growing very floricultural. Lovely woman has often been compared to roses, and tulips, and violets, and other flowery emblems, not omitting "the pink of perfection;" but we little suspected that she would become so closely associated with the beautiful objects that adorn the plate-glass shops in Covent Garden Market, that it would be a matter of impossibility to say where the flowers began, or the woman ended. The object of the present fashion seems to be to identify the one with the other in inseparable harmony together, so that the two shall form but one large *fleur animée*, as graceful as any that ever blossomed into life under GRANVILLE's poetic pencil. Here is a specimen of this new animated flower, that we have culled from one of the numerous fashion-books that idly profess to teach women the difficult art of making themselves more beautiful:—

"One dress we will describe. It was composed of white *tulle bouillonnée*. At *the lower part of the skirt it had three skirts* of double *tulle*, each caught up by ribbons of white *taffetas*, embroidered with *bouquets* of flowers, producing a fresh and charming effect. *Nine bouquets* of flowers were placed at the end of these ribbons, *no two alike. The body was in the same style as the skirt.* Upon each shoulder a *bouquet* of flowers formed an *épaulette*."

An *épaulette* of flowers is a sweet notion! Was the sash, pray, of the same material? But what a walking bouquet, the lady attired as above, must have been. Her dress must have been a kind of Floral Hall, of which she herself was the centre ornament and grand illumination. The only parallel we know to it is the Jack-in-the-Green on the three glorious days of May; but he is a companion too dark to be placed by the side of such a cluster of bright colours and fragrant associations. Four skirts and eleven *bouquets* of flowers, at least (for in this calculation the lower tier of *bouquets* is not included) are not bad for one dress. We doubt if the goddess Flora herself would have had more, when she went in state to one of her grand flower-shows. Why, each waltz must have been a shower of roses!

But the ladies are growing horticultural, also. Their dress is so attractively arranged as to appeal to every sense. Here is another description, that quite brings the water into one's mouth:—

"Another was also made of white *tulle*, with eleven small flounces, bordered with a purple ribbon, embroidered with gold. At each breadth the flounces were put on in festoons. Over this was placed a white crape skirt. Wide purple ribbon, embroidered in flowers of gold, twisted like a scarf, and held at *the hips by a bouquet of pomegranates*. The wreath for the hair was formed of pomegranates and rings of gold."

With cherries on her lips, a peach on each cheek, and pomegranates round her hair, such a fruitful combination is enough to make a vegetarian even pay his *devoirs* to one so tempting!

But a lady does not draw all her brightness from the earth—she can be celestial as well. We put before the non-credulous reader a glittering proof of it:—

"Another of these elegant dresses was made of azure *tulle*—all *bouillonnée*—with stars of gold worked on the *tulle*. These were not all of one size, but varied, *like those of the planetary system*."

Thus, a lady is alike floricultural, horticultural, and astronomical. Both heaven and earth send their choicest contributions to adorn her. What the joint effect could be, we should be afraid to contemplate. We lean ungallantly to the vulgar belief, that probably we should admire her more with a smaller quantity of flowers and fruits and stars about her. We should like a little more of Nature and considerably less of Art. Fearless of competition, why does not Lovely Woman trust to her own charms?

We shall leave off with the above compliment, for fear of saying anything rude that might spoil the effect of it. Otherwise, we were about to notice in the above descriptions the singular absence of jewellery, only we reflected in time, that no lady ever thinks now-a-days of wearing jewellery, unless it is occasionally two or three hundred diamonds, with the view of imitating the effect of "the planetary system." Who is to blame her, unless it be some one who does not possess diamonds?

A DISAGREEABLE WIPE.

MR. WHITWORTH's three-pounder cleans itself out. One of the many objections to LORD JOHN's six-pounder is, that it is very likely to lead to the use of the sponge.

LOUIS NAPOLEON CONSULTS THE GREAT POWERS.

WHAT! France take Savoy?
To Europe's annoy,
And in open defiance of treaties,
Not to say protestations
In last year's proclamations—
(One's own words most unpleasant to cat'tis.)

I should cry "*culpa mea*,"
If such an idea
Had e'er to my mind found an entry:
Though 'tis perfectly true,
My dear Powers, that for you,
I feel on the Alps I stand sentry.

So with *your* approbation,
And consent of the nation,
Perhaps you will make no objection,
Should Savoy and Nice
(To keep Europe at peace)
Place themselves 'neath our Eagles' protection?

N. B. I may mention,
Should it be your intention,
To raise any hitch in the matter,
That KING VICTOR and I
Made it all cut and dry—
May or June last—(I think 'twas the latter).

If you'll do me the favour
To approve my behaviour,
I shall highly respect your opinions;
If you won't, I'm most sorry:
But for *this* territory,
It's now part of th' Imperial dominions.

MODERN FRENCH SLIPSLOP.

FRENCH diplomatic slang is becoming a great nuisance. Who can read the subjoined specimen of this modern slipslop without irritation? It comes in the shape of a telegram from Paris, referring to an article by M. GRANDGUILLOT in the *Constitutionnel*, on "Universal Suffrage and Public Order in Europe." We are told that—

"M. GRANDGUILLOT thinks it necessary to explain the limits of the doctrine of national sovereignty now invoked against the imperial policy to the advantage of certain combinations which his Majesty cannot protest against, although prepared without his inspirations."

What M. GRANDGUILLOT thinks it necessary to explain, he states with a degree of perspicuity which corresponds exactly to the clearness of mud. What sense is to be made of "the doctrine of national sovereignty," or any other doctrine, "invoked against the imperial policy to the advantage of certain combinations?" Is not this jumble of abstract expressions worse than any metaphysics, even than such metaphysics as philosophers talk when they are drunk? And then what is meant by combinations "prepared" without the inspirations of LOUIS NAPOLEON? By his "inspirations" we suppose we are to understand his suggestions, or his hints; but why use the word inspirations instead of the plainer term? The EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH is said to patronise spiritual manifestations, but he is not a spirit himself; at the best he could possibly be no better than a medium, and cannot, with any propriety, be said to inspire people in preparing combinations.

There is also a vile French word which has come into common use—the word *prestige*. In its proper and original sense, it is a legitimate word enough; the meaning which it has acquired is what renders it base and offensive. Employed to signify magical illusion or jugglery, it is a correct expression, but it is a most unhappy one when substituted, as it now is, for credit or renown. Attributed, for instance, to a nation, an army, or an individual, it means imposing reputation; a character for good fortune, power, invincibility, greatness, knowledge, or wisdom, magnified by people's imagination; a celebrity in which there is something of humbug. The French, if they please, may describe the influence which they exercise in any respect as *prestige*; but let us not borrow from them a term which is most correctly applicable to the impostures of a charlatan, to denote the greatness of England. If they like to impute *prestige* to their EMPEROR let them; but let the British public, sticking to propriety, purity, and honest nomenclature, ascribe reputation to *Punch*.

Fitz Flint (who hates Dancing, but adores Luey Brabazon) feels he must do the agreeable, and so says: "*Do you Prance this time, Miss Brabazon?*"

THE GOOD TIME COME.

(*A Serenade for* Messrs. Bright *and* Gladstone.)

Air—"*Cheer, Boys, Cheer!*"

Drink, boys, drink, success to Legislation,
Money all hands encouraging to spend,
Doing away with indirect taxation,
Letting direct to workmen not extend!
Suffer the discontented class to grumble,
Those who have all the nation's cost to bear;
No tax curtails the incomes of the humble,
They are exempt, and what can be more fair?

Let us enjoy the wages of our labour;
Which we can do because we go scot-free,
Whilst, harder worked, our mind-exerting neighbour,
Paid little more, comes under Schedule D;
Mourns o'er the task his due returns of summing,
Tribute to yield on earnings year by year.
This is for us the good time which was coming,
Now it has come; so sing we, "Cheer, boys, cheer!"

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE.

The approaching contest on the river between the two Universities is creating a great amount of interest, not alone on the *tapis* of Belgravia, but also at the taps of the waterside public-houses. We hope that the Cambridge men will be more fortunate than they were upon the last occasion. It must be exceedingly unpleasant to bid "farewell to one's trim-built wherry," by so summary (or rather wintry) an ejectment, and to go to the bed of the river with such a dip. We trust that the gallant Commanders of the vessels of the Thames Steam Navy will keep a respectful distance, and not disturb the gallant competitors by the intrusion of heavy swells. The Derby at Epsom has been called the "Blue Ribbon of the Turf," but when we consider the colours of our Universities, may we not call the prize of honour, on this occasion, the Blue Ribbon of the River? At all events, whatever be the issue of the race, we hope that the Cantabs may not again become Companions of the Bath.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

March 19. *Monday.* Lord Lyndhurst, unceasing in his desire to improve as much as possible the Court of Probates and Reprobates, so ably presided over by Sir Cresswell Cresswell, proposed to give that learned Judge power to decide single-handed. He urged, that if one Judge was permitted to tie the judicial noose, one Judge might be trusted to untie the matrimonial knot. Lord Campbell promised to introduce a Bill for thus facilitating business. He did so on the Friday, like a faithful Brick. Lord Teynham then moved a resolution in favour of the Ballot. He could hardly have astonished or amused their Lordships more if he had proposed that Mr. Sayers and Mr. Heenan should fight their battle on the floor of the House of Lords, with a Primate apiece as bottle-holder. The Duke of Newcastle expressed the disgust of their Lordships; and on division, there were going to be 5 for the Ballot to 39 against it, but Lord Derby tried to take away three of the five votes by noticing that certain Peers were not actually in the House when the resolution was put. However, he only wiped off one, and Lord Teynham mustered his four—namely, Lord Benjamin Hall Llanover, Lord Strutt Belper, Lord Strafford (whose head was cut off for his being too aristocratic some years ago; and it is well to see that he has profited by the hint), and himself.

Lord John Russell pleaded, that it would embarrass him very much if he were pressed with questions about Savoy, which, all things considered, the House thought probable, so went on with the Second Reading of the Reform Bill. Mr. Disraeli objected very strongly to adding 200,000 electors, all of one class, and that not an educated class, to the present 440,000; and he contended that the late Strike was evidence that the class in question was formidable at once from ignorance and from organisation. A sort of sandwich debate followed, with alternate slices of Liberal bread and Conservative meat, and a slight dash of Radical mustard; but there was nothing to immortalise until Mr. Bright rose to defend the Bill as the fulfilment of a pledge. He thought that the lower classes ought to be enfranchised in far larger numbers, but took the measure as an instalment. The Debate was adjourned till Thursday. General Peel then made a speech to show that Government had not asked for nearly enough money for the Chinese expedition; and Mr. Sidney Herbert made a speech to show that they had asked for exactly the right amount. Then Sir Michael Seymour apprised that House that Mr. Ward, the American Envoy to China, was aggrieved at the statements that the Chinese had shut him up in a box, and Mr. Ward reported that he had been treated very satisfactorily. *Mr. Punch* has no reason to doubt it. He himself has considered his treatment in the highest degree satisfactory when he has been shut up in a box,—the idol of his affections and the star of his soul being also there, reposing her ivory arm upon the velvet, and alternately listening, enraptured, to Mario's vocalism and to *Mr. P.'s* adoration.

Tuesday. Lord Derby's demand when he was to have his Easter holidays, to which schoolboyish inquiry he very properly got no reply, was the only thing worth notice Up-stairs. Down-stairs, Mr. Henry Berkeley, encouraged by Lord Teynham's brilliant exploit, asked leave to bring in a Bill for establishing the Ballot. He let off his usual fun, but on one point—the working of the system in Australia—he caught what his brother, now blundering in America, would call a punch on the head. Mr. Marsh, late from Australia (wherever that is), asserted that the ballot produced great evils there. Mr. Chichester Fortescue announced that he had been for the ballot, but had meditated on the subject and changed his mind. Mere round balls are not now arguments, as in the idiotic times when a man would go out after Ranelagh, or Vauxhall, and expiate a folly by a crime, as our friend Electus, whose Empire is Peace, permits people to do in his country. Lord Palmerston, apologising to the House for keeping Members from their dinners, made some fun of Mr. Berkeley, and hoped that when he died a Ballot-Box would be erected in his honour, and on division the Bristol Pet was floored by 254 to 147; the latter, being a much smaller following of backers than has been usual with this Boxer.

Wednesday. Mr. Dillwyn, not satisfied with the way the House of Lords is redressing the grievances of Dissenters in reference to Endowed Schools, moved the second reading of a very sweeping Bill on the subject. He was demolished by Mr. Lowe, who pulled the

Bill to pieces, and showed that it was ingeniously and happily contrived to damage at once both Dissenters and Churchmen. The House affirmed the Lowe Church view by 190 to 120. We are happy to add that a Bill for relieving the unhappy children who are slowly tortured in the Bleaching Works, was carried by an enormous majority, though resisted by Mr. Turner of Manchester, a favourer of "progressive improvements" and "religious liberty" (*vide* Dod). An impulsive speech by Mr. Roebuck aided the promoters of the Bill, and the cause of oppressed children is surely one in which impulsiveness may be permitted, however unsenatorial.

"Hearts are not flint, and flints are rent;
Hearts are not steel, and steel is bent."

Thursday. Lord Teynham made another campaign, with even more signal failure. He took charge of a Bill which had passed the Commons, and which was to complete the relief given to Dissenters by the Repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts. *Mr. Punch* regrets that the measure was not in stronger hands, for it was assailed by a couple of leading Tories and a Bishop, and smashed by 44 to 23. *Mr. Punch* yields to no charity-boy behind pewter in abject reverence for the smallest button belonging to even a beadle of the Church, but he never could see that Swearing was a protection to anything except a cat's dinner. He agrees with Lord Campbell, that he should like to see all oaths forbidden, except the oath of allegiance, and perhaps, the oath of impatience when the vast crowd in Fleet Street on *Mr. Punch's* publishing day (Wednesday), prevents an ardent Edwin from getting hold of the new Number in time to save the train that should take him, *Punch* in hand, to his expectant Angelina.

The Reform Debate was adjourned, and the Bill had the very narrowest of squeaks for dear life. Sir John Pakington had attacked it, and called it a "miserable" Bill. He strongly complained (*Mr. Punch* concurring) that lodgers were excluded from the franchise. Sir George Grey had defended it, and urged that what were called fancy franchises were liable to collusion and fraud. So are the Queen's coins, and fraud very often forges imitations of them, which collusion passes, but is that any reason for shutting up the Mint? But then Mr. Adderley got up, and the House went away, and at a certain moment there were only about twenty Members, and somebody dashed at a Count. Lord John Russell himself had to hurry back to his place and be counted, and if he and some others had not done so, the Reform Bill would have been like a piece of paper sometimes picked up in the hall of a theatre, namely, a Dropped Order. "That," said the indignant Adderley, "shows how the country is represented." However the catastrophe was averted, and Mr. Adderley scolded Mr. Bright a good deal. The only other very noticeable speech was that of the fiery Whiteside, who devoted himself to arguments to show that the Bill would let in such organisation as that of the Strike to damage all the interests of the nation. The Opposition, however, did not venture to move an amendment on the second reading. The debate again stood over until the next Monday.

Friday. There was a short debate Up-stairs about the intentions of Government as to modifying the Promotion by Purchase System. They seem to have frightened Lord Panmure, but the most remarkable speech was made by the remarkable Lucan, who implored Government not to go reforming the Army; for though foreign officers might be more scientific than ours, no officers were more brave and loyal than those of England. Why, who denies either proposition? Our officers, generally speaking, are gloriously brave and loyal, and we are certain that the foolish Lucan himself would dash himself and his men against any wall of stone or steel in the world, if ordered to do so by his Commander. But it is precisely the scientific fellows, and not the Lucans, that we want, as our officers and men are much too precious articles to be wasted in obedience to the orders of unscientific parties. Lord Cardigan did not rise to castigate his brother-in-law, and probably they agreed upon Lucan's view of the case, as that view was a blunder. The Duke of Somerset had the pleasure of slashing at Lord Panmure, and did it with gusto. Earl Grey took the cranky line, as usual. The Duke of Cambridge said, frankly enough, that the Lords knew his opinions, but that he would try with all his might to carry out, for the benefit of the Army, whatever system might be decided on. By the way, the world must really be at an end. Our Commander-in-Chief has been going and dining with Baron Lionel de Rothschild. What are Spooner and Newdegate about, and where is the motion for an address to deprive George of his command? Are we all asleep? Echo answers in the affirmative.

After a squabble whether the Norwich writ should or should not be issued, and a decision that it should, Colonel Sykes protested against Mr. James Wilson's plan for reducing our Indian expenses by putting down our native Indian army. Then came another squabble about Savoy, on which Ministers are horribly unwilling that there should be much discussion. And then, the payers of Income-Tax will be happy to learn that their turn came. The extra Penny was debated. Among other wise speeches, Mr. Slaney, who is so sentimentally eager to lighten some folks' burdens that he brings before Parliament the question whether ledges and rests should not be stuck up in the streets for the comfort of porters, described the Income-Tax as most "fair, politic, and just." (Who is that saying that Slaney rhymes to Zany?) There was a debate, but Mr. Gladstone was triumphant, and 187 to 132 affirmed the principle of a Ten-Penny Income-Tax.

"We're lucky Old Englanders, bless us,
We hadn't enough to distress us,
But Ten-Penny Tacks
Must run into our backs,
And stick, like the shirt of old Nessus."

ODIOUS COMPARISONS.

The Correspondence of Alexander von Humboldt lately published, contains in a letter from Prince Albert acknowledging the receipt of Humboldt's *Kosmos* the following benediction:—

"May Heaven, 'whose circling seas of light and star-terraces' you so nobly describe, preserve you still for many years, to your country, the world, and the Kosmos itself, in undisturbed freshness both of body and soul. This is the sincere wish of your entirely devoted, Albert."

On this passage, which includes the intimated quotation of a bit of fine writing from the *Kosmos*, Humboldt, bilious apparently, thus comments in an epistle to his friend Varnhagen. The Prince, he complains:—

"Makes me speak of 'circling seas of light and star-terraces'—a Coburg variation from my text, and *quite English* from Windsor, where there are nothing but *Terraces*."

The expression which Humboldt had really used in the *Kosmos* was "star-carpet," and he was vexed with the Prince Consort for altering it into "star-terraces." Surely, the philosopher was rather unreasonably offended with the princely variation of his poetry. If any comparison of an earthly object to the sky can be meaner than that of a terrace, it is that of a carpet. Both metaphors are of the same order as the word "livery" used for foliage. The two are much of a muchness, and had the authors of each simile respectively offered them in competition for a pastoral prize, the decision of discerning Arcadian umpires might have been—

"An oaken staff each merits for his pains."

We must, however, stand up for our Prince; and we will say that, in that case, we think the handsomer and lighter stick of the two should have been given to his Royal Highness.

A Triple Hatful of Money.

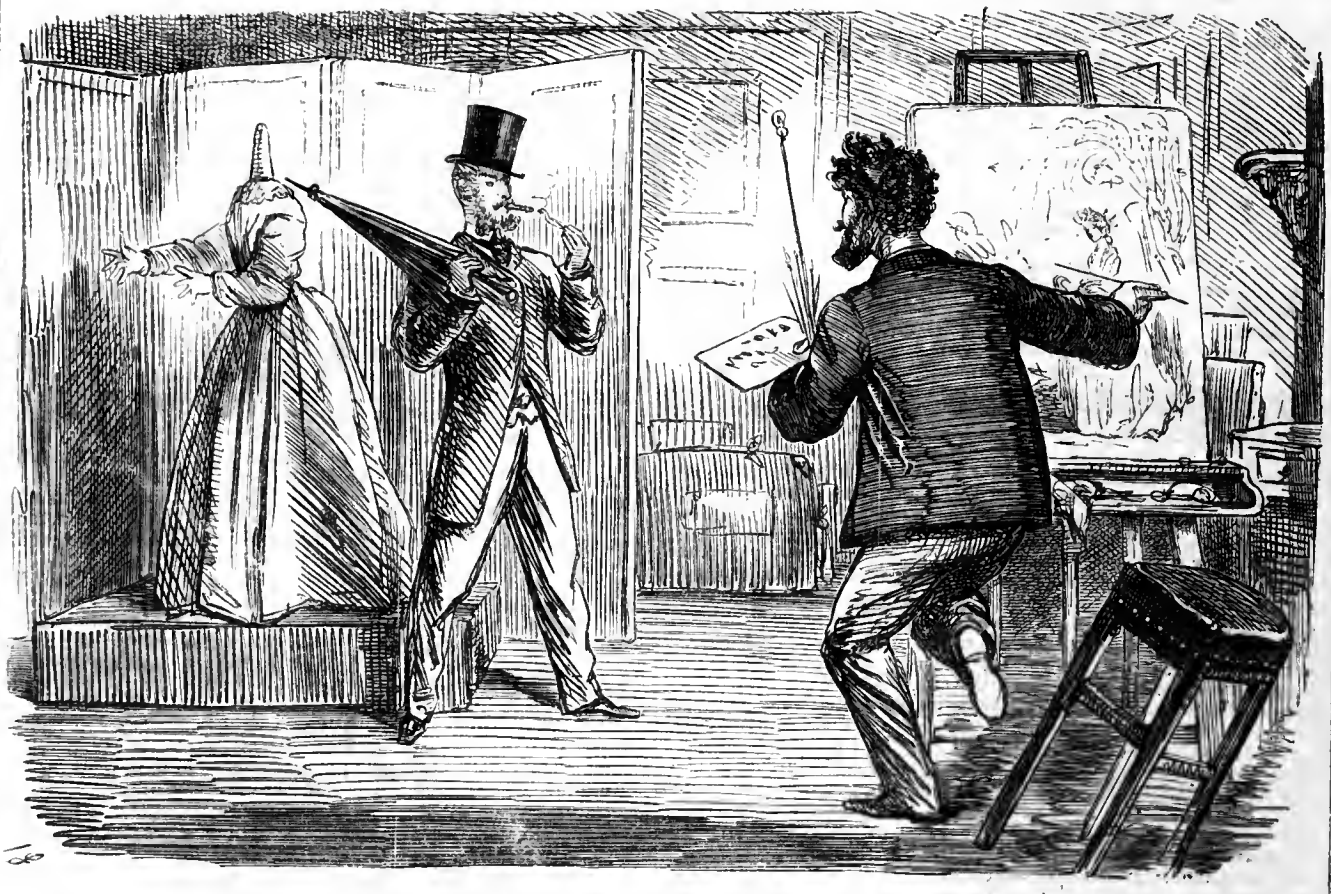
His Holiness the Pope appears to be making a good thing out of the tribulation with which his paternal heart has been afflicted. In a letter written to Mr. Cullen, the titular Archbishop of Dublin, the Holy Father says, "It is our wish that you should return in our name, and in the warmest terms, our sincere thanks to your faithful clergy and people for the third sum of £1,000 which they have offered to me through you." The successor of St. Peter may lose Peter's patrimony; but the loss appears likely to be more than made up to him in Peter's pence.

UNCOMMONLY NICE.

The standing dish at the Tuileries' dinners just now is *Gâteau de Savoie.*

A HOSTILE TRUTH.

You know the number of friends a man once had by the number of enemies he now possesses.



A VISIT TO THE STUDIO.

Mr. Ochre (through whose frame a thrill of horror is supposed to be passing). "Ugh! mind what you 're about, Charley. Mind my Ophelia; mind my Ophelia! You'll knock her over, and spoil all her folds!"

FIRE-EATERS AT BRISTOL.

Let us sing a song of Bristol; how a true and loyal wife
From a death by sword and pistol saved a gallant husband's life:
Estimable Mrs. Carter kept her husband from a duel,
Else he might have caught a Tartar, and perhaps, have got his gruel.

Carter had a row with Saunders; what about we need not say,
Hot they waxed as salamanders; angry Carter went away;
In his wrath pen, ink and paper took and wrote; called Saunders out;
Carter may have been a draper; Saunders was a surgeon stout.

Saunders to the invitation, sent acceptance; and the foes
For the battle-field's location did the Continent propose;
But when Carter got his answer, he, o'ercome with blue dismay,
Though a terrible Drawcansir, dropt it in his consort's way.

Doctor Saunders, your behaviour fills me with astonishment;
You, of lives that should be saviour, think to fight another gent!
Trigger for your hand to pull it 'gainst your fellow ne'er was made;
To extract the deadly bullet from the body is your trade.

Highty-tighty! cried the lady, when she found the fatal scroll,
Risk his life and limbs, and, heyday! peril his immortal soul?
No, at least not if I know it—to the magistrate I'll go,
Take this horrid note, and show it; so she said, and she did so.

Then the Mayor sent two sergeants, one of whom was Derges hight,
And the other's name was Chapman, to prevent the destined fight.
Derges found the valiant Carter ready for the London train,
Thence to Dover, thence to Calais bound to slay or to be slain.

When the sergeant had imparted why and wherefore he was sent,
Carter neither stared nor started, knowing what the visit meant,
To a brace of pistols lying on the table pointed he,
In an off-hand manner crying, with an air of levity:

"There they are; those little fellows were to do the business;" so
Gentlemen of honour jealous jest at bloodshed, pluck to show.
"What!" cried Derges, "kill a man, Sir? sure you wouldn't"—smiling grim,
Savage Carter said, in answer—"Wouldn't I? I'd do for him."

Sergeant Derges did intrust his charge to Chapman, Saunders sought,
Found him, and before the justice, glad enough, the pair were brought,
And to keep the peace unbroken in five hundred pounds bound o'er,
Finding, for a further token, sureties of a hundred more.

British jurisdiction Calais not including, there they still,
Might, if obstinate in malice, one would think, each other kill;
But they won't commit such folly—Saunders happy to escape,
Carter as a sandboy jolly to get out of such a scrape.

Saunders, to thy trepidation joy succeeding, thou mayst laugh;
Grateful for thy preservation, Carter, clasp thy better half.
Blessing let us wish upon her! Woman, ever guard our lives!
Husbands with affairs of honour always tell them to your wives.

A Preternaturally brilliant thing was said upon the stage of the Adelphi theatre, the other day, at rehearsal. The morning was extremely wet. Mr. Paul Bedford was on the stage, when enter to him Mr. Toole. Both abused the weather, for both had been caught in a shower. "I am wet," observed Mr. Toole. "But I am wetter," said Mr. Bedford, "and as my part's over I shall retire and dry." "Yes," said a witty author (*not* translating),

"Superfluous lags the wetter 'un on the stage."

—*Punch's Literary Anecdotes.*

Only what might be Expected.—The adhesion of Savoy to France is the work of venal Savoyard *organs*.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—Saturday, March 31, 1860.

Host. "*I say, my boy, shall we join Ladies in Drawing-Room?*"
Guest. "*I sh'inksho.*"
Host. "*Can you say, 'The scenery's truly rural 'bout here?'*"
Guest. "*Sc-Scenery tooraloora.*"
Host. "*All right, come along!*"

A GOOD GOTH WANTED.

What queer people there are in life! This is not a new reflection; but, plaguing although it be, when one takes the *Times* up, one can hardly avoid making it. Who are the odd people who advertise their wants, and who the odder people are by whom those wants are ministered, are questions we despair of ever seeing answered, and which therefore it is clearly a waste of space to put. As a sample of what strange requirements are announced, and what curious people are invited to supply them, we take the following at random from a lot of curiosities with which our advertising literature has been recently replete:—

WANTED, a First-rate GOTHIC ASSISTANT and DESIGNER, temporarily. If suitable, a portion of his time would be engaged for.—Apply to X. D., Deacon's News Rooms, 154, Leadenhall Street.

We thought we had heard long since of the Last of the Goths, but it seems we were mistaken. There are some of them still extant. Whether this advertisement will bring them from their hiding-places, and what tests will be tried to prove they are "first-rate," are points on which our readers, if they please, may speculate; but we, who never speculate, cannot lend them any help. We only hope that the "designs" for which a Goth's aid is required are not designs on John Bull's pocket for some temporary trumpery, which, like the Monster Statue, is sure to become permanent. We are inclined to frame this hope from the knowledge of what Goths our public architects have been, and the fear lest some new pepper-box calamity befal us.

A BOLD EXPERIMENT.

Mr. Wilson has imposed an Income-Tax upon India. The mutiny appears to have been crushed, indeed!

POSTSCRIPT TO "POEMS BEFORE CONGRESS."

Mr. Punch presents his best compliments to Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning (of whose genius there is not a more devoted and discriminating worshipper than himself), and having just read her *Poems before Congress*, and specially her outpour of womanly gratitude for the supposed good conduct of their friend L. N., Mr. P. will not trouble Mrs. B. to send him over the Postscript which he knows that, on becoming acquainted with the truth, she must be composing. He has done it himself, for her, and hastens to publish it.

xx.

Stop! Ho! I bar!
I've been going a little too fast,
I thought the Imperial Star
Was blazing too brightly to last,
And now it goes out with a smell.
What, does that Sworder of Edom
Come driving a piece of trade,
And selling Italian freedom
By the yard instead of the blade?
Hanging at France's waist
The sun-red tops of my Alps,
As a savage's girdle is graced
By a row of his crimson scalps.
Ah me! Well, well!
Must I then rank him, perforce, a cur,
Him I had deemed a brave hound;
And in the rich blood of Corsica
Still must the puddle be found?
Marching his soldiers come. Such is
Terrible end of my hopes,
After enfranchising Duchies,
Scaring the Last of the Popes,
Now he goes stealing the Slopes.
Emperor
Evermore.

xxi.

Ay! I beg to retract
All I've said in his vaunt,
I wasn't aware of the fact
With which the Governments taunt
The Nephew of Him of the Rock.
And I own I did not remember,
Mid Italy's joy and halloo,
That second grim day of December,
Stamping him eminent Do.
Nor the oaths that he trampled through:
Trampled with feet that grew redder
With Mars's murderous sign,
Like the foot of the vintage treader
When grapes are bleeding to wine.
I retract it, every line.
Stop crowing, thou humbugging Cock.
Ye have right, I affirm, to be scowling,
Sons of old England free:
I joy in thy grunting and growling,
Lion that sits by the Sea.
You knew him better than I did,
That mystic and Sphynxlike talker;
He ought to be jolly well hided
For his vows that have turned out Walker.
Look to your shore, or some day on its
Soil, without telescopes,
You'll see half a million of bayonets:
Windsor has also its Slopes.
Emperor
Evermore.

The Savoyards and other Sweeps of Europe.

The old French cry of "*Il n'y a plus de Pyrenées*" was true only for a short time. Louis Napoleon might by his present occupation of Savoy, cry out with almost equal justice, "*Il n'y a plus d'Alpes,*" but how long will the cry last? As the Pyrenees are still in existence, let us hope that the Alps will soon rise to a sense of their present degraded position, and regain the proud eminence they have hitherto maintained in Europe.

LIBEL ON THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

The other day, which, it may be necessary to state, was the 30th of March, because perhaps some people will suppose it to have been the 1st of April, there appeared in a daily contemporary a paragraph headed, *The Durham Clergy and the Bishop of London*, and comprising a declaration to which those reverend gentlemen are alleged to have busied themselves in obtaining clerical signatures; the manifesto, which relates to the riots at St. George's-in-the-East, concluding with the following piece of impertinence:—

"Of a more recent act of aggression purporting to be perpetrated with the express sanction of the bishop (but this we can scarcely credit) we dare not speak in the terms which we feel most befitting the subject, lest we should appear to overstep the bounds of propriety. We are most anxious to uphold and maintain the respect and reverence due to the office of a spiritual father, but we cannot forbear the expression of our unfeigned regret and surprise that, in the exercise of his office, the Bishop of London should have authorised an act of desecration in removing from the church, in deference to a godless clamour, such ecclesiastical ornaments and symbols as are sanctioned as well by the canons of the Church as by the decisions of the highest courts of law."

Represented as emanating from the Durham clergy, this insolent and officious censure of the Bishop of London must be a hoax. Those reverend men are neither curs nor jackasses, and the foregoing vituperation is, as it were, a mixture of yelp and bray. Afraid to speak in the terms which they felt most befitting the subject, were the anonymous maligners who composed that stupid abuse of a judicious prelate? Afraid to speak their mind, were they, lest they should appear to "overstep the bounds of propriety?" On which side of the bounds of propriety do they imagine themselves to stand, in accusing the Bishop of London of authorising an act of desecration? What do they call such language as that? A respectable jury would call it libellous. The Bishop of London would have a good ground of action against his virulent detractors if he could discover their names—those which are appended to the document are of course fictitious. He might not, to be sure, get a verdict, because the jury might not be respectable, and twelve fools in a box, though they might award a dirty quack, or a puffing humbug, heavy damages for the exposure inflicted on him by an honest journalist, would very probably refuse justice to an exemplary bishop, defamed by scurrilous fellows. As they would be actuated by sympathy with the quack and the puffer, so they would be influenced by antipathy to the prelate, he being a gentleman. Moreover, the jury might contain some papists, who would really consider desecration involved in any act implying negation of the sacrosanctity of the symbols, wooden or textile, which are adored or venerated by themselves and their apes of St. George's-in-the-East.

The Memorial Funds.

(Mr. Punch's Contribution.)

HEMANS. HALLAM. HOGG.

Three H's, in three different counties born,
Hibernia, Albion, Caledon adorn.
The first in gentlest Poesy surpassed,
The next in Justice. Humour claims the last.
Send tribute to the Name most dear to you,
But, reader, don't neglect the other two.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

March 26, *Monday*. It is not impossible that the very important debate of this day (already a day memorable to the universe for all time to come, being the birthday of the Duke of Cambridge) may be referred to hereafter, when the relations between certain Powers are not so sweetly amicable as at present. Lord John Russell, Foreign Secretary, had, hitherto, as *Mr. Punch* hath recorded, rather objected to being talked to on the subject of Savoy. But as the esteemed Classics remark, *De quibus certus es, loquere opportune*, and Lord John, being now perfectly certain as to the intentions of our friend Electus, did speak out with manful utterance touching that potentate. Replying to Mr. Horsman, who delivered a fierce Philippic (fillip, as the Wiscount pronounces it) against Louis Napoleon, and denounced him as a Deceiver, Insolent, and Perfidious (Horsman's constituents have been sitting upon him and resolving that he is not representing them) Lord John Russell declined to adopt that sort of language, but used some of his own, which, coming from a gentleman of habitual moderation and self-respect, and from a Minister of England's and *Mr. Punch's* Queen, descended like a thunderbolt upon the Spoiler of the Slopes. Lord John said, that in July and in January, he had warned the Emperor of the French, that if he began with one act of aggression, his subjects, who were of a "warlike" character, would call on him to commit other unrighteous acts, and that now that the Savoy business had been perpetrated, it was impossible to regard Electus in the way we had endeavoured to do. We must keep on good terms with other strong nations, and be prepared "if future occasion should arise—and it might arise"—to unite with those nations, and declare that the settlement and peace of Europe should not be disturbed. So spoke John Russell, and the cheers that rang loud from the Liberal benches were as loudly echoed by the Conservatives, for utterance had at last been given to the sentiments of England and of *Mr. Punch*.

Lord John Manners said, that the Foreign Minister's words would vibrate from one end of England to the other. Mr. Bright, of course, protested against them, called Savoy politically worthless, and thought that we had nothing to do with the question. He introduced a pleasant reference to the *Morning Advertiser*, which has been writing strongly against L. N., and said that the paper in question was notorious for an unequalled mixture of piety and ruffianism. (The editor's just fury, next day, foamed over like a pot of porter with a splendid head to it.) Lord Claude Hamilton expressed Tory pleasure that we were likely to become better friends with the despotic powers. Mr. Kinglake described Mr. Bright as a "man" who believed in nobody but himself, and had no good grounds for that faith. And then the discussion ended; but its echoes are rolling over Europe. Touching the present views of the other powers, it may be convenient to remark that, according to Lord John, they may be said to be eminently Sulky. Austria will not stir, and says that the annexing Savoy to France is no worse than the annexing Tuscany to Sardinia. Russia takes the high Anointed tone, and says that a King has a perfect right to give away, and another King to accept, a province; but both at Berlin and Vienna there seems a feeling that Switzerland is being placed in a false position. There is a small piece of land, bounded on one side by France, and on the other by Holland and Prussia; and we get a great many rabbits from it. One of these days we may have to consider whether the rabbits would not be just as good if they were French subjects. If we decide that we do not care whose rabbits they are, so that they are cheap and tender, a policy worthy of Clare-market will restore a master to Claremont.

An Income-Tax Debate followed. The fiery Gladstone defended his calculations. *Non sine* Diz *animosus infans*, as our friend Q. H. F. says; and the brave boy was sternly pitched into by Mr. Disraeli, who charged him with laying down abominable principles of taxation, and being party to a Reform Bill which was to enable the masses to carry such principles out. In discussion on the duty on Contract Notes, Mr. Bentinck abused the Stock Exchange as Pandemonium, and objected to the legalisation of its time-bargains, which tempted people to gamble. Mr. Gladstone said that there were very respectable Stockbrokers, that there was nothing wrong in stockjobbing, and that if fools chose to ruin themselves it was not the business of the House of Commons. Then, on the Wine Licences, the indefatigable Gladstone had to make another long speech, and in the course of it expressed very plainly his contempt for the present licensing system, as administered by the Magistrates (a contempt in which most persons who understand the subject share); and he pronounced his hostility to the monopolies that grew out of "vested rights" in licences. The Witlers have much influence in the House, owing to their familiarity with masses of the lower class of electors, and, being aided by the Brewers, the Bungs made a good fight.

The Reform Bill was to have been discussed, but was once more thrown over, till the Friday, and much scorn and derision of it was expressed by Mr. Disraeli and others, the Leader of Opposition hoping that the Ministers were not going to insult the country by again bringing such a measure before the House. The Lords had a good talk about Harbours; and it appears that scientific people consider many of

those recesses, upon which we have laid out large sums, as Ship-traps and Wreck-pools, which it is very pleasant to hear, whether one is a tax-payer on land or a voyager by sea.

Tuesday. The Spaniards have had enough of fighting with the Moors, and a telegram announcing a peace had arrived, but Government knew nothing more than the newspapers. They seldom know as much, as was signally exemplified in the case of Mr. Wilson, and the all-important Indian budget, which the *Times* had got when the Ministry had not. The Fourth Estate is better served than the Second.

The Commons amused themselves with one of those debates in which duty to one's country is made pleasant by a flavour of personal scandal. The affair lasted all night, but *Mr. Punch* has a juster notion of what is due to the world and to The Ages than to waste proportionate space upon the squabble. Mr. Churchward, mail-packet owner, had served the late Government, by corruption, at an election, so the present Government refuse to ratify a mail contract thought to have been given him on account of such service. After an acrimonious debate, 162 to 117 decided in favour of Government.

Wednesday. Trelawney on Church Rates. His Bill for their total abolition made some further progress in the House of Commons towards its doom in the House of Lords. There was a row in the Conservative camp, and Mr. Newdegate, to the wrath of less uncompromising friends, made what he thought was a fight for the Church, and found himself in a splendid minority of 49 to 222, whereat he blew up uncommon.

Thursday. Lord Ellenborough did not approve either of Mr. Wilson's Indian Army Abolition scheme, or of his Taxation scheme. The Duke of Argyll insisted on the absolute necessity and wisdom of both, and something of the same sort took place in the Commons, and in both Houses the papers were refused. Lord Palmerston said that the affair was an Imperial question, which was probably his reason for an Imperious answer. *Præbet odoratas discolor India messes,* remarked *Mr. Punch* to the Wiscount, to which the latter promptly responded, "Yes, indeed, India is always in messes of one kind or another." In the course of the debate Colonel North termed something said by Mr. Bright as "wilfully erroneous"—in (scarcely) other words charged him with a deliberate lie. Now, the gallant Colonel is one of the Swell Soldiers of the House, who are always awfully bumptious when a civilian ventures an opinion on the conduct of any of the people whom we pay to fight for us, and of whom we seem to have a sort of right to expect that they shall earn their money in a proper manner. Now we own that when a man or a gamecock is in high fighting condition, he is apt to be a little owdacious, and we should be sorry to damp the spirits of Valour. But we think, and Lord Palmerston (who reproved North) thought, that charging a gentleman with telling a wilful lie is *un peu trop fort.* Colonel North signs himself D.C.L.—we should be sorry to write in our Dod that this means Dealer in Coarse Language. Mr. Lindsay carried an address to ask the Queen to ask Electus to ask his shipowners to agree to the abolition of all discriminating duties upon vessels and cargoes of either nation in the ports of the other. Mr. Milner Gibson gravely promised to try to obtain this object, at a proper time.

Some Bills for improving Ireland in some way or other were then discussed, as was a Pawnbroker Bill. It seems that our Uncles don't find it pay to advance very small loans, because they get nothing for the Duplicate, and warehousing is expensive, so they send away the poor to unlicensed Mounts of Piety, where the pious mountaineers charge the unfortunate creatures about 800 per cent. in their need and famish. So Uncle is to be tempted to advance, by leave to charge a Halfpenny on his tickets for small amounts. Mr. Edwin James spoke up for the unlicensed mountaineers, but could get only 32 supporters against 178. The debate was very brief, Members being rather in a hurry to get away from conversation on the subject of the redemption of pledges.

Friday. A Chinese debate in the Lords, begun by Earl Grey, who has strong convictions that we are going the wrong way to work with the Pig-Tails. The Duke of Somerset, as Minister, denied this, and declared that we were bound to avenge insults. Lord Malmesbury thought it absurd to be one day treating a Chinaman as a savage and the next as a civilised party. Lord Elgin took a sort of leave of his aristocratic friends, and said that he was going off to do his best in China, and rather hoped to be able to obtain terms without fighting. He was determined, however, that we should have an Ambassador in Pekin, and *Mr. Punch* inclines to suggest that when the Benician has been polished off by Sir Thomas De Sayers (if the police do not grab them), these two gentlemen had better be established in Pekin, as the most effective representatives of America and England. Lord Ellenborough laid all the blame of China troubles to Mammon, as personified by our merchants and traders, and said that he had not, when Governor-General of India, dared to publish the accounts he had received of the sufferings of the Chinese by our war of 1842. Lord Grey then took the opportunity of blushing for the conduct of Englishmen in Japan, and the matter ended. The Lords rose after hearing that Mr. Whitworth's awful gun was to have the fullest and fairest trials by the Government, who had been duly impressed

"By that huge cannon's earthquake shout."

The Commons discussed Most Things—but not one thing. The unfortunate Reform Bill was once more postponed, and Government would not at first even say on what day after Easter they intended to bring it forth to the House, but finally named the 20th April. Whereat there was much jeering. As for the *Conversazione,* there was a squabble about the appointment of an Irish Lord-Lieutenant, a Mr. Lyle (a descendant of Annot Lyle for aught we know, or care) and Lord Fermoy announced that Ireland was disaffected, and might soon like to be transferred to somebody else than Queen Victoria, after the fashion of an Italian state. Do the Irish want to take another leaf out of a Cabbage Garden? We hope they will not drive *Mr. Punch* into sending over half a dozen of the above-bridge Thames steamers to keep them in order. After some equally unimportant matter, Sir Robert Peel,—upon whom *Mr. Punch's* paternal castigation has worked in the happiest manner,—delivered a very dashing speech, decidedly not in honour of Electus. It was full of good hits, and among them was his likening the behaviour of L. N., *in re* Savoy, to that of Ahab, *in re* Naboth's vineyard. He might have added, that, though the gentle and beautiful wife of Electus is entirely "out of the cast," as actors say, there *is* an abominable Jezebel who "stirs up" French rulers to crime, and that painted fiend is the greedy, profane, and cruel Traviata whom the French call La Gloire. There is no window so high that Civilisation would not like to see her thrown down from, to her own war-hounds.

A spirited Budget Debate ended the week, a formal Saturday sitting excepted. Our Wiscount tried to exempt incomes under £150 from taxation. Very right in itself; but we do not want little bits of injustice corrected while the grand injustice remains, and the more this is felt the better. Therefore, and therefore only, *Mr. Punch* is glad that the W. was defeated by 174 to 24. Mr. Disraeli gave Mr. Gladstone a severe lecture on his Immorality, in enforcing a tax he had himself bitterly abused; and the time-bargains business coming up again, Mr. Gladstone saw fit to withdraw his clause, but threatened a Bill for the same purpose. What in the world did the Lord Advocate mean by introducing a Bill "to amend the relationship of Scotch husbands and wives?" *Mr. Punch* was so astounded, that he rushed from the House to drown his perplexity in a glass of whuskey.

A CORRECTION OF THE (IMPERIAL) PRESS.

When lickspittles would praise
The Emp'ror of France,
To immense "*savoir faire*"
His claim they advance.

Now, that ground of applause
Should be changed by a letter;
Since Savoy has been done,
"*Savoie faire*" would read better.

Kindness in Pall Mall.

In consequence of the awful distress into which the Paper Makers say they shall be plunged by the continuance of the prohibition on the import of rags, a certain Pall Mall Club has resolved that every Paper-Maker shall henceforth be an honorary member of the Rag-and-Famish.

EVIL EXCOMMUNICATIONS IMPROVE GOOD MANNERS.

Should the Pope persist in driving his Bull against Victor Emmanuel, there will only be this difference between him and Louis Napoleon—the one will be Monsieur Communiqué, and the other Monsieur Excommuniqué.

A GREAT GUN AND A LITTLE ONE.

The main difference between Sir W. Armstrong's twelve-pounder and Lord John Russell's six-pounder is that—

The first is not a Whit-worth,
The second is not Worth-a-whit.

VIOLETS FOR VOLUNTEERS.

Exposed for sale in a window the other day, we observed a scent-bottle, labelled "Rifle Corps Bouquet." Surely the odour of this compound can be no other than the smell of gunpowder.

The Great Revival of the Day.—Italy.

THOSE HORRID BOYS AGAIN!

Boy (to distinguished Volunteer). "Now, Capting! Clean yer Boots, and let yer 'ave a Shot at me for a Penny!"

REFUGEES AND RAGS.

What, Tyrants, do you, wanting gags
For Britain's Press, deny us rags,
In order that you may, by dint
Of paper famine, check our print?

Rags—ponder your resources well—
You surely have enough to sell;
For rags your policy creates,
Chief produce of misgoverned states.

Your rags, you'll own with grins and shrugs,
In your home market must be drugs.
Your slaves, debarred from use of type,
Need paper but to light a pipe.

Pursue, impoverishing your states,
The policy which rags creates;
Increase your hosts, your trade restrain,
And beggar those o'er whom you reign.

The time will come when discontent
Will overthrow your government;
Of subjects when your ragged rout
Will rise, rebel, and kick you out.

Then, if your rags old England lacks,
You'll come, and bring them on your backs;
Yourselves and rags you'll hither bear,
And bundle all to Leicester Square.

The Suffrage and the Supplies.—If taxation without representation is tyranny, what else is representation without taxation? Democracy is as broad as Despotism is long.

"THE GUARD DIES, BUT NEVER SURRENDERS."

The above remark, which it seems was never made by anybody, except by a French historian, who, having been a hack at one of the Boulevard theatres, thought it would be fine to put the *mot* into the mouths of men who were much too brave to talk nonsense, may now be made (when the parties have nothing better to do) by the gallant army which, under one disguise or another, has so long been performing the most glorious feats of war near the Westminster Road. Need *Mr. Punch* name the Army of Astley's, that Army of the South, or rather S.S.E., upon whose deeds he looks down from the Pyramid of his greatness, like forty sentries rolled into one? We had feared that after Mr. Cooke's glorious Retreat of the Ten Thousand (or with that sum, and more, we hope) the Army of the S.S.E. had finally evacuated the scenes where they had covered themselves with so much glory and saw-dust. But another trumpet has blown, and the air is *Batti, batti,* and the noble veterans, reinforced by younger recruits, thirsting for distinction, but not averse to porter, are about to be once more reviewed by their former leader. General Batty has returned to them, and the scene when Napoleon came back from Elba, and once more joined his men, was not half so touching—nor ought it to have been, for whereas Napoleon came, perjured, to ruin his soldiers, Batty came, faithful, to benefit his. Like Achilles, "all he asks is war," and he has already thrown down the gauntlet, and stuck up the poster. He takes the field on Easter Monday, and his *chevaux Defries* have been ordered from Houndsditch to the scene of action. We anticipate with delight a series of sanguinary combats, for the Army of the S.S.E. is always ready for an engagement, and we hope has again got a good one.

Patients on Wheels.

The Directors of an enterprising Omnibus Company, desirous of qualifying the persons in their employment to sustain competition with a rival association, have provided all their drivers and conductors each with a copy of Florence Nightingale's *Notes on Nursing.*

A GLIMPSE OF THE FUTURE.

(A Probable and Large Importation of Foreign Rags.)

THE BRITISH ITALIAN QUESTION.

(*From our own Twaddler.*)

Truly happy are we to be able to state officiously, though not officially, that the complications which threatened to menace the British Italian Question with an unsatisfactory solution, are likely to be disentangled to the advantage of all concerned. It has been decided that instead of a single Italian dynasty, there shall be two, but that the boundary-line of the respective governments shall be an ideal one, and that no exclusive allegiance shall be owed to either Sovereign, and adherents of either shall be at full liberty to settle for a prescribed term, and upon certain easy pecuniary terms, in the dominions of the other. The King Frederico, under whose active, but benevolent sway, his subjects have so greatly prospered, retains of course his magnificent new Palace in Eastern Italy, where a series of the most sumptuous nocturnal entertainments will be given during the summer months. His ministry is one in which the public has every confidence. Count Mario will be its chief, and assistance will be lent by the veteran Grisi, among whose colleagues will be found the energetic Miolan-Carvalho, the distinguished Tamberlik, the persuasive Gardoni, the accomplished Ronconi, and the promising Csillag, whose estimation by the Court of Vienna will tend to promote the best relations with Austria. The devotion which King Frederico has always shown to the welfare of his subjects, and the fidelity with which he has adhered to every engagement, need no comment, and are the surest guarantee for the prosperity of his reign. The ancient Palace of the Lumlini is being repaired and beautified by and for the Grand-Duke Etesmitho, who has vacated the humbler throne he recently occupied, and ascends that of West Italy, and though it is one thing to receive the plaudits of uncivilised subjects, and another to secure the suffrages of a highly refined and fastidious race, like the West Italians, there is good reason to believe that the new Grand-Duke is aware of his position, that he will obtrude himself as little as possible into prominence, and govern by the aid of the admirable Ministry he has been enabled to select. Foremost among these is M. Alboni, whose name and person are towers of strength, and among the administration are the high-born Piccolomini, who will conciliate the aristocratic sections, the ardent Titiens, the loyal Borghi-Mamo, and the acceptable Giuglini. We have reason to believe that the utmost harmony will prevail, and that each Sovereign will vie with the other in bringing forward a programme of a popular character. A large issue of notes is certain, and these will be well received by the public. The utmost freedom of discussion will prevail, and the press will be entirely unfettered, save by those influences well understood by constitutional administrations. No vexatious police restrictions will be thought of, but the rigid enforcement of the Sumptuary laws in both districts is felt to be essential to the dignity of the States. The tariffs have been revised, and the consumption of articles of food and drink, of a light and elegant character, is expected to be promoted by the new arrangements. There will be no subservience to any old Italian families, but though looking at the commodious Piazza of the Western Sovereign, and the beautiful front of the *palazzo* of his Eastern contemporary, we may regard both as attached to the Colonna, we are glad to believe that each will have as little as possible to do with the Hoarse-ini, and——

[No. Patience has its limits. We have borne with our contributor's idiotic circumbendibuses up to this point, but here we stop. All we ordered the demented blockhead to state was, that Mr. Gye opens the Royal Italian Opera, and Mr. Smith Her Majesty's theatre, this season, and that each manager announces some good names. The wretched donkey's excuse for the above drivel we shall be curious to hear when he applies (fruitlessly) for his salary.]

Hint to Reformers.—Beware lest you confound political principles with those of mechanics.

THE MAN AND THE SNAKE.

A Fable.

(*Respectfully Dedicated to the Swiss Confederation.*)

Once on a time, as Æsop tells,
A hind, in winter's iron weather,
Found on the bare and wind-swept fells,
A snake, its coils frost-bound together.

He raised the creature from the ground,
And was about to fling it by,
When lo, some spark of life he found
Still glowing in its evil eye.

The clown, whose large compassion ranged
E'en to that reptile most unblest,
Sudden his idle purpose changed,
And placed the serpent in his breast.

Under his kindly bosom's glow,
Slowly the stiffened coils out-drew;
The thickening blood resumed its flow,
The snaky instincts waked anew.

The man was glad to feel awake,
The crawling life within his vest:
For to have harboured e'en a snake
Is pleasure in a gen'rous breast.

Sudden he stops—with shriek and start;
Then falls a corpse all swoll'n and black!
The snake's fell tooth had pierced the heart,
Whose warmth to life had brought it back.

Well, simple Switzers, had it been,
Had *you* of this old fable thought,
When, tracked by justice, close and keen,
Your mountains young Napoleon sought—

Asylum 'mid their snows to claim,
From France's King, against whose crown
His hand had reached, with daring aim,
In scuffle scufflingly put down.

The shelter of your rocks you gave
To him and to his desperate cause;
Nor asked, was he true man, or knave,
Blameless, or guilty by the laws.

Enough that harbour *he* required,
Enough that harbour *you* could give:
The panting fugitive respired,
And 'neath your Alps was free to live.

France asked him of you; you refused:
She threatened; you defied her might:
For years your mountain-screen he used,
Wherewith to hide his schemes of night.

At length full-flushed with power he stands—
Power, to your sheltering kindness due;
And turns the parricidal hands
Which you kept free, to strike at *you!*

Relatively Speaking.

This sudden affection of Savoy for France is most strange. It has even puzzled Bernal Osborne. He cannot understand by what political relations this attachment of the Nice of Savoy for, and to, the Nephew of the Emperor can be justified.

THE GREAT HIT OF THE SEASON.

As a companion to the *Mill on the Floss*, by Adam Bede, a sporting contributor intends beginning, in allusion to the great match for the Championship, a series of papers in *Bell's Life*, to be called *The Mill on the Tapis.*

The Scots Greys.—*In answer to an imploring petition from a mass of Privates in the Scots Greys, who beseech Mr. Punch to remove them out of what they call, no doubt very rightly, "the miserable hole where they have been penned up for just six years," but which is called in maps, Newbridge, in the County of Kildare, Ireland, Mr. Punch informs his gallant correspondents that he seldom alters the arrangements of the Army, except in extraordinary cases, but that he will mention the grievance to his friend the Commander-in-Chief, the next time the latter comes round to* 85, *Fleet Street, for advice and a weed.*

THE SONG OF THE DISTRESSED PAPERMAKER.

Air—"*Billy Barlow.*"

My name is John Brown, making paper 's my trade,
And by it till now a good living I 've made:
I 've saved, too, a trifle—ten thousand or so—
But 'tis all U.P. now with the business, I trow.
Oh woe! raggedy oh!
In rags soon each maker of paper will go!

It 's that blessed Bill Gladstone, our ruin who 'll cause,
With that Budget which gained him such wondrous applause:
Says he, "Off your paper the duty I 'll throw,
Though you won't get your rags free from France yet, I know."
Oh woe! raggedy oh!
Say we, Then we 're ruined; to pot we must go!

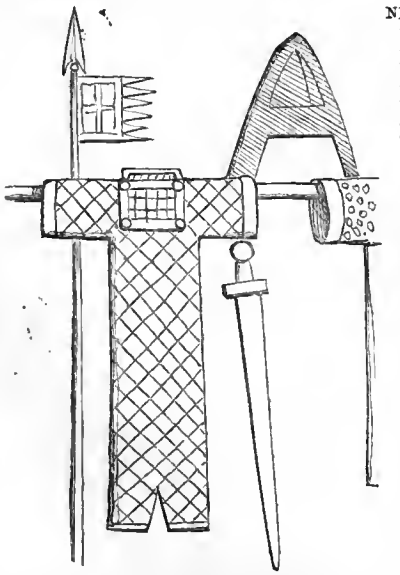
Good paper, d' ye see, without rags we can't make,
And rags we can't get: 'tis a fatal mistake:
To France for their paper the English will go,
And in rags you 'll soon see us poor beggars, heigh-ho!
Oh woe! raggedy oh!
Out at elbows we 'll be ere the year's end, we know.

"Trust the Emperor!" says Bill, "he the right thing will do:"
You 're wrong there, say we, he will only do you;
He 's far better known here than trusted, and so
We don't like the sop you to Cerberus throw.
Oh no! raggedy oh!
O'er this rag-bargain how will the Gallic Cock crow!

But let 's hope that the nation will never consent
To see us so choused by our own Government:
Crying, Down with th' Excise! up the Treaty they 'll throw:
'Tis disgrace to be diddled: the *Times* it says so.
Oh ho! raggedy oh!
We 'll make a good fight, to the bad ere we go!

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER X.—THE EARLY NORMAN PERIOD—(Continued).



HELMET, HAUBERK, SWORD, AND GONFANON, FROM THE BAYEUX TAPESTRY.—N.B. COPIED WITH CORRECTNESS, AND IN NO WAY IMPROVED FOR THE SAKE OF THE INITIAL.

And now, having described the civil dresses of this period, it becomes our painful duty to instruct the British public on the subject of the military costume of the Normans, who accompanied the Conqueror to give the English king a beating, and then, instead of going abroad again, here made themselves at home. We say the duty is a painful one, because the subject of inquiry cannot but awaken painful recollections; inasmuch as it reminds us of the melancholy fact that Englishmen have had to own themselves defeated, a confession which it humbles their descendants to admit. The thrashing of the Saxons must be always a sore point with us; and Britons who are blest with a keen imagination, must still wince beneath the blows which their forefathers received. Weak as it may seem in him, the man of feeling cannot but regard with strong emotion the weapons with which his ancestors were whopped; and in viewing now the arms wherewith the Normans vanquished us, we feel a sort of impulse to betake us to our legs. While "spcering" on their spears (to use a Scotch expression) we seem, in thought at least, to feel them sticking in our ribs; and we get a mental headache when we look upon their battle-axes, in thinking of the awful "bonneters" they gave. In short, we are afflicted with much the same sensations as when one looks upon the rod with which one has been birched. The first time we submitted to that painful operation, we kept as a memento a fragment of the weapon: and we never even now can look upon our treasure, without feeling a smart tingle in remembrance of its strokes.

However, smothering our emotions as well as we are able, we proceed to the discharge of our aforesaid public duty, in furnishing instruction on the subject of costume. To speak first of the head-piece, which our artist has depicted as a headpiece to this chapter, it will be seen the Normans valued the possession of their heads, by the extraordinary pains which they took for their protection. In drawing the attention of the student to the drawing, we would especially invite him to observe the funny nose-cover, with which the soldiers' helmets were in general supplied. Whether the Norman noses were peculiarly shaped, or peculiarly tender in their osseous formation, are matters we must own ourselves unable to sniff out. But it is certain they were shielded with no ordinary care, and one would fancy that their owners fought as shy of broken noses as they did of broken heads. One would, however, think that if the noses of the Normans were peculiarly

NORMAN DRAGOONS, FROM FAC-SIMILE COPIES OF THE BAYEUX TAPESTRY. THE WARRIOR TO THE LEFT, FROM HIS MAGNIFICENT PROPORTIONS, IS PROBABLY INTENDED TO REPRESENT A LIFE-GUARDSMAN OF THE PERIOD, THE OTHER IS EVIDENTLY A LANCER.

prominent, so as to render their protection peculiarly needful, one would find that their descendants were more nasally developed than, so far as one can see, is really now the case. We know no end of people who keep boasting that their family "came over with the Conqueror," but we have never noticed anything eccentric in their noses; and we incline therefore to fancy that the ancient Norman nose had nothing singular about it, or if it had, its singularity has now become extinct.

But whatever may have been the reasons for their wearing it, there is no doubt that the Normans found their nose-piece highly useful, though it may not have been highly ornamental to their looks. Not only did it serve to save their noses from a blow (a blow, we don't mean with a handkerchief, but with something rather harder), but it doubtless also saved them from becoming snubbed or blobby, by the laws of gravitation and its own incumbent weight. For aught we know, moreover, the nose-guard may have exercised a bearing on the character, as well as on the countenance, and there are reasons why our officers might wish to see it used, though they might not wish themselves to thrust their finely-chiselled noses to it. If perfectly adjusted, the nose-piece would infallibly prevent a raw recruit from any tendency to turn his nose up at the service: and it might also be the means of checking insult to superiors, by its hindrance to the taking of that sort of observation, called vulgarly a "sight."

Being not less careful of their limbs than of their noses, the Normans for their body guard were clad in a ringed tunic which they called a "hauberk;" a word derived from "halsberg," which meant, as we all know, a protection for the throat. The garment differed little from the Anglo-Saxon tunic, except that it was made with a capuchon, cowl, or neckpiece, to which addition it is likely that it owed its change of name. By stupidly confounding "Capuchon" with "Capuchin," some writers have imagined that this cowl was like a monk's: while others have as stupidly endeavoured to persuade us that its wearers were remarkable for a menacing expression, observing that a Norman was known always by his (s)cowl. With as pitiable senselessness, other punsters have connected the word cowl with our word "chimney-pot:" and from this association of ideas have argued that the cowl had a connection with the helmet, which filled the place then

of the "chimney-pot" of our more modern use. This supposition, though made merely for the play upon the words, might possibly be worked out into something like a truth: for the illuminations show us that the collar of the hauberk was sometimes drawn up over the chin and fastened to the nasal, or nose-piece, of the helmet. By this means the old soldier wisely spared himself the cost of a visit to his dentist, in consequence of having his wisdom teeth knocked out: and no doubt often saved himself from getting a sore throat, either from the cutting winds or weapons of his enemies.

The hauberk was slit at bottom both in front and behind, for convenience in riding and in other crural exercise, such for instance as that mentioned in the old black letter ballad, which describes how—

"Ye ole Joe was a kyckynge
Appe behinde and eke befo'e,
And ye Ballere Gal a kyckynge
Appe behinde ye Ole Joe."

From the rude way in which the garment is depicted by even the most polished artists of the period, it appears as though it ended in short "continuations," if what are but continuations can be said to have an end. It seems clear enough, however, such could not have been the case; for a garment so constructed could not possibly be worn, simply for the reason that nobody could get into it. The sceptic who doubts this may be easily converted by just stitching his dress shirt to the waistband of his breeches, and watching his confusion when he comes home late to dress for a party, where the people are, he knows, severely punctual.

THIS CUT, ALSO FROM THE BAYEUX TAPESTRY, IS INTRODUCED SPECIALLY FOR THE USE OF ARTISTS; SO THAT IN ANY FUTURE "FINDING OF THE BODY OF HAROLD," THE HORSES USED BY THE NORMAN CAVALRY MAY BE CORRECTLY REPRESENTED.

SIMPLE SIMON AND THE PENNY.

A BALLAD RECENTLY DISCOVERED IN AN ANCIENT NURSERY, AND EDITED BY PROFESSOR PUNCH, D.D.

Simple Simon met a Pieman,
Who talked very fine;
Says Simple Simon to the Pieman,
Let me taste French Wine.
Said the Pieman unto Simple Simon,
First give me a Penny,
Said Simple Simon to the Pieman,
"You have had too many."

V. 1. *Simple Simon.* Johannes Taurus.
V. 1. *Pieman,* seu Pius Vir, or *pious man.* Gulielmus Lapislætus, Peelii discipulus ornatissimus.

"Et vocem Anchisæ magni mentemque recordor."

Ingenium illustre altioribus studiis Juvenis admodum dedit, non, ut plerique, sed quo firmior adversus fortuita Rempublicam capesseret.
V. 2. *Talked very fine.* *Tres* imbris torti radios, *tres* nubis aquosæ, &c.
V. 4. *French wine.* Vile modicis Sabinum cantharis.
V. 6. *Give me a Penny.* Vectigal magnum, perpetuum, et objectionabilissimum, nisi bellum Gallicum exeriatur. Longa est injuria: longæ ambages.
V. 8. *Had too many.* Non est Simonius tam stultus, post omnia, ut videtur. Sed anser ejus coctus est.

PILLGRINDERS FOR PAUPERS.

England expects every man to do his duty; but it is not every man that answers the expectations of England. Favourable notice is, therefore, due to those who distinguish themselves by performing their obligations to their country. Accordingly, the Poor-Law Guardians, generally, throughout the kingdom, deserve to be highly commended. They, at least, are doing their duty in a most exemplary manner. The nature of the office discharged by these gentlemen is commonly misunderstood. They are supposed to be guardians of the poor. This is not so. They are no more the guardians of the poor than the Police are guardians of the pickpockets. The Poor-Law Guardians are the guardians of the pockets of the rate-payers against the poor, and their business is to make the poor cost the rate-payers as little as possible. They manage this admirably in every respect, but particularly in their economical dealing with Medical Officers.

The Medical Officer is a fellow who, in the expressive language of our ancestors, was called a Leech. This appellation was conferred on the practitioners of the healing art because of the rapacity for which they have always been infamous, and the greedy suction whereby they have ever been accustomed to drain the pecuniary vitals of their patients. They are now showing how well they deserve this name, by raising a general cry of "Give, give!" addressed to the gentlemen who regulate workhouse expenditure, and who, with praiseworthy resolution, refuse to give as much as these greedy rogues require.

Twopence a case for medicine and attendance throughout an illness of twenty-eight days' duration, is the reasonable figure to which many zealous and efficient Poor-Law Guardians have succeeded in reducing the remuneration of the Medical Officers. The average amounts to 3*s.* 1*d.*, which seems too much, for it is more than a penny farthing a day; but when we consider that a physician's fee, for five minutes' advice, which cannot do more than save a patient's life, runs up to the enormous sum of one guinea, we shall appreciate the diminution of medical charges to even the highest figures whereunto the Poor-Law Guardians have cut them down.

It is quite a mistake to suppose that there is nothing interesting in figures,—for, indeed, what interest is greater than that of three per cent., except interest of a higher sum?—and the subjoined statistical table will doubtless amuse many of our readers. All those who are in the medical profession will chuckle over it immensely, because it affords examples of the large salaries which Poor-Law Doctors are still enabled to command, in spite of the just disinclination of the Guardians to pay them anything whatever:—

Union.	County.	District.	Popul.	Acreage.	Salary.
Bootle	Cumberland	Millono	2,325	30,000	£15 0
Brampton	Ditto	...	11,325	85,520	50 0
Gateshead	Durham	Ryton	8,215	8,077	8 8
Lanchester	Ditto	Medomsley	7,690	18,428	10 0
Teesdale	Ditto	Romald kirk	2,408	27,911	15 0
Glendale	Northumberland	Lowick	8,294	19,704	16 0
Morpeth	Ditto	No. 2	1,888	16,235	5 0

Jack Ketch asks ten guineas for killing a man, a job which does not take him five minutes; therefore, the sums of five, ten, and fifteen pounds for similar work, lasting a month in each case and performed in hundreds of cases, though ample, are not extravagant hire to give a Medical Officer; for his office, properly considered, is like that of the Finisher of the Law: he is supposed to be the Finisher of the Poor-Law, and is to help paupers out of existence. This may be done in a perfectly legal way by sending the patients no medicine, and not going near them,—service for which any pay is a gratuity.

If, indeed, Medical Officers choose to forget themselves, and their own interests, and those of the rate-payers, and go trying to cure instead of despatching the paupers, of whom it is their business to rid the Union, they must, of course, take that eccentric line at their own cost. Their business is to cure, not paupers, but pauperism. Their salaries will not pay them, and were never meant to pay them; on the contrary, they will be, and ought to be, out of pocket. No attention, therefore, but that of ridicule, ought to be paid to the clamour which they are now making for increased wages.

OUTRAGE ON A NOBLEMAN.

In a newspaper published at Port Elizabeth, Cape of Good Hope, which has been forwarded to us for inspection, there occurs the following advertisement, which is evidently intended for a gross insult:—

Cleveland Pig Iron.—The Public will please to observe that every pig ought to be branded "Cleveland." By order.

What has his Grace the Duke of Cleveland done to annoy the colonists, that can merit the indignity which has been offered him in branding his name upon a pig? The scurrility would be intelligible if the name had been Grey.

Pelham Extinguished!—We know a dandy who is so extremely fastidious, that he is always measured for his umbrella.

NATURAL IMPATIENCE.

THE SPEAR OF ACHILLES.

The Spear of Pelides alone could heal the wounds it had made. Rust from the steel was a potent cure of the stab. We had thought the weapon had vanished, like the Troy it menaced; but, happily, it is in Rome.

On Monday, March the 19th, in the year of Grace 1860 (the record is worth pasting into your *Newgate Calendar*) his Holiness, Pope Pius the Ninth, exasperated, beyond priestly endurance, with his Roman children, and *their* children, at length let loose his dogs. The long-suffering martyr had borne a great deal, and in cursing Revolution had foamed himself into several epileptic fits, without calling for blood; but there was a limit to the vexation of his righteous soul. So he resolved to chastise his children.

The Corso, in Rome, was crowded with them. It was evening. The Papal Gendarmes, on foot and on horseback, issued forth from Mount Citorio, to execute the vengeance of the Holy Father. They charged the unarmed multitude, hewing furiously right and left. (We take the words of the *Times'* correspondent, an eye-witness, and himself nearly murdered by the Holy Father's soldiers.) The people fled in wild terror. Men were cut down on all hands, but there was a cry to "spare the women." It was answered by the same yell that was raised in other days by a priest of Rome, when soldiers hesitated to destroy the innocent with the guilty. "Kill them all!" And the Pope's hounds seem to have done their work well. Here is the detailed report of the Holy Father's dealings with his children on Monday, March 19th :—

"Many of the wounded were conveyed to the hospitals; some to the apothecaries' shops. There were coachfuls of wounded, bruised, bleeding, and swooning women. I saw one picked up in a doorway, with an ugly gash in her left breast; not far from it a child with a deep cut in the neck, to all appearance almost lifeless. One Mazzotti was left on the ground with two sabre-cuts; a student (Cerapia) had received two broadsword cuts and a stab in the left arm. Another student (Zaccaleoni) was fallen upon in the Vicolo dello Sdrucciolo, and knocked down by three blows with a loaded bludgeon; a priest, near the Café San Carlo, received a thrust of a sabre, and was felled to the ground with the butt-end of a horse-pistol. One De Angelis was pierced by three sword-thrusts; Rossi, a merchant, had a severe sabre-cut in the neck. The American Vice-Consul is laid down with a severe stab in the side; a German Artist with a deep dagger-wound in the arm; a nurse and baby were both struck with the same weapon in the carriage where they sat; another sword-cut struck both the legs of a lady seated in another carriage, wounding them severely; another lady who had fainted, and in that state was being carried inside the entrance to the Bernini Palace, was struck in the breast with a Gendarme's broadsword."

Why, indeed, should the women be spared? Are they not the wives and mothers of the wicked Romans? And why should the babies be spared? Are they not imps of sin against Pope Pius? Let us hear a little more.

"The foreman of the grocer Gufo, in Canestrari, received three sword-strokes on the head, and a thrust in the body; he is dying. A student from Perugia is dead, in consequence of two cuts and two thrusts; dead, also, is the fruitseller near San Carlo, of three sabre-cuts, which he received as he was descending the steps of the Church of San Carlo, where he had been attending the afternoon service. The lamplighter of the Apollo Theatre, who had taken shelter under the bench before a wine-shop, was cut down dead on the spot; his body exhibited six deep cuts. A child was killed in its mother's arms. The son of a poultryman in the Via della Croce was also murdered; and the same fate befell the son of a tinman at St. Elena; one Benedetto, the father of five children, was numbered among the dead. Two of the servants of the Sacred Apostolic Palaces, both old men, were playing at draughts in the *café* near the Church of Jesu e Maria; a Gendarme rushed in, cut down the two players to the ground, and then went on hewing with such blind fury as to break into several pieces the marble chessboard they were playing at. Two artists, who came from the Borghese Gallery, were both wounded in the head. Guida, a clerk in the Torlonia bank, was struck down in the Via Babuino, wounded in the neck. Ghirelli, a man strongly attached to the Government, was wounded near the Palazzo Muti, where he lives."

This was the work of the Spear of Achilles, wielded by the Pope, on the Nineteenth of March. Ten days pass, and the healing comes. On the Twenty-ninth of March we have this announcement :—

"To-day the act of *major excommunication* pronounced against those who have either promised to aid, or who have counselled rebellion, invasion, or usurpation in the Romagna, has been published.

"The act has been posted up in several quarters of Rome."

Major Excommunication. All who desire Italian freedom,—all in whose worldly and evil bosoms is rankling wrath against the Holy Father for the deeds that have been told,—they are all cut off from the Church of Rome. And what better thing could happen to them, than to be at once and for ever—as it may be hoped they are—cut off from a blasphemous Institution, wickedly miscalled a Church, whose Chief strews the streets with the mangled bodies of women and children? Out of a Church whose High Priest offers human sacrifices! Out let them go, with deepest joy, being freed from the loathsome pollution of such a communion! Excommunicated men, women, and unslaughtered children,—for once be thankful to the Holder of the Keys!

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GEOLOGY AND ROMANCE.

In an abstract of a lecture given by our British Cuvier, at the Museum in Jermyn Street the other day, Professor Owen is reported to have said that:—

"One of the large English deer which is now extinct was probably living on this island at the time of Cæsar's invasion, for he describes a remarkable kind of stag, with a single horn growing from the centre of the forehead. Among the fossil remains of extinct deer, there are specimens of such a one, for the two horns cross one another in front, and would have the appearance of a single horn. Among the extinct carnivora that waged war with the abundant stocks of ruminant creatures then occupying this country, Professor Owen spoke of an ancient real 'British lion,' of a British bear and hyena, the evidences of whose destructiveness are distinctly visible in the bone-caves of this country."

Thus Geology, as unfolded by Professor Owen, proves, beyond controversy, that in former times the British Lion did actually exist, and that there really was such an animal as the British Unicorn. Now, then, Geology will begin to be regarded with interest by many good people who have hitherto looked upon it as a melancholy material science, conducive to unbelieving conclusions. If it has shown the British Lion to be no humbug, and the British Unicorn actually to have been at one time comprised among the British *fauna*, it may lead to more discoveries demonstrative of the truths of Heraldry. Wyverns and cockatrices, by the help of the geologist's pickaxe, will turn out to have been genuine reptiles, and other griffins than plain ladies will be found to have once existed in this island. Already, as everybody knows, the exhumed remains of the pterodactyle confirm the nursery tales that commemorate the Dragon of Wantley and other dragons; and doubtless, in good time, the relics of a flying saurian, found in chalk or oolite, with a spear-head sticking in the ribs, will corroborate the legends of the destruction of those monsters by the champions of Christendom. St. George will be established as having been a genuine British worthy instead of a Cappadocian rogue, and the traditionary enemy, which he transfixed and triumphed over, will have been proved to be the *Pterodactylus Longirostris*, and not the venerable St. Athanasius. Suffice it us for the present to rest and joyfully contemplate the geological revelation of the reality of the Lion and the Unicorn; and long may those formidable supporters of the Royal Arms continue to sustain the shield of our Sovereign Lady Victoria! Long live the Queen, and Professor Owen!

Alarming Accident to the Pope.

His Holiness, in promenading yesterday on the Corso, met with a sad accident. His foot slipping in a puddle of blood, he fell and broke his head. The accident has been pronounced to be a fracture of the temporal bone.

RESULTS OF MEDICAL REGISTRATION.

We believe we are justified in stating, that the only difference which the Medical Registration Act has made to medical men, is that of their receiving about ten times as many begging letters as they used to get before it.

TWELVE SAGES OF HAMPSHIRE.

"Mr. Punch, Sir,

"Judging from certain remarks which you occasionally make with respect—or rather with disrespect—to British Juries, I am afraid that you entertain a not unmixed veneration for the institutions of your country. I, therefore, with much pleasure, take the liberty of acquainting you with a gratifying instance of sagacity and intelligence on the part of twelve Englishmen in a box, which has just occurred here at the Sessions. A man and his wife (second spouse) were indicted for cruelty and neglect, of which the victim was a child of the former by his first marriage. It was a case of "*injusta noverca*," and a very bad one. The child had been shamefully maltreated and starved, and left to suffer the worst consequences of soap and water withheld from skin and hair, insomuch that the latter got into a state which is indescribable. The law, as laid down by the Recorder, made the husband alone answerable for the neglect, which, however, was owing to his poverty; for, although his wife possessed a hundred pounds in the Savings' Bank, he was not aware that the money belonged to himself. Under these circumstances, he was advised to put in a technical plea of guilty, and bound to appear and receive judgment when called upon; whilst the jury were instructed by the Recorder to acquit the woman of the neglect, for which, as the servant of her husband, she was not legally responsible, though solely so in fact.

"'But we vinds her guilty,' said the Hampshire jury. 'We thinks 'twas she as was to blame ver't all.' I do not pretend to quote these gentlemen's language precisely; but this was its tenor and effect.

"'But, Gentlemen, you cannot convict the wife of the neglect by law. The law, Gentlemen, does not allow you,' the Recorder told them.

"'But we thinks as how she *is* guilty,' replied the jury.

"'That may be, Gentlemen,' said the Recorder; but you are bound to deliver your verdict according to law.'

"'But we zays as how the truth on't is as she was the guilty one o' the two.'

"Again the Recorder endeavoured to explain to them the necessity of subordinating their verdict to the rule of legality; and the above dialogue, with slight modifications, went on during some minutes; the jury persisting in declaring the woman guilty. At last the Recorder said—'Well, Gentlemen, then I shall take your verdict as declaring her guilty of the fact, and enter that as a verdict of not guilty.' Whereupon the foreman of this acute and truly intellectual jury asked the following pertinent, and really profound question—

"'Then, what's the use o' we?'

"Talk of *Blackstone's Commentaries!* What, in all those observations on the laws of England, is there equal in point of wisdom, to this comment of a British and a Hampshire jury on itself?

"Ever yours,

"*Southampton, Hot-Cross Bun Day*, 1860." "Hospes."

"P.S. For the satisfaction of your benevolent readers, I am happy to be able to state, that the woman was convicted on another indictment for an assault on the child, and got three months, whilst her husband was informed of his right to her hoard in the Savings' Bank; on which she cried."

A New Tap for the Masses.

In evidence lately given before the Committee on the Public Institutions of the Metropolis, Mr. Ruskin declared that—

"There was an increasing thirst among the working classes for information and improvement."

Hear that, Mr. Gough. The United Kingdom Alliance will surely allow that the necessity for a Maine Law is superseded by the increasing thirst of the working classes for information and improvement. Information is not ale, and improvement is not stout, though the moral and the intellectual beverage combined may be said to constitute a sort of half-and-half, which, without fear of being contradicted by the consumer, we welcome with a shout of "All hail!"

Here comes Buggins, with his Iron Walking-Stick, which he carries to accustom his Muscles to the Rifle.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

April 2. *Monday.* It is of course impossible that anything connected with Ireland should be done in a regular manner, and as the Irish Reform Bill was not only not before the House of Lords, but had not even been discussed by the House of Commons, Lord Clanricarde naturally took occasion to deliver a long speech upon it, analysing its details, and suggesting amendments. But the Lords are very courteous, and if one of their number began to discuss the propriety of granting a constitution to the Georgium Sidus, he would never be rudely requested to be practical. The Duke of Newcastle made a few observations of an eminently general character in reply to Lord Clanricarde, and Lord Monteagle objected to the only really good feature in the Bill, the allowing Irish noblemen to stand as candidates for places in Ireland (they may, and do for English places), and thus give the constituents a chance of choosing from a better class than that which supplies the Pope's Brass Band. *Mr. Punch* believes that the proposed arrangement is opposed to the Act of Union, but so is he.

Lord Ebury, the Prayer-Book Reformer, gave notice of his intention to be down upon that volume at an early date, and in the mean time wanted to know what was to be done with old Smithfield. He desired that it might be turned into a playground, and not sacrificed "to the Covetousness of the City of London." The Duke of Newcastle said the City desired to make a dead meat market on the spot, and Sir G. Lewis thought well of the scheme. A nice fate for the place where Sir Punch de Fleet Street, clad in dazzling blue armour studded with silver stars, broke his lance at the jousts given in honour of Cressy, and made King Edward III. jealous by extra attention to the lovely Alice Pierce. A pleasant ending for the spot where the same gallant knight overthrew all the lords of Scotland at the glorious tournament of 1393. A worthy sequel to the history of the scene where Longbeard, and Wallace, and Wat Tyler were finally disposed of, and where Sanguinary Polly burned most of the 277 persons objected to by her Majesty on the ground of their Protestantism. But such is the fate of famous sites—who knows but in the twenty-fifth century, *Mr. Punch* having long removed his publishing office to Buckingham Palace, the sacred ground on which No. 85 now stands may be purchased at an awful price to build a vestry for Saint Bride's thereupon?

The Stamp Duties Bill, under the Budget, passed at a hand-gallop, and the Income-Tax Bill even faster; for the Duke of Newcastle told their Lordships that he had no time to make them understand it then, but if they would be good enough to pass it, he would perhaps explain it to them on some other occasion. The Lords good-naturedly assented.

In the Commons, Lord John Russell presented correspondence about Italy, and expressed a hope that some arrangement would be made respecting Savoy that would be satisfactory to Switzerland. Those who live upon hope die fasting, says a proverb. A warm debate arose on the desire of the Government to seize Thursdays, on the ground that time was precious, and that Fridays were very much cut up by the *Conversazione*. Lord Palmerston took an opportunity of saying that the Opposition had given fair treatment to all Government measures except the Reform Bill. Sir John Pakington would not stand this exception, and declared that Government were the cause of any delay in discussing the Bill. The Ministers carried their Thursdays; and Sir George Grey also carried another ("experimental") arrangement regarding the Fridays, to the great wrath of the "Independent Members." The Wine Licences Bill came on, and was attacked by Mr. Crook, on the part of the Temperance Societies, who wish to make it difficult for anybody to get any drink at all except water." He was seconded by Mr. Digby Seymour, who attributed five-sixths of the crimes of the lower orders to the "demoralising influences of low public-houses and beer-shops," and, therefore, logically opposed the facilitating the sale of wines of a light and non-intoxicating character. Mr. Ker Seymer delivered an excellent speech in favour of the measure, and made some good fun of the trash put forward by the Wirtuous Witlers, who pretend to think that in a Pastrycook's shop, where decent persons are served with wholesome refreshments in the light of day and sight of the public, there will be less orderly conduct than in the dens where people slink in to drink gin in dark corners. *Mr. Punch* respectfully invites attention to his Dioramic Views upon the subject. Mr. Hardy made a long and rather amusing address in the other direction, and urged that it was already much too easy to get tipsy. Mr. Ayrton, on behalf of the numberless Witlers of the Tower Hamlets, who are his chief patrons, got the debate adjourned till after the holidays, that he might let off a speech in honour of Bungdom. Mr. Baillie Cochrane then made a legislatorial effort at a topic within his comprehension, moving to bring in a Trout Protection Bill, for Scotland. It seems that the Scotch fish-poachers are very unconscionable scoundrels, and make great havoc of trout and other fish, with nets. Personally fond of trout (Office, 85, Fleet Street; friends at a distance will please, &c.), *Mr. Punch* hopes that the thieves will be put down.

Tuesday. The Lords received petitions in favour of the Bill for Preventing Sunday Trade and the howling of the peripatetic Sunday trader, and rose for the Easter holidays.

In the Commons was made the most extraordinary disclosure which has yet been heard of in connection with the Reform Bill. The Government had pleaded guilty to an intention of adding a third to the present number of voters, and as this third was to be mainly taken from the uneducated classes, it was thought that assuredly Lord John had gone far enough in the way of concession. But Mr. Edwin James, who had been examining the returns on which the Ministerial calculations were said to be based, announced to-night that it had been ascertained that between 200,000 and 300,000 more votes than Lord John had stated, would be added to the registry by the Poor Little Bill. The House was aghast, and all that Sir G. Lewis could say was that there was some mistake, in which *Mr. Punch* heartily agrees. A certain lady said of a certain book that it abounded with typographical errors, but the greatest typographical error was the printing it at all, and a slight adaptation of the remark will make it apply to the P. L. B. "A great deal of blotting out will not improve the work—*una litura potest*," as our friend Martial (no, no, Wiscount, not Sir Chapman Marshall, the poet is often a gross person and Sir C. is a grocer) observeth.

After some smaller talk, the Commons rose, until Monday, the 16th, when people will be rather curious to hear whether Lord John, overcome by Mr. Edwin James's proof of the unfitness of the P. L. B. to live, will be stern enough to play Lucius Junius Brutus.

A Fair Conclusion.

Sitting by her Edwin at breakfast the other morning, Angelina read the following in the *Illustrated News*:—

"It is stated that a plan is on foot for the establishment of paper-mills in the metropolis of breweries, Burton on Trent. 'Spent hops' are to be worked up and supplied to the market in the form of paper. Samples of the manufacture are now on view.'

"O me!" cried Angelina, who, in her excitement, was regardless of her grammar, "Edwin, dear, you *must* buy me some of this hop paper. You know, love, that you've *promised* to let me give a *dance* next month, and *hop* paper will so nicely do to write the notes on!"

An Imperial Idea.—I should be unlike my Uncle not to love my Nice!

A CAUTION.

Old Gent (with Difficulty). *"Now really—Oh!—this dis—graceful crowding—I'm—I'm positive my Gun will Go Off!"*

THE KOOKEES AND THE COOKIES.

A Correspondent of the *Calcutta Englishman* describes a recent raid attended with violence by a tribe called the Kookees.

According to this story, which we believe to be no lie, the Kookees who reside in India are even worse pests to society than the "Cookies" here in England, who have long been fairly ranked among the Greatest Plagues of Life. In both the tribes, however, there are strong points of resemblance, which the weakest mental eyes may speedily spy out. The Cookies have propensities and passions like the Kookies, and were a phrenologist to take a head of each in hand, we fancy he would find a similarity of bumps. The organ of Destructiveness is fully as much developed in the Cookies as the Kookees, as our weekly list of breakages is quite enough to prove; and were further instance needed, it would be enough to note what rousing fires they make, and how they vent their passion for destruction on our coals. Nor has the bump of Cruelty less prominence with them than with their foreign namesakes. Although our Cookies may not venture upon such a sudden massacre as that above described, they keep killing us by inches with their cruelly bad cookery, which we feel convinced will sooner or later be the death of us. Every dinner we sit down to we fancy we detect some fell design on our existence, and though the poisoning may be slow, we cannot doubt it will be sure in its inevitable result. The cruelties indeed which are practised by the Cookies are more abominable than those we have narrated of the Kookees, inasmuch as they are more protracted in their torture, and are wrought at the expense of those whom they afflict. We pay our Cookies well that they may minister to our comforts, yet while they live upon our wages they continually torment us, and tempt us to commit suicide, if they don't kill us outright. The agonies we suffer from a diet of raw beef and underdone potatoes very often make us wish that we were dead, and in the madness of dyspepsia produced by a bad dinner, we almost feel insane enough to jump into the Thames.

Moreover, in respect of their plundering propensities, it must be owned the Cookies bear marked likeness to the Kookees. Where our dripping goes to, is a question which the Black Doll, could it speak, might answer; and at shops where "the best price is given for all kitchen-stuff," we might guess the destination of those pounds and pounds of candles which we weekly have to pay for, but strongly doubt if we consume. We have never heard it hinted that our residence is haunted, and who it is that walks off with our many legs of mutton, we must confess that we have not the ghost of an idea; although, from information we have recently received, we feel somewhat disposed to couple their removal with the advent of a nightly apparition in our area, bearing likeness to a member of our vigilant police. Further proof, moreover, that the Cookies are as prone to plunder as the Kookees may to any thoughtful mind be furnished by the fact that the shadow of a soldier has, about the hour of supper, been seen upon our kitchen blind, which was incautiously drawn down without the shutters being closed. The posture then revealed, left no doubt that his substance was then quartered on our larder, and that at our cost he was making a by no means shadowy repast. Moreover, when the warrior was observed to leave the premises, it was noticed that the fine proportions of his figure in a great measure were spoilt by the projection of his pockets: whence the inference was drawn, that his visits to our Cookie were rewarded by some few of what she calls her "puck-visits."

Supererogatory.

Applications have been made to Lord Palmerston for a Division of the See of Exeter. Bishop Punch had thought that, thanks to the amiable exertions of his right reverend brother, Bishop Phillpotts, the See in question was already as much divided as possible.

RATHER A PITY IT ISN'T.

The name of M. Thouvenel—the endorser of the bills drawn by Louis Napoleon on European credulity—is not, as a correspondent suggests it should be, pronounced *Too-venal.*

A New Source of Supply for Rags in France.—The Emperor's reputation.

The School of Adversity.—A Ragged School.

SPIRIT BRIBERY AND CORRUPTION.

Certain people who disbelieve everything wonderful because they are prejudiced against it by vulgar incredulity, are accustomed to ridicule those spiritual manifestations which have been patronised by the Emperor and Empress of the French, and by numbers of our own aristocracy, male and female, besides the aristocracy of talent, including more than one distinguished author and several literary ladies. Constitutionally unbelieving persons are also apt to declare that the alleged phenomena of spiritualism have all been exposed—exploded; have turned out to be mere humbug; and that the pretence of their production or occurrence is now given up. To the utter confutation and confusion of these unreasoning materialists, there appeared the other day in a report of the Berwick-upon-Tweed Election Committee, the following revelations, which may well, indeed, be called startling disclosures:—

"Michael Anderson was examined, and repeated substantially the statement which he had made on Saturday, in the case of the objection to the vote of Wm. Bogue. He said that when the three sovereigns were put under his glass, there were no other persons in the room but himself, Brown, and Bogue, but could not say by whose hands the sovereigns were placed in that position."

It is lucky that we are now writing these strange particulars instead of speaking them, because, in the latter case, we should here experience an unmannerly interruption. Our statement would be arrested by all the vulgarly incredulous people present with cries of "Thimblerig!" As if we did not know that the facts above mentioned, standing alone, are quite capable of being accounted for by the supposition of Thimblerig. As if, with common credit given to us for ordinary intelligence, it were not to be expected that we should, if allowed to proceed, have something more conclusive to say in continuation. Which is as follows:—

"Cross-examined by Mr. Wordsworth: When he went to Bogue's house, he had polled, and said to Bogue, 'Perhaps I may.' Had received money from Hodgson's agent to bring him to London, and had been living with the rest of the witnesses at the King's Arms. Saw the hand that placed the money under the glass, but did not see the body to which it belonged. (*Laughter.*) Could not swear Brown did it, but could not say who else did it. Saw two hands.

"Re-examined: One hand lifted up the glass, and the other put the sovereigns under it."

Mr. Michael Anderson swears that he "saw the hand that placed the money under the glass, but did not see the body to which it belonged." Mr. Anderson's namesake, the Wizard of the North, gave some public imitations of spirit-rapping; but he never went so far as to exhibit anything like spirit knuckles. The feat of showing spirit-hands is one which can be performed only by such wizards as Mr. Home, the American medium. But even that celebrated necromancer never astonished beholders with such a show of hands as that attested by the independent, if not exactly unbought, British Elector, Michael Anderson. The hand of Dante is said to have appeared at the summons of Mr. Home, or some other equally eminent magician; to have picked an orange-blossom, and to have placed it on the head of a great living poetess. The lady being already married, the ghost made a mistake; unless our memory has misled us as to the name of the flower. But there was no mistake about the three sovereigns which Mr. Anderson saw placed under the glass, and which he afterwards put into his own pocket. "One hand lifted up the glass, and the other put the sovereigns under it." There were the sovereigns remaining when the hands had disappeared; and doubtless, Mr. Anderson has still got them; for who, that had been bribed at an Election by spirit-hands, would not keep the money for a curiosity?

We know what objection will be raised by vulgar incredulity against the reference of the above unquestionable facts to spiritual agency. They will say that there are states of nervous system of which one of the symptoms is partial blindness; that one of these bodily conditions is produced by certain physical agents, among others by fermented liquors, which free and independent, but purchaseable, electors are wont, when they exercise the privileges of British voters, to consume at the expense of candidates in large quantity. They will contend that Mr. Anderson saw the hand that put the sovereigns under the glass without seeing the body, because he was, at the time, in that state of nervous system which is called a state of beer, or a state of brandy-and-water. We shall dispose very summarily of this shallow objection. If Mr. Anderson had been, in plain English, drunk, he would have seen everything that he did see double. He would therefore have seen four hands at work and six sovereigns, which he would not have discovered to be only three until he had got sober. But he saw the apparition of two hands and three sovereigns, and, when the former had vanished, the latter remained, and he had the money to show for the reality of the vision. We trust, then, that we shall not be misunderstood in expressing the belief, that when he beheld the hands which manipulated the sovereigns, he was under the influence of spirits.

THE CAT ON HER LAST LEGS.

"My Dear Mr. Punch,

"Of course, as an old General, I always attentively read the Military and Naval Intelligence in the *Times*. In so doing, I lately met with the subjoined gratifying statement:—

"Since the disuse of corporal punishment, which has been unknown at Woolwich for many months past, it is stated that the crime of desertion is of less frequent occurrence, as verified by the official returns from the corps of Royal Artillery and Royal Marines, as well as the other divisions of the Army stationed at Woolwich. This is to be accounted for by the known fact of numbers of desertions having been induced solely by the terror of the lash, which, up to the present moment, when corporal punishment was ordered to be held in abeyance, was resorted to, in some weeks, every day, except Saturday and Sunday."

"During upwards of fifty years' service, at least ever since the question about corporal punishment was first raised, I was always the strenuous advocate, Sir, of flogging in the Army. I always said you could never abolish it, Sir. I constantly and consistently maintained that if ever you did abolish flogging in the Army, there would be an end of all discipline, Sir. I confidently declared that you would go to the devil, Sir. Well, Sir, and now I have the pleasure to acknowledge that in all these opinions I was altogether mistaken. The discipline of the Army, as the above paragraph shows, has improved; and certainly, I will admit, notwithstanding the Income-Tax, that we have not gone to the devil. How pleasing, *Mr. Punch*, how delightful, Sir, it is, as we grow older, to find ourselves dispossessed of our strongest prejudices by the inexorable logic of facts, which are such stubborn things that they are not to be resisted by the deafest obstinacy. Flogging in the Army had a staunch defender in me, Sir. It had an equally firm opponent in you, Sir. You are right, Sir. I was wrong, Sir. You did your best to convince me, Sir. Thank you, Sir. You see the force of your observations and witticisms on the subject of the cat and the lash; and I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your much Obliged and Enlightened Obedient Humble Servant,

"Choke Oldstock, Major-General."

"*Southsea Common, April*, 1860."

"P.S. Firm in opinions, but open to conviction. Now, Sir, I will tell you what I say when I hear anybody mention military flogging. I say, 'Our cat has nine lives, Sir: but the ninth is nearly over.'"

COSI FAN TUTTI.

Say the journals:—

"At a concert at the Palace of the Tuileries, lately, Madame Alboni was perceived by the Emperor to fan herself with a brace of programmes, which the gifted *artiste* had twisted, with much ingenuity, into the form of that useful and coquettish female appendage. With the gallantry for which the French Emperor is proverbial, he *asked the* Princess Clotilde *for her fan, and presented it to* Madame Alboni."

Really, our friend Louis Napoleon's fondness for annexing is becoming almost a foible. How charmingly "gallant," to take away a lady's fan and appropriate it after one's own fancy. However, Princess Clotilde could hardly complain of being treated exactly as her father is treated; nor did she, but with feminine wit she now, when asking for a fan, always says "*Donnez-moi une Savoie.*"

Penny Toryism.

The *Morning Herald* ("thou art not dead, Harmodius, no,") has been indulging in a gross and coarse attack upon the Empress of the French. In old days Heralds and Ladies were held sacred, amid any fight, but that a Herald should turn upon a Lady is an outrage on all chivalry. It serves the Tories right, however, that their penny organ should drag them in the dirt. They claim nearly half the House of Commons, and more than half the House of Lords, and are too mean, (or too ashamed of their doctrines) to support a decent daily paper that should let us know what they think and what they mean. Penny Toryism on thin paper, price four farthings. O William Pitt, lie still. You wouldn't own 'em, William the Superb.

SOLAR PHENOMENON.

That the Sun sets in the West is pretty generally known; but a certain reverend gent has just been heard to say, that he believes *his* sun is setting in St. George's-in-the-East.

THE PIOUS PUBLIC-HOUSE.

(WHERE YOU MAY GET ADULTERATED BEER AND GIN.)

A Place in which the Great Brewers DON'T see any Particular Harm !

THE PROFLIGATE PASTRY-COOK'S.

(WHERE THEY SERVE THE DEMORALISING VEAL PIE AND GLASS OF SHERRY, OR FRENCH LIGHT WINE.)

Too Shocking to Think of!

POLITICS FOR PETTICOATS.

The question whether or not woman be a reader of the newspapers is one on which there may perhaps be different opinions, but there is no doubt that the paragraphs relating to the fashions are generally attractive to feminine perusal. Hence, it would appear, the notion has arisen that by the covert introduction of political allusions, the writers upon millinery, may teach their female readers what topics are from time to time to male minds most engrossing. An instance of this practice we find in the subjoined, which the other day appeared in one of our contemporaries:—

"To the excitement produced by the diplomatic arrangements for annexation or separation the progress of the seasons and of the modes turns a deaf ear. The winds of March and the showers of April blow and moisten just the same whether Savoy be French or Piedmontese, and an equal inattention to political events characterises the march of the fashions from their winter to their spring demonstrations. Their sole idea of annexation limits itself to the consideration of the Crinoline frontier question, and as for separation, the term is only recognised in its application to the abandonment of winter costume for that of the more genial season upon which we are just entering. Thus it is that flowers have already taken the place of velvet ornaments; not, it is true, Nature's flowers, but such as imitate so closely the works of that ancient dame as to give her a just cause for jealousy, if it were possible for her to be animated by that unworthy sentiment towards her younger sister Art."

Lovely woman, reading this, will be tempted to inquire (for curiosity is somewhat of a passion with the sex) what the word "annexation" politically means: and after a marital explanation of the term, its connection with Savoy will be most lucidly expounded to her. She will thus gain information on a topic of the time, which, but for this allusion, she might never have investigated. So instructed, when she has to do her duty at the dinner table, she will be the better able to enjoy the conversation in which the male guests present will most probably indulge; while they, on their part, finding her so well-informed a person, will be saved the pain and nuisance of talking that stale nonsense which the presence of a petticoat naturally invokes. On every ground we therefore wish the practice all success; which commendation in our columns is quite certain to secure.

THE POT AND THE PUMP.

A Fable for the New Holy Alliance.

Once on a time, in days of fable,
When all things to discourse were able,
From birds and beasts, to pots and pans,
And blacksmiths' files, and milking cans,
A bright, big-bellied, Pewter Quart,
His cap of froth set all athwart,
And brandishing his put-out pipe,
Flung from the pot-house reeling ripe.
"What's this," he hiccupped, "that I hear?
Here's a look-out for British beer!
Give licences to deal in liquor
To pastry-cooks!—hic!—Where's the Vicar?
The Clergy—hic!—of all professions?
Where's the whole Bench of Quarter-Sessions,
Who at your annual brewster-sitting
License all houses where 'tis fitting
That, with permission of the Quorum,
Folks should get drunk—hic!—with decorum?
No harm, while men their brains but drench
In some man's beer who knows the Bench,—
Some large and long-established brewer,
(I'm only sorry there ain't fewer)
Who reckons his bought thralls by scores,
Bound for their beer to seek his doors.
No common publican and sinner,
But one who asks the Bench to dinner.
I say, protest against such doin's,
Nor see our tap-tubs sink to ruins!
"Shall each rogue that the bun-trade plies,
Each dealer in suspicious pies,
Each Leicester-Square *restaurant*-fellar,
Each blackguard shrimp and oyster-seller,
Vile eatables not only sell,
But viler drinkables as well?
What sort o' folks, d' ye think, are them as is
Likely to get drunk on *such* premises?
How shall intemperance—hic!—be reined,
And beastly drunkenness restrained,
If one's at liberty to buy
A glass o' sherry with one's pie?
If people *must* drink with their luncheons—
Turning themselves to liquor-puncheons—
Ain't there the licensed public handy,
With beer, and rum, and gin, and brandy?
Don't tell me of poor folks' 'convenience,'
It's all this Gladstone's wanton lenience
To wine, and wickedness, and wice,
And that there Cobden's bad advice.
Though Lords and Commons both command it,
I tell you *I* don't mean to stand it!"
And here the Pewter, fiercely stirred,
Suited the action to the word,
And—was it malt or moral's strength?
Was all but measuring his length.
Seeking support, as round he swung,
Unto the neighbouring Pump he clung.
"Kind Sir, the favour of your handle—
Not that I'm drunk—that's simply scandal—
I shake with virtuous indignation,
At thought of Gladstone's legislation;
Hic!—forcing down our injured throttles
The vile contents of yon green bottles—
The poisonous acid of the Rhine,
The rot-gut blood of Bordeaux's vine,
The growth of Afric's torrid plain,
The thin but fiery juice of Spain!
As one who values—hic!—sobriety,
And seeks the good of—hic!—society,
I did just now, feel rather shaken,
You might have thought me over-taken,
But, Mr. Pump, you may believe me,
I'm not the pot, Sir, to deceive ye,
When I assure you—and no fudge
That I'm as sober as a judge.
And"—here he reeled—"I now propose,
That Pot and Pump, no longer foes,
Go forth, in union fraternal,
'Gainst the green-bottle imp infernal.
Settle, in Gladstone's spite, his hash,
And bring him—hic!—stand up—to smash.
It's time we understood each other,
Ain't I a Pump—hic!—and a brother!"
Quoth solemn Pump: "My worthy Pewter,
This strife, methought, had found me neuter.
On Pot and Bottle, I'm afraid,
I looked as rivals of a trade;
But now I'm grateful to descry
No foe in you, but an ally;
I joyfully accept your proffer,
Clench the alliance that you offer.
Against the invading Bottle's harm,
Lo, Pump and Pot march arm in arm!"
So, with Pot staggering at his side,
Marched solemn Pump, in shallow pride;
Not dreaming, in his simple sort,
That Pot had sought him for support,
That—Bottle smashed with Pump's good aid—
Pot might monopolise the trade;
And drink to quench a thirsty soul,
Wash down a luncheon bun or roll,
Only at gin-shops might be found,
Or in the tap-room's licensed bound.

PROUDHON RIGHT FOR ONCE.

Savoy is an accession of property to France, and it is the first illustration of Proudhon's well-known dogma, "*La Propriété c'est le Vol.*" Is Electus about to issue a series of these *Vols?*

Motto for a "Kiss."—Go it, my two lips.

John. *"Now, then, I thought you said, if I gave you a trifle, you'd give up that—"*

[Oh! don't you wish you may get him!

BRUTUM FULMEN.

Tune—*"Pop Goes the Weasel."*

No one minds the Papal Bull;
  Excommunication,
Sentence once of terror full,
  Makes no sensation.
Mere sheet lightning is the flash,
  Strikes none e'en with wonder,
Whilst, instead of awful crash,
  Pop goes the thunder.

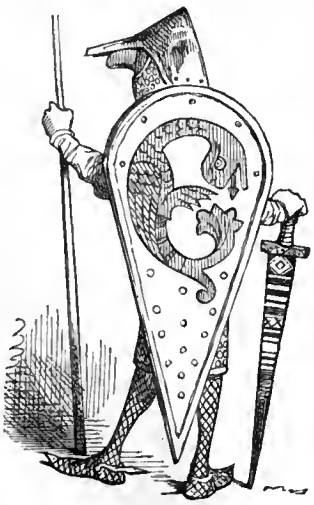
Fulmination, wide of aim,
  Platitudes propounding,
Curses nobody by name,
  Gently resounding.
Shot and powder thrown away,
  Oh, how great a blunder!
People, smiling, only say
  Pop goes the thunder.

Victor not a button cares
  For the malediction,
Which Napoleon, if he shares,
  Deems no affliction.
Either sinner sits at ease,
  Papal censure under;
Bringing neither on his knees,
  Pop goes the thunder.

Now the doleful days are past
  When the Pope could lighten,
Smiting kingdoms, which his blast
  Now cannot frighten.
Kings and subjects Interdict
  Burn or tear asunder;
Out of doors the Bull is kicked:
  Pop goes the thunder.

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER XI.—THE EARLY NORMAN PERIOD—(Continued.)



xtreme accuracy being our chief object in this history, to the description of the hauberk which ended our last chapter, we must add now, that the garment was made generally of rings, like the ringed tunic, or byrne, which was in use among the Saxons. In some instances, however, the hauberk was composed of little plates of steel, shaped like our jujube lozenges; a kind of mail then known by the name of "mascled" armour, from the resemblance which it bore to the meshes of a net. These lozenges were also sometimes stuck upon the pectoral, and doubtless proved as efficacious for protection of the chest as the lozenges called pectoral, which are now-a-days in use. They must, however, have been pleasanter to wear outside than in; and one can hardly envy the sensations of King William, when, as is stated, he put on his coat of mail the wrong side out, in the haste with which he armed himself before the battle of Haste-ings. Lozenges of steel when externally applied, must be rather a sharp stimulant to persons with thin skins; and although we have been told that King William was not wounded, we cannot well believe he left the field without a scratch.

For their further preservation the Normans carried shields, which, a living writer tells us, "in shape somewhat resembled the modern schoolboy's kite." The writer who says this, however, seems to have forgotten that there are no such creatures as "schoolboys" extant now; and flying kites is much too vulgar a pursuit for the "young gentlemen" who honour our "Academies" to patronise. Our older readers may however recollect the pastime, and to their minds the comparison requires no explanation. Whether shields like kites were any help to soldiers in flying from the field, is a point "that hath no magnitude," as saith Euclid, in our eyes, and which we have little wish at present to look into. Neither care we to inquire, why it was the Normans used to copy the Chinese (whom we, however, doubt if they had ever seen or heard of), in the fashion of bedaubing their shields with fierce devices, representing dragons, griffins, and the like "fabulous animals." That they did so is however shown by the old tapestries (that at Bayeux is especially instructive on the point): and if further proof were wanting, it might be supplied by the passage we subjoin, which will be recognised by *savants* as a fragment of a war-song, that until now has had existence only in MS.:—

"Ye hardie Norman's nose of gore
  A helmett-guarde dyd ha-ave:
A gryffyn on hys shielde he bore,
  Ye whiche hys ribbes dyd sa-ave.
Inne hauberke eke was he y-mailed,
  Soe farre as toe ye knee-ee;
And brauelie thus rygged out hee sailed
  To sea whatte hee mote sea-ee!"

FROM AN ILLUMINATION IN THE SAME MS.

These interesting lines leave nothing more to notice in the armour of the Normans, and we proceed to take in hand the description of

their arms. It is true that if we chose we might fairly shirk the subject; for arms can hardly be regarded as a portion of costume, any more than walking-sticks are articles of dress. But the Normans were of old so continually fighting (a habit which has, happily, died out among their modern representatives, the French), that their weapons may be said to have formed part of their apparel. Indeed a portrait of a Norman swell without his sword and dagger would be as incomplete as the picture of a British one, portrayed without his toothpick and his thin umbrella, which however can be scarcely viewed as articles of dress. Moreover, we have said, the weapons of the Normans possess a more than ordinary interest in our eyes, inasmuch as it was with them that the English were defeated; and it is but natural, when one has had a thrashing, that one should look with some degree of veneration on the stick.

Besides their swords and daggers (the former of which were like the Saxons', straight and double-edged, with a square-cut hilt or cross piece, like the lath-swords in our nurseries) the Normans carried lances, clubs, and bows and arrows, and some of their light infantry armed themselves with slings. Their lances much resembled those in use now with our lancers, having a small flag or streamer at their heads. The Norman name for them was "Gonfanon," which sometimes they spelt "Gonfalon," and doubtless pronounced "Golfalol" when they had a cold. A modern writer notes it as a fact somewhat remarkable, that albeit eight centuries (all but half-a-dozen years) have now elapsed since the Conquest, the lance is still existent as a military weapon, and the little flag or streamer still remains attached to it. But we all know how conservative we are in army matters, and how the wise heads at the Horse Guards rather stick to old ideas than give themselves the trouble of propitiating new ones. Indeed so far from wondering that the lance is still in favour, we rather feel astonished that the sling should have gone out of it; and it would not much surprise us were an order to go forth for furnishing our riflemen with the old Norman bows and arrows.

MILITARY EQUIPMENT OF THE INFANTRY. FROM A SKETCH TAKEN IN OUR OWN NURSERY.

The clubs of which we spoke as being used about this period were not such pleasant things as the clubs about Pall Mall, which are now in use with many of our military men. It seems a little doubtful if the common soldiers used them, or whether, like our Army Club, they were in the hands exclusively of officers. Queen Matilda, or whoever else composed the Bayeux Tapestry,* has stuck a club into King William's hand, and likewise one into the fist of his half brother, Bishop Odo; and this episcopal description is confirmed by Robert Wace, whose *Roman de Rou* informs us that the prelate—

"Sur un cheval tout blanc seoit,
Toute la gent le congnoissoit:
Un baston tenoit en son poing."

One can't wonder the good Bishop was so known to "*toute la gent*," or as we should now say rather, "all the gents;" for we find he used his "baston" for the basting of his friends, as well as of his enemies. This we learn from the inscription in the Bayeux tapestry,

"HIC ODO EPS. BACULUM TENENS CONFORTAT."

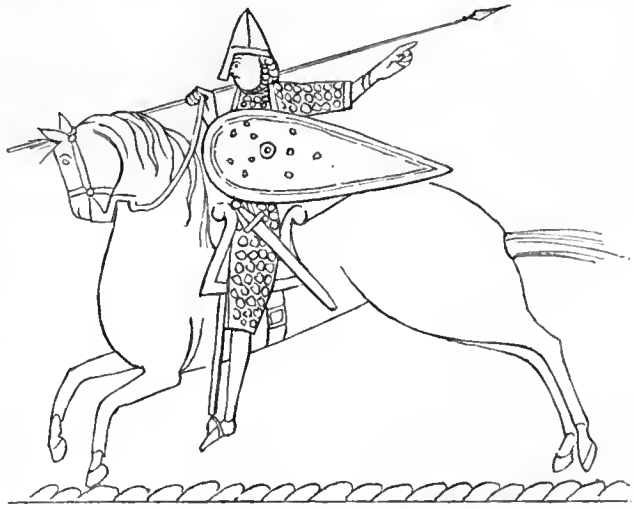
We need not say "confortat" properly means "comforteth," but as one can't say that one gets much comfort from a cudgelling, the word has been translated "encourageth the youths." Whether the "young men" in *Mr. Punch's* service are "encouraged" in their labours by the truncheon of that gentleman, is a point on which the public must not ask us to enlighten it. Nor are we able to report whether the Norman youths much relished the ligneous encouragement which their holy father Odo so paternally administered. Unless, however, shoulders were much tougher then than now, we doubt not that the Norman youths when threatened with a thrashing, would, if they had spoken English, have cried out, "Odo! O don't!"

* It seems doubtful if this Tapestry was worked by Queen Matilda, or by captive Saxon ladies, who made it for her Majesty, and of course were robbed right royally of all the credit of the work. Whether the words '*Matilda fecit*' are decipherable or not, we have no doubt in the least that they were written in the corner; and that when the public were allowed to see the Tapestry, their attention was especially directed to the autograph, as proving that the work was of her Majesty's own doing. As the Tapestry is more than two hundred feet in length, the royal industry of course was most egregiously praised; in fact, the piece of work that people made about the piece of work may (to quote a living writer) "be more easily imagined than it can be described."

The Norman bows were cross, as sometimes were their bearers; who, being masters of their weapon, doubtless very rarely missed with it. It was mainly with their bows, as everybody knows, that when they came to blows the Normans thrashed their foes. Thus on Hastings field they made the Saxons yield, when it was revealed that Harold's fate was sealed. A random shaft shot high did hit him in the eye,* and his men did turn and fly when they saw him die. This we learn from several of the old black letter writers, who may have been the special correspondents of the times, and if so, were of course reliable informants. Among them we may mention our old friend, Robert Wace, who may fairly be esteemed the William Russell of the period, inasmuch as his description of the battle is the best.† This at least, if not the public estimation of it, was certainly the writer's own private conviction; for he observes with all the modesty of authors of that age:—

"If in your books some blundering errors fall,
Look to Bob Wace, and you'll correct them all."

We have said that with their bows it was the Normans made the English bow to them; and the fact should be remembered that when England was invaded, it was through its inhabitants not knowing how to shoot. To show how weak King William thought the conquered nation, he speaks of it as one "not even having arrows;" a taunt which was equivalent to speaking in our day of men not having rifles, or not knowing how to use them. When next our French friends favour us with trying an invasion, let us hope they won't have cause to twit us for not shooting them. Little disposition as we may have to laugh at them, there is small doubt, if they come, a goodly number of our riflemen will use them as their butts.



FROM THE BAYEUX TAPESTRY.

N.B.—THIS IS THE CUT WHICH WAS MEANT FOR THE USE OF ARTISTS. THAT ON PAGE 145 MERELY SHOWS THE TRUTHFUL MANNER IN WHICH "OUR" ARTIST HAS TREATED THE SUBJECT, IN REPRESENTING A NORMAN FIELD-MARSHAL IN "MASCLED" ARMOUR, AND HIS CHARGER.

* Of this fact we believe that there were several eye-witnesses; but of course their stories vary as to what took place. According to one writer, when the King was hit he put his hand up to his eye, and crying out "*O meus ego!*" fell flat upon his face. Another witness states that his Majesty fell backward, without making that remark; and in proof of this alleges the King's ignorance of Latin, to learning which he says that there was then no royal road. This account, however, is shaken by a third, which states the King, when wounded, cried out "*O mi hi!*" an exclamation which no scholar can deny is proper Latin, but that it be proper English no one but a Cockney would venture to assert.

† As the battle was fought A.D. 1066, and Robert Wace died A.D. 1184, we may believe him when he states he was not present on the field; for unless he had been quite the Old Parr of the period, it is not probable he could have been a witness of the fight. His account, he says, was written as he heard it told his father; and he adds, "I well remember it, I was then a varlet." A "varlet," everybody knows, meant anciently a footman: so *Mr. Punch's* poet "Jeames" might perhaps have traced relationship to Mr. Robert Wace, as the first poet of the plush.

All of a Piece.

It has often puzzled us to understand what the Emperor of the French means by his reiterated assertions of wishing to "secure the Peace of Europe." After this recent annexation business, we have a shrewd suspicion that it is not so much "a piece," as the whole, of Europe, that the Emperor is anxious to secure.

The Greatest Commercial Traveller in the World.—Richard Cobden, Esq.

ALL ON THE CARDS.

1860. March 31. The *Press* newspaper announces that the Emperor of the French is bent on a new piece of Annexation, and is striving to obtain the cession of the County of Landau, which belongs to Bavaria under the treaty of November, 1815.

April 2. The *Morning Post* declares that the story is a *canard*.

April 3. The *Morning Chronicle* declares that the Emperor would not have Landau if it were offered him.

April 6. The *Spectator* alleges that there is no such place as Landau.

April 14. The *Saturday Review* refuses to believe that there is anything in the story, because the *Press* asserts it, but considers the Emperor capable of anything.

April 16. The *Morning Advertiser* rather hastily asserts, on the authority of the postscript to an invoice of some Bavarian beer, that the Emperor has annexed the whole of Bavaria, which it describes as in Prussia.

April 23. Mr. Kinglake asks the Foreign Secretary whether he has heard anything of the rumour, and is desired to ask on another night.

April 24. Mr. Kinglake repeats his question, and is told by Lord John Russell that such questions ought not to be asked.

April 26. Mr. Kinglake renews his question, and is joked at by Lord Palmerston, who says he thinks it highly probable that the Emperor has ordered a Landau to be built for him in Long Acre.

April 30. The *Times'* correspondent happens to have just visited Landau, and there appears a graphic description of it, and of Vauban's celebrated fortress, with its 8 curtains, 7 bulwarks, 3 redoubts, 7 lunettes, 1 fort, 3 whole and 2 half bastions, and broad moats. A sketch of its history is also given, and an account of its manufactures of calico, woollens, fire-arms, copper, and vinegar. The *Advertiser's* notion that Landau is in Prussia is rectified by mention that it is in Rhenish Bavaria.

May 1. Thus instructed, several Members of the House of Commons give notice of questions on the subject.

May 3. Sir Robert Peel makes a speech against the Emperor, and quotes a good deal of French. He demands whether *Ici on parle Français* is to be affixed on every country in Europe.

May 4. Lord John Russell requests that all the questions may be postponed until the next Friday.

May 11. Mr. Kinglake reminds his Lordship of the date, and is told that he shall have a reply on Monday.

May 14. Lord John Russell states that he has received a despatch from Lord Cowley, who makes no mention whatever of any Imperial intention upon the subject.

May 18. Mr. Disraeli, on the motion that the House on its rising do adjourn to Monday, makes a speech setting forth his perfect conviction that Lord John Russell is juggling and pottering with the subject, and intends to betray Bavaria. He designates the Ministry as Cartographic Regenerators. Lord John, in reply, defends his entire foreign policy, and deprecates offensive language towards an ally.

May 19. The *Morning Advertiser* announces that at the Privy Council on the preceding day, Lord Palmerston had read a secret despatch, stating that the King of Bavaria was going to abdicate in favour of the Count de Morny.

May 22. The *Morning Chronicle* shows that Landau, having once belonged to France, ought always to belong to her.

May 24. The *Morning Post* states that all the inhabitants of Landau, except two, are eager to be annexed to France.

May 26. The *Spectator* contends, that as Vauban was a French engineer, his works belong of right to his own country.

May 28. Mr. Kinglake gives notice of motion, that it is inexpedient that any landmark of Europe be further disturbed. Lord Palmerston makes an excellent joke about *Land*-mark and *Land*-au, and hopes the motion will not be pressed. Mr. Kinglake intimates that he will see about it.

May 29. *Mr. Punch* invents a masterly cartoon, setting out the whole question in the spirit of the severest satire, mingled with the richest humour, but it is evidently unfair to expect him to describe it here.—Office, 85, Fleet Street.

May 30. The French Correspondent of the *Times* gives a significant paragraph about the Minister of War having complained to the Emperor that the province of the Bas Rhein is in perpetual danger of invasion on its northern frontier. Consols drop from 94⅞ to 94¼.

June 1. The *Times* states that the Emperor intends a certain further annexation, on the German side of France, and calls on the Ministers to remember they are Englishmen.

June 3. Lord Cowley, reading this, calls on M. Thouvenel, who declines, from religious convictions, to talk about anything except the Opera, the day being Sunday.

June 4. Lord Cowley calls again, and M. Thouvenel is out.

June 5. Lord Cowley calls again, and M. Thouvenel is invisible, having got a bad cold (*rhume*).

June 6. Lord Cowley calls again, and M. Thouvenel is gone to see his little boy at Ermenonville.

June 7. Lord Cowley calls again, and M. Thouvenel is gone to adjudge the prize of virtue at Meaux.

June 8. Lord Cowley calls again, and M. Thouvenel is particularly engaged with a gentleman from Munich.

June 9. Lord Cowley writes to Lord John Russell, that he thinks there is a screw loose. Lord John instantly telegraphs to his Lordship to tighten it.

June 11. The *Times* announces that Landau has been annexed to France.

June 11. To a dozen questions in the House, the Ministers reply, that they have had no such information, and that newspapers are not to be depended upon.

June 12. The *Moniteur* announces that, by the felicitous annexation of Landau, the last trace of Waterloo has been effaced from the map.

June 13. The *Morning Advertiser* likens the Emperor to the wicked Grecian tyrant, Caligula.

June 14. Lord John Russell reads to the House, amid loud cheers, a capital despatch which he sent through Lord Cowley on reading the *Times* of the 30th, but regrets to state that his remonstrances have done no good, and he nobly denounces fraud and treachery, especially in Sovereigns.

June 15. The *Débats* says that Lord John Russell's miserable insular instincts prevent his appreciating the grander conceptions of those who work in the interest of humanity.

June 16. The *Charivari* exceeds, if possible, its habitual stupidity, in a dialogue between Sir Peel and Lord Gladstone.

June 18. (Anniversary of Waterloo.) Mr. Stanford and Mr. Wyld (M.P.) publish maps in which Landau is once more part of France.

Latest from Italy.—The Pope having excommunicated Victor Emmanuel, it is confidently stated that his Italian Majesty will take the Bull by the horns.

WHERE THE MONEY IS GOING.

The attention of persons desirous of a safe and profitable investment of their money is earnestly invited to the advantageous opportunity which is announced in the subjoined telegram :—

"Vienna, March 23.—The new Austrian loan amounts to 200,000,000 florins, the current interest of which is fixed at 5 per cent. The bonds are of 500 florins each, and are to be repaid within 57 years by lottery-drawings, to take place every six months. The highest prize in the lottery will be 300,000 florins; the lowest 600 florins. The issuing price of the loan will be 100 florins. The bonds of the national loan will be accepted by the Government at par as payment of one-fifth of the amount subscribed. Payment is to be made by ten instalments, the last of which is fixed for the 10th of October, 1861. The subscription list is to be kept open until the 7th of April next."

According to the above promising prospectus, no subscriber to the new Austrian loan will be in danger of losing all his money. He will be safe at least for 600 florins. This is a consideration which may weigh with those British capitalists whom the proposals of Mr. Bright and the finance of Mr. Gladstone may have impressed with the fear of confiscation. The objection to lending any money to Austria, and thus contributing to the maintenance of the cruel Hapsburg despotism, is sentimental, and not to be mentioned at a time when all morality which is not legally imperative, is very generally exploded and scorned. The Income-Tax is driving the public to invest their money in foreign funds, and multitudes, rather than retain stock which is subject to the deduction of that impost, will exchange the glorious certainty of the three per cents. for what they may deem the more glorious uncertainty of Austrian Bonds.

LETTER TO THE CARDINAL'S CROSS-BEARER.

My Dear Bowyer, *Fleet Street. Easter Eve.*

You have written to the papers in order to take one rather good joke out of the very funny document just promulgated by our most holy master, Pius IX. You say that the signature "Apostolical Curser" should be "Apostolical Cursor," and that Serafino is a kind of seraphic bailiff. I think you might as well have left the correction alone. Why spoil a laugh?

But there is one thing in the excommunication which I *should* like you to explain if you can, because it seems to me that our most holy master has been victimised by some of the Irish priests about him. Look here, my dear Cross-bearer.

Our holy &c., says that the people he excommunicates, whom I take, my dear Bowyer, to be about every rational person in Europe (except yourself, of course), "cannot be released or absolved of these censures by any one except ourselves or the Romish pontiff then reigning, *except at the moment of death, but not in the event of their recovery.*"

What does the holy old boy mean, my dear George? I need hardly point out, even to you, that people who have reached the moment of death do not usually recover. It was in Ireland that the man "dropped down dead and instantly expired," and I cannot help thinking that a Hibernian bull has been fraternising with the bull of excommunication. Has Infallibility been putting its foot into it, and writing deplorable nonsense; or is it a joke, to keep up the spirits of the faithful? Write to me, my Bowyer, and tell

Yours devotedly,

George Bowyer, Esq., M.P. Punch.

LATEST INTELLIGENCE.

MR. PUNCH'S EXCOMMUNICATION.

The following text of the Excommunication has been received at *Mr. Punch's* Office, and may be procured there for the ridiculously small price or sum of Threepence.

"PUNCHIUS, P.P.I.

"To the Eternal Memory of this Matter.

"WHEREAS, on a Good-Friday, there came to Protestant England, through the instrumentality of a Hebrew, the news that the Romish High Priest had denounced to Purgatory, or worse, every man, woman, and child in Europe who approves of the people of the Romagna having liberated themselves from a stupid and cruel tyranny.

Mr. Punch hereby responds, in the name of every reasonable person in Europe, to the said proclamation of the Pope.

"And in such name he replies to the Pope, with a laugh—

"YOU BE BLOWED, YOU PROFANE OLD IDIOT."

"Dated at St. Bride, London, under the Ring of the Bells thereof, the 9th day of April, 1860, in the Thirty-Eighth Volume of our Reign.

"Punch P. P. I."

INTERESTING INTELLIGENCE.

Small Boy (to respectable and extremely proper-looking personage). *"Here y' are, Guv'nor! Sportin' Telegraft a penny! 'as got hall the latest 'ticklars 'bout the Mill atween Tom Sayers and the Benicia Bo-oy!"*

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF POSSIBLE PARLIAMENT.

1863. April 13. *Monday.* The Lords sat for ten minutes only, and merely as formal protest against the resolution, carried in the House of Commons by Mr. Ernest Jones, to the effect that the House of Lords was effete, and should be ignored for the future. Lord Fitzedwyn (late Mr. E. James), the new Lord Chancellor, took his seat on the Woolsack. Dr. Spurgeon, Bishop of St. Albans, was sworn. He was introduced by the Bishops of Oxford and Exeter.

In the Commons, in answer to Mr. Buckstone, Sir N. T. Hicks said that the Government had no intention of subsidising the Operas. They were amusements for the rich, and the rich might support them; but a Government Bill would be introduced for conferring pensions on old, infirm, or retired Organ-Grinders. In reply to Mr. Cox, of Finsbury, Sir John Bright said that the Queen's Ministers were not to be dictated to as to any Bills they might introduce; that the Convicts' Enfranchisement Bill would be produced when they thought proper, and not till then; and if the Honourable Member asked impertinent questions, it might be for him (Sir John Bright) to consider whether he would not impeach him. The Honourable Christy Minstrell stated, in answer to Mr. Potter, that the medal to be given to all the men who had been on Strike was nearly ready, and would have been done long since, but that the artist whom the Association insisted on the Government's employing had been so incessantly tipsy.

Mr. Cuffey then moved for leave to introduce his Bill for the Confiscation of Real Estates. He spoke very temperately, and said that he had no vulgar hatred for the landed interest, many of whose members were very amiable people; but he could not blind himself to the fact that here was the Marquis of Westminster, with a rent-roll of £300,000 a-year, while there were thousands of persons who had no residence at all, and did not know any morning whether they should sleep in a bed that night. This was manifestly unjust. He was not a violent Reformer, and did not wish to attempt any Utopian schemes, and his Bill was of a very limited character. He had caused the schedules to be prepared with great care; and he proposed that any English estate producing more than £10,000 a-year should be sold, and the money placed in the People's Land Bank. The late proprietor, and his widow, should receive £5 per cent. of the interest of the purchase money, for life; and the rest should be employed in building and endowing model lodging-houses for the poor of the county in which the estate was situate. Mr. Potter seconded the motion, but regretted that the Honourable Member had fixed the amount so high; and he reserved to himself the right to amend in Committee. Mr. Disraeli said that he should not struggle against the principle of the Bill; but he had glanced at the schedules, and saw that they omitted many Liberal landowners' names which ought to have been inserted, and it was evident that there had been some Esoteric Manipulation practised. Lord John Russell denied that he had seen the schedules, and urged that he had no interest in the matter, as the Bedford property, originally derived from the Church, had been given by the House to the Wesleyan Methodists, except that part which Parliament had handed over to the British Museum. The Reverend Mr. Bellew said that a provision ought to be made for a Church to be attached to each set of model lodging-houses. The Reverend Mr. Punshon did not know why provision should be made for a Church. Had they taken away Cathedral and other Church property only to restore it by a side-wind? The Reverend Mr. Bezaleel Gittins said that he should oppose any such scheme unless it included a chapel for his own sect, the Primitive Bedlamites. Mr. Roebuck said he had foreseen this sort of row, when the Bill for admitting parsons of all sorts to Parliament was before them; and he wished the Clergy would hold their tongues, and not keep such keen eyes upon worldly things. The Reverend Mr. Newdegate said that the spiritual advice of such a person as Mr. Roebuck was invaluable; but, for all that, he should take his own course, and demand, in Committee, that Baptist chapels should share the proposed endowment. Sir R. Cobden opposed the motion. He had always been an aristocrat, though people might not have thought so, and he always would be one. This was robbery, and the mover and seconder of the Bill ought to be hanged. He had received a letter from the private secretary to the King of the United States, in which the evils of a confiscatory policy were ably pointed out. It had led to the Revolution in the States, which ended in the establishment of the present despotism there. Mr. Bentinck said that Sir R. Cobden was a fanatical alarmist; things were going on very well in England; and when they had swept away all the feudal rags of rank and title, and abolished primogeniture, we should be a very great nation. After a few words of reply from Mr. Cuffey, leave was given to bring in the Bill.

A Debate in Committee on the Bill for the Compulsory Sale of Silver Plate and Purchase of Albata Substitutes, occupied the rest of the evening, and an amendment moved by Sir Obadiah Elkington for the substitution of Electro-plate for Albata was rejected by 196 to 53. The principle that no person had a right to keep silver for domestic purposes when the State wanted it for coinage, was affirmed, and the Bill passed through Committee.

Tuesday. The Lords did not sit. The Commons sat for a short time only, when a great number of petitions were presented in favour of the Bill for Abolishing the National Debt.

Wednesday. At the usual morning sitting, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Whitewash, who was received with cheers, apologised for his absence from the House on the preceding evening. He had been so much occupied in getting ready for his own hearing before the Insolvent Court that he had had little time for the nation, but now that he was discharged cured (*laughter*) he hoped to be able to acquit himself creditably. The statement was very warmly cheered by the House. The Chancellor of the Exchequer then stated that he hoped to be able to manage without troubling the House with a Budget this year, but a balance-sheet would be laid before them. The sale of Gibraltar to the French (*hear, hear*), and the sum that had been paid by America for the West Indian islands, had placed him in good funds, and now that the army was disbanded, the reduction in the estimates was very large. (*Cheers.*) As regarded the Abolition of the National Debt, he went on to say that some difficulties had arisen, in consequence of the Crown lawyers thinking that the holders of Exchequer bills would perhaps be entitled to sue, if they were repudiated, and his learned friend the Attorney-General (Sir Digby Seymour) would therefore prepare a short Indemnity Act, by which such actions would be rendered penal. (*Cheers.*) He certainly thought that the Bank clerks ought not to be pensioned, but that it would be hard not to afford them the means of living when the Bank was closed, and he was endeavouring to make an arrangement with the Central Board, for giving them employment in the new sewers. (*Hear, hear.*) He was not prepared to say, at present, what would be done with the Bank itself, but Sir E. T. Smith had made an offer for it, in order to erect a Citizens' Theatre, and he regretted not to see that Hon. Member in the House at the moment, or he would tell him that he must come up a peg or two with his bid. (*Laughter.*) He apologised for troubling the House at such length, but his absence had caused the current of business to be dammed up (*laughter*), and now he had explained, things would go on in future as right as a trivet and as neat as ninepence. (*Applause.*)

Thursday. The Lords sat *pro formâ*, and the new Bishop of St. Albans improved the time by preaching them a sermon of much

facetiousness, taking his text from *Bel and the Dragon*, the latter of whom he described as a "regular Buster."

In the Commons, the Bill for providing that wages should be paid whether there was anything for the workmen to do or not, was read a second time, as was the Bill providing that any bad coin, taken *bonâ fide*, should be exchanged for good at the Mint, at the expense of the public.

Friday. In the Lords, Baron Tailleur (late Moses & Son) took the oaths, and measure of several Peers. His Lordship made a short speech on the occasion, and quoted his own beautiful lines:—

> "No party dressed by me can fail to win
> Some shplendid gal pothething lots of tin;
> My vestmenths excommunicate an air
> As cannot but be pleasing to the Fair."

In the Commons, in reply to Mr. Paul Bedford, Sir John Bright stated that the Government would be very happy to take tickets on occasion of the Honourable Member's next benefit, and would endeavour to adjourn the House in time to see a part, at least, of the performances. In answer to Sir Thomas Sayers, Mr. Caunt said that there would would be no objection to the use of the South Kensington Museum for the approaching fight between the Brompton Brick and the Primrose Hill Pet, but the arrangements must be left in the hands of the Government and the Police. In reply to Mr. Gough, Mr. Hanbury said that the Ministry would certainly oppose any measure for compelling the Speaker to give water only at his Parliamentary dinners. On the motion of Dr. Kahn, a Committee was appointed to inquire into the present system of Spirit-Rapping, with a view to its being rendered available for Diplomatic purposes; and another Committee was, on the motion of Mr. Martin Tupper, appointed, to consider the petitions praying that Women may be declared capable of sitting in Parliament, and to examine witnesses on the subject. The week closed with a debate on the second reading of the Family Friend Bill, which makes provision for payment, out of the money of the State, of a £500 premium with any youth who desired to be bound apprentice to any trade, and of a portion of £1,000 for any girl desiring to be married.

BEADLEDOM IN BRUMMAGEM.

According to the *Birmingham Journal*, a ridiculous dispute between the Mayor and the Magistrates of Birmingham, concerning the precedence of the former at meetings of the Justices, has just been decided by the law-officers of the Crown. The opinion of those high authorities declares "that the mayor of an incorporated borough takes the chair as a matter of right at all sessions, special or petty, and that the precedence is magisterial and official, and not social." The immensity of the fuss which has been made about this contemptible question, will be hardly conceivable by those readers who are unaware of the infinite littleness, and the boundless vanity, which, in combination, characterise the greater part of local corporations and borough benches. Our Birmingham contemporary says that "Mr. Lloyd went to the Home Secretary, laid the whole subject before him, and showed how the ill-feeling, local jealousies, and contention which had arisen in Birmingham would be likely to spread to other boroughs if the question of precedence were allowed to remain in doubt." Yes, and the diminutive point in question would be regarded by the parties to it as a matter of vastly greater consequence than the annexation of Savoy and Nice, or even than the attempted seizure of Belgium and the Rhine provinces. Well aware of the truth of Mr. Lloyd's anticipation of the hubbub which the disputed precedence of Mayors would be sure to excite in every little insignificant borough throughout the Kingdom, "Sir George Lewis," we are further told, "at once took the opinion of the law-officers of the Crown on the meaning and intention of the clause in the Municipal Corporations Act, in which the precedence of the Mayor is declared."

This great Constitutional question having been settled, the Corporation of Birmingham perhaps ordered the church-bells to be rung, and flags to be hoisted on the steeples, on the Town Hall, the Gaol, the Workhouse, and the other principal buildings. If they did set this example of absurd pomp, no doubt it will be followed by all the rest of the boroughs; and, moreover, perhaps some corporations will go in solemn procession to church, preceded by the mace to hear an occasional service, and a sermon on the obligation of rendering honour to those to whom honour is due. The wise decision by the legal sages of the foolish controversy now under derision, will doubtless be acceptable to either side of the claimants of consequence and importance; for whilst the Mayors on the one hand will rejoice in their official superiority, their other worships, if richer, or in larger business, or actually retired from the counter, will more than solace their petty pride with the self-complacent idea of their own loftier social dignity. The corporate noddies and the incorporate noodles will alike severally exult on their own part; and the cackle of geese will respond to the gobbling of turkey-cocks.

CATCHES FOR COMMONERS.

APROPOS OF THE REFORM BILL AND THE "EDUCATED LODGER" QUESTION.

1. *Educated Lodger singeth:—*

> Fie, nay prithee, John!
> Be more liberal, man!
> Sure, you fairly can
> Give me a vote.
> I'm no rogue: from bribes I'm free:
> My judgment's good, yet over me
> A lower class of men you place,
> Whose brains I doubt.
> Never will I use foul word,
> Nor "Charter!" cry: the thought's absurd:
> Then say you will amend your Bill,
> Or else I hope the House of Lords
> Will throw it out!

2. *Mr. Punch singeth:—*

> Jones said to John, when he stopped him t' other day,
> "Pray, John, let me vote: you know what rent I pay:
> Pray let me vote! depend on me you may.
>
> "You've given Smith a vote, for he Six pounds a year can pay,
> For *my* rent I pay Sixty pounds, yet *my* claim you gainsay:
> And should your bill be law, Smith will over me hold sway."
>
> Now will Lord John leave Jones in the lurch, who will say?
> To give him what he asks were, sure, the wiser way:
> 'Tis so at least says *Punch*, and lords must *Punch* obey!

LIBERTY IN A TRIPLE CAP AND CIVILISATION IN SCARLET.

Rather numerous cries of "Oh, oh!" and ironical cheers, would salute Mr. Bowyer, if the Cardinal's Cross Bearer were to make the following assertions in the House of Commons:—

> "Catholic Christianity is the soul of civilisation. Europe is threatened by revolution as it formerly was by Islamism. The cause of the Pope is that of civilisation and liberty."

The author of these propositions, however, is not a performer in that metallic orchestra which, on behalf of his Holiness, alleviates with harmony the labours of the House of Commons. The brass band in which he plays is a foreign and a regular military one. The above passages, so to speak, on the key-bugle or the *cornet-à-pistons*, are extracted from an order of the day just issued by General Lamoricière, who has put himself at the service of the Pope in the capacity of Generalissimo of the Pontifical Army of bravos and bullies to be organised for the suppression, if possible, of Italian liberty. A particularly pretty tune in praise of the Sovereign Pontiff is that which this French officer dares to trumpet immediately after the pitiful exhibition of that sneaking bull "in the corner of the Field of Flora."

> "Tell me, faithful, have you seen
> My Flora pass this way?"

are the first verses of a hymn which might now be sung in honour of the Pope, Lamoricière accompanying the voices on an ophecleide. They who have seen many portraits of French Generals may have remarked that those elder sons of Mars are mostly distinguished by very extensive joles. This feature may be emblematic; size and intrepidity of face may go together; but if that is the case, the cheek of General Lamoricière must be prodigious. He is, no doubt, sufficiently cool in the moment of danger, but his coolness under fire is greatly exceeded by the coolness with which he proclaims the cause of the Pope to be the cause of civilisation and liberty.

AN EASTER OFFERING TO THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

The *Athenæum* expresses its great joy that there are not more than forty Academicians, on account of the associations that are connected with the number forty, and it then instances the "forty thieves" and the "forty centuries." We are at a loss, we confess, to see the great resemblance between the Royal Academy and the two institutions above alluded to. If we were a R. A., we do not know which would please us most, to be associated (or even A.R. Associated) with "thieves," or to be put on the same footing as a common "century." We fancy the compliment must have escaped our wide-awake contemporary, after he had been indulging in "forty winks" after dinner. If a complimentary allusion were needed, why not have pointed to *les Quarante Immortels* of the French Academy? There is some little connection between literature and art, and we fancy that Sir Charles Eastlake's literary palate would have been better tickled to be compared to Thiers or Lamartine than to *Ali Baba* or the noblest "century" that ever dragged his slow length along. As it is, if the *Athenæum* will generously forgive our punning on a subject to which it has devoted more than its customary seriousness, we must say that its compliment, though kindly intended no doubt, smacks a great deal more of the "*forty-ter in re*" than the "*suaviter in modo*."

AN IDÉE NAPOLEONIENNE.

As Europe is all by the ears,
On the delicate question of rags,
And sad lack of material appears
To fill the *chiffoniers'* bags.

We, Napoleon the Third, would suggest
An excellent source of supply,
From which rags are e'en now in request,
And still more may be raised by-and-by.

Though it mayn't show good fibre for wearing,
The paper material we mean,
Are the rags into which we are tearing
The treaties of Eighteen-fifteen.

The supply—at the rate we are going—
Of rags from this source will be steady;
Though some may throw doubt on 't by showing
These treaties waste-paper already.

Annexation of English Journalism.

Since the *Spectator* and *Morning Chronicle* have been annexed to French interests (for further particulars, the curious reader is requested to refer to the Tuileries), it is the imperial intention to change their titles, so that they may be a little more indicative of the principles they so disinterestedly advocate, into the more congenial ones of *Le Spectateur* and *Le Chronique du Matin*. We applaud this resolution; for it is only fair, having no longer any claim to be considered as English papers, that they should make good their French title. In fact, so far as the number of their readers are concerned, we do not see why the two papers could not be printed in French altogether. They would save a large sum every year in translation.

THE LOST ROMAGNA.

Evil excommunications won't restore my good manors.—*Pio IX.*

SOMETHING LIKE A GOVERNMENT.

Mr. Punch reads in the Military and Naval Intelligence in the *Times*, that—

"The outer walls intended to form the new wings in course of construction at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, have progressed rapidly. Yesterday an order was received from the commanding Royal Engineer, that on account of the walls being faced with red bricks, which was pronounced objectionable, the work must be removed and commenced anew. The bricklayers have been accordingly dismissed until their services shall be again required, and the decision has been obtained as to the appropriate colour of the facings, hitherto given universally in favour of red bricks. The expense of the alteration is calculated at £1,000, which will be borne by *Government*."

Mr. Punch hastens to say with delight, that this is as it should be. Usually, when officials have made a ridiculous blunder, from want of proper attention to the matter in hand, the expense of rectifying that blunder falls, and falls heavily, upon the people. The noble course taken by Government in paying out of their own pockets for this piece of stupidity at Woolwich deserves the highest praise. *Mr. Punch* is authorised to state that Ministers have all sent in their cheques, the amounts having been arranged among themselves (to which there can be no objection), as follows:—

Names and Amounts.			
Lord Palmerston	£100	Brought over	£750
Duke of Somerset	200	Lord John Russell	£50
Lord Carlisle	50	Sir G. C. Lewis	50
Mr. Sidney Herbert	50	Lord Granville	50
Mr. Gladstone	50	Duke of Newcastle	50
Lord Campbell	300	Duke of Argyll	49
		Sir Charles Wood	1
	£750		£1000

Mr. Punch is sure that the nation will agree with him, that we have at last got the right kind of Government, one that both preaches and practises justice.

A Gratuitous Truth.—What Sheridan said of wine may be applied to joking—the best to enjoy is that which you crack at another person's expense.

MR. BRIGHT IN A BAD WAY.

It is to be feared that Mr. Bright has suffered a reverse of fortune which has reduced him to a state of extreme indigence. In a summary of his late Reform speech at Manchester, he is represented as having thus spoken:—

"The Budget abolished several sources of indirect taxation, and had tied up the Military expenditure by a tax from which hereafter there would be no escape. Henceforth those two things would go together. If Parliament raised the Military expenditure to twenty or thirty millions, that increase must be defrayed by an Income-Tax, or by an Income-Tax coupled with a Property-Tax. He (Mr. Bright) thought it a most happy thing that this result should have been brought about."

If Mr. Bright does really think that which he calls a most happy thing to be anything but a very alarming fact, he must surely be exempt from any liability to pay Income-Tax. He can no longer be a member of those privileged classes which monopolise the honour of paying for the national defences. If he were, he would never rejoice in the prospect of having, together with the rest of the commercial, funded, and landed interests, to defray the expenses of those wars which they will be involved in by the representatives of those whom hostilities will cost nothing. Can anything have happened to the honourable gentleman's mill? Is it possible that he has invested money in American speculations? We know the cosmopolitan patriotism which is characteristic of Manchester statesmen. Has he been diddled in the matter of any loan by Austria, Russia, or the Pope? If he has not lost all his money, talking as he does of the happiness he feels in the anticipation of the eternity and partial incidence of the Income-Tax, he must have lost his senses. There is evidently either a slate loose in his upper storey, or a hole in his pocket.

The Pursuit of Punning under Difficulties.

A Young Stockbroker, who for years has been labouring under a chronic complaint of punning, states that the sharpness of the wind on Easter Monday was only to be accounted for by the fact of its being "a regular Nor-Easter."

Paterfamilias (*who is stout and a Volunteer also*). "Oho! My new Uniform come home, I see!"
Family. "Yes, Pa dear! And we've tried it on the Water Butt, and it looks so nice!"

MUMBO JUMBO.

Mumbo Jumbo was a Guy,
Frightened people formerly,
Now they think him all my eye,
And laugh at Mumbo Jumbo.

Mumbo Jumbo did prevail,
With his horns and with his tail,
Now they turn no mortal pale:
A fig for Mumbo Jumbo!

Now, through Mumbo Jumbo's hide,
Straw within can be deseried;
Mumbo Jumbo is defied,
Despised is Mumbo Jumbo.

Mumbo Jumbo once could roar,
Shaking Europe's farthest shore,
But the nations heed no more
The voice of Mumbo Jumbo.

Gently as the sucking dove,
Cooing in the key of love,
Scarcely heard his breath above,
Bellows Mumbo Jumbo.

Mumbo Jumbo, sinking names,
Belches much more smoke than flames
At contemners of his claims;
Exploded Mumbo Jumbo!

Mumbo Jumbo sits on thorns,
None but ninnies kiss his corns;
Let him then draw in his horns:
Good night to Mumbo Jumbo!

"THE IGNORANT PRESENT."

There is advertised—everything is advertised now—an announcement that some admirers of Mademoiselle Piccolomini propose to present that lady with a Testimonial on her retiring from the stage! If *Mr. Punch* were not aware that a Testimonial is simply a metallic form of puff, he would, perhaps, ask why Mademoiselle was not permitted to retire before the Testimonial was got up. But, setting this aside, he would like to know why a Testimonial should be presented to Mademoiselle Piccolomini at all? For the information of The Ages, he would mention, that the lady is a pretty little personage, of good family (whence much aristocratic patronage), who, by force of bright eyes, intelligent acting, and a charming smile, pleased the public into a belief that she was a Lyric Artist. After three or four seasons of this kind of agreeable fun, the lady naturally marries (*Mr. Punch* himself would have sought her hand but from considerations of duty to *Judy*), and—for the present—retires. Then a Testimonial is to be got up! Certainly *Mr. Punch* is not such a wretch as to grudge a bride a bit of silver to set up housekeeping with; but, in the interest of truth and music, he objects to its taking the form of a recognition of a non-existing genius. If we were bent on worthy recognition, where is the Testimonial to one Giulia Grisi, who has grandly held up Lyric Tragedy for twenty years? But in Art, as in the British Museum, we secure the butterflies with silver pins, but need take no precautions to steady the diamonds.

A New Enterprise for Lamoricière.

General Lamoricière is reported to have remarked at Rome:—

"By the blessing of God and our own exertions, we may soon call into existence a force of Roman Zouaves."

The blessing of Heaven must, of course, wait on so pious and humane an enterprise. If it succeed it will have at least the charm of novelty, for it is the first time we ever heard of things at Rome being done "*Zouaviter in modo.*"

MUMBO JUMBO.

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER XII.—MORE ABOUT THE EARLY NORMANS, AND ESPECIALLY THE LADIES.

LADIES who take pleasure in reflecting on the circumstance that their family is said to have "come over with the Conqueror" (a reflection they at times are likely to make audibly, if they find out that their husbands cannot equally indulge in it), may feel naturally an interest in inquiring what the fashions of the Norman ladies were, at the interesting period when their male friends came and conquered us. Except in name, however, their dress but slightly differed from that which was then worn by the Anglo-Saxon women; the chief differences being, that they called their gown a "robe," and their head-cloth they called "couvre-chef," whence, doubtless, our word kerchief. We are not surprised to learn that they sometimes wore long robes and sometimes they wore short ones, for the tastes of lovely woman are continually varying, and the Norwoman no doubt was no exception to her sex. About the close of the eleventh century and the beginning of the twelfth, the short robe went however completely out of fashion: and the passion for the long one was carried to such lengths that the wearers very often found it difficult to walk in them. Women of strong minds, who like the free use of their limbs, may very likely laugh at such absurdities of dress, and may wonder that their foremothers were such fools as to be plagued with them. The same surprise, however, must be felt at modern follies as well as at these ancient ones: for notwithstanding *Punch*, and other mental tonics, debilitated intellects are still unhappily existent, and though gallantry forbids us to call a lady names, candour forces us to own that people who wear petticoats preposterously wide are little wiser than the wearers of preposterously long ones.

The gown, instead of being loose, as in the Anglo-Saxon period, was worn laced up the front, so as to fit the figure closely. It is therefore at this period we must note the introduction of the practice of tight-lacing, which so foully has disfigured so many a fair form. In a curious illumination of the close of the eleventh century, the Prince of Darkness is portrayed in feminine apparel, wearing a robe laced in the

A BISHOP AND A LADY AND GENTLEMAN, CLOSE OF THE ELEVENTH CENTURY, CAREFULLY COPIED FROM THE SCULPTURE ON THE WINCHESTER FONT IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

fashion of the time. This quaint design no doubt was intended to point out that it was from the invention of the father of all evil, that the evils of tight-lacing were paternally deduced: and the drawing may be held to illustrate the proverb that "Heaven sent us Woman, and the Devil stays."

But the chief peculiarity in the Norman ladies' dress was the funnily fantastic way in which they shaped their sleeves. These were worn tight to the arm so far as to the wrist; and then, widening abruptly, fell pendent from the hand to the distance of some feet. A modern writer speaks of them as hanging "like canoes," and this description is borne out by one of the old balladists, we presently shall quote, who in likewise noticing their likeness to canoes, clearly may be said to have rowed in the same boat. In the reign of WILLIAM RUFUS and that of HAL THE FIRST, these cuffs were made so long that actually the ladies had to tie them up in knots, so as to prevent themselves from treading on their sleeves. Cuffs like these we think must have almost have been found as fettering as handcuffs; and one might fancy that on this account any one of any sense would be deterred from wearing them. But ladies have at all times been the slaves of fashion; and since the days of EVE have never enjoyed anything like freedom in their dress.

Whether the Norman women were the first wearers of these sleeves, is a point which to reflective minds appears a little doubtful; for are we not informed that—

> "In ARTHUR's days the Court began
> To wear long hanging sleeves:"

and what proof is there that these sleeves were not shaped just like the Norman ones? *

The veil or kerchief of this period was worn long like the sleeve, and was similarly tied up to prevent its being trodden on. The same delight in length too may be noticed in the hair, which was plaited in long tails, after the manner of the Goths. In some cases we find the plaits were cased in silk, or else bound round with riband, ending in a bow. Whether this bow proved attractive to the beaux, is a point on which we cannot fairly venture an opinion; but we can fancy if the Norman ladies ever danced the *deuxtemps*, their back hair must have been a rather formidable weapon, and when whirled round must have served to keep men at a distance. Lovely as our *Judy's* hair is in our sight, we should no more like a plait of it flung into our eyes, than we should a plate of jugged hare to be similarly projected.

This way of dressing hair we have said was *à la Goth*, but more clearly to describe it, we might call it *à la Grecque;* for the Gothic mode, we find, was adopted by the Greeks, and it is by their name that it is best known to us. In other respects also the early Norman fashions were of quite a Grecian character; and we are therefore not surprised to find that the old balladist, to whom we have referred, by poetic licence calls his lady-love a "maid of Athens," although he owns that her pomatum pot was the only thing about her which connected her with Greece. As the ballad throws some light upon the costume of the period, we copy the last stanza as it is written in our MS.:—

> "Bye thy robe which uncontinedde
> Draggleth in ye dirte behinddde:
> Bye thye cuffs shaped lyke canoes,
> Of neypther ornamentte nor use:
> Bye thy haire its fierye glowe,
> Ere I'll wedde to Bath I'll goe!"

If we may note the customs as well as the costumes of this period (and we really do not see who there is to hinder us), in addition to our remarks about the early Norman dames, we may observe that it was during the reign of our first WILLIAM, that the sounding of the Curfew first was introduced. This bell was always tolled at eight o'clock at night, and its tolling told the people to "quench their flaming ministers," a command which bore no reference to the Lord Pams of the period, but simply was equivalent to saying "dowse your glims!" Everybody knows that the word curfew is derived from the French word *couvrefeu*; but everybody possibly is not so well aware that the curfew at some period served the purpose of the muffin-bell, an instrument which, everybody knows, is still in use. At what period this was so we cannot charge ourselves to state; but the fact is made quite manifest by the well-known ancient passage which a modern poet has both plagiarised and altered. The lines, as we have seen them, run, or hobble, thus:—

> "The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
> And lo! when heard, the muffin boy we see,
> Who, while the p'liceman plods his beery way,
> Invites the world to toasting and to tea."

It will not be forgotten (by those who have good memories) that it was during the reign of the Conquering Hero, WILL, that England was first blessed with those valuable law officers, called with pleasant irony "Justices" of the peace. Whether these distinguished dignitaries wore for purpose of distinction some distinctive legal robe, is more than the old chronicles enable us to state. But if we cannot fancy how they dressed themselves, we can imagine what a dressing they gave unhappy poachers who happened to be brought before them; and we doubt not that the justice which these justices administered was as remote from real justice as that which in such cases is now-a-days dealt out.

* We may note here that these sleeves, whoever first adopted them, furnished the design for the old heraldic "maunch," which, we learn, was first borne by the family of De Hastings. Any baby knows that the word "maunch" means a sleeve, and its being used for arms is therefore quite appropriate.

PLEASING PROPOSAL.

"We have heard, confidentially, as how you're the gent, as comed over the water along with Heenan; and my young friend, the enthusiastic pot-boy, wants to put the gloves on with yer."

PUFF-PASTE.

Our mordant ally the *Saturday Review*, in the course of a just article on literary puffing, says:—

"We can tell our readers exactly what authors have adopted as their best engine of puffing. They print on separate pieces of paper about a dozen short telling extracts from their work, taking care to put the full title of the book at the tail of each extract."

These are sent with the volume, to the journal and hence so many effective quotations, in the daily press, from the periodicals and other literature of the day. Well, the system is not a desirable one, but there is this to be said for it. Reviewers are but men, and men have two vices. They are lazy, and they are subservient to women. An uncut book or periodical comes to a reviewer, and, unless he has a very stern sense of duty, he takes very little trouble to select extracts, but if his paper-knife is just out of reach, he marks some part that opens to him, or perhaps throws the work aside, as "not presenting anything quotable." The author is wronged. The sheet of extracts just meets the case, and the critic may be at once lazy and useful. But on the other hand, if the work is a popular one, the chances are that Mrs. Critic has ordered him not to cut it up with those ridiculous scissors, but to bring it home to her. Is the author to suffer because the critic is uxorious and obedient? Or is the conscientious critic expected to copy out the extractable passages that he may do his duty to the work and yet conciliate his wife? The sheet of extracts just meets the case, the work is puffed, and the woman is pleased. If all reviewers were like *Saturday Reviewers*, indeed—but we have to wait for Astræa Redux.

HOW TO MAKE HOME HAPPY.

A Domestic Duologue.

Scene—*A Breakfast Room in a comfortable house in a tolerably aristocratic suburb.* Mr. Naggleby *(alone) is reading the Times, until it shall please* Mrs. Naggleby *to appear.*

Mr. N. I don't think the paper is printed so clearly as usual, or else the words are not so well selected as they might be. My eyes get dizzy over the lines, and I don't seem to take in the meaning easily.

Enter Mrs. Naggleby *in a morning wrapper.*

Mrs. N. (*with affected surprise*). Dear me. *You* down!

Mr. N. (*coldly*). I have been down half an hour, and as it is now ten o'clock, I should like my breakfast when quite convenient.

Mrs. N. (*at the breakfast things*). You must have such a *good* appetite for breakfast.

Mr. N. If I haven't, it's not for want of waiting.

Mrs. N. I should have hurried, but I thought that when a gentleman comes home at three in the morning, none the better for what he has been taking, he is glad to lie and sleep off its effects.

Mr. N. You are talking ridiculous nonsense. You know neither when I came home nor how. I had my latch-key, and went to my room without disturbing you.

Mrs. N. I counted all the hours, Henry, and I heard you come in, and the frightful language you used to your boot because it would not come off in a moment.

Mr. N. As I had my easy dress-shoes on, that shows your power of invention.

Mrs. N. (*repulsed for a second, but charging again*). A pretty state of things when a married man, and the father of a family, is obliged to have a bed in his dressing-room that he may creep home at all hours like a good-for-nothing bachelor in chambers.

Mr. N. I should like my breakfast, Julia, when quite convenient.

Mrs. N. You can't have the coffee till the coffee's gone through, I suppose. If you are in such a hurry to be out in the morning, you should come home sooner at night.

Mr. N. I presume that I am the best judge of what hours to keep.

Mrs. N. Oh, stay out till daylight if you like—indeed you generally do—and it's no business of mine.

Mr. N. (*weakly*). I have not been out of the house after twelve o'clock for a month, as you know, except when you have kept me out at some inf—at some party or at the opera. If you have no respect for me, you might have some for truth.

Mrs. N. Parties and operas indeed! It's very little I see of those sort of things. [*Servant brings various articles and retires.*

Mr. N. Say *that* sort of things, and don't tell stories.

Mrs. N. You need not use coarse language, I think, and the servant in the room.

Mr. N. She wasn't in the room.

Mrs. N. She was.

[Mr. N. *makes another attempt to understand the Whitworth Gun.*

Mrs. N. (*pushing cup towards him*). Now then, there's breakfast, if you are in such a hurry for it.

[Mr. N. *reads and eats, but makes no very remarkable progress with either operation.* Mrs. N. *watches him.*

Mrs. N. Don't push the bacon away in that absurd manner; because it's beautiful. If people lived in a regular and wholesome way, they would be able to enjoy their breakfasts. Dr. Smirker says that it's the surest sign of good sense to keep the palate in order.

Mr. N. There's a surer sign of good sense, and that is, to discharge Dr. Smirker; so be good enough to tell that humbug that his bill is already quite long enough, and he needn't come twaddling here any more.

Mrs. N. Heartless as you are, you can't have looked at the children's faces and talk in that way. To be sure I don't wonder that you are not anxious to see those innocent little things, and reflect what an example you are setting them.

Mr. N. (*surprised into an ironic laugh*). Ha! ha! Example to four girls, the eldest not ten.

Mrs. N. (*with motherly dignity and foresight*). Example, yes. Careless though you are, I suppose you would like those girls to marry better persons than yourself, and that you don't wish them brought up to think that habits of late hours and intoxication are the qualities of a gentleman.

Mr. N. (*savagely*). Julia, be kind enough to restrain your imagination. I was as collected when I came in last night as I am now, and you have never in your life seen me otherwise, except the one night when your brother arrived from China.

Mrs. N. Ah! don't speak of that. The recollection will haunt me to my dying day.

Mr. N. Dying fiddlestick! We certainly were very joyful, and a little screwed. But you never saw it before or afterwards.

Mrs. N. Because you are artful enough either to keep out of the house, when it happens, or to steal up to your dressing-room like a cat, and let nobody know. But it's no business of mine—ruin your health your own way.

Mr. N. Nonsense. (*Tries to read.*) What a row those children are making! Why are they not in the garden or the school-room?

Mrs. N. That's right, hunt and drive 'em out of the house as if they were hateful pests to you. If you felt rightly, you would be glad to hear them in such spirits—when children make a noise it's a proof they are as they ought to be.

Mr. N. Ah! Does Dr. Smirker say that, too. Then listen to that row and give him the sack.

Mrs. N. (*rather driven in, but instantly assailing on the weak part of the enemy's line*). The sack! Is that vulgarity the way to talk of a professional man and a gentleman. But as Mamma says, when a husband forgets what's o'clock, he forgets everything else.

Mr. N. (*bitterly*). The old lady knows what's o'clock as well as most people. I had yesterday to pay for that wine that was sent her in by mistake, and not returned by her for the same reason.

Mrs. N. Well, a dozen of *cheap* port does not cost much, such as is quite good enough for *women*. If it had been the sort of wine you drink at the club at a guinea a bottle, it would be something to make a fuss about.

Mr. N. Another wicked story.

Mrs. N. Oh, *you* choose to say so; but Dr. Smirker told me that that was the price of wine they keep at the clubs.

Mr. N. But the mischief-making ass had no right to say that I drink it. I never drank wine at that price or anything like it, in all my life.

Mrs. N. If you must drink more than is good for you, I should think it might be better to drink good wine than bad, which not only makes you silly at night, but stupid in the morning.

Mr. N. People may be both silly and stupid without the help of any wine at all, my dear.

[*Proud of this last hit,* Mr. N. *gives elaborate attention to the paper;* Mrs. N. *is going out of the room in a rage, but recollects that* Mr. N. *has previously taken mean advantage of such demonstrations to leave the house, but not a cheque.*

Mrs. N. I wonder whether Walter Claridge ever used such expressions as that to his wife.

Mr. N. It is matter of indifference to me what Mr. Claridge may or may not do, but I am inclined to think that he does not reprove Mrs. Claridge.

Mrs. N. No, because he remembers that he is a gentleman.

Mr. N. Or, because she is too much in the habit of being a lady to need to remember that she is one.

Mrs. N. (*almost at boiling point.*) I dare say that if Walter Claridge is ever so unfortunate as to have a headache from his own misconduct, he does not revenge himself by insulting his wife at her own table.

Mr. N. (*calmly.*) I have no idea where he insults her, my dear. You had better ask her for any information you want, as you are always at her house.

Mrs. N. It is untrue. I have not been in Phillimore Crescent for ten days.

Mr. N. No, because she has been unwell, and you could only have been useful to her, without being amused. Sweet are the uses of feminine friendship.

Mrs. N. I dare say it is as good as the friendship that keeps men out of their houses at a Club till three in the morning, and then sends them home in a state they ought to be ashamed of. And I shall go to Louisa's as often as I please.

Mr. N. Pray, do, my dear. I suppose when they are tired of you, they will let you know, as they did the other day, when you were told Not at Home, because Mrs. De Clamber was there, and Mrs. Claridge had no notion of your knowing her swell friends.

Mrs. N. It was a mistake of the servant's. And if it wasn't, how mean of you, believing so, to go and dine at the Blue Posts with Walter Claridge next day.

Mr. N. Perhaps it was to show my power of Christian forgiveness, my dear; perhaps it was in gratitude to the Claridges for keeping you out of acquaintances above your sphere.

Mrs. N. (*slowly.*) Yes, you are right. They *are* above my sphere—*now*. They would not have been if I had listened to my friends a few years ago.

Mr. N. You are very good to say a few, dear. It shows that you have not felt them to be a good many, though dates may say they are—or I may.

Mrs. N. (*breaking out strong.*) You are capable of saying anything that is rude and vulgar, and the next time you come home as you did last night, be good enough to breakfast by yourself. [*Rises.*

Mr. N. As I came home last night, Julia, was, I repeat, as collected as I am now. The proof is, and as you are going up-stairs you will be able to judge for yourself, that I came quietly into your room, and as you were asleep, I put the Opera-box you asked me for under the large green toilette-bottle to the right of the glass. The clock struck one as I did it.

Mrs. N. (*mollifying.*) Oh, you story! But did you?

Mr. N. Go and see.

Mrs. N. And which Opera?

Mr. N. Covent Garden.

Mrs. N. And you *know* I wanted to hear Piccolomini. However, you can get that for Saturday night, can't you?

Mr. N. Humph!

Mrs. N. Ah, you are a sad bad boy! But, however, I suppose that I must look over it. Let me give you some hot coffee, you have been dawdling over that until it is cold, but if people *will* stay out till four o'clock in the morning, &c., &c., &c., &c.

[*Curtain falls on the Truce.*

POSTING THE POPE'S BULL.

(*From our Own Correspondent.*)

Rome, April 7.

I am just returned from the Corso; where I have been smoking a cigar, and thinking of the Pope's Major Excommunication, which, as my "weed" has done, seems likely to end in smoke. Yesterday I went to see it posted, according to the directions of his Holiness, by the Apostolical Cursor and Bill Sticker, Aloys Serafina. This sacred functionary proceeded from the Sistine Chapel, furnished with a number of copies of the fulminating composition, of which the material, being paper, is not likely to prove so explosive as gun-cotton. He also carried a great brush and a paste-pot of pantomimic magnitude, the contents of which had just been solemnly blessed by the Holy Father. Having arrived at the doors of the Lateran Church, he dipped his brush into the adhesive and consecrated material contained in the above-named vessel, and, taking up a quantity of it on the end of the implement, was about to spread it on the Church portals, but, a low Roman, who stood behind, "chaffing" him, he turned suddenly round and thrust it into the fellow's face. He then addressed himself to the performance of his task, which he accomplished without further interruption than that of the ironical cheers of the by-standers, and the orange-peel which was flung at him by the junior portion of the populace. The same operation, under similar circumstances, he repeated at St. Peter's, at the Apostolic Chancery, at the General Curia, on most of the hoardings, dead walls, &c., and on some of the neighbouring ruins of antiquity. Finally, with myself and a train of boys at his heels, he repaired in pursuance to the pontifical injunction, to the Field of Flora, and there stuck the Bull of his Holiness in a corner, fixing it to the palings.

The reason why the posting of the letter of excommunication has been limited to the corners and sheds of Rome, has been candidly confessed by the Pope to be the circumstance that it "cannot be safely published everywhere." He has, however, decreed that its partial publication shall be equivalent to its presentation, *nominatim* and *personaliter*. That it has been served on all those against whom it is levelled really and bodily, will, of course, therefore, be received by all true believers as an article of faith.

FRANCIS-JOSEPH'S DREAM.

According to a Correspondent of the *Times*, the Emperor Francis Joseph, having thrice lately dreamt a certain dream, is reported to have consulted a witch for the interpretation thereof. The wise woman had been recommended by his Majesty's equally wise Mamma, and—

"Introduced to the august presence, the crone demanded what visions of the night had startled the Imperial slumbers. The Emperor informed her that he had dreamed of three mice: the first perfectly blind, the second so immensely bloated and fat that it could hardly walk, and the third weak, poor, and almost dying from starvation. The beldame appeared alarmed, and at first professed her inability to afford any solution; but on being reassured and informed that under any circumstances she might rely not only on protection but reward, she took heart, and, much to the astonishment of her Imperial interrogators, replied, 'The blind mouse is your Majesty; the fat mouse your Ministers; and the worn out, starving, and exhausted mouse, your people.'"

The *Times'* Correspondent doubts the truth of this story. It seems, however, probable enough, if we suppose premonitory dreams to be improbable. A little mind might naturally enough see its own small ideas projected from the brain during sleep in the form of mice. Though the Majesty of Austria may be adequately represented by a blind mouse, and a famished mouse may constitute a tolerable type of the Austrian people, the Austrian ministry cannot by any means well be conceived of under the semblance of a mouse. The governing wisdom of Austria, so far from being correctly symbolised by a mouse, finds its liveliest emblem in that notable enemy and destroyer of mice, the Owl.

TOO BAD, BY JOVE! YOU KNOW.

Swell. "Oh, nawn-sense; Half-a-Crown's too much. Here's Eighteenpence. I ain't such a Fool as I look!"

Cabby. "Ain't yer, Sir? Then I only wish yer WOS!"

ENGLISH GOLD AND SPANISH BRASS.

Ay de mi!—ay de mi!—was't for this
That Vaughan Williams collected his money
To see Montemolin's Spanish wasps,
Making free with his sweet golden honey?

Did the miser's thin ghost give a groan?
Did he chafe from the altar to tear *her*,
When his daughter said yes to her Don,
And became Mrs. General Cabrera?

Such exchange must have stuck in his throat,
Of the gold he had lived to amass,
For Cabrera's gilt gingerbread coat,
And Cabrera's low forehead of brass.

No wonder French journals discover,
That the rascally English—od 'rot 'em—
Of rebellions in Spain and all over,
Are still to be found at the bottom,

When in e'en this Ortega affair,
Such suspicions one cannot bid vanish;
Though at bottom of that *coup de guerre*,
All of English there was, was "*the Spanish.*"

Post Haste of the Post Office.

Two letters were posted together at Hammersmith the other day before 5 p.m. One of them was addressed to Southampton, the other to a place three miles thence. The former reached its destination at 3 o'clock the day after; the latter at about 10 in the morning of the day after that. *Festina lente* is a motto which should be engraven on the entablature of the fine building in St. Martin's-le-Grand.

"Fronti Nulla Fides."

The Emperor of the French has directed a survey of the site proposed for an Imperial Palace at Nice. We beg to suggest as an inscription for the *fronton* of the edifice:—

"ci git l'empereur."

With a translation for the benefit of English visitors—

"here L-ES the emperor."

FUNNY FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

Recording certain festivities in progress at Ingestre, in Staffordshire, to celebrate the Earl Talbot's inheritance of the title and estates of Shrewsbury, the *Morning Post* relates the subjoined particulars:—

"The Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot is entertaining a large circle of private friends at Ingestre, where the fine old family mansion is full to overflowing with a brilliant circle of guests, who indeed are so numerous that extra accommodation has to be sought in the neighbouring county institutions; and some of the party are availing themselves of the ready offer made to his Lordship by Dr. Hewson, of Coton Hill Lunatic Asylum, and Major Fullford, of the County Gaol, and several other neighbouring residents."

If misery makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows, enjoyment has for once in the way, at least, introduced our aristocracy to strange dormitories. The gaol and the madhouse are queer places for nobility and gentry to sleep in. Perhaps, among the other institutions of Staffordshire which have afforded accommodation to the fashionable guests of the Earl of Shrewsbury, the Union Workhouse might have been enumerated, if the mention of that place of punishment is not too shocking for ears polite. Yet it must have been not without delight that the Lords and Ladies, and honourable Captains and other persons of honour and quality, reclined in their wards and cells, and thought to themselves how jolly it was to be where they were, and to be able to get out again; to be people of rank, fashion, and opulence, and not paupers.

Even the court of stern Themis was converted for the nonce into a hall of dazzling light, that the Earl of Shrewsbury's company might dance in it:—

"On Tuesday the above-named visitors were the principal guests of the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury and Talbot, at a ball which was given by them at Stafford, and to which the chief county residents were invited. For this ball his Lordship had obtained from the Magistrates at Quarter Sessions permission to use the Shire-hall, comprising the Assize Courts and the Judges' residence adjoining."

And so the gay and glittering throng tripped it on the light fantastic toe around the judgment-seat. "May I have the pleasure of dancing with you in the dock?" "Will you allow me to take you for a waltz in the jury-box?" were doubtless among the gallant invitations addressed by aristocratic officers and others to elegant, beautiful, highly dressed and decorated young persons of exalted position in Society. "Wonda how many fellahs have been sentenced to be hanged heaw!" was perhaps the exclamation of more than one reflective Swell, as he thought how much jollier it was to be in his own patent leathers than it would be to stand in the highlows of a convict. The Swell no doubt will often hereafter cite his recollections of Lord Shrewsbury's high jinks in the Assize Court and hospitality in the gaol, beginning with "When a danced in the Quown Cawt and *Nisi Pwius* at Staffawd," or "When a slept in the condemned cell."

We may conclude these remarks by congratulating the Staffordshire Bench that their gaol is so empty of its regular inmates as to be capable of accommodating the Earl of Shrewsbury's surplus of the better sort. True it is, however, that the Lent Assizes are but just over; so that the aristocracy in the "jug" are occupying the quarters which have been only recently vacated by the rogues and thieves.

"Molehills to Giants are to Pigmies Alps."

"*Il n'y a plus de Pyrenées!*" was a favourite expression with Napoleon the Great, and Napoleon the Little has done his best to echo it. By cabbaging Savoy, as being the highway into Belgium, he hopes soon to ejaculate "*Il n'y a plus d'Alpes!*"

"Volunteers, Sir!" said a patriotic country gentleman, the other day; "if there was a notion of an invasion, everybody would arm—the very Beggars along our roads would turn out and fight." "To be sure," said the sparkling *Mr. Punch*, "as Lord Byron says—

"Mars is in your every Tramp."

Mr. Punch's Literary Anecdotes.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—Saturday, April 21, 1860.

Serious Governor. "*I am surprised, Charles, that you can take any interest in these repulsive details—how many Rounds (I believe you term them) do you say these ruffians fought? Um, disgraceful! the Legislature ought to interfere, and——it appears then that this Benicia Man did not gain the—hem—best of it. I 'll take the paper when you have done with it, Charles.*"

THE EFFECTS OF EXCOMMUNICATION.

Whom has the Pope excommunicated? The French and Italian Clergy at least do not seem to know. Bonaparte had the communion given him the other day; and as for Victor Emmanuel, a telegram from Florence informs us that—

"The King has received the Archbishop and clergy of Florence."

Is it possible that the Clergy of Florence, with their Archbishop at their head, should go and offer homage to a sovereign whom they believed to be an excommunicated usurper? If the ban of his Holiness was neither aimed at the King of Italy nor the Emperor of the French, it must have been intended for the head of some person or persons unknown. The successor of Peter meant to smite those, whoever they may be, to whom he owed the loss of his dominions. If a Papal Bull, as Roman Catholics affirm, never misses its mark, though that may be out of sight, this apparently random shot of Infallibility, like *Zamiel's* seventh bullet, will unerringly hit its unapparent victim or victims. They will turn up after a time, exhibiting, bodily, the withering effects of the Pontifical curse, like the jackdaw in those edifying legends versified by the late Rev. Mr. Barham, which came in for the indefinite anathema of the Saint. What if the damaged parties should turn out to be evil counsellors? What if Cardinal Antonelli should some fine morning astonish the Eternal City by appearing with ragged robes, in a state of mange; and if the King of Naples and the Emperor of Austria should be suddenly attacked with ringworm, and flea-bitten, or seized with convulsions, and afflicted with the mumps and the stomach-ache?

Persecuted Holiness.

The Pope has long been talking of an intention to take refuge in the Catacombs. At length we understand that orders have been issued for the fitting up of those interesting retreats of early Christianity for the reception of the Holy Father, in a style of upholstery consonant with modern ideas, and with that civilisation with which the cause of the papacy, according to Lamoricière, is identical.

A New Reading.—Considering what it costs to get into Parliament, M.P. must mean Money Power.

A COCKNEY ON A FOX-HUNT.

The truth that "different men have different opinions" is one which scholars know, was anciently asserted, and which is still continually receiving confirmation. Here for instance is a paragraph from the *Daily Telegraph*, which expresses an opinion on the noble sport of fox-hunting, vastly different from that which one would find, say, in *Bell's Life*:—

"We would not be understood as decrying or undervaluing the masculine sports and pursuits which tend to harden the bones and invigorate the sinews of Englishmen. We may not deem it very heroic for fifty mounted gentlemen, preceded by a pack of bloodthirsty dogs, to chase a miserable fox at full speed for hours, until the terrified animal has been hunted off its legs. We may not think it a glorious day's work to shoot down forty brace of pheasants in a preserve, where the creatures have learned to come together at their keeper's voice. [With this we quite agree, *Punch*.] We may not regret the good old days of cock-fighting and bull-baiting. . . . but our readers will bear us out when we say, that legitimate and manly sports and pursuits find in us unreserved supporters."

This passage occurs in an article condemning the practice of prize-fighting, which the writer calls "a compound of rascality and ruffianism, unredeemed by a single softening or mitigating element." This description possibly some readers may applaud; but very few, we fancy, will agree that the above words give a fair view of the fox-hunt, or will endorse the writer's estimation of that sport. Most people view a fox-hunt as a means of manly exercise; a pastime which not merely invigorates the body, but imparts a healthy tone and cheerful temper to the mind: a sport, moreover, which affords a place of meeting for all classes, from the peasant to the peer, and promotes a kindly sympathy and fellow feeling among men who might otherwise be tempted to lose thought of their relationship.

In forming an opinion, much depends, however, on the influence of position, and the point of view from which the person looks. A man who cannot spar, and has chanced to get his eye blacked, will not unnaturally complain of the brutalities of boxing, and speak of every bruiser as a ruffianly brute. So a cockney who can't ride, and therefore can't enjoy the pleasure of a fox-hunt, is apt perchance to call it a bloodthirsty amusement, and a way of spending time which is at best a waste of it. How can a man appreciate the pleasures of the field when his riding is confined to a trot up Rotten Row, or an Easter Monday canter upon Hampstead Heath? A cockney clapped on horseback has no power to look about him, and enjoy like better horsemen the pleasures of the hunt. When in the saddle his chief thought is how to keep his seat, and he cannot rightly relish the fresh air of "the open," or spare reflection on the pleasantness of seeing men enjoy themselves, or on the other kindly feelings engendered by the sport. This, it may be said, is less his fault than his misfortune; but he surely should abstain from disparaging a pastime, simply for the reason that he can't himself enjoy it.

Something in Homœopathy.

A Disciple of Hahnemann advertises a work entitled *Homœopathic Treatment of Indigestion*. Now here you have homœopathy proposed for application to a disease which it is really capable of curing. Like will cure like in this disease at any rate, if like is administered in infinitesimal quantities. The minutest possible doses of mock-turtle, in the case of an Alderman, for example, conjoined with a plain and moderate diet, will doubtless, if taken with sufficient perseverance, generally remove, or at least relieve indigestion.

Female Heroism.

It appears from the *Army and Navy Gazette* that the regular Army is disinclined to Salute the Volunteer Officers. *Mr. Punch* is authorised, on the part of the Ladies of England to state that, in the interest of their beloved country, they undertake, henceforth, to relieve the regulars by performing the above ceremony at all fitting times and seasons.

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER XIII.—PERIOD, THE REIGNS OF WILLIAM RUFUS, HENRY THE FIRST, AND STEPHEN.

HENRY THE FIRST AND HIS QUEEN MATILDA, FROM THEIR EFFIGIES IN ROCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

According to the best authorities (we need not name ourselves, but with the names of Anna Comnena, Ordericus Vitalis, and Johannes de Janua, the reader may perhaps not be so well familiar) a great attention to costume was paid during this period, and, among the men especially, a more than usual love of finery prevailed. What the reason for this was, it would be puzzling to guess. The ancient chroniclers content themselves with simply noticing the fact, and modern writers sensibly have followed their example. One authority however has alleged in explanation, that as the followers of the Conqueror were "the flower of the continent," they naturally did their best not to look seedy.

It is but fair to the fair sex that when the gentlemen outdo them in absurdities of dress, the fact should be recorded in the annals of the time; and truth forces us to own, that the men of the eleventh century were even sillier than the women in the matter of costume. The feminine apparel we already have described:* and careful readers will remember that we spoke of it as characterised by amplitude of length. In this respect, however, it was certainly surpassed by the masculine costume; and inasmuch as lovely woman is an imitative creature, we may assume that at this period the male sex set the fashion, and the female followed it. The short tunic was worn longer than it had been before (longer, that is, in dimension, and not in time of wearing it); and the long one was so lengthened that it trailed upon the ground, as did the *interula*, a linen vestment under it. The sleeves too were extended in width as well as length; and besides being made as long again as they were wanted, while fitting their arms closely, they were widened at the cuff, so as to fall over the hand, and indeed completely cover it. In some of the illuminations the sleeves are rolled up at the wrists, and this, especially at meal time, must have certainly been needful, as even in our own day we have had cause to observe. The wide cuffs which were worn a year or two ago were always dipping in the sauces and sweeping off the spoons; and imagination shrinks from picturing a banquet in the time of William Rufus, when the sleeves seemed made expressly to dangle in the gravy and to draggle in the soup.

This mania for long dresses was of course severely satirised by the *Punches* of the period, if the old illuminators were worthy of the name. It was remarked of men of fashion that, although they were not lawyers, they were very obviously gentlemen of the long robe; and one sarcastic writer speaks of them as looking like great babies, in consequence of their still being seen in long clothes. But the mania long prevailed, in spite of all attempts to cure it; just as crinolinomania, we apprehend, still spreads, notwithstanding all the jokes which have been made to check it.

The swells too came out as extensively in point of cloth as cut, and not only wore long dresses, but paid a good long price for them. A mantle given to King Henry by Bob Bloet, Bishop of Lincoln, was made of the finest cloth, and lined with black sables spotted with white spots, and his lordship, we find, had to pay a hundred pounds for it. This we learn from that instructive writer, William of Malmesbury; who mentions in his anecdotes *De Jestis*† *regum Anglice*, that when the King received the cloak from Bishop Bloet, he imagined by mistake that he 'd to pay the hundred pounds; and so instead of thanking Bloet, he merely said, "O Blow it!"

FROM A CHOICE MS. IN THE LIBRARY OF THE PADDINGTON MUSEUM OF ANTIQUITIES.

These mantles lined with fur were worn with the long tunic, which was only sported upon state occasions. With the shorter tunic a shorter cloak was worn; but this was also lined with the most precious sort of furs, and from its costing so much rhino, perhaps, was called the "rheno." Cloaks or mantles likewise then were made of common cloth, for the use of common people. These had usually a cowl attached to fit the head; and as this appendage answered the purpose of a cap, the Normans were, we think, quite right to call it "capa." For further capital protection, the Phrygian-shaped cap was still in use among the commoners; and a hat appears in one illumination of this date, shaped like the ancient Roman *petasus*, or like the wide-awake in use among our modern warbling waggoners.

Although the long sleeves of the tunics rendered gloves almost unnecessary, we find they were in use among the better classes, and it therefore is tautology to say the clergy wore them. Ordericus Vitalis expressly tells us this, in his account of how a Bishop (we need not say of Durham) made his escape from the Tower (which every schoolboy knows was in the reign of Henry the First). According to O. V., the prelate in his haste had "forgotten his gloves," and this piece of forgetfulness he had long reason to remember, for in sliding down the rope which he had hung out of his window, he "dyd scrape ye skynne offe bothe hys handes untoe ye bone, ye whyche as he remarkedde to hys selfe was, 'No bouo.'"

The same mania for length that we have noticed in the tunics descended to the feet. Long peaked-toed boots were worn, which by the old monkish historians were called *ocreæ rostratæ*, and which, as the clergy were forbidden to indulge in them, of course naturally excited their just wrath and contempt. To dissuade people from wearing them, the most appalling stories were told about their origin; and O. V. even goes so far as to hint that they were really an "invention of the enemy," being clearly made for "Somebodye deformed as toe hys feete." Shoes with peaks were also quite the go about this period, having their toes sometimes twisted like a pig's tail, whence probably it was that the monks called them *pig-acie*. At other times their toes were made somewhat more like a scorpion's than a pig's tail; and the resemblance we may fancy was felt to be most striking, for they must have stung tremendously when any one was kicked.

The chief study of the dandies being personal adornment (a study which, we hear, is pursued still at our colleges, and retains its hold on students even more advanced in life), we are not surprised to learn that they greatly gave their minds to the shaping of their soles, and vied in getting what they viewed as the most bootiful of boots. Especially they piqued themselves upon the making of their peaks; and indeed so much was thought of this accomplishment, that the swells were sometimes named from the successes they achieved, and had a Peveril lived then, and invented a new toe, he would have been distinguished as a "Peveril of the Peak." This we may surmise from the statement that a courtier, whose Christian name was Robert, got the cognomen of "Cornadu;" not because he had a corn, but because he made a shoe which curled round like a horn. This feat he achieved by cramming tow into the toe, and twisting it when rammed into the shape of a ram's horn. The beauty of this fashion must, like that of a Scotch terrier, have consisted in its ugliness; but we find that, nevertheless, it was extensively adopted, and we are told that

* For fear of misconception, we may note here that the period embraced in our last chapter extended from the Conquest to the end of the three reigns of which we are now writing. As our Book of course is likely to be used in schools, we feel bound to be precise in affixing proper dates.

† We need not tell Lord Malmesbury that his namesake spells this word correctly, with a "G." But the book, which is in fact the *Joe Miller* of the period, contains so many jests that we prefer to spell it "Jestis."

"alle ye swelles dyd turne thr handes toe rammin, justle for all ye worlde as thoe they hadde beene rammineurs."

NOBLE SWELL. TEMP. HENRY THE FIRST, SHOWING THE "NEATEST THING IN SHOES" OF THE PERIOD.

People might imagine that boots with such long toes must certainly have much impeded locomotion, if they did not altogether put a stop to pedal exercise. But that this was not the case is shown by an old ballad, supposed to have been sung during "ye jumpynge of Jym Crowe," which everybody knows was a pastime of the period, requiring great activity and suppleness of foot. As the ballad, although so old, will be new to many of our readers (the MS. having never yet been out of our possession) we may delight the antiquarian by printing the first stanza. The mixed patois of the period in which the ballad is composed is a sufficient proof, we fancy, of the writing being genuine, if any of our readers are such sceptics as to doubt it:—

"Je biens de vielle Normandie,
Longtemps agoe:
Mais now je live in London,
Ou je jumpe Jym Crowe.

Et quand je goe to do itte
Je put on mon Sundaie soot,
Et je wheele aboute et tourne aboute,
Dans mon long peakedde bootte."

HER LADYSHIP'S AUNT SALLY.

An interesting legal question may perhaps be raised concerning a transaction occasioned by the subjoined advertisement, which appeared the other day in the *Morning Post*:—

LADIES OF RANK can be ACCOMMODATED with immediate Cash to any amount, repayable at their own convenience. The strictest privacy may be relied upon. Diamonds, plate, and miscellaneous property of every description purchased. All parcels and letters addressed to Madame S. K. L., New Oxford Street, will be answered with immediate cash. Ladies attended at their own residences.

The meaning of this benevolent announcement may be misconceived by some of the full-blown flowers of our British female aristocracy. A few duchesses, marchionesses, countesses, and other married ladies of rank may misunderstand it to be addressed to them. As dowagers only can it be supposed to be meant to catch the eye of such ladies. Its offer of pecuniary assistance, and purchase of plate and other property, is evidently directed only to spinsters and widows of the superior classes. It is not a genteel equivalent of the Rag and Bone Warehouse of the Slums. New Oxford Street is some yards from Seven Dials. Madame S. K. L. is a good Samaritan of the softer sex, and not an Israelitish female moneygrub. But even ladies of rank are stupid or unprincipled in some instances. The Countess of Almacks may be in want of money, owing to the stinginess of the Earl, her husband, or even to her own unscrupulous extravagance. In Madame S.K.L. she may apprehend an accommodating lady, who will befriend ladies of quality in their hour of need, as Mr. Levi occasionally befriends lords. She is not disappointed—she obtains a loan—having forgotten to mention the Earl's name. The time for repayment arrives, is deferred, and so on again and again; my lady is hopelessly insolvent. The bill is presented to my Lord: who knows nothing about it, and refuses to pay it. The amount is sued for; not in the County Court, for it is considerably over £50, but in the Countess Court, so to speak; the Court of Queen's Bench, or Common Pleas. The question for that high tribunal to consider will be, whether or no his Lordship is liable for the money?

Or my lady, keeping out of sight her wedding ring, may find in the advertiser an Aunt in that degree of relationship wherein Mr. Balls, of the sign of the Two-to-One, might be acknowledged as an Uncle by her highborn husband, if that nobleman had accepted a loan at his hands, depositing with him a valuable watch or two, or a quantity of plate by way of security. Lady A. will, as persons of the lower classes say, "unbeknown" to the Earl, perhaps have gone and "spouted," or sold a number of silver forks, spoons, tureens, and other utensils, engraven with the Almacks crest and coronet. Hence also may arise some litigation in the Courts abovenamed, and perhaps also in the Probate and Divorce Court.

To secure the generous authoress of the foregoing announcement from being imposed upon by peeresses and other ladies, who, having their own lords to maintain them, can have no title to her munificence, all dukes, marquesses, earls, viscounts, barons, and honourable gentlemen, will do well to have a good look-out kept upon New Oxford Street, and early information given of their ladies' carriages beheld going in that direction. Addressing the watchers stationed to make the necessary recognitions, the noble Earl of Almacks may exercise his fine voice in singing, up and down that questionable-looking thoroughfare,

"Tell me, shepherds, tell me, have you seen
My Lady pass this way?"

Unless the noble Earl does take some such precaution as that, he may expect that his expensive Countess will, when in want of supplies, have continual recourse to the beneficent Black Doll, the Aunt Sally of the aristocracy, and there dispose of a good deal of the family plate, if not dripping.

THE PARLIAMENT OF ART.

According to the word of Mr. Benjamin Disraeli, we have each week to report a Conversazione which is held on Friday evenings by the Parliament of England; but we this week have to notice a Conversazione which was held on Wednesday evening by the Parliament of Art. The holding was not at St. Stephen's, but at St. James's Hall, a place of meeting where the seats are quite as soft as in the other place, and (pecuniarily regarded) far less hard to get into. Representatives of nearly all the arts attended: the only marked exception being that, although we examined pretty closely, we did not see a member of the Art of Self-Defence. This noble art, however, formed a leading theme of talk; and much interesting discussion took place upon the merits of its champion professors, who had the day before contended for the honour of first place.

But though the P.R. did not show, there was a goodly sprinkling of the P.R.B.; and the absence of the great B.B., or Benicia Boy, was atoned for by the presence of many smaller B.B.'s, or Brethren of the Brush. Among them we observed the old hand that drew *The Bottle*, and the young one whose *Black Brunswicker* will soon be brought to public light. Members of the literary art were also present, among whom might be noticed the Member for Mont Blanc, who had been holding, as is his wont, a Conversazione of his own.

Further to distinguish it from Friday night assemblages, the meeting was attended by some members of the music-stool, who we might say much promoted the harmony of the evening, were we allowed to use so novel and original a phrase. As these vocalists, however, were mainly instrumental in getting up the gathering, we may just say by way of compliment, that we thought them worthy followers of the lead of Mr. Benedict, who is not less *benedictus* with good temper than with good taste.

We may moreover state, as a concluding commendation, that at the St. James's Conversation, unlike those in St. Stephen's, the fair sex were allowed a fair share in the chatter, an indulgence which they really did not *much* abuse. Surely, then, we think the Parliament of England might take a leaf out of the programme of the Parliament of Art; and instead of cooping her behind the bars of a gilt birdcage, might once a week let Lovely Woman, and her tongue, loose in the House. How much pleasanter and more lively would the Friday evenings be, if the great guns of the Commons let ladies share their small talk: a privilege which, after our experience last Wednesday, we really do incline to think might be conceded, without *much* fear and trembling as to the result.

The Social Chronicle.

In consequence of the great and increasing amount of cases, the decision of which daily devolves on the Court whose president is Sir Cresswell Cresswell, we understand that some of our contemporaries intend regularly to publish, in addition to "Births, Deaths, and Marriages," a fourth column, under the head of "Divorces."

A STEEPLE-CHACE STUDY.

Ossy and very talkative Party (who is not going to ride, however). "Call that a Fence! Why me and my Little Pony would 'op over it like a Bird!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

The House met again on *Monday*, April 16. When an ugly ill-made, disagreeable Baby whom nobody really wanted to see, is kept in the drawing-room by its absurdly partial Parent, and makes a noise, to the interruption of profitable conversation, people say to one another — or look it, if they don't speak—"Why isn't that little Nuisance sent Up-Stairs?" Now Up-Stairs, in House of Commons language, means a place where a Select Committee sits. The House met to-night after the Easter and east-wind holidays (*Mr. Punch shivers*), and Lord John's Poor Little Bill, which is aptly described above, was hinted up-stairs by Mr. Massey. This gentleman is a Liberal, and M. P. for Salford, and Chairman of Ways and Means, and he gave notice that after the second reading of the Bill he should move that it be referred to a Select Committee. What the aggravated Parent thought of this proposition for getting rid of his objectionable Pet, will be seen in *Mr. Punch's* record of what passed on Friday night in answer to Mr. James. Nobody will say that the wretched little infant has not been well physicked, for as will be observed, it has had James's powder in one place, and a Grey powder in another.

Something very awful has been going on in the City, and the City correspondents of the papers have been alluding to it most mysteriously, and with the immense expenditure of circumbendibus which it seems the proper thing to use when monetary transactions are being mentioned. It would be entirely beneath the dignity of pecuniary history to say "Gurney's, the discounting Quaker's, is offended with the Bank of England, and has been collecting no end of £1000 notes, and suddenly making the Bank fork out uncommon," and we have had vast and portentous paragraphs hinting and insinuating, and all that sort of thing. Mammon's name is not to be lightly played with. What the use of this mystification is, *Mr. Punch* is utterly ignorant. The City folks know all about the business without being told, and if it be intended to inform other than City folks, why not be explicit? To-night Mr. Alderman Salomons gave notice that he should ask Mr. Gladstone about it, and did so on Thursday, when the C. of the X. said that he had been talking to the parties, and the Quaker house considered that it had a perfect right to do as it pleased. As it is Mr. Gladstone's business, he being Government, to see that the interests of the public are protected, and as he did not say that he had ordered the Attorney-General to get Gurney's executed on Tower Hill, we presume that nothing wrong has been done, though the object seems to have been to serve the Bank out. The *Times*, however, recals a case in which somebody else once did something of the kind, and came to remarkable grief, at the hands of law, and if Commerce is at once the delicate and important thing mercantile folks call it, there may be a question how far Banks of England or Discount Houses have a right, as good citizens, to cause perturbation in the money market.

The whole of the night was taken up with discussions connected with or arising upon the Navy Estimates. Sir H. Leeke stated that the sailors did not wish to see the Cat entirely done away with, and that they occasionally requested Captains to flog the bad men among them. Even if this be true, it is something new for legislative swells to go to common sailors for advice as to the management of the Navy; a remark which *Mr. Punch* trusts will stop that Leak from letting in nonsense for the

THE PLAGUE OF THE HOUSE.

John Bull. "OH, TAKE THAT LITTLE BRAT OF YOURS 'UP-STAIRS,' MRS. RUSSELL!"

future. Now, Ladies, if you please, attention. The Census is going to be taken again, so make up your minds how old you mean to assert yourselves to be. You had better, if possible, remember, or find out, how old you called yourselves Ten years ago, and on the whole it may be prudent, as a general rule, not to write yourselves down very much younger now than you said you were in 1851. Recollect, the officials will be able to refer to your former statements, and you will not look exactly pleased, dear Angelina, when Edwin is called upon to explain why, as Head of the Family, he has declared you to have been 35 in 1851 and 29 in 1861. *Mr. Punch*, ever woman's truest friend, is thus early with his affectionate warning. Mr. Clive brought in the Census Bill this evening.

Tuesday. Such of the Lords as were not too tired, after seeing the Fight (which took place this morning near Farnborough, when Sir Thomas De Sayers and the Count de Benicia bravely battled for two hours and twenty minutes in presence of Dukes, Lords, Members of Parliament, Officers, "Authors, Poets, Painters, Doctors, and Clergymen"), met and read, a second time, the Bill for improving the Divorce Court. The arrears are heavy, for out of 539 cases only 177 have been disposed of. It is proposed to give Sir Cresswell power to do more of the work single-handed. Lord Redesdale talked some bosh about the new system having done much to diminish respect for the institution of marriage, an allegation which he supported by stating that people made jokes about divorce, and that comic allusions were made to it in the theatres. *Punch* never argues with a Pump. But Lord Redesdale is a mighty hunter. Does he think that the British veneration for the institution of fox-hunting is diminished because at the theatre people roar at the feats of the basket-work horses? He can understand *that* query, one would hope.

The Commons seem to have tired themselves with going to the Fight, for they sat for little more than an hour. Mr. Hadfield interpellated (a handsome long word that) Sir G. C. Lewis about the encounter, and was gravely told, that if the battle had been fought, of which Sir George had no official knowledge, it must have taken place beyond the jurisdiction of the metropolitan police, and he did not know whether the county police had been present or not. Later, we presume, Sir George bought a copy of the extra edition of *Bell's Life*, and got up the details in time to shine on the subject at dinner. For there has seldom been so much fighting talk in fashionable circles as to-night, probably never so much since the news came of another conflict, whereof Tommy Moore wrote:—

> "O shade of the Cheesemonger, you who, alas,
> Doubled up, by the dozen, those Monsieurs in brass,
> On that great day of milling, when blood lay in lakes,
> When Kings held the bottle, and Europe the stakes."

Wednesday. Mr. Collier's Bill for making it unlawful to convey voters to the poll was debated, and the debate adjourned. *Mr. Punch* has a notion that gentlemen of property do not like this interference with making their long purses useful in a contest. They talk very kindly and decorously, of course, about the hardship of disfranchising the poorer voter who cannot afford to hire a conveyance. A new green tint has just been discovered and is making a sensation, but *Mr. Punch* is justified in stating that the discovery was not made in his eye. The Bill for Elevating the lawyers was read a second time by 191 to 29, numbers which show the influence the fraternity has in the House. The Bill has some good points, especially educational provisions, but some precious bad ones, for it will let in attorneys who have not been articled, and will allow the profession to charge interest on their inf— on their bills of costs. A Bill for letting Jews into Parliament in a more brief and civil manner than now, was read a second time by 117 to 75; but if we know the titled descendants of *Front de Bœuf Alamode* and his contemporaries, they will retain this last little bit of unpleasantness for the posterity of *Isaac of York*.

Thursday. The Descendants above mentioned held a Reform Bill Debate. They have taken the Bull, or rather Bill, by the horns, and mean, if possible, to make them the horns of a dilemna. Earl Grey moved for a Select Committee to inquire what increase would be made in the number of electors by reducing the franchise, and what sort of folks, socially considered, would come in, and to investigate, generally, Election matters, specially inquiring in what way the elections for huge constituencies are managed, and by what kind of *clique*. He made no secret of his wanting this information to enable him to deal with the coming Reform Bill, as the present returns were good for nothing, and at least twice as many new votes would be created as Lord John Russell had supposed. Lord Grey declared himself opposed to extension of the franchise, probably thinking that his father had done enough in that line. The Duke of Argyll defended the returns, but would not oppose the motion provided that it did not mean a shelving of the Reform Bill. He had the candour (and *Mr. Punch* hereby pats the Golden-haired on his Ducal head) to bear testimony to the merits of Mr. Disraeli's Reform Bill, which was destroyed, not on those merits, but in a party fight. Lord Derby came out strong, condemned a good deal of the Poor Little Bill, and announced that, though he should regret to have to put it to death, he should feel it his painful duty to try to do so, if it came up in its present form. It was two Uns and a Nin,—that is to say, Unsatisfactory, Unstatesmanlike, and Inconclusive. It was designed to give power to those whom it had been sought to persuade that the upper classes were their enemies. Lord Granville undertook that the Government returns should be defended in Committee. The Select Committee was appointed.

In the Commons, Mr. Horsman delivered another pitch into the Emperor of the French and Savoyards, and also into Lord John Russell, and Mr. Duff abused Lord Cowley. Lord John rebuked Horsman, and said that if Government were let alone they would manage everything properly, and Lord Palmerston and his private secretary flared up for Cowley. Pam always stands by his friends, like a man. So does *Mr. Punch*, upon similar but infinitely grander grounds, for to be the friend of *Mr. Punch* argues a person to be possessed (like a Freemason) of every Social and Moral Virtue, and also to have Genius, Elegance, and a taste for the best cigars. The rest of the Navy Estimates were taken, and then came short debates, on various subjects, each discussion ending in a row over the question of adjournment, finally performed at two in the morning of

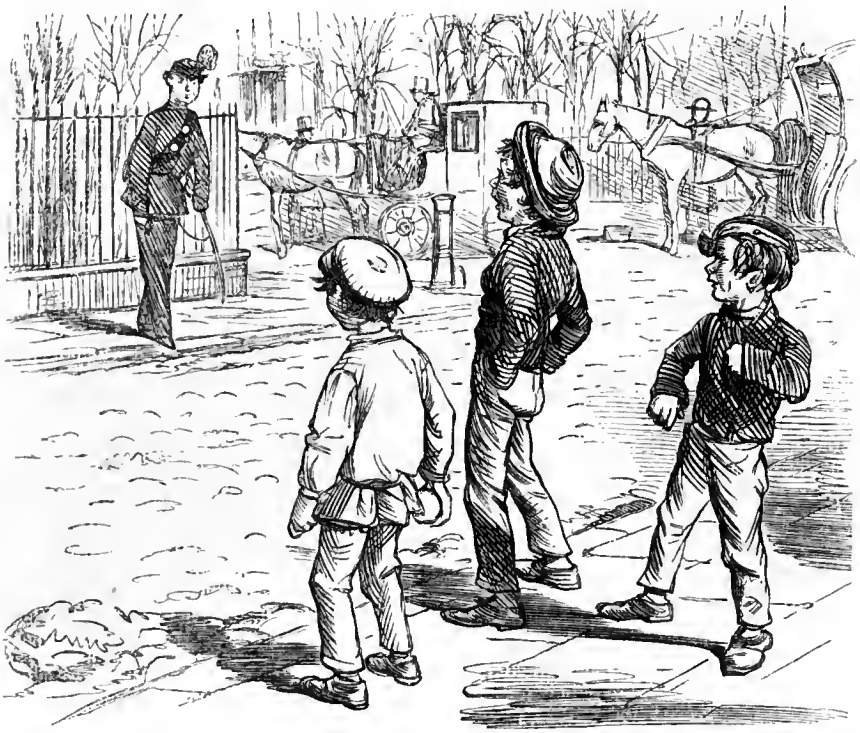
Friday. Lots of petitions against the Sunday peripatetic Bawlers and Yelpers, and then a good little bit of fun. Lord Normanby had given notice of a motion virtually censuring Lord Cowley about his private correspondence with Lord John Russell on the Savoy business. Lord Cowley, who had no notion of letting his reputation be pawed and pulled about by the antiquated fribble, starts from Paris to be ready to confront him, and Normanby states that his intended victim is "now at Calais." "Is he, by Jove!" says Lord Granville, reading out a telegram from Dover, announcing that Cowley is there, and coming on by the next train. So Lord Normanby has to postpone his motion until Lord Cowley's arrival, and meantime protests that he really did not mean any particular censure. If, after taking the trouble to come all that way in this abominable weather to wop Normanby, Cowley does not give it him hot and hot, he had better have stopped in Paris, as the idea of its being necessary for him or anybody else to defend himself from Normanby's ludicrous onslaught is out of the question. He had, later in the sitting, to retract and apologise for another of the heap of charges the cackling old party has brought against Italian gentlemen.

In the Commons, among the usual mass of petitions, some were amusing. Wretched Welsh villages, with unpronounceable names, petitioned against the Wine Licences Bill—places where there has probably never been a drop of wine drunk in sociality since the day when the Welsh language was created, at the Confusion of Tongues, by a trowel full of the Babel mortar falling into the upturned and open mouth of a bricklayer, whose splutter of wrath and dismay became the Welsh as now spoken. Captain Gordon gave a notice that the House had no sound information on which to go reforming. Mr. Miller complained that boys were sent to prison for playing games in the streets, and the Home Secretary, submitting that it was rather a bore to have your valuable horse thrown down by an iron hoop, or your valuable eye poked out by a tip-cat, wished he could whip the boys instead of locking them up, but feared the law did not recognise the birch. As for old Smithfield, there seems a muddled title to it, and a compromise has been made; a portion of the site is to be a dead meat market, but the portion belonging to the Crown is to be "dedicated to the general purposes of the public."

More fun about the Fight.—Mr. Ewart admitted but deplored the interest taken in the matter, and wanted to know what power the law had to deal with such doings. Mr. Vincent Scully, under pretence of denouncing the business, explained in the height of glory and joy, that Sayers, Heenan, and Mr. Morrisey (who beat Heenan in America) were all of Irish origin. The Home Secretary was evidently much amused, but stated with extreme precision the grounds on which some persons uphold the ring, remarked that he had no doubt that a fight was unlawful, but that it was not the habit of Government to prosecute such offenders, though it was open to the local authorities to do so if they liked. Our classical Home Secretary clearly has no malice against our Dares and Entellus.

To Mr. James, demanding what Government meant to do in reference to Mr. Massey's motion, Lord John replied that he should oppose it, of course, considering it as intended to destroy the Reform Bill.

The Queen's Proclamation, recommending her subjects to be Pious and Virtuous, is to be revised, *Mr. Punch* presumes in accordance with the necessities of the times, which make it difficult for anybody, except himself, to be either. The Paper Duty Repeal went through Committee, as did part of the Customs Bill; and Mr. Sam Slick gave Mr. Gladstone a great scolding for alleged ill-treatment of British North America, where, he said, there were 3,000,000 of highly superior people, whose representations were utterly despised by those who desired to give votes to "the unrepresented rabble of England." Mr. Gladstone protested his innocence, and the rejection of an amendment by the Clockmaker wound up the week.



Street Boy (*fortissimo*). "*Who Shot the Dog!*"

A SERMON IN A STONE.

Near Turbia and Mentone, which will form the new frontier of France, when Nice is annexed—ran the boundary of the territory won by Augustus from the Ligurian mountaineers. A trophy was erected on the spot, with a Latin inscription, commemorating and marking the limits of Roman Conquest.

Mr. Punch would humbly suggest that this trophy should now be restored in honour of another Emperor—the modern Augustus—Louis Napoleon, and begs to propose for it the following inscription:—

HOC TROPÆUM
DIVO IMP: AUGUSTO OLIM DICATUM
NAPOLEON TERTIUS FRANCIÆ IMP:
SIBI SUISQUE
OB FINES GALLICOS
USQUE AD TURBIAM TURBANDO
MENTONEM MENTIENDO
PROVECTOS.
D. D. D.

The "Entente Cordiale."

Sir Robert, who has recently been looking rather deeply into the measures of the Emperor, says that the above "cordial" is at present anything but "*parfait amour.*" In fact, he doubts whether it is a cordial at all—of late it has been nothing but a species of bitters.

INFALLIBLE ARGUMENTS.

Eriders of the Pope's Bull, our contemporary, the *Tablet*, is very wroth with you. Roman Catholics in general are terribly offended by any ridicule of their persuasions. This is a peculiarity which they share with Mesmerists, Spirit-Rappers, and Astrologers, and not with philosophers and men of science. A chemist is not angry with a shallow public for laughing at any wonderful discovery which he may happen to publish. The derisive incredulity of ignorance does not vex an astronomer when the marvels of the visible heavens which he discloses are received with smiles. Men who know that what they say is true can afford to be laughed at. Men whose belief is mainly sentimental, if it is made fun of, get into a rage.

Why do not such good Catholics as the writers in the *Tablet* weep for the poor silly sinners who scoff at the Papal Excommunication? If such wretches are out of the pale of their charity, why do they not treat them with contempt? Why pour vials of idle wrath upon their devoted heads? Why not be content to asperse them with holy water?

After abusing the scorners of Infallibility's anathema, the *Tablet* proceeds to enumerate certain personages who incurred it, and thus relates how they experienced its fulfilment:—

"The Empire passed out of the House of Barbarossa, to the family of Hapsbourg: Louis of Bavaria never obtained it. Philip the Fair did not prosper, his family became extinct in less than thirty years, and the throne of France passed to the House of Valois. Henry the Eighth had no legitimate grandchild to succeed him, and the first Emperor left no successor in the modern empire of the French. These men were all excommunicated by the Sovereign Pontiff, and their memory is an execration to this day."

As to Henry the Eighth, his memory is cherished by numerous Englishmen, who fondly denominate him "Bluff King Hal." Those Britons who do execrate his memory in general, revere precisely so much of it as regards his defiance of the Pope. As to that eminent murderer, robber, and liar, the first Napoleon, nobody execrates his memory but a few thinking men; the greater part of the world calls that monster of wickedness, Napoleon the Great, and the French worship him for his crimes. What sort of a heavenly vengeance is the passage of sovereign power from one house to another—a calamity which befel the Stuarts, by the way, and is, by Protestant zealots, regarded as Heaven's revenge against Popery. What divine punishment is non-accession to a throne; and what is the extinction of a line in thirty or in any number of years? The former calamity has befallen no end of princes; and the latter has just overtaken the Catholic Earls of Shrewsbury.

Victor Emmanuel and Louis Napoleon will doubtless meet with reverses. If they had received the papal benediction, any misfortune which might happen to them would be represented by the *Tablet* as a divine favour. Now they have been excommunicated, or are supposed to be, the *Tablet* will set down all the troubles which they may encounter, to divine displeasure. They will both die some day; if soon, the *Tablet* will ascribe their death to the Pope's curse; if at a good old age they depart this life, our Catholic contemporary will asseverate that excommunication has smitten them in the other. Thus it must be manifest that no earthly contingency can ever confute the Pope.

National Spirit of the Licensed Witlers.

Those disinterested gentlemen, whose patriotism is as unadulterated as their porter, oppose the Wine Refreshment Bill, on purely national grounds. They declare that their opposition is entirely *pro bono publico*—and we believe them, for it is exclusively "for the benefit of the Public;" only it must be clearly understood that the Public in this instance means the Public-house.

A DUMMY IDEA.

The question "What is a Boy?" which has been raised by a preceptor, naturally suggests the corresponding inquiry, "What is a Girl?" The answer is obvious. A girl is a female framework supporting an extension of clothes.

THE FIGHT OF SAYERIUS AND HEENANUS.

A LAY OF ANCIENT LONDON.

(Supposed to be recounted to his Great-Grandchildren, April 17th, A.D. 1920, *by an Ancient Gladiator.)*

Close round my chair, my children,
And gather at my knee,
The while your mother poureth
The Old Tom in my tea;
The while your father quaffeth
His meagre Bordeaux wine,—
'Twas not on such potations
Were reared these thews o' mine.
Such drinks came in the very year
—Methinks I mind it well—
That the great fight of Heenanus
With Sayerius befell.
These knuckles then were iron;
This biceps like a cord;
This fist shot from the shoulder
A bullock would have floored.
Crawlius his Novice,
They used to call me then,
In the Domus Savilliana,
Among the sporting men.
There, on benefit occasions,
The gloves I oft put on,
Walking round to show my muscles
When the set-to was done;
While ringing in the arena
The showered denarii fell,
That told Crawleius, Novice
Had used his mauleys well.
'Tis but some sixty years since
The times whereof I speak,
And yet the words I'm using
Will sound to you like Greek.
What know ye, race of milksops,
Untaught of the P. R.,
What stopping, lunging, countering,
Fibbing, or rallying are?
What boots to use the *lingo*,
When you have not the *thing?*
How paint to *you* the glories
Of Belcher, Cribb, or Spring,—
To *you*, whose sire turns up his eyes
At mention of the Ring?

Yet, in despite of all the jaw
And gammon of the time,
That brands the art of self-defence
—Old England's art—as crime,
From off mine ancient memories
The rust of time I'll shake,
Your youthful bloods to quicken
And your British pluck to wake.
I know it only slumbers;
Let cant do what it will,
The British bull-dog *will* be
The British bull-dog still.
Then gather to your grandsire's knee,
The while his tale is told,
How Sayerius and Heenanus
Milled in the days of old.

The Beaks and Blues were watching,
Agog to stop the Mill,
As we gathered to the station
In the April morning chill.
By twos and threes, by fours and tens,
To London Bridge we drew;
For we had had the office,
That were good men and true;
And, saving such, the place of fight
Was ne'er a man that knew.
From east and west, from north and south,
The London Fancy poured,
Down to the sporting Cabman,
Up to the sporting Lord.
From the Horse-Shoe in Titchfield Street,
Sharp Owen Swift was there;
Old Peter left the Rising Sun,
All in the street of Air;
Langham forsook his beer-taps,
With nobby Alec Reed;
And towering high above the crowd
Shone Ben Caunt's fragrant weed.
Nor only fighting covies,
But sporting swells besides,—
Dukes, Lords, M. P.s, and Guardsmen,
With county beaks for guides;
And tongues that sway our Senators,
And hands the pen that wield,
Were cheering on the champions
Upon that morning's field.

At last the bell is ringing,
The engine puffs amain,
And through the dark towards Brighton
On shrieks the tearing train;
But turning off where Reigate
Unites her clustering lines,
By poultry-haunted Dorking
A devious course it twines;
By Wotton, Shier, and Guildford,
Across the winding Wey,
Till by heath-girded Farnborough
Our doubling course we stay,
Where Aldershott lay snoring
All in the morning grey,
Nor dreamed the Camp what combat
Should be fought here to-day!

The stakes are pitched, the ropes are tied,
The men have ta'en their stand;
Heenanus wins the toss for place,
And takes the eastward hand.
Cusiccius and Macdonaldus
Upon the Boy attend;
Sayerius owns Bruntonus,
And Jim Welshius for friend.
And each upon the other now
A curious eye may throw,
As from the seconds' final rub
In buff at length they show,
And from their corners to the scratch
Move stalwartly and slow.

Then each his hand stretched forth to grasp,
His foemen's fives in friendly clasp;
Each felt his balance trim and true,—
Each up to square his mauleys threw;
Each tried his best to draw his man—
The feint, the dodge, the opening plan,
Till left and right Sayerius tried;
Heenanus' grin proclaimed him wide;
He shook his nut, a lead essayed,
Nor reached Sayerius' watchful head.
At length each left is sudden flung,
We heard the ponderous thud,
And from each tongue the news was rung,
Sayerius hath "First blood!"
Adown Heenanus' Roman nose
Freely the tell-tale claret flows,
While stern Sayerius' forehead shows
That in the interchange of blows
Heenanus' aim was good!
Again each iron mauley swung,
And loud the counter-hitting rung,
Till breathless all, and wild with blows,
Fiercely they grappled for a close;
A moment in close hug they swing
Hither and thither, round the ring,
Then from Heenanus' clinch of brass
Sayerius, smiling, slips to grass!

I trow mine ancient breath would fail
To follow through the fight,
Each gallant round's still changing tale,
Each feat of left and right.
How through two well-spent hours and more,
Through bruise, and blow, and blood,
Like sturdy bulldogs, as they were,
Those well-matched heroes stood.
How nine times in that desperate Mill
Heenanus, in his strength,
Knocked stout Sayerius off his pins,
And laid him all at length;
But how in each succeeding round
Sayerius smiling came,
With head as cool, and wind as sound,
As his first moment on the ground,
Still confident, and game.
How from Heenanus' sledge-like fist,
Striving a smasher to resist,
Sayerius' stout right arm gave way,
Yet the maim'd hero still made play,
And when in-fighting threatened ill,
Was nimble in out-fighting still,
Did still his own maintain—
In mourning put Heenanus' glims;
Till blinded eyes and helpless limbs,
The chances squared again.
How blind Heenanus in despite
Of bleeding mug and waning sight
So gallantly kept up the fight,
That not a man could say
Which of the two 'twere wise to back,
Or on which side some random crack
Might not decide the day:
And leave us—whose won the prize,—
Victor and vanquished, in all eyes,
An equal meed to pay.

Two hours and more the fight had sped,
Near unto ten it drew,
But still opposed—one-armed to blind,—
They stood, the dauntless two.
Ah, me, that I have lived to hear
Such men as ruffians scorned,
Such deeds of valour brutal called,
Canted, preached down, and mourned!
Ah, that these old eyes ne'er again
A gallant Mill shall see!
No more behold the ropes and stakes,
With colours flying free!
But I forget the combat—
How shall I tell the close,
That left the Champion's Belt in doubt
Between those well-matched foes?
Fain would I shroud the tale in night,—
The meddling Blues that thrust in sight,—
The ring-keepers o'erthrown;—
The broken ring,—the cumbered fight,—
Heenanus' sudden, blinded flight,—
Sayerius pausing, as he might,
Just when ten minutes used aright
Had made the fight his own!

Alas! e'en in those brighter days
We still had Beaks and Blues,—
Still, canting rogues, their mud to fling
On self-defence and on the Ring,
And fistic arts abuse!
And 'twas such varmint had the power
The Champion's fight to stay,
And leave unsettled to this hour
The honours of the day!
But had those honours rested
Divided as was due,
Sayerius and Heenanus
Had cut the Belt in two.

And now my fists are feeble,
And my blood is thin and cold,
But 'tis better than Old Tom to me
To recall those days of old.
And may you, my great-grandchildren,
That gather round my knee,
Ne'er see worse men or iller times
Than I and mine might be,
Though England then had prize-fighters—
Even reprobates like me.

A Blessing to Reporters.

A Deputation waited on Mr. Milner Gibson to complain of the fraudulent system of "short-lengths" as practised in the cotton trade. We wish that Honourable Members, when they are spinning long yarns in Parliament, would be equally guilty of "short-lengths."

Constance (literary). "Have you read this Account of 'The Mill on the Floss,' dear?"
Edith (literal). "No, indeed, I have not; and I wonder that you can find anything to interest you in the Description of a Disgusting Prize-Fight!"

A MAJOR EXCOMMUNICATION.

Know all men, that we, *Punch*, being utterly inundated with punning paragraphs, ringing the changes on Savoy cabbage, Savoy greens, Savoy cake, Nice and nephew, Nice and nasty, &c. &c., hereby proclaim that the said puns, and all of their respective families,—being utterly effete, worn out, used up, and worn threadbare,—are hereby and for ever outlawed, banished the realm, denied all privilege of pun, and excommunicate, and that none of our correspondents shall make, or still more, forward, or otherwise act, aid, or abet in making or forwarding the same, on pain of the pains and penalties, in case of such outlawry and excommunication as aforesaid, made and provided.

Given from our Editorial Chair, at our Palace of Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the present month of April, 1860.

Sayers and Doers.

Frank Leslie the layers
On Heenan assures,
He'd have easy smashed *Sayers*,
If unbacked by *doers*.

THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY.

We see a fashionable *coiffeur* is advertising "Wigs made by machinery." Of course, this genius will bequeath the invention to his children as a "hair-loom?"

Ancient Pistol's Primer.—Annex, the wise call it: Steal! foh, a fico for the phrase.

AN HONEST ADVERTISEMENT.

"**Have you heard the news?**"—"Dear me, what news? That Queen Anne is dead?"—"Nay, I did not mean a jest."—"You refer, then, to the unexampled combat between Messrs. Sayers and Heenan?"—"That, indeed, is matter of public interest, but I do not at the moment allude to that remarkable conflict."—"Perhaps, then, I understand my friend to be about to mention the reported illness of the Great Salamander of Japan?"—"Your friend is happy to tell you, that the report is unfounded, and that there is no probability of the Royal and delightful Zoological Gardens being deprived of one of the most extraordinary additions to their unrivalled attractions."—"You pique my curiosity, yet surely, in the nineteenth century, there must be many themes of excitement, and I will guess again."—"Do so."—"Has the Empress of the French suddenly changed the fashions of her Court, abolished the crinoline, and reverted to the classics?"—"'Twere a consummation devoutly to be wished; but no such news has been forwarded through Mr. Reuter."—"Do you design to mention that curious *fracas* at Her Majesty's Theatre, and the proof it affords that a gentleman may be a good judge of music, and yet—"—"Nay, let such small game escape the snare of the fowler."—"I am nearly at my wits' end."—"I had not thought that walk so short, my friend."—"Speak you of my Lord Eglinton's denial that he was at the Farnborough Tournament?"—"No; is it of such mighty moment where my Lord Eglinton may amuse himself?"—"Mean you that the accomplished young poet who inherits the name and talents of Bulwer Lytton has issued a new volume of poems?"—"May it be as charming as the *Wanderer;* but it is not to Lucile that I allude."—"Is it that Anthony Trollope, the admirable novelist, is appointed one of the Commissioners for inquiring into the working of the Post Office?"—"It is well; he is a man of—ha, ha!—*letters,*—ha, ha!—and has done so much justice to three clerks that he may be trusted with the rest; but you have not hit it."—"Friend of my soul, this goblet sip, and, believe me, I am now knocked into the middle of next week."—"Ha! you are very near the mark."—"I give up, notwithstanding."—"Then know that the well-known periodical called Once a Week is henceforth enlarged to Thirty-Two Pages."—"Indeed, you astonish me! It was already one of the most extraordinarily cheap publications in the world, when you consider the brilliancy of the literature and the beauty of the illustrations."—"You are right, but this remission of the Paper Duty enables the conductors to make the boon to the public still larger."—"The price the same as now?"—"The same—Three Pence."—"This is indeed good news."—"But there is a cloud, or shall I say a *nuance*, on the brow of my friend."—"Nay, not so serious; yet I would ask why this is proclaimed in *Punch?* Are not the proprietary interests in both publications in some degree—?"—"What should have been done?"—"Why not do as others do—send little puff paragraphs round the country—have hints, and casual references of admiration, and allusions in articles on other subjects—surely this bold-faced Puff, in *Punch* itself, is somewhat audacious."—"No doubt. But inasmuch as it is the very best advertisement in the whole universal world, *Mr. Punch* is happy to accord it to *Once a Week*."—"No one but *Mr. Punch* would be capable of so truly grand an act."—"Indeed you are right, my friend, wherefore let us liquor."

FRENCH FASHIONS OF SPEECH.

Ever since Bonaparte, the other day, called Tuscany an "autonomy," the Continental press has kept repeating that word, which is now getting tiresome from its continual recurrence. Every beggarly little district in Europe that manages its own affairs in any measure, is dignified with the name of an "autonomy." We hope that we shall not have our own native tongue infected with this affectation of French Greek nomenclature. We trust that our glorious Marylebone Vestry will persevere in terming the great principle of their constitution, which they are ready to die for, if necessary, local self-government, and not exchange that orthodox parochialism for such an un-English expression as "topical autonomy."

An Astonishing Boy.

Just published is the second edition of a book under the title of *What is a Boy?* written by Thomas Morell Blackie, Master of Chipping-hill School. "What is a Boy?" Mr. Blackie may flatter himself that he knows, but Mr. Heenan, the Benicia Boy, could let him know better, and enlighten him considerably on that point, though at the same time blinding and darkening him, by bunging up and blacking the eye of Blackie.

French in English.

Idea.—The object for which France goes to war. A geographical expression. Savoy. Nice. Probably the Rhine Provinces.

Natural Boundaries.—The limits of French ambition. The Universe. See Idea.

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VENDOR OF DELICACIES. "*Made yer ill, have they? Then it's coss yer ain't accustomed to 'igh livin'.*"

THE NEW ROGUE'S MARCH.

AIR—"*See the Conquering Hero Comes.*"

OPE thy gate, O Newgate, let a new Rogue in,
Big as e'er went through gate—one of REDPATH's kin;
For the great offender gape, thou prison door,
Here, in pomp and splendour, comes one Scoundrel more.

Robbing his employers, is this Rascal's crime—
Famous case for lawyers, villany sublime;
Theft, imagination, whose amount astounds,
Near, by computation, three hundred thousand pounds!

After gain he lusted, lured by gain alone,
He was greatly trusted—better far than known;
How those men were dozing passes all belief,
Confidence reposing in so grand a thief.

Hide, you knaves inferior, your diminished heads,
Bow to your superior—kiss the ground he treads.
What are you before him, frisking tills and clies?
Grovel and adore him, prigs of smaller size.

Blush for your offences, burglars at the crank,
Thinking how immense his pillage of the Bank;
Shamed by his large plunder, convicts of the Road,
Trip the treadmill under guilt of lighter load.

Felons, hail your greater; trumpets sound, and drums
Beat before the traitor; lo, he comes, he comes!
Glorious music make him, *Rogue's March*, noble air,
Take ye then, oh, take him, turnkeys to your care.

Lost Naval Mutton.

IT may be difficult to conceive anything in common between gunboats and sheep, for a gunboat is different from even a steam-ram. Nevertheless, most of our gunboats and some of our sheep resemble each other in having got the rot.

WHAT THE "MORNING STAR" THINKS OF THE "MORNING ADVERTISER."—"The blatant organ of evangelicism and dram-drinking."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

APRIL 24, *Monday*. COWLEY, from Paris, entered the ring at five o'clock, to the immense disgust of NORMANBY, who, however, was obliged to fight, though there was so little confidence in him that he could not even get a second. He advanced to COWLEY, cackled foolishly, and struck out feebly, never getting home once. COWLEY let him go on at this sort of thing for some time, and then went at him, drew claret, followed him up, and, hitting out straight, completely floored him, amid loud cheers. GRANVILLE interposed, chaffed poor NORMANBY a little upon his imbecile love of provoking stronger men than himself, and there was an end to the affair. MALMESBURY declared that COWLEY had shown himself one of the right sort, but abused JOHN RUSSELL, who could not be there. NORMANBY picked himself up, grumbling, and the assembly dispersed. COWLEY was so little hurt that he went off by special train the same night to Dover, and next morning crossed to Boulogne in the new mail packet *John Penn*, "in a fresh breeze and swell," in 97 minutes. NORMANBY's friends ought to prevent him from making such exhibitions of himself.

In the Commons, MR. MASSEY said that as LORD JOHN RUSSELL took the intended motion for a Select Committee on the Reform Bill so much to heart, it should not be pressed. The debate on the Second Reading was resumed by MR. EDWIN JAMES, who, being a supporter of Government, pitched into the Bill in every way, and insisted upon his grand point, namely, that thousands on thousands of votes, in addition to those calculated on by LORD JOHN RUSSELL, would be created. MR. HARDY pointed out the double-faced nature of the Bill, which was alternately declared to be much too large and much too small. Then up got SIR GEORGE LEWIS, Home Secretary, to do his best for the Bill, and he successfully established the following propositions.

First. That LORD JOHN RUSSELL, at all events, knows nothing about the numerical question, and had made a blunder (in SIR GEORGE's judgment) to the extent of about 50,000 votes.

Secondly, that the Bill doubles the existing number of Voters, SIR GEORGE himself stating the increase to be something under 400,000.

Thirdly, that MR. EDWIN JAMES has enraged the Ministry in the most awful manner, and much improved his chances of receiving the Solicitor-Generalship at their hands.

LORD ROBERT MONTAGU drew an ugly picture of the sort of American assembly he believed the House would become if the Bill passed, which vaticination was simply nonsense. LORD ROBERT CECIL urged the more sensible objection, that it was dangerous to entrust the power of taxation to the uneducated, who would naturally say, as women do: "Stuff and nonsense about direct and indirect; the rich have plenty of money, and ought to pay for the poor who haven't." Of the two BOB, therefore, *Mr. Punch* nails the first to the counter, and passes the second. MR. MONCKTON MILNES admitted that there was no noise about Reform, and that the beating of the people's own hearts was all the sound we heard, but he thought those hearts were set on an extension of the franchise. He condemned the exclusion of the educational qualification. MR. PEACOCKE spread out a handsome tale about eminent men who distinguished themselves as members for small boroughs, but became mere delegates when returned for large places. MR. THOMSON had studied the Seasons for political change, and thought this was one of them. MR. NEWDEGATE warned the Lords against passing the Bill, unless more power were given to the counties, which would be swamped by the boroughs.

There was an adjournment squabble, utterly beneath *Mr. Punch's* notice, but for his having received the following telegrams:—

TORYDOM IS IN REVOLT AGAINST KING DISRAELI II.

BENTINCK PRETENDS TO THE THRONE.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW HAS PRONOUNCED AGAINST THE KING.

Fearful scenes are expected, and an indication of the rebellion (for a straw—one of those of which BENTINCK is made—will, if thrown up, show the way of the wind) might have been noted to-night, when MR. DISRAELI said, that those with whom he acted would not divide against the Bill, and MR. BENTINCK, supposed to be one of "those," rose and protested against any such compact, and said that he and his friends were not going to be bound by any arrangement between the front benches. The debate was adjourned. *Mr. Punch* recommends the

foolish country gentlemen to mind what they are about, and not quarrel with their master.

PUNCH'S ADDRESS TO HIS TORIES.

"Dull men, in the country bred,
Dolts, whom DIZ has often led,
If you lose your daring Head,
Farewell victory.

Twice you've seen the day and hour,
When he dragged you into power;
That's a grape you'll long find sour,
If unhelped by D.

Who's to lead you? HENLEY grave?
Classic LYTTON, WHITESIDE brave?
WALPOLE, victim to the Shave?
Where's your man but B.?

Who creates the promptest raw,
PAM himself dares strongly jaw,
GLADSTONE'S figures, BETHELL'S law,
Treats contemptuously?

Lay such pumps as BENTINCK low,
Close your ranks in sturdy row,
Will you lose your Chieftain? No.
Vive DISRAELI!"

At least, if they mean to show any sport for the future, and not be a mere grumbling, growling, protesting lot, hindering a little but never acting, the Party will think twice before yielding to the arrogant, aristocratic, asinine jealousy that always sets itself against a leader whose name is not in the Peerage. However, it is their business, not *Mr. Punch's*, who occasionally finds them worth licking while they have a Head, but will have only to laugh at them in the absence of that article.

Tuesday. The Lords read, a second time, LORD CAMPBELL'S Bill for infusing a little Equity into Law. The old Equity men (you wouldn't think that *Mr. Punch* means Chancery men, but such is the corruption of language) do not like the change, so it may be inferred that it is for the good of the public.

The Commons debate was an *olla podrida*. MR. A. SMITH (not he of Mont Blanc) complained of the QUEEN going at low water between the sea, which is hers, and private land, which is not, and claiming a right over the intermediate space. SIR RICHARD BETHELL flared up for his Royal Mistress, and showed that, as usual, all that she had done was in the interest of the public. If SMITH wants to pick up sand eels and crabs, there is no objection to his filling his hat with them, but it is in the highest degree impertinent of him to interfere with his Sovereign. His motion for a Committee on the subject was squashed. A long Museum debate followed, everybody having views of his own about the collection. LORD PALMERSTON said it was all a question of money, and rather seemed to think that the best way would be to clear out all the stuffed creatures and the rest of the Natural History, and so leave room for articles of human manufacture. *Mr. Punch* does not entirely concur. Statues, monumental tablets, classical friezes, vases, and sarcophagi are less interesting to the masses than the study of natural history. People who are blessed with a taste for the former articles are usually also blessed with wheeled carriages, or at least with threepence to ride on the top of an omnibus, a remark which by no means applies to their humbler fellow citizens. *Argal*, keep the popular collection within reach of the people, and let the antiquities be sent elsewhere—stuck over Primrose Hill, or erected at Brompton, if there is no better place. The London Corporation Bill was read a second time, MR. AYRTON delivering an awfully long speech, proving, from the history of ÆNEAS'S brother, that the Tower Hamlets ought to be part of the City of London. The Census Bill, Ladies, was also read a second time, MR. BAINES complaining that it made it necessary for a man to say what religion he professed. We dare say, dears, that you think this a much smaller grievance than your own.

Wednesday. The Law of Property Bill was discussed in a debate of great importance and extreme dryness.

Thursday. The BISHOP OF LONDON came out strong with a Bill for re-arranging benefices that are not beneficial to the people, and for carrying away churches that are useless, and putting them in more advantageous positions.

The Reform Debate was resumed in the Commons. MR. BLACK, a Liberal, abused it. SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON delivered a set oration, of great splendour, against it. MR. MARSH, as a Reformer, could not support it. SIR J. FERGUSON also attacked it. At length a speaker arose in its favour, MR. DENMAN, who praised it, and then proceeded to show its incompleteness. SIR J. WALSH attacked it as a Household Suffrage Bill; and then LORD JOHN RUSSELL, in wrath, rushed in to the rescue of his ill-used Pet, and declared it was a lovely Bill. He said MR. EDWIN JAMES'S blunder was "ludicrous;" defended his measure on the two grounds, that it would let in a mass of the working classes, and that it wouldn't; misquoted MR. DISRAELI and was set right amid the laughter of the House; and warned people that if this Reform were not conceded we might see an Ugly Rush—not him at MADAME TUSSAUD'S, but one predicted last year by MR. HENLEY. The rebel BENTINCK then moved the adjournment of the Debate.

Friday. A neat little spar between the Puseyite LORD DUNGANNON, and the BISHOP OF CARLISLE, (who as the Honourable and Reverend MR. VILLIERS was the pet of the young ladies of Mid-London,) excited some attention, though it was only about the spiritual necessities of the diocese of Durham.

In the Commons, the Reform Bill returns were again discussed, and most of the speakers (LORD STANLEY an exception) declared them inaccurate. SIR CHARLES WOOD said, that instructions had been given to find out the names of some vulgar snobs and snobbesses from England, who lately misconducted themselves in a place of Mahometan worship at Cairo, and *Mr. Punch* pledges himself, should the parties be discovered, to make them remember their brutality. LORD JOHN RUSSELL said that there was going to be a Conference of the Eight Powers about Savoy, but its jurisdiction was infinitesimal.

Three crack speeches were delivered by MR. WHITESIDE, MR. BRIGHT, and MR. DISRAELI on the Trelawny Bill for abolishing Church-Rates, and then, on division, the Second Reading was carried by the tiny majority of 9—namely, 235 to 226. The Conservatives actually shouted for more than five minutes at this dwindling down of the usual majority, and they consider the Bill smashed, and rather expect that a few Churches will be left standing in England for a few years to come.

THE DISTURBER OF THE PEACE OF BRITISH FARMERS.

(*To Mr. Punch.*)

P wi' your shillaly, *Mr. Punch*, do, and drap well into that are MEAKEY or MECKEY, or whatever 'tis he calls his name. There's that are feller, and have a bin fur ever so long, a stickun of his self up as if 'twas o' purpus fur you to knock un down. He keeps cryun fur a crack over the head o' that there stick o' yourn—dwoant 'ee disappint un no longer. Het un a reglar good un, and knuck un down, aud as zoon as a gits up agen het un another, and then goo at un and gie un a preshus good hidun. A Cockney like he purtend to tache me my bisnus—let un mind his own, and stick to knick-knacks and knife-grindun. What can sitch a feller as that know about farmun? We must own that, one o' these days, when there's an end o' the French nation, zoords med be turned into ploughshares, but we baint sitch fools as fur to let MECKEY perswade us as how he can change rhaazors to riphooks. Every day amost there's some owdacious whopper from that feller in the papers, layun down that the law about what we ought to do—summut as is clane unpossable and contrairy to razon. This here sile'a to be drained, and that there's to be doctored, which everybody knows wun't nuther on um pay fur 't arter 'tis all done, at laste in our time. We wastes this here and we neglects that there; we does all sarts o' things as we didn't ought to ha done, and we laves undone as many more as we ought to ha done, accordun to this here fault findun Alderman Varmer. He's always ather for thrustun zum new draainidge-pipes into our crops, or crammun zum fresh manœuvre down our drooats. What's it all done fur? Nuthun else but to annoy and wurritate we. Then he prints a juggle of a ballunce-sheet to make believe he gains instead of losun by his newfangled skeams, and also to cudgel them as dwooant know no better into supposun that we be a zet of ignurnt, pigheaded, prejudist clowns and incomepopes, as dwooan't know how to manidge our own consarns, and wun't larn. We hain't to be blinded and bamboozed wi all that are hoke us poke us, but sitch conjurashons imposes on folka as can't zee droo um. That's how 'tis we gets laafed at, and told that our complaints is all our own fault, Guvment can't help us, but we must help ourselves; and zo 'tis we never gits no justus. Now, there. People, sez, 'What

meaks you Varmers zo bitter agin MR. MECKEY?' Why, that's why. We looks upon un as the Varmer's enemy—though a purtends to be his vriend, like the oolf in ship's clothun. Besides, it tarments a chap to goo on day arter day, week arter week, tryun to hammer and bate things into his head. Even if so be they be true 'tis pain and grief to un. It makes the head on un ache. No wonder then we Varmers be zo enradged wi MR. MECKEY. Zeveral on um, I zee, challenges of un to prove his words. What's the good o' that? Challenge un to vight wi fists—that's what I 'oed if 'twas any use to. 'Come out and take off thy quoat,' I'd zay to un, 'and now we 'll zee which is the best man and the best Varmer.' I thinks I could prove to un which was the cleverst hand at thrashun, any how. Or I'd play a game at kick-shins wi un are a day o' the week for a shillun. I only wish he'd come down in these parts, where I'd soon show un what farmun is, about which he don't know no more than a forrener. I'd make un ate his words—and summut else. He should rhoar loud enough to be heard all over Tiptree Farm—that is if 'twas his own dunghill as he wus a fightun on. If he ood do us the honner o' payun of us a vizznt I can assure un of a hospitiable welcum. I'd gie strict orders to all the carters to be sure and leave all their hosswhips at whoam, and, whatever they did, not goo givun of un a duckun in the hosspond. We be upset wi un, I allow; sayun sitch contradicshus things as he do is enuff to tire the pashunce o' JUWOOAB his self, and I 'ool confess, makes me mad. 'Sides, I tell 'ee what, *Mr. Punch*. We dwooant want to goo to school again, right or wrong, and so long as MECKY keeps on tuterun and chastizun of we, I hope, *Mr. Punch*, you 'll punch his head, and force un to leave off tryun to drive a passle o zience into the British Varmer's. I be, honnerd Sir, your dilidgunt and 'tentive rader and sarvant to command,

"*Stoke Bovis, May*, 1860. "DAN'L CUDDEN."

"P.S. There's a place up in Town as I've a heerd on, called Plough Court. Is that ere, now, one o' MR. MECKY's little farms? If 'tis, let un gie up all tothers and bide there."

A LADY'S LETTER.

"DEAR! dear! you *men!* What selfish things you are! Always thinking of yourselves, and studying and scheming to promote your *creature* comforts. I declare, *Mr. Punch*, it's quite *shameful* of you, that it is. What with your Big Ships, and your breech-loaders, and your Armstrong guns and things, there's scarcely a day passes without our hearing of your making new inventions for yourselves, and you never think of *dreaming* to invent US anything!

"Why there, this very morning I've just learnt of a new *luxury* that you've invented for yourselves, and I can't help sitting down and asking what you *mean* by it. You've been getting up, I see, a 'District Telegraph Company,' by which you mean to send your messages 'to all parts of London,' at least to all parts that will be of any service to *yourselves*. By the card which MR. SMITH brought home last night in his pocket (he came home rather late, and so I looked at it while he was *snoring at half-past eight o'clock*, A.M.!! but it really is disgraceful how you *idlers* waste your time), I see you can send messages of ten words each, for fourpence, and to get an answer back will only cost you twopence more. But, cheap as is the price of it, of course you 'll all go spending *mints of money* in your *messaging*. For you know you're just like *children* when you've some new plaything given you, and can't keep your hands off it for ever such a while. I expect your *men of business*, as you charitably call them, will go telegramming to each other a dozen times a day, and saying how things go in the West-end or the City, and whether 'Funds are firm,' or 'Ministers are shaky,' and whether 'tallow 's looking better,' or 'sugar's sinking fast.' Of course, too, your men of fashion, who have nothing else to do but to walk about in *Wegent Stweet*, and stroke their *whiskaws* and moustaches, will be—aw—deuced glad of the—aw—*Distwict Telegwaphs*, as they will doubtless call them. Sending messages to *fellahs* will be a way of killing time, and in addition to the newa that money's 'getting tight,' the message will be sent that men are going 'on the loose,' and JACK or TOM or HARRY will be telegrammed to meet them.

"No doubt you 'll say, the wires will be open to the ladies as well as to the gentlemen, and that you don't mean to monopolise the use of them. But this is the most mean and paltry of excuses. Just as if we women ever wanted to send telegrams! Why, I declare at the very *sight* of them one gets frightened into fits, and feels sure that something dreadful must certainly have happened. Besides, you clearly *don't intend* the District Telegraphs for *us*. You've been placing all the Stations just where *only men* can get at them. There's not a *single one* at the *Soho Bazaar*, or at any other point where women most do congregate. What's the good of opening offices at your *Deptfords* and your *Docks*, if you intend that *ladies* are to have the use of them. *Ladies* don't go shopping in your *Stock Exchange*, and *Lloyds*, and your *Mark* and *Mincing Lanes*, indeed, and places that one never even heard the name of! To be of any service to us, stations should be made at all the milliners' and bonnet-shops, so that one could order them to alter one's new dress and things, without having the *nuisance* of going to consult about it.

"I remain, Sir, Yours despairingly,
"SOPHONISBA SMITH."

TRULY SPIRITED CAPITALISTS.

AMONG other interesting particulars of foreign intelligence, a contemporary, the other day, announced that:—

"The DUKE OF MODENA has offered his little army to the POPE. The Papal Government is trying to contract a loan of 50,000,000 fr. The ROTHSCHILDS refuse to negotiate it."

The presentation of the DUKE OF MODENA's little army to the POPE is no doubt the best investment that his Royal Grace could make of it under existing circumstances. The MESSRS. ROTHSCHILD probably could find a more profitable, or at least a more promising speculation than that of a Papal loan. But shall we suppose that the idea of lending his Holiness money was regarded by those princely capitalists as a mere question of shekels? Can we imagine them to have considered it solely with reference to the amount per cent. offered by the Pontifical Government, and the likelihood of getting it, or even of ever seeing their capital again? No; the idea of assisting, with a loan of 50,000,000 francs, the kidnapper of the little MORTARA, was doubtless viewed by the great ROTHSCHILDS with an interest quite other and higher than even cent. per cent. Could the POPE have offered tangible security, however, there are certain considerations which might, perhaps, have induced them to entertain his offer. A man in possession at the Vatican would proclaim the House of Israel avenged.

Wood and Stone.

BY proceedings which have been instituted in the ecclesiastical court by MR. WESTERTON against the Hon. and REV. R. LIDDELL, it appears that, in contempt of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, the stone altar at St. Barnabas, Pimlico, is still retained, together with the cross upon it. The Romanesque clergy and their parishioners seem destined to remain at cross purposes.

THE WIFE'S HELPING HAND.

AT no moment of difficulty does a husband, knowing his own utter helplessness, draw so closely to his wife's side for comfort and assistance as when he wants a button to be sewn on his shirt-collar!

MOTTO FOR A PENNY-A-LINER.—"*Nulla dies sine lineâ.*"

LATE FROM THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

Minnie. "I am Reading such a pretty Tale."
Governess. "You must say Narrative, Minnie—not Tale!"
Minnie. "Yes, Ma'am; and do just look at Muff, how he's Wagging his Narrative!"

JANUS.

When Rome was not nearly so Pagan as now,
For even her priests had a faith in their trade,
Her people adored, with oblation and vow,
A queer-looking God who two faces displayed.
The old Roman temple of Janus is shut,
But Janus is here—wilt you look at the Cut?

He brings us a Bill which two classes abuse,
One deeming it monstrous, one thinking it *nil*,
And Janus's dodge is the meeting both views
By swearing that each is expressed in the Bill.
The old Roman temple of Janus is shut,
But Janus is here, as you see by the Cut.

He says to the Tory, "How could you suppose
My Bill would give votes to the ignorant mass;
I feel with yourself that such persons are foes
To the doctrines upheld by the Governing Class."
The old Roman temple of Janus is shut,
But Janus is here, as portrayed in our Cut.

He says to the Democrat, "How can you deem
My Bill not a boon to the myriads who toil?
Enfranchisement 's really the pith of my scheme,
So stir up the masses, and make my pot boil."
The old Roman temple of Janus is shut,
But Janus is here, as set forth in our Cut.

Yes, wise in his way is Lord Janus, no doubt,
Yet Truth has been thought to be wiser than trick,
And Bifrons may yet see his Bill flying out
Impelled by the hint of a Two-footed Kick.
And both my Lord Janus's *mouths will be shut,*
The day it departs by that very short cut.

A NEW IRONMONGERS' HALL.

Mr. Punch used occasionally to give his friend Mr. Panizzi a poke or two, but since the erection of that unequalled reading-room, the former has not had a word to say against the projector of such a boon. Assuredly *Mr. Punch* is not going to complain of Mr. Panizzi for doing something that has been made a grievance of. It seems that some people wanted to compile an *Ironmongers' Directory*, and so, instead of getting the other Directories, which may be had at any coffee-house, they procure tickets for their clerks, and turn these parties into the reading-room of the Museum, to copy out the names. Mr. Panizzi good-naturedly allows this for some days, but as really there is not more room than is wanted for real students, who come there for books they cannot get elsewhere, he finally suggests that the clerks might as well do their work at Peele's, or any similar place, as in a national library. The literary ironmongers, or their employers, are in a rage at this; but it appears to *Mr. Punch* that this is one of the cases in which the "discretion of the trustees" is properly exercised for the convenience of himself and the other great writers and students of the day. Good gracious, suppose one of these ironmongery copyists had taken the seat *He* usually occupies, which is Table number——no, Museum young ladies, mind your own reading.

Well-named.

We observe frequent reference to a new organ of public intelligence in France, published under the very appropriate title of Bullier's *Correspondence*. Most of the tolerated utterances of the French Press under the present *régime* on the subject of England read as if they were extracts from this new organ.

The Greatest Angle of Elevation.—Fishing off the top of Shakspeare's Cliff.

THE REFORM JANUS.

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER XIV.—PERIOD, THE REIGNS OF WILLIAM RUFUS, HENRY THE FIRST, AND STEPHEN—(CONTINUED).

THE love of novelty which marked the civil costume of this period is likewise to be noticed in the military habits, which the pencil of our artist will now help us to describe. "*Avidus novitatis est gent Anglicanus,*" writes one of the old monkish historians of the time; and what was said of the civilians might be said too of the soldiers, who, if not vain, were vane-like in their constancy of change. Their uniforms in fact were anything but uniform, and judging from their great variety of armour, we should say the army tailors had lots of work cut out for them, and like a travelling wild-beast-show driver, drove a roaring trade. We fancy hardly a day passed without something new in hauberks being shown in some shop-window, and we imagine what a rush there was to see some novel nose-piece which was said to be "on view" in the Bond Street of the time.

How the three kings * whose names we use to head this chapter armed themselves, we in a great measure may see from their great seals. But as our readers very possibly have not (like us) had the honour of receiving royal letters, perhaps they may not have inspected many of the royal seals. Of the three which we now speak of we may say, then, that the first represents KING WILLIAM RUFUS in a suit of armour, to which, without disparagement, we must apply the term of "scaly." In lieu of the nasal helmet, he wears one somewhat like a Tartar's, fitting closely to the head, and sharply pointed at the top. We find the Normans called this a *chapelle de fer*, and hence we may in-fer that it was made of iron; although possibly, for warmth, the lining of this *fer* cap may have been made of fur. The King carries a gonfanon, or lance, and kiteshaped shield; and excepting that he sits on horseback, his general appearance is much like that of the small boy whom we sketched from our own nursery to show the costume of the infantry in our eleventh chapter.

WILLIAM RUFUS, FROM HIS GREAT SEAL.

HENRY THE FIRST on his great seal is in a hauberk of flat rings, whereas KING STEPHEN upon his is depicted in a hauberk of rings which are set edgewise; an improvement on the flat-ringed armour in security, but a manifest impediment in point of added weight. This extra heaviness however weighed but little on his spirits, for the king, as we shall see, was quite a "merry monarch," and heavy as was his hauberk, we have no doubt he made light of it.

Another kind of mail in which about this period many male persons indulged, may be seen upon the seal of RICHARD, Constable of Chester. A mounted figure is here shown in what has been described as "tegulated" armour, it being seemingly composed of small square plates of steel, which overlap each other like *tegulæ*, or tiles. From underneath the hauberk a long tunic is depicted, falling far below the feet, which are thrust forward in the stirrups so as not to get entangled in it. Whether this were so in life no one living can well say; but one's impression from the seal is, that this long tunic must have been a needless encumbrance to a horseman, hanging as it did, not unlike a lady's riding habit, excepting that it did not even serve to hide the legs.

* The reader will, we trust, not confound this regal trio with the famed "Three kings of Brentford;" though it might puzzle him more to point out who those three kings were, than to mention who they were not.

Besides these different sorts of armour several others were in use, such as the "broigned" or "trelliced," the "rustred" and the "banded:" names which give so accurate a notion of the fabrics that further to describe them would be clearly waste of time. Referring then the reader, if need be, to his dictionary, which will supply any deficiency in fancy on his part, we may notice that the collar of the hauberk at this period was drawn up over the mouth, and being hooked on to the nasal, gave the joke-cracker a chance for saying he had a hooked nose. Whether this arrangement interfered with respiration we are without sufficient evidence to state; but the practice must at any rate have been a hindrance in a sneezing-fit, and snuff-takers must certainly have found it inconvenient. It is puzzling to think too how men could blow their noses when their coat-collars were hooked to them; and if the weather in KING STEPHEN's reign were as bad as has been lately, this want of nasal access must have been a dreadful nuisance.

COSTUME OF A CONSTABLE, TEMP. STEPHEN. FROM THE SEAL OF RICHARD, CONSTABLE OF CHESTER.

This custom of fastening the hauberk to the nasal being for these reasons, or other such, discarded, a couple of steel cheekpieces were added in the lieu of it. These were either fixed to and fell pendent from the helmet, or else were independent of it, and were made as a half-mask, having hooks to fasten them, and eyeholes for the eyes. The Normans called them "ventailles," spelt otherwise "aventailles," a word which has led Cox, the learned Finsbury historian, to describe them quite inaccurately as cheekguards "avin' tails."

Chins and cheeks and noses being thus protected, of all the face the eyes were the only parts left visible, and although they might be shut, were always open to attack. If ocular demonstration were needed to prove this, it would be found in the description of the death of HUGH the Proud, which, we need hardly tell our readers, happened on his meeting with the KING OF NORWAY, who was called MAGNUS BAREFOOT, perhaps from being a great bear. We learn from the Saga, Mag. Burf. c. 11, (a writing which of course our readers must have read), that when this Monarch led his forces against England, near the Isle of Anglesey he was met by two brave Earls, who being both named HUGH, were nicknamed for distinction HUGH THE PROUD and HUGH THE FAT. The King, like the poet, "shot an arrow in the air," while a follower of his shot one immediately following it; and as both of them were aimed at the first of the two HUGHS, while the one shaft smashed his nosepiece, the other pierced his eye, and so, says an eyewitness, "ye nobil Earle dyd die in ye twynklyng of an eye."

In weapons at this period there was but little novelty. Lances, swords, and cross-bows still remained in use, it being found that they killed men as fast as then was wanted. In our more civilised condition we of course could not content ourselves with such small arms as these, and must keep making Whitworth guns, and such great engines of destruction. But it seems in WILLIAM RUFUS' reign, that spiffness was thought of more account than soldiering, and the command which men obeyed with the most promptness then was "Dress!" Of course the satirists and chroniclers make sad complaint of this, and WILLIAM OF MALMESBURY upbraids the young men of the time for presenting an "unweaponed effeminate appearance:" a complaint which we may trust will soon be no more echoable, now that all our youths are getting rifles to their hands, and learning how to use them.

Before we leave this period, we should notice that the love of wearing everything too long, extended with the dandies quite from top to toe, and was carried to as great lengths on their heads as on their feet. The peaked shoes then in fashion we described in our last chapter, and have only need to add, that the soldiers sometimes wore them as well as the civilians, though how they could "stand at ease" in them it puzzles one to think. The like passion for length was shown too in their hair; fashion as is usual jumping to extremes, and the short crop of the Conqueror's time sprouting with the next reign into great luxuriance. From shaving their back hair off, the dandies took to growing it as long as they could get it; the King himself, BILL REDHEAD, heading the new mode, and like the Daughter of the Ratcatcher appearing with his hair all dangling down his back "like bunches of carrots upon it."

EXCOMMUNICATION UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

THE following notice has been extensively posted in Paris:—"Bull-Stickers Beware."

Snob. "*Garsong! Haver-vous les hœufs?*"
Garçon. "*Hein!*"
Snob. "*Hein! Can't the Fellar speak his own Language?*"

IRISH MELODY AND PAPAL MARCH.

Among the Irish news in the *Morning Post* there lately appeared the subjoined piece of characteristic intelligence:—

"Papal Demonstration at Athlone.—The Athlone Roman Catholics have held a meeting and a banquet to sympathise with the Pope and collect money to assist in equipping the army commanded by General de Lamoricière. The toast of 'That Saintly Pontiff, Pius the Ninth,' having been given before that of 'The Queen,' the band played a very inappropriate air, and the occurrence was much remarked upon at the time. This air was none other than '*See the Conquering Hero Comes.*' The allusion to the Pope's position might have passed for satire, and the company were mortally offended at the accident."

It may, however, be said that "*See the Conquering Hero Comes*" was, under existing circumstances, an air by no means altogether unsuited to the toast. If the tune was a blunder, has not his Holiness just published a Bull? His band of faithful Irish at Athlone naturally responded in a corresponding strain, which no doubt will be echoed by their compatriots in the House of Commons.

"Union is Strength"—Is it?

People keep on wondering how the Union Bank frauds (a "mere fleabite" Mr. Disraeli, not much above two hundred and sixty thousand pounds) could have been done under the very eyes of the Directors. The solution of this mystery is obvious enough. Whatever be the views of other Bank Directors with regard to the duties which they have to discharge, those of the Union, it is clear, shut their eyes to what went on, and must simply be regarded in the light of sleeping partners.

Competitive Classicality.

Q. Translate the phrase *ex officio*, and give an instance of its application.

A. Ex officio, out of office. The Marquis of Normanby's attacks on the foreign policy of the Government are *ex officio*.

What is Smuggling?—The Customs, more honoured in the breach than in the observance.

THE LITTLE MAN AND THE LITTLE PLAN;

OR, THE NEW REFORM COACH.

There was once a little man,
And he had a little plan,
For adding to his stature, as ex-Whig, Whig, Whig,
"It's true," said he, "I'm small;
But I still may pass for tall,
If I get upon a question that is big, big, big."

Quoth this active little man,
As his search he straight began
For the very biggest question he could find, find, find;
"I'll a New Reform Bill broach!
Of old, Grey drove the coach,
And I was on the monkey-board behind, hind, hind.

"But now I've none to school,
And my own turn-out I'll tool—
It was built for an advertising van, van, van;
But I'll print up on the box,
'*Vox Populi, Dei Vox,*'
And start a New Reform Coach, spick and span, span, span."

'Twas in vain his friends advised,
His credit if he prized—
And of that he'd more already than his due, due, due—
He had best let well alone;
His own trumpet leave unblown,
Apropos of old Reform traps, or of new, new, new.

'Twas in vain they called him rash;
His driving styled "slap-dash;"
Re-called to him each earlier break-down, down, down,
While, still equal to her load,
The old Grey coach served the road,
Running regularly *to*, not *from*, the Crown, Crown, Crown.

Nought would serve the little man,
But his private little plan,
Whereby he hoped much κῦδος he should get, get, get;
"Let others drive for pelf,
I drive to please myself,
And I'll guarantee the coach against up-set, set, set."

Then out drove the little man,
In his advertising van,
With "Reform" in big brass letters all a-blaze, blaze, blaze;
And from his lofty perch,
Not fearing jolt or lurch,
Proud as *Punch*, craned to catch the public praise, praise, praise.

But, to his great surprise,
Instead of cheers and cries
Of "Bravo, Johnny Russell!" from the crowd, crowd, crowd.
All was scorn and sneer and scoff—
"Throw him over!" "Pull him off!"
And a chorus of contempt, low and loud, loud, loud!

Some exclaimed against the trap;
That it wasn't worth a rap;
Was too small—too heavy-weighted—and too slow, slow, slow.
Though these critics, free from pride,
Said they'd condescend to ride
In the vehicle, as far as it would go, go, go.

Others took a different tone,
And shook their fists at John,
And furiously their tongues at him did wag, wag, wag,
Demanding how he dared,
Start a coach quite unprepared,
With anything in shape of a drag, drag, drag.

They were sure that he'd break down,
Ere he'd driven a mile from town,
And his passengers deposit by the run, run, run;
In Democracy's black ditch,
Or in Despotism's—*which*,
Was uncertain; but most certainly in one, one, one.

As for them, they wouldn't stand
Broken necks at *his* command,
Nor in his topsy-turvy trap be purled, purled, purled;
Nor be driv'n to Revolution,
And still less to Dissolution,
By e'er a Johnny Russell in the world, world, world!

Then all on the new coach,
Making common cause, approach,
And begin in the wheels to stick their spoke, spoke, spoke;
Till each axle 's at a clinch,
And the coach can't stir an inch,
While their fun at helpless Johnny they all poke, poke, poke!

And there sits the little man,
After doing all he can
To be bigger than with laws of Nature chimed, chimed, chimed;
Looking less than his small self,
By the elevated shelf,
Upon which, in evil hour, he has climbed, climbed, climbed.

ANNEXATION BY BALLET.

That celebrated organ of veracity, the *Monileur*, gives a very interesting account of the elegant and graceful manner in which the Nizzards, the other day, annexed their native country, by vote, to France. In the first place, according to the Imperial journal, that vote was perfectly free and unbiassed, for—

"In the morning, in order to remove all idea of influence or pressure of any kind, the posts of the town occupied by French troops were handed over to the National Guard and the Royal Carbineers, with the exception of the guard of honour stationed at the residence of the Empress Dowager of Russia. From the same motive the battalion of the 53rd regiment of the line, which had arrived on the previous day, was ordered on to Cannes, whilst that which followed it received orders to halt at Menton."

All went voluntary and uncontrolled as a British election. True, a certain military force remained at hand; but it was carefully kept out of sight:—

"As to the battalion which General Frossard was authorised to keep in reserve, it was strictly confined to its barracks, so that not a single French uniform was to be seen for the whole day in the quarter where the elections were to take place."

The Duke of Wellington made precisely the same disposition of troops on that memorable Tenth of April which was appointed for the Chartist insurrection. The result was excellent. But let us not name such dull coarse dogs as British Chartists in any connection with the picturesque and lively people described by the *Monileur* as renouncing their nationality and liberty thus prettily:—

"It was at nine o'clock in the morning that the ballot was to open, but from seven o'clock the electors of the rural communes, dressed in their holiday clothes, were seen advancing on all sides with drums beating and colours flying. In passing before the French Consulate and before the hotel where M. Pietri resided, they stopped and hailed with acclamation the representatives of the country to which they were proud to give themselves: all of them bore on their hats the French bulletin which they were about to deposit in the urn. . . . At three o'clock there were already counted 5,000 openly announced *outs* against thirty or forty secret votes. At half-past four the urns were carried to the Hotel de Ville, escorted by the National Guard and by a body o more than 2,000 electors, who afterwards went under the window of M. Pietri and of the French consul, and saluted them with acclamations. During this memorable day every countenance beamed with delight, mutual congratulations were everywhere exchanged, and people asked themselves whether, in presence of such facts, foreign pressure could be again talked of."

There is one word in the foregoing description which some people will perhaps suspect to be a mistake. "It was," says the *Moniteur*, "at nine o'clock in the morning that the ballot was to open." It may be supposed that ballot is a misprint for *ballet*. Did not the Nizzard peasantry—the "electors of the rural communes" go, "dressed in their holiday clothes," that is, in jackets and breeches trimmed with ribbons, ribbed stockings, and round straw hats with coloured bands; did not these festive villagers go thus decorated, and dance beneath the windows of M. Pietri and the French consul? The whole affair was at least as much of a ballet as a ballot; and the proportion of 5,000 affirmative voters to thirty or forty negative, clearly indicates the former to have been supernumeraries, unless the latter were also engaged, to represent the recusant party. Mr. Gye and Mr. E. T. Smith will at all events now know where to go if they are in want of jubilant rustics to make a lively demonstration in *Fra Diavolo* or the *Sonnambula*. Those enterprising managers will find plenty of hands, or rather feet, among the rural population of Nice, in which there are at least 5,000 persons who are evidently not worthy to tread their native soil, but who would be just the right men in their right places, gesticulating and capering at a wedding picnic on the boards of an opera-house.

These jocund swains went, with drums beating and colours flying, and shouted acclamations before the French consulate—did they? Suppose they had gone there and cried "*Viva Verdi! Viva il Re galantuomo!*" "*Viva l'Italia unita!*" Would General Frossard's battalion, in that case, have remained "strictly confined to its barracks." Incredulity whispers—"Improbably."

A QUEERER FOR THE QUACKS.

As Censor of the Age, the Public, and the Press, *Mr. Punch* is being daily by every post appealed to by men who, like himself, are fathers of a family, and who request him to prevent the foully growing practice of putting quack advertisements into public print. *Mr. Punch* will not defile his pages by describing more particularly the verbal filth which he alludes to; nor will he undertake the needless and the nasty labour of exposing the humbuggery by which these advertisers live. Among the other lies they tell, many of them say that they are "qualified practitioners," and with further falsehood state that they are really medical men. To refute these two assertions, it is enough to say that advertising is forbidden by the rules of the medical profession, and men therefore who resort to it are not to be regarded as professional men. Nor in any proper sense can they lay claim to being medical; for the word "medical" is properly synonymous with "healing," and to heal is what these Quacks are quite incompetent to do. Fools who trust them may be duped for awhile into believing they get better, but in the end they pay a dear price for going to these cheap Quacks, who in what they say and sell are worse rogues than the Cheap Jacks. Their measures to relieve suffering tend surely but to lengthen it; and their patients escape luckily if, having lost their money, they do not also lose their life.

These statements are so stale that to educated readers it is needless to repeat them. There exist, however, persons who, if they have read, have not quite put faith in them, having not yet purchased the experience of their truth. *Mr. Punch* will therefore not apologise for plagiary, and will add, as further caution, that the unenlightened classes are the chief prey of the Quacks, and it is mainly to their ears that the quack puffs are addressed. Especially to rustics do these *Doctor Dulcamaras* go blowing their own trumpets, and *Mr. Punch's* present object is, if possible, to stop their blowing publicly in print. To do this, *Mr. Punch* will not pick up a quarrel with proprietors of newspapers, who, regardless of the misery these Quacks' lies may inflict, permit them to be published because, simply, they get paid for it. Preaching avails little where the pocket is concerned; and even *Mr. Punch's* appeals may not be listened to, if the chinking of a money-bag be used to drown the sound of them. It is enough for him to hint that if proprietors of newspapers have a deafness to propriety, the purchasers of newspapers have a sure and speedy cure for it. If people who object to seeing quack advertisements (and where is any educated reader who does not?) would just abstain from purchasing the papers which insert them, it is probable that their appearance would soon cease.

Correspondents keep complaining that the filth is not confined to the Holywell Street Press, but that Newspapers miscalled "the most reputable" are open to it. But subscribers to these prints have the cure in their own hands, and need no longer trouble *Mr. Punch* with their complaints.

HEALTHY AND AMUSING GAME.

Flora. "Good Gracious, Reginald, what have you been about?"

Reginald. "Oh, nothing! We've only been Playing at being Tom Sayers and the Benicia Boy!"

A GAME-BUTCHER FROM BOW STREET WANTED.

Certain men of business are known as "Jacks of all trades," and certain actors are called men of "general utility," and certainly a member of one of these two classes must be required to answer the following advertisement, which a correspondent sends us from the *Yorkshire Gazette*:—

WANTED, a GAME-KEEPER; a young active Man who knows his business in all its branches. He will be required to have a knowledge of Joiners' Work as well as Painting. He must also be a Butcher. And a preference will be given to a Man who has been in the Police.—All letters (post paid) to A. B., &c. &c.

According to this statement, the business of a game-keeper must be rather an extensive one, much more so than the word itself would lead one to suspect. The tree of knowledge of the business must be difficult to climb, and the man who has to get it up "in all its branches" will find plenty of variety to test him in the task. To a proficiency in painting he must join some skill in joining; and besides being a butcher, he should have been in the police. Jack of all trades, he must specially be up to these two latter: and must know how to deal destruction both to partridges and poachers, taking up the one with all the ease and quickness that he knocks down the other.

Well, now we know that game-bagging is really made a trade of rather than a sport, we are not surprised to find that a game-butcher is wanted, to assist his master-slaughterer in shooting for the shop. Our only wonder is, that a man of such accomplishments as seem to be required, should be imagined for a moment to be out of place. Without troubling himself about answering advertisements, he might make a splendid living by setting up a show, and exhibiting himself as a phenomenon of nature. A man must have been born with a hundred hands at least to discharge the various duties which are above required of him; and there are people who would pay to see a hundred-handed game-keeper, as to see a five-legged cow, or a cat with thirteen tails, or any other "little game," or more classically *lusus*, which Dame Nature may be up to.

The Swans of Thames.—It has been stated that the Conservators of the Thames are about to remove the Swans from the river. The Conservators beg to state they are not such GEESE.

SEASONABLE CONVERSATION.

ROBUSTUS JONES. INVALIDUS SMITH.

Jones (*cheerily*). Ah, Smith, how de do? All right, eh, old fellow?

Smith (*dismally*). Oh, dolt ask be how I do! This ilferlal East willd—ah, tishu!—is half killilg be.

Jones. Killing you! pooh, nonsense. Why, what on earth's the matter with you?

Smith. Batter! by dear frield! I've a huldred thilgs the batter with be. *Ilpribis*, Joles, I'b sufferilg frob a violelt—ah, tishu!—a violelt cold il by bead. I cal't see out of by eyes, ald—ald—ah, tishu!—pol by word, I keep ol sleezilg so, I sool shall sleeze by lose off! Ald thel I've such a bad sore throat, ildeed I'b lot quite sure it's lot diphtheria. Boreover I've the toothache, ald—ah—I ibagile it's tic dolourcux. Ald if I havel't asthba (which I rather thilk I have) I'b certail I've brolchitis, ald a touch of ilfluelza, not to beltiol cralps ald rheubatisb il all by joilts ald boles.

Jones. Influenza, cramps, bronchitis, sore throat, asthma, toothache, rheumatism! Come, I say, Smith, you're joking. You don't mean to say seriously you've got all these horrid things?

Smith. Dolt beal it? oh, dolt I! Oly wish you had eb: you wouldl't thilk be jokilg. It's lo joke, I cal tell you, havilg aches il all ole's libs, ald—ah, ah, tishu!—sleezilg every bilute as I've beel doilg day ald dight for pretty dear a bulth! Ald it's all—ah, tishu!—owilg to this abobidable East willd.

Jones. Well, for my part, I consider it fine healthy bracing weather. You should read what Kingsley says about our brave Nor' Easters, and how they breed brave men!

Smith. Kilgsley! I dolt care what Kilgsley says. He cal't ulderstald by feelilgs. I'b dot a bit like hib. He's a—a, tishu!—he's a Buscular Christial, ald I—ah, ah, tishu!—ald you low I ailt! Ald I say the willd's abobidable.

Jones. There's nothing to complain of, that I see, in the weather. It's what we always get at this time of the year. "Come gentle Spring," you know, "Etherial mildness," and the rest of it.

Smith. Bildless! precious bildless this, with the therbobeter at freezilg poilt! If fact ol Bulday borlilg it was dowl to twelty lile: I bade a beboraldul of it il by journal. Dever was such weather. I—ah, tishu!—thilk it's the bost wiltry Sprilg I ever lew. If it wasl't for the Albalack we bight falcy it was Christbas. Dot a leaf out yet, ald here we're ilto Bay! Ald thel this, this—ah, tishu! this East wi'd — — —

Jones. Now, why keep grumbling at the wind? After all, it's only seasonable.

Smith. Seasolable!—ah, tishu! you ought to call it *sleezilable!* I'b sure that I've dole dothilg but—a tishu!—sleeze il it.

Jones. Ha, ha! not so bad. Come, I see you're not *quite* dead yet. Now, just trot home with me, and let me prescribe for you. We've a nice fresh bit of salmon and some lamb chops and asparagus—just the very things, you know, to suit an invalid. Take the wing of a spring chicken and a crumb of cheese to follow, and I'll bet ten to one you'll be the better for your dinner.

Smith. Diller! by dear Joles! It's lo good by goilg to diller. I cal't taste a thilg I eat, and whatever wile I drilk I cal deither taste lor shell it.

Jones. Well, if you won't (*shakes hands*) good bye. But I should recommend the salmon. And (*whispers*) I've a bottle of old Burgundy that I want to have your judgment on.

Smith (*who has his ears open, notwithstanding his bad cold*). Well, I dol't bild just walking hobe with you, for your house certailly is dcarest, ald I'b pretty sure it's cubbing ol to slow agail. So I'll just cub il ald shelter for tel bidutes if you'll let be. But as for eatilg Salbol, by dear Joles, I darel't thilk of it. Ald (*speaking much less dismally*) pray dol't thilk of askilg be to taste your file ole Burguldy. Bed'cile is the oly thilg that I must drilk at preselt!

[*Exeunt arm in arm. And* Smith *soon gets so jolly with the Salmon and the Burgundy, that he soon forgets his ailments and infirmities, and as for the East wind, he vows he "doesl't care a buddol for it!"*

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"Four persons were sitting together at the Tuileries—the EMPEROR and the EMPRESS, the DUCHESS DE MONTEBELLO, and MR. HOME. A pen and ink were on the table, and some paper. A spirit-hand was seen, and presently it took up the pen, and in their sight and presence dipped it in the ink, went to the paper, and wrote upon it the word 'NAPOLEON,' in the autograph of the great EMPEROR. The EMPEROR asked if he might be allowed to kiss the hand, and it went to his lips, and then to those of the EMPRESS; and afterwards, on MR. HOME making a humble request, he was permitted to kiss its warm and soft texture. The autograph is now among the valued contents of the 'EMPEROR'S spiritual portfolio.'"—*Spiritual Magazine.*

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

April 30. *Monday.* Inasmuch as if the Irish Exodus goes on with its present vigour, there will soon be no Irish in Ireland, LORD CLANCARTY was naturally eager to make a row about the national system of education in that province before the subject became, like LORD NORMANBY, a thing of the past. He assailed the national schools. LORD CORK bunged him up with a declaration, supported by the BISHOP OF CASHEL, that the system was doing great good, and LORD CARLISLE, who had come over for the private view of the Academy, declared that the Government intended to adhere to the schools. The Divorce Court Amendment Bill passed. LORDS SHAFTESBURY and EBURY very properly abused the Government for consenting to surrender any part of Smithfield to the greedy Corporation of London, when there is really no place of recreation for the children in the City, except between the legs of the horses and under the Juggernaut Cars of the Van-Demons.

Somebody asked BEAU BRUMMELL for a halfpenny, and KING BEAU replied, "Fellow, I don't know the coin." The same remark will in a couple of months be an answer to any mendicant demand for "a copper, yer honour." New pennies and halfpennies will then be issued, and they are made of bronze. The first elegant-minded beggar who says to *Mr. Punch*, "Give us a bronze, please, my Lord," shall have it—the second shall be annexed to a policeman for impudence and plagiarism. The celebrated Metallurgist (shut up and sat upon, are you not, Viscount, by that word?), DR. PERCY, has been analysing part of Big Ben, but declines to infer of what other parts of him may be made, a decision creditable alike to the learned philosopher's judgment in metals and in men. The maker of the unfortunate bell will probably say, with HORACE—

"Percy-cos odi, puer, apparatus."

The other "Big Ben"—inscribed on the Parliamentary roll as MR. BENTINCK, of Norfolk—resumed the debate on the Reform Bill, which he attacked with some jocosity. MR. WALTER thought that a Reform Bill must be passed, and that the business of the House was to see that the measure was made safe, in Committee. LORD JOHN MANNERS recited a list of all the accidents and offences that had occurred since '32 to show that a Reform Act did not necessarily bring in the Millennium. Minor speakers said their say. "Lethe is a brave river." MR. BAILLIE COCHRANE, having on a previous evening done all he could, physically, to hinder Members from coming into the House to prevent a Count Out (bravo, MR. IRISH ATTORNEY-GENERAL DEASY! *Mr. Punch* saw your gallant and successful charge, and likened you to ARNOLD VON WINKLERIED), now opposed the Bill with much less substantial arguments. MR. DU CANE, the Conservative pride and joy, delivered a temperate and clever speech against the measure, and was loudly cheered by his backers; the Viscount wretchedly observing, "No doubt that CAIN'S able." MR. CLAY pottered in favour of the Bill, but took a good point—namely, that the commercial classes often showed themselves quite as ignorant of true principles of economy as the working classes. MR. A. MILLS would try to mend the Bill in Committee, but if he failed, would certainly try to pitch it out on the Third Reading; and MR. JOHN LOCKE invited the Opposition to introduce fancy franchises in Committee. On the motion for adjournment, MR. VINCENT SCULLY said that Members, instead of addressing themselves to the Bill, abused MR. BRIGHT, and that the Bill was the great Social Evil of the day. The Midnight Meeting for dealing with it then terminated.

Tuesday. NESTOR, BARON LYNDHURST, upon whom, for his efforts to-night, *Mr. Punch* has conferred immortality in a Cartoon which the son of COPLEY will assuredly appreciate, addressed the Lords on the state of the Navy, declaring that it was not nearly strong enough, and that the people ought not to be satisfied with its present condition. The DUKE OF SOMERSET thought that they ought, and that it would not be found wanting on a Great Occasion,—a delicate euphuism for a war with France.

The same subject was discussed in the Commons, at considerable length, and LORD CLARENCE PAGET took the same line as his chief. A commission was ordered to inquire into the election corruptions of Berwick-on-Tweed, and one of the witnesses before the late committee on the election for that place was ordered to be indicted for perjury. There was a good deal of taunting talk exchanged, but there was a general feeling that a Berwick freeman is a corrupt slave.

Wednesday. LORD RAYNHAM carried, by 109 to 85, the second reading of his Bill for the punishment of assaults on women and children. He proposes to enable the Magistrates to inflict fifty lashes for a first offence, and one hundred and fifty for a second, and twelve months imprisonment. Now, *Mr. Punch* has always contended that the Cat is the proper avenger of that kind of outrage, and that a dog's punishment befits a brute. But legislation to be useful must be comprehensive. LORD RAYNHAM'S Bill appoints no public Prosecutor who should look after these cases, but leaves the law to be appealed to by the victims of ruffianism, chiefly women. It is notorious that few women, and none of the kind whom LORD RAYNHAM would protect, will ask to have their tyrants flogged. The poor creatures will rather bear with brutality. Therefore, unless the business can be taken out of their hands, a ruffian will be safer, on account of their forbearance, than he is at present. This was urged in debate, and it was arranged that the subject should be more fully considered in Committee. MR. CLAY declared that since the law for punishing assaults on women, many more of them got drunk and pawned their husbands' clothes, and appears to think that the women of the working class require the educational checks of blacked eyes and kicks from hobnailed boots. "*Punch* and ARGILLA do on this divide."

Thursday. The Sunday Trade and Howling Nuisance Bill was discussed in the Lords, and the motion to go into Committee carried by 54 to 25. There may be different notions about the compelling shops in poor neighbourhoods to shut up on Sunday mornings; and while the employers of labour refuse to pay wages at early hours on Saturday, it is unjust to deny the poor the power of making their purchases next day. But there cannot be two opinions about the permitting the bawling and shrieking peripatetics to infest quiet streets and squares, during the hours of Sunday. There is no excuse for persons in comfortable circumstances who do not buy on Saturdays, and they have no right to encourage the Yelling Nuisances, and deprive their neighbours of their one day of peace. Or, if things must be hawked on Sunday, let them be hawked in silence. It is not too much to ask a lazy negligent housekeeper to look out of window for what she has omitted to provide.

MR. BRIGHT presented a complaint from a Society calling itself the North London Political Union, protesting against members using contemptuous language towards the working classes, and especially objecting to their being called clowns, boors, and scum. *Mr. Punch* cordially concurs in the views of the petitioners, whoever they may be, and begs to remind Honourable Members, that education deprives them of the excuse that may be made for the ignorant, who talk of bloated aristocrats, tyrants, and taxeaters. *Mr. Punch* the more insists upon this, as it seems that it is a breach of privilege to petition in reference to words used in debate, and as he is the grand redresser of all wrong, he begs to say that he, who fears the face of no created party, has no idea of petitioning on any subject, but hereby commands the Legislature to keep a civil tongue in its head.

SIR RICHARD BETHELL announced that he had given orders that Criminal Informations should be filed against the late Liberal Members

for Wakefield, Mr. Charlesworth and Mr. Leatham (*beau-frère* of Mr. Bright) as the principals abetting and aiding in the corruption at the last election there. Sovereigns, it is said, were carried about in a basket, which was probably called the Wicker of Wakefield.

The last night of the debate on the Second Reading of the Reform Bill. Lord Palmerston had announced that he would have no more adjournments, Mr. Brand had whipped, and there was a belief that there would be a succession of fierce divisions. In *Tom Thumb*, a lady asks whether there are not ten thousand Giants drawn up in the back garden, to which her faithful adviser diplomatically replies, "Madam, shall I tell you what I am going to say? I do firmly believe that there is not one." The Giants of Opposition to-night were equally non-apparent, and there was not a single division. There was a debate, in the course of which Mr. Gregory made a smart speech, showing up the vices of American institutions, and the abandonment of politics by the respectability of America, in consequence of the preponderance given to the uneducated classes. Mr. Walpole thought that, bad as the Bill was, the House was bound to go on with it, but he referred to the allegation that Lord John Russell had drawn up the Bill without consulting his colleagues, and Lord John said he hadn't—the truth probably being that Lord Palmerston had said to him, "Now, mind, this is your Pigeon, Johnny, and don't let *us* be bored with it." Mr. Gladstone replied for the Government, defended the Bill, stated that the returns were all right, and that it was proposed to add 200,000 to the present borough constituency of 410,000, and 150,000 to the present county constituency of 530,000, and that with the Universities, England would have 1,345,000 electors. The figures are uncommonly unlike those of his colleagues, but *Mr. Punch* supposes that they are all right, as Mr. Gladstone says so, and hopes that the proposed Swamping Process is now clear to everybody. Mr. Collins tried to make a speech, but the House had had enough of it, and Collins awoke the Passions of his hearers, who incontinently shouted him down, and the Second Reading was carried without a division. Lord John then said, he should not bother the House again on the subject for a month, and fixed the attempt to go into Committee for the 4th of June. In reply to an Irish Member, the Irish were told that they must wait for their Reform Bill until their betters were served.

Friday. The Earl of Lucan, of all people, called attention to certain defects in our military system; but he was awfully snubbed by Earl de Grey and the Duke of Cambridge, and told that his motion was so vague that it could not be understood, but so far as it *was* understood it seemed a ridiculous one to bring into the House. Lord Cardigan, hearing how unkindly Lord Lucan was treated, burst into a flood of tears. Lucan as a Military Reformer is not bad. We suppose he will next ask for the vacant Archbishopric of York.

Lord John Russell, in reply to a lot of questions, which he had to answer at once, said that notwithstanding everything was going on well between us and Japan, the Brazilians were resisting our just claims, and, therefore, that he should not produce despatches from our diplomatic agents at Rome, because Mr. Cobden's expenses to Paris were paid him, but no salary, although his Lordship entirely disapproved of the conduct of the King of Naples, and had sent no orders to stop the Chinese expedition. Like *Falstaff*, he took all their points in his target,—thus.

Mr. Sheridan tried to get the Duty on Fire-Insurance Policies reduced from three Roberts to one, and failed. Sir Joseph Paxton succeeded in getting a Committee to consider whether the awful increase in the traffic of London could not be met by embanking the Thames. If this is not done now it never will be, it seems, for the railway plans will prevent it. He urged that it was not a mere London question, but a national one, seeing that thirty millions of provincials annually infest the Metropolis. Mr. Cowper mentioned, among other pleasant things, that the new sewer, along the Strand and Ludgate Hill, will most probably unsettle the foundations of Somerset House and St. Paul's, and bring both down; so Lord Macaulay's New Zealander had better begin taking his drawing lessons.

THE TIVERTON SOMNAMBULIST.

Why is Lord Palmerston like a weasel? Catch a weasel asleep! is a saying which may well be considered to be generally applicable to the noble Viscount who presides over Her Majesty's Ministers. Yet Palmerston, like the celebrated epic poet of antiquity, may occasionally be surprised in an oblivion of forty winks. The usually vigilant Premier does not know, perhaps, that he fell on sleep the other evening in the House of Commons, and was off for some minutes as sound as a top. Moreover he talked in his slumber, but probably has not the least idea of what he said, unless he reads the reports of his own speeches; for nobody seems to have pointed out to him the ineptitude of the remarks which fell from him on that occasion. There is no need to quote them; it is enough to say, that they expressed approval of Mr. Frederick Peel's address for a Commission of Inquiry into the alleged existence of corrupt practices at Berwick during the last election. Now, this inquiry, as everybody knows, will cost the country between one and two thousand pounds, for which there will be nothing to show but a huge Blue Book, which will merely tell us over again, with variations in detail, the tiresome old stories about Sovereign Alley and the Man-in-the-Moon.

To this futile end the evidently dormant Pam saw no objection to spend all that public money. No wonder. He could see nothing whatever. If his eyes were open, their sense was shut. Had he been wide awake, or indeed awake at all, instead of fast asleep, he would have recollected that, only a few days before, he had declared the nation unable to afford £200,000 to avert such a disgrace as the disruption of the British Museum, and the banishment of the most popular part of its contents to a barn at Brompton. With that declaration in mind, he would have rejected with horror the proposal to throw away one shilling on a Board for the compilation of another uninteresting and useless Blue Book; but oftentimes ideas which, in our waking state, would appear most monstrously absurd, do not surprise us or seem the least unreasonable in a dream. Palmerston dreamt, having been sent to sleep by Frederick Peel.

The most singular fact, in connection with this remarkable case of political somnambulism, is, that the House of Commons, without hesitation, accepted the oracle which was delivered by the noble Lord, dozing on his legs. Mr. Frederick Peel's motion was agreed to without a division.

Here is the existing House of Commons about to destroy its own existence by passing a Reform Bill. That act may be one of justifiable suicide; but the vote which has ordained the Berwick Bribery Commission indicates temporary derangement. The present Parliament will soon be no more. What will an unreformed Berwick of the past signify to a reformed Parliament? What will a new and reformed Berwick, with a six-pounder constituency, have to do with an old bygone Berwick of corruptionists and ten-pounders? If the representation were going to remain as it is, there might be a question whether or not Berwick ought to be disfranchised; but what have the innocent six-pounders of that borough done that they should suffer for the venality of the base ten? In voting for a superfluous and expensive commission at the mere nod of the sleeping Premier, the House of Commons has added one more instance to those curious cases of gregarious sympathy, and subjection of multitudes to the control of a single mind, of which so many have been described by writers on psychology.

A NOTORIOUS CHARACTER IN THE CITY.

Fleet Street is an old offender, continually getting taken up.

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER XV.—INTRODUCES THE FIRST WIG, AND BRINGS US TO THE BIRTHTIME OF THE SECOND HENRY.

WILLIAM RUFUS RETURNING FROM A DAY'S SPORT IN THE NEW FOREST. FROM THE PUNCH COLLECTION OF HISTORICAL PORTRAITS.

AS our readers of course carefully remember what we tell them, and treasure up from week to week the stores of learning we distribute, we have no need to remind them that we ended our last chapter with saying a few words on the *coiffure* of WILLIAM RUFUS, which formed a rather noticeable part of his costume. That the King received the name of RUFUS from his hair, is a fact which his historians have not scrupled to expose. With the viciousness of people who take delight in mentioning their friends' personal defects, one of them describes it as "inclining to be carrotty," while another tries to pun about its "being a little radish;" but they omit to say, if it was through some "vegetable hair-dye" that WILL RUFUS gave this vegetable colour to his head. Still, although he could not boast of much capillary attractiveness, the King allowed his hair to grow as long as Nature let it; and as of course his courtiers followed his example, the short crops of years previous all sprouted in this reign.

Ringlets remained in fashion in the time of HENRY THE FIRST, and beards were grown to such a length that the clergy even went to the extremity of preaching on them, a practice which, however, did not much retard their growth. ORDERICUS VITALIS belikens the young dandies of his time to "filthy goats;" intending, it would seem, this zoological comparison to generate the inference that beard-growers were beasts. But strong language is generally weak in its effect, and we do not read that many razors were rubbed up in consequence of O. V.'s sharp-worded attack. A smoother tongue, however, then, as now, was more attended to; and accordingly we learn that when KING HENRY was in Normandy, a short stopper was put upon the wearing of long hair, by a sermon which the soapy BISHOP SERLO preached against it. This was given with such eloquence that the Court were moved to tears; and taking sharp advantage of this momentary weakness, the prelate whipped a pair of scissors from his sleeve, and cut about and cropped the entire congregation.

FROM AN ILLUMINATION. TEMP. HENRY THE FIRST.

A royal edict was then passed, prohibiting long hair, but in the reign of STEPHEN the fashion was revived, and was persisted in the more for having been prevented.* Courtiers let their hair grow to "such a shameful length that they did resemble women more than men;" those whom Nature had denied capillary luxuriance, supplying the deficiency by artificial means. Wigs may therefore date in England from KING STEPHEN's time; and it was probably at this period that polite ears were first shocked by the expression "Dash my wig!" That people made no scruple about owning that they wore them, may readily be seen by a small fragment of a ballad, which, to please the antiquarians, we may find room to quote:—

"Alle aroundc my hedde I wear a brownc wigge O!
All aroundc ye yeare, you may see itte any daye:
And gif any one sholde aske of mee ye reason why I weare itte,
I'll juste tell hym 'tis because my haire is gettynge thinne and grave."

As the King, says WILL DE MALMESBURY, was "a man of great facetiousness" and was famed for the "familiar pleasantry of his conversation," we are prepared to learn he often chaffed his courtiers on this head, and poked fun at their wigs in a manner most unmerciful.

HISTORICAL PICTURE. "FYTTING YE FIRST WYG." FROM THE R. A. EXHIBITION, A.D. 1145.

One of the jokes told of him in the volume of DE MALMESBURY, *De Jestis regum Angliæ*, informs us that his Majesty, when in a merry mood, used to pluck his courtiers' wigs off, and chuck them out of window, singing as he did so, "*Awa, wigs, awa!*" We learn too when he wished to give a minister an ear-wigging, the King would shake him by the ear until he shook his wig off, and then, digging him in the ribs, would cry, "Aha! old boy, that 'air was not grown with this ear!" With like exquisite facetiousness, all persons of high family he used to call the "hairy-stocracy," in allusion to their habit of wearing lots of hair; and whenever he suspected that they were wearing wigs, he used to tell them plumply they were giving themselves 'airs!

* We should note as an exception that heads were cropped again in 1139, owing to a story which some think to be a lie. It was said that a young soldier, whose chief pride, like MR. CHUBB's, lay in the beauty of his locks, dreamed one night that he was strangled with one of his long ringlets, which hung down behind him almost to his knee. This dream so alarmed him that he cut off to a haircutter, and had his curls cut off. His companions, when he told them, all followed his example: and superstition spreading the fear of strangulation, for a year or so the barbers had quite a busy time of it, and hair, like boiled beef at a chop-house, was kept constantly in cut.

The Gipsies of Rome and Ireland.

A JESUIT, most people suppose, is not to be caught napping. That may be; but the Pope who stole the little Jew, and M'ROBINS and O'CONNOR, who walked off with the infants SHERWOOD, and the holy Sister AYLWARD, who cannot inform the Court of Queen's Bench where a certain child is, are examples too plainly proving that Papists may be caught kidnapping. When they are caught, it is the fault of the legal authorities if they don't catch it.

THE BRITON'S AIM.

THE Rifle Volunteers of the present day have been compared to the archers of Old England. The English yeoman, who cleft hazel wands with his cloth-yard shaft, was esteemed a man of "mark and livelihood." Our Volunteers are men of sufficient livelihood; let us hope they will soon make themselves men of equal mark.

The Great Guns of the Day.

THE Armstrong twelve-pounder shoots long and low:
Lower still Whitworth's three-pounder flingeth its ball;
But the range of the Russell six-pounder, they say,
Bids fair to be longest and lowest of all.

THE AUTHOR OF CONFISCATION.

THE Income-Tax is commonly called one of the Queen's Taxes. This is a mistake. That tenpence in the pound is an Army and Navy Rate. We owe the Income-Tax to the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

Old Party (very naturally excited). "Why, confound you! You are Wiping my Plate with your Handkerchief!"

Waiter (blandly). "It's of no consequence, Sir—It's only a Dirty One!"

IRISH CONSERVATIVE CREED.

Mr. Whiteside is reported to have assigned, the other night, in a speech of enormous length, on the Church Rates Abolition Bill, this extraordinary reason why Church Rates should be maintained:—

"What State ever existed in power, greatness, and glory that did not as a nation acknowledge an over-ruling Providence? Look to the people of antiquity. Not a ceremony, procession, or triumph took place in ancient Rome that was not consecrated by religion; and we now look with delight at the remains of the temples which they built to their gods; nay, more—so far is history from proving that separation of religion from the State to be the advancement of liberty and of morals, that we find a great patriot, born in ancient Rome, saying, 'While your forefathers were wise, free, and virtuous, they lived in modest habitations, and spent their wealth in decorating the temples of the gods. You now, being corrupt and contemptible, live in luxury and riot, and you refuse to sustain the edifices of religion.' (*Cheers.*)"

Ut sunt divorum, Mars, Bacchus, Apollo: as were the temples of those divinities, so are parish-churches. The former edifices were sacred as well as the latter. There was a temple-rate and there is a church-rate. Do they amount to the same thing? is the question which is suggested by the above argument of the right honourable and learned Member for the University of Dublin.

A Doubtful Compliment.

(A Harrier *Pensée.*)

A Well-known "lover of the chace" assured us, the other day, that it is all nonsense about a certain distinguished person not being a bold rider; and added, in proof of the assertion, that when out with his harriers, he actually *stops at nothing!*

NESTOR'S REBUKE TO THE CHIEFS.

From the Iliad, Book II. *A new Translation by Mr. Punch, M.A.*

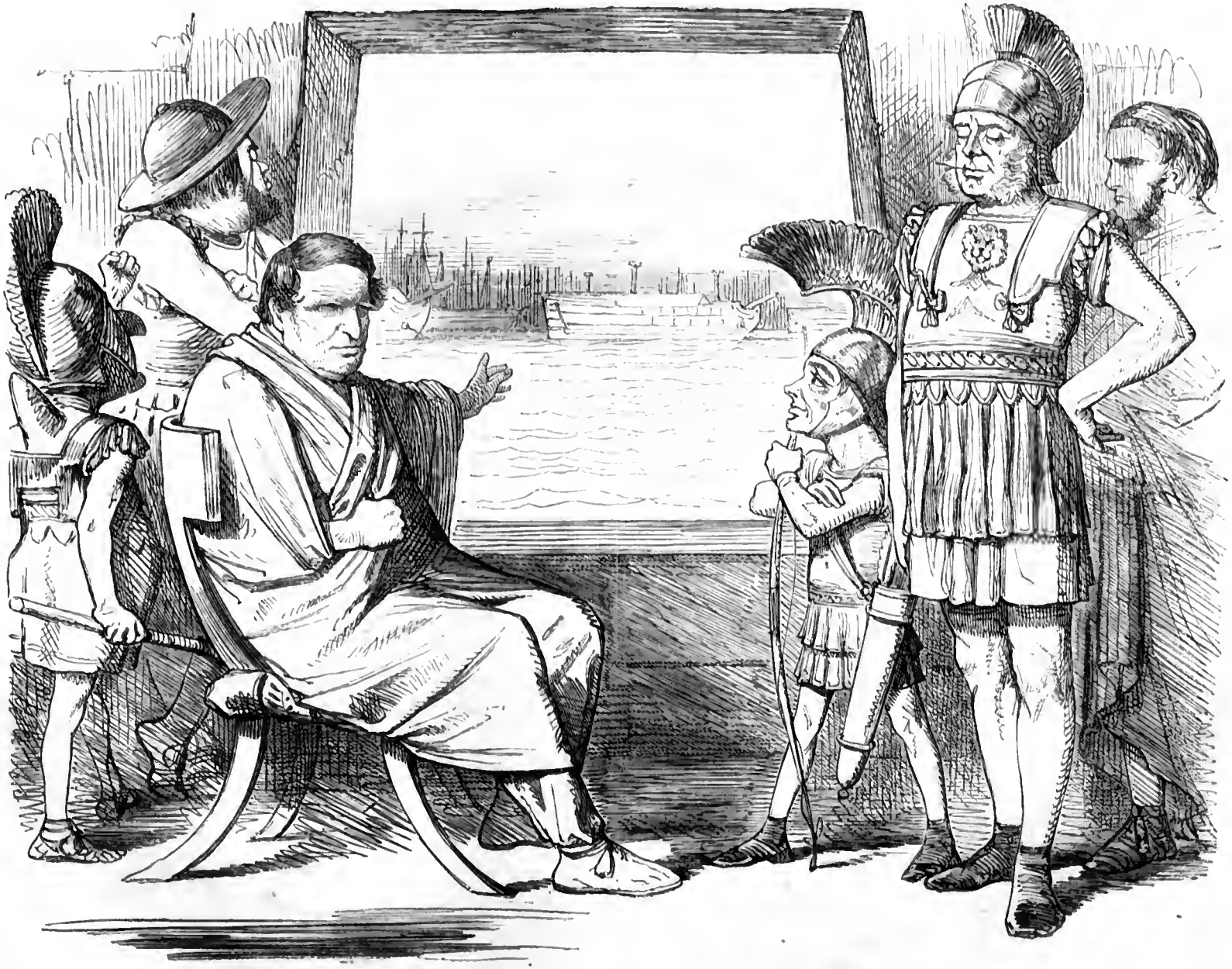
Then Nestor rose, and all the Grecian Peers,
Compelled to silence, bent their listening ears.
"Ye chiefs," he said, "my years are eighty-eight,
Therefore beseems ye let my words have weight.
Time was, I needed not such grace entreat;
I made men mind me on my legs or seat.
Oh, had I now the vigour once I owned
When fierce in arms I stood, though silver-toned,
And dauntless Melbourne's strongest battle tore,
And dropped O'Connell prostrate on the floor:
Or, earlier, on my charger laid the rein,
And galloped o'er the corpse of Pea-Green Hayne,
What time he dared resist the vengeful suit
That wreaked the wrongs of the deserted Foote—
Time was: but still mine intellect is clear,
And for my country's sake, I bid you hear."
"Thou fine old man," the generous Punchus said,
"Whoever interrupts, I break his head."
"Then listen, chieftains," aged Nestor cried,
"And weigh my counsel well ere you decide.
Behold yon ships, your Navy, there, behold,
And say, my friends, is Greece not overhold?
There stand, as erst, the frowning towers of Troy,
There stand the Trojans, eager to destroy.
Say, warriors, were the instant signal given
To close in strife (avert the omen, Heaven!),
Is yonder fleet so strong, so skilled its hands,
That fate should give the battle to your hands?
Has Troy been idle, or in peaceful hour
Has she amassed an overmastering power,
That, loosed upon you, on some dreadful day,
Shall sweep, O chiefs, your best defence away?
'Tis peace, of course, or at the least a truce,
Who doubts its lasting nature gets abuse,
And huckster's doctrine, well I know, pretends
Exchange of goods must ever keep men friends:
But, Lords of Greece, your ships are still your guards,
And sudden warfare's always on the cards;
Therefore I urge you, get your reckoning done,
Be sure of every man, and every gun,
Each new and old device of arms employ;
Repose no faith upon the faith of Troy.
This is the sentence from old Nestor's lips—
Chieftains, we want more men, we want more ships."
He spoke; Great Punchus' face with ardour glowed,
"If you're not right, old man," he cried, "I'm blowed!"

THE FOOL'S FINGER IN THE ARMY.

Among the Parliamentary Notices in the House of Commons the following, which appeared the other day, has perhaps occasioned some amusement:—

"Sir De Lacy Evans.—To draw attention to a General Order recently promulgated, requiring officers of certain corps to discontinue the use of peaks to their forage caps, and to substitute in future gold-lace stripes in lieu of the present cloth stripes on their undress trousers."

Officers' caps and trousers are doubtless subjects ridiculously beneath the dignity of the House of Commons; but the gallant General Evans is quite justified in calling the attention of Collective Wisdom to the freaks of Military Folly. For there is, and always has been, an agency of foolishness mysteriously at work in the Army in all matters which relate to dress. It is an agency quite other than that of the Commander-in-Chief, and the results of it warrant the conclusion that the minor details of regimental costume, disgusting to any sane gentleman, constitute a department the control of which has been assigned to some snobbish idiot. The instances of this despicable imbecility, specified in the notice of Sir De Lacy Evans, are exactly cases in point. They are petty alterations, for which there is not the least occasion, and which are simply productive of inconvenience. A peak to a forage cap saves an officer's eyes, and a cloth stripe is cheaper than a gold one: at any rate the necessity of changing the one for the other will cost the officer a new pair of trousers. Who is this oaf whose fingers are afflicted with a chronic itch to play with officers' caps and breeches? Apparently, some influential personage of weak mind, labouring under a monomaniacal passion for army-tailoring. It is very desirable that this unhappy lunatic should no longer be permitted to render Her Majesty's Service ridiculous. If harmless, let him be employed in cutting out and decorating proper caps for his own head, or in gold-lacing and embroidering pantaloons for his other extremity. If a licence to sport with military uniforms and accoutrements is accorded to the poor maniac to occupy what mind he has, and withhold him from playing other still more mischievous tricks, let him speedily be placed in a strait tunic, with epaulettes behind, or some other equally reasonable decoration.



LYNDHURST AS NESTOR REBUKES THE CHIEFS.

ROGUES OF ROULETTE.

ICK of the absurdities which constitute the greater part of our foreign intelligence, the English mind is refreshed by the subjoined statement, redounding to the credit of a continental prelate:—

"In the sitting of the States of Nassau at Wiesbaden, three days ago, BISHOP WILHELM proposed the suppression of the gaming-houses, and, after an animated discussion, the motion was agreed to."

We are gratified to find a German prelate trying his hand with success at practical and sensible legislation. Our gratification is very disinterested; for the gambling houses at Wiesbaden will be suppressed at our expense. Those dens of villany have hitherto afforded places of asylum to numerous British swindlers and British simpletons, whom the suppression of them will probably induce to return home. So much the worse for the payers of those county rates which will be heightened by the increased expenses of our gaols.

THE COMING FRENCH INVASION.

EVERYBODY knows, or, if not, when this *Punch* is published everybody *will* know, that the French are coming to invade us in the latter part of June, and having carried arms and rested legs in Leicesterre Squarr, will take by storm the Crystal Palace on the last Monday in the month. Of their "three glorious days" at Sydenham, we shall speak when the time comes. We have now only to note that, to direct them in topography as well as in locution, care has thoughtfully been taken to supply them with a guide:* and, thus assisted, it is confidently hoped that they will triumph as well over our language as our labyrinths of streets.

Our readers of course always remember what they read, and they must therefore be aware that we seldom review books. In general, moreover, as for our reviewing Guidebooks, we about as soon should dream of passing *Bradshaw* in review, or of furnishing a criticism on DR. JOHNSON'S *Dictionary*. But this Guide of the Orphéonistes is such a special composition that we may fitly make it an exception to our rule: and the facetiousness and fun which sparkle in its pages, entitle it in fairness to a word of praise in *Punch*.

With the modesty which so distinguishes the French, and so properly attends the execution of great works, the preface says that this one, which is "dédiée aux Orphéonistes," has been written and produced:—

"Spécialement pour eux, dans le seul but de leur faciliter les différents détails de la vie, et de les guider au milieu de la métropole britannique. Ce but sera-t-il atteint?—l'auteur l'espère. Il a choisi ses mots, combiné ses phrases, avec un soin tout particulier, de manière à ce qu'elles puissent répondre à toutes les nécessités de la vie matérielle."

Giving this flourish of trumpets, the guide of the Orphéonistes marches with them into London; and, after telling them that it extends from Whitechapel to St. Pancras, proceeds to give them a description of its "trois grands districts: le West-End, la Cité, et l'East-End," the two latter of which are thus faithfully portrayed:—

"La Cité, ou le Vieux Londres, forme un losange qui commence à Temple-Bar, et s'étend jusqu'au delà de Minoris, limité à droite par la rive opposée du fleuve, à gauche s'étendant de Holborn à Primerose-Spitar." [A French contraction possibly for Primrose Street, Spital Square.] "Elle constitue la partie centrale de Londres et une ville à part, ayant ses lois, ses usages, ses franchises, habitée par les commerçants et les industriels, à l'exception des manufacturiers en soie qui sont dans le voisinage de Spitalfields. L'East-End est un quartier commercial comme la Cité, mais il est principalement occupé par les grandes fortunes coloniales. Il est situé le long de la Tamise, et coupé par les docks de White-Hall (!)"

* "Vocabulaire et Guide des Orphéonistes Français à Londres." Par A. R. B. Paris, 1860.

To facilitate their progress "dans le labyrinthe de rues" (in which it is asserted, "les femmes se montrent peu," a truth which is in Regent Street especially apparent), the Orphéonistes are next facetiously informed that:—

"La plus grande des voies parallèles à la Tamise entre dans Londres par Bay's-Water-Road et sillonne toute la ville sous les noms d'Oxford-Street, Holborn, Skinner Street, Newgate Street, Cheapside, Leadenhall Street et Mile-End-Road. L'autre ligne, parallèle au fleuve, entre à l'ouest de Londres, par Kensington, Hyde Park et Piccadilly. Là elle se bifurque; une de ses branches va rejoindre Holborn en traversant la Tamise sous les noms de Coventry Street, Long Acre, et Great Queen's Street: l'autre incline un peu à droite, et prend les noms de Pall Mall, Saint-Martin's-Strand et Farrington Street, jusqu'à Islington. Parmi les principales voies qui traversent Londres il faut citer celle de l'ouest, qui commence à Edgeware Road, et, sous les noms de Park Lane, Grosvenor Place et Wauxhall-Bridge-Road, borne la ville à l'ouest; celle de l'est, qui sous les noms de Portland-Place, Regent-Street, Waterloo Place, et Oxford Street, forme la plus magnifique rue de Londres."

Having accurate descriptions such as these to help him, who can possibly dispute the bold assertion of the *Guide*, that "malgré l'immense développement de Londres, il n'est pas difficile de se retrouver dans ses rues?" With their minds, then, quite at ease as to the finding of their way, the Orphéonistes may revel in the power to stare about them, and so the *Guide* proceeds to help them to see what they can see. After caution that our public monuments and buildings "n'ont rien de bien remarquable sous le rapport artistique" (a truth which to the reader of his *Punch* sounds somewhat trite) the following historical description is put forth:—

"En tête des édifices où siégent les grandes administrations publiques et particulières, il faut placer le Royal Exchange [this we need not say is a misprint for 'le Punch Office;' an error which we trust the next edition will correct].—Cet édifice, dans lequel se tient le Money Market, est situé au N. de Cornhill. Il a été construit de 1536 à 1567, brûlé en 1666, et rebâti l'année suivante."

Thus instructed where to see the Old Royal Exchange, (which everybody knows was *not* burned down in A.D. 1836,) the Orphéonistes are guided to Old London Bridge, which, everybody knows, is likewise still existent. From this point, or *pont*, they perhaps may find it interesting to go and see the Docks; of which, as they are told, the chief are, "deux bassins à Limehouse," and the well-known "docks du Commerce du Groenland, Surrey, et pays de l'Est." From the docks their faithful *Guide* next conducts them to the markets, of which especial notice is drawn to that of "Brooks." No mention being made of that of Covent Garden, of course the inference is obvious that it does not exist. A not more pardonable omission occurs too in the mention of "le marché de Smithfield," which is described as being "destiné à la vente des bestiaux," and actually not one syllable is said about its also being destined "à la vente des femmes!"

Among the other London sights which the Orphéonistes will do well to see (if they can find them) especial note is made of "La colonne de Fish-Street-Hill," "La colonne et statue de Nelson, dans Belgravee-Square," and "enfin, la colonne de Waterloo."

Other "monuments publics," and quite as worthy to be seen, are "Le Ministère de l'Intérieur" and "L'Hôtel de la Monnaie;" while, if there be a wish to view "le troisième palais royal," the simple way to do so is to ask for "Somerset-House." A doubt may reasonably be raised as to whether "les Chambres du Parlement" be really worth a visit; for the *Guide* says, "elles sont lourdes et de mauvais goût." The theatre of "Atsley" is, however, recommended; and as being "les principaux bals de la ville en été," attention is directed not alone to "Crémorne-Gardens," but also to "le Wauxhall," which latter, we thus learn, has not yet been shut up.

The directions of the *Guide* in the matter of locution are every whit as accurate as those anent locality; but as we have "more than usual demands upon our space" (this hint to correspondents we always keep in type), we must reserve our further criticism—as *Punch* comes out on Wednesday—till the middle of next week.

"Heavy Exchanges and both down."

"*Bell's*" *Report of a Fight* (*Passim*).

THIS voting of purses, and cheering of cheers,
In London and Liverpool nothing so strange is:
For well may Exchanges be fond of TOM SAYERS,
Consid'ring how fond SAYERS is of *exchanges*.

"ANNEXED! WHAT NEXT?"—*Cobden Improved.*

WE read that the French troops have been regaling themselves at Annecy, the capital of Northern Savoy. Since the spoliation by France, the town, as a mark of its degrading allegiance, should change its name to ANNEXÉ.

A REPRESENTATIVE BOY.

THE Benicia Boy has ably represented his countrymen in the Prize Ring. Continual accounts from America indisputably prove that he is equally well qualified to represent them in Congress.

The Proprietors of the Royal Academy don't see why they should be troubled with so many works by other fellows. Oh dear, no! Let them exhibit their Pictures outside!

THE SAILOR'S RESERVE.

A Modern Sea-Song.

Your honour, I prize not this bodily hulk,
We all must soon quit Life's brief scene;
No, bless you! don't think that I ever would skulk
From serving my country and Queen.
But there are some things in the Navy, you see,
To which I do strongly object;
To enter it, therefore, if you invite me,
I pause, as we say, to reflect.

The sailor, in fact, has advanced with the age,
Observes, notes, and reasons on facts,
And if in the service he sticks to engage,
He now-a-days thinks ere he acts.
A striking improvement you 'll own you discern,
I think, in his language and air;
The quid in his cheek you no more see him turn,
And I 'm sure that you don't hear him swear.

Well, now there 's the cat—give the cat to the dog
In case of deserving the same;
But dear me, your honour, a sailor don't flog,
And call flogging felons a shame.
However, suppose we get over the lash,
And setting the cat on one side,
You wound a tar's feelings, his sentiments gash
Although you may not scratch his hide.

Why keep him in port when returned from his cruise,
Of shore in close sight—almost reach—
On board whilst imprisoned, afar off he views
The choice of his heart on the beach?
He sees his fond parents their handkerchiefs wave,
Beholds his betrothed in their care;
But vainly for leave to embrace them may crave,
And that 's what a seaman can't bear.

His warm social feelings respect if you're wise,
His tender affections regard;
But don't—benediction I beg on your eyes—
Don't hold him so tight and so hard.
Then soon will you make up your Naval Reserve,
Soon man all your ships—every one—
And, dear me, most willing should I be to serve,
And conquer or die at my gun.

P. R. B. CRITICISM.

"Dear Punch,

"I Have lately been admitted to the P. R. B.—

"Not the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, as the letters used to mean; but the Prize Ring Brotherhood. I am hand in glove with the Camden Town Pet, and Alec Reed has promised to sit to me, and set to with me afterwards. It is an immense privilege to know these athletes; to see bone and muscle in action, instead of the antique. As an artist, I am charmed with the men and their manners! I find the B.B. (Benicia Boy) most useful in working up the darks (of eyes), and, thanks to my early use of the maul-stick, I am anything but a stick with my mauleys. I hope soon to be able to draw my man whenever I please, and already I flatter myself I don't make such a very bad fist of it. Then, too, these men can open my eyes as well as close 'em. They are putting me up to a great deal of the humbug of classical art. There's *The Fighting Gladiator* for instance,—a deluge of praise has been poured on *him*. I showed the cast to the Champion the other day, and I thought he'd have died of laughing. I was rather annoyed, and told Tom the statue was a very great work of art, and represented a member of the Roman (S.) P. (Q.) R. 'Ah,' he replied, 'a regular rum 'un he must ha' been. Jest you look at the muff—why he has got his right out a deal far'rer nor he can get it back agin, and then twig his legs. There's the right pin about five feet behind him. Right hand out, and right leg back! Blest if he could stand a tap from a baby's little finger in that 'ere form.' I have since tried the attitude myself, and I find what Tom says is quite true. I fear Tom don't think much of the *Hercules*. His remark upon this muscular divinity was: 'Too much beef on his bones. I should say now that old chap might ha' been a hard hitter afore he left the P. R. and took to the public line. But there's too much o' the tap-tub about him now. Blest if he han't a look o' Peter Crawley.'

"When I showed him the *Dying Gladiator*, he seemed to feel the expression—'Poor beggar!' was his simple comment; 'Can't come to time! He've got his bellyful.'

"He curtly dismissed the Apollo as 'too leggy; no bellows; and too fine in the loins' (or, as he pronounced it, 'lines'). But of the *Theseus* he said at once: 'Now *that*'s a nice figger of a man—whoever done it! I'd think twice afore I stood up to *him!*'

"The Champion was all right, you see. No gammoning Tom. He doesn't care for names, but he knows a thing or two about make and muscles, and went straight to the truth—from the shoulder. It was a very interesting moment for me. Here was Science (P. R. B. Science) brought face to face with Sculpture. Here was the Champion of England commenting on the Hero of Greece! It is not every day one can listen to Sayers upon Phidias. When I told him Theseus, too was a fighting man—a Greek—he remarked, simply: 'Ah—somethin' to Tom the Greek, I dessay. I knowed him.'

"I am in hopes that our fellows at the Hogarth Club may succeed in getting Tom to stand (up) to them! What a model for a society of young men!

"We have all of us been used to drawing from the round, you know; but with Tom we shall draw from no end of rounds, and from the square into the bargain.

"Yours, and no fibbing,

"Tom Ringbone,

"(P. R. B. as is, and R. A. as hopes to be)."

Cheering Intelligence by Bullier's Correspondence.

"The Savoyard organs have pronounced unanimously for adhesion to France!!!"

[*Mr. Punch congratulates England, and especially his own Quiet Street.*

HOSTS OPPOSED TO THE BUDGET.

The Licensed Victuallers unanimously declare that the Ministry which is about to institute Free Trade in wine is worse than any Provisional Government.

Irish Tenant Right.—The right of the Tenant to hold land at a rent paid by the Landlord.

MR. PUNCH AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE London readers of *Mr. Punch* (he takes it for granted) who had a few hours and a few shillings to spare on Friday, spent them rationally as he did in hearing the *Elijah*, which at Sydenham was performed as it had never been before. To pay a crown to hear the crowning work of MENDELSSOHN is a temptation which few people in reason can resist; and to hear such a performance of it as last Friday's, no right-minded possessor of five shillings could refuse. *Mr. Punch* therefore assumes that all his readers out of Bedlam, who had time and money spareable, were with him to take part in the MENDELSSOHN Commemoration, which, whatever part they took—whether vocal or auricular; and if the former, whether alto or soprano, bass or tenor—was one that they are not soon likely to forget.

Taking this for granted, there is little need for him to tell his London readers in what a brilliant manner the Festival went off, or what a blaze of triumph was the bonfire at the end of it. But *Mr. Punch* writes for All England as well as for its capital, and writes too for posterity as well as for those present. *Mr. Punch* may therefore fitly say a few words on the subject; and seeing that he, happily, is not yet an M. P., there need be no fear that his "few words" will be many ones.

As nothing can detract from his exalted reputation, *Mr. Punch* will not mind owning that he went to Sydenham simply and solely to enjoy himself. His object was to hear, and not to criticise and carp at: and he neither tried to count the more than million beauties, nor tired his ears by straining them for possible defects. Leaving others to pick holes, if there were any to be picked, it is enough for him to say he made his mind up to be pleased, and that he discovered no fit reason to unmake it. All the musical arrangements were on such a major scale, that the performance, as was promised, could not but be a great one. The chorus sang with all the unanimity of one; and each one of the soloists sang with all the force and fervour of a chorus. Each note issued by the choristers was a three-thousand-pounder, and when it—

> Crashed forth with vigour rare,
> All as one voice they were,
> Charming the hearers there,
> Well-drilled Three Thousand!

As Orpheus of old could make the woods to listen to him, SIMS ORPHEUS so sang that the most wooden of his hearers wagged their heads while hearing him; and MISS POLYHYMNIA PAREPA, while she sang "with heart and voice," on the last of those four words thrilled forth her high B flat so *clarè* as to make *Mr. Punch* think of his CLARA. Indeed she sang so high in what was her so-lo, that one might almost say she warbled like a lark, except that, being somewhat of a larger growth, she could not be expected to sing quite out of eyesight. And then MISS DOLBY * sang that air of airs of hers (which *Mr. Punch* will not insult her by naming more particularly) with such sweetness, and such feeling, that, although he hates encores, *Mr. Punch* found himself helping in the one which was accorded to her. In fact, if *Mr. Punch* had been allowed to have his way (which, as he had his *Judy* with him, was more than he could hope), he would have gladly lent a hand to encore the whole performance: nay, had he been Briareus, and had fifty pairs of hands, he would, to gain his object, have sacrificed a pair of milk-white kids on each.

Unlike the *Duke* in SHAKSPEARE, *Mr. Punch* is always merry when he hears sweet music; and it therefore was with feelings of more than usual pleasantness that when the Work was over he went to see the Man, or his effigy at least, which *Mr. Punch* had to unveil. Remembering that the statue of BEETHOVEN at Bonn was unveiled in the presence of "some of the crowned heads of Europe, who were almost lost in a crowd of 30,000 people," *Mr. Punch* of course contrasted the gratifying fact, that the heads who gave their crowns to see MENDELSSOHN unveiled, amounted not to "some" but to some eighteen thousand, and therefore stood no danger of being "almost lost." Being perfectly *au fait* at performing public ceremonies, such as christening Drinking Fountains, and wheelbarrowing First Sods, it is quite needless to remark that *Mr. Punch* did the unveiling with his usual graceful ease, and made the usual short speech with his usual perfect taste. This over, there set in an "ugly rush" for the refreshments, but as *Mr. Punch* felt no desire to get his pet corn trodden on, he prudently reserved his appetite for supper, having taken the precaution, with his usual splendid foresight, to lay in a hearty lunch. Forming a bright exception to the general rule observed, by *not* smoking a cigar which was anything but tobacco, *Mr. Punch* then came into the garden with MAUD, (don't be jealous, *Judy*,) and enjoyed the first warm evening in a state of mind which, like it, was totally serene. Being, however, still afflicted

> "Where the East Wind's pinching fingers
> Had laid the grip whence hoarseness lingers,"

Mr. Punch could give few specimens of his usual moonlight talk; but after speaking of the "gardels" as really "lookilg quite robaltic il the boolshile," he gave up "talkilg sedtimelt" as being a bad job.

Of the Fackelzug which followed, *Mr. Punch* need only say that it was worthy of HIS PRESENCE, and higher praise than this it would perplex him to conceive. One observer says the torches "gleamed like fiery serpents;" but "Brobdingnagian glow-worms" were a far more sparkling simile, and would really have approached quite as nearly to the truth. A fire of wit, of course, was kindled by the blaze, and the torches weren't the only brilliant things let drop. Several jokers joked about "playing at pitch and toss," as they tossed about their pitch-sticks to keep them well in flame; and one unhappy punster who, in doing this, had let some pitch pitch on his fingers, was mad enough to talk about the pain as being torch-ure! Another of the mad wags, however, who was present (and who, if he don't take care, may end in either going to Bedlam or in writing a burlesque), carried his madwaggery to a still more piteous pitch; for at the finish of the evening, when he struck his torch out, he actually called the stroke a *coup de tar*.

With the sound of the *Elijah* yet echoing in his ears, the sight of the bright bonfire yet dazzling his eyes, and the savour of the torch-smoke yet clinging to his nostrils, *Mr. Punch* then left the Palace by his own private exit; and jumping upon Pegasus, whom *Toby* had in waiting, clapped *Judy* on the crupper, and straight rode home to supper, and soon fell asleep while glancing o'er the new Sonnets by TUPPER.

* Everybody knows that now she's not a Miss, and that her married name's not DOLBY. But *Mr. Punch* no more can leave off calling her "MISS DOLBY," than he can speak of JENNY LIND by any other name than "JENNY."

INTERESTING TO NERVOUS AND IRRITABLE PERSONS!

WILL MR. BABBAGE ask his calculating machine to tell us whether the hurdy-gurdy, which is an instrument of torture inflicted on Europe by Savoy, will make greater noise, or pierce one's ears and feelings more painfully, now that LOUIS NAPOLEON, by his recent little turn of annexation, has converted it into a French organ?

A Thorough Bread Knight.

THE KING OF SARDINIA has knighted the patriotic baker, GIUSEPPE DOLFI. No doubt the worthy knight of the oven will prove himself a doughty champion, his achievements will be recorded in the rolls of fame, and he will be acknowledged as the flour of chivalry.

NO NEWS.

MR. COLEMAN, in his amusing book about *British Butterflies*, tells us that the *Purple Emperor* thrives on corruption. And so, he might have added, does the French variety of the species.

THE REAL FANCY FRANCHISE.

LONDON and Liverpool 'Changes voting TOM SAYERS a hero.

A GRACE FOR HUNGARY FOLKS.—BENEDEK-*tus Benedicat.*

Artist (*with Bell's Life*). "*Well! I say, Taddeo, look here, (reads) 'Bill Shaw has paid £1 to enrol himself a Member of the P. B. A.'!! By Jove! What's the Profession coming to?*" (*N. B. Our friend has never heard of the Pugilistic Benevolent Association.*)

LONDON OMNIBUS EXCURSIONS.

(Advertisement.)

The proprietors of the Omnibuses that crawl from the West of London along the Strand, respectfully invite the attention of the Public to the great advantages to be now derived from taking that route. By order of the Lord Mayor, no carriages can now pass through Fleet Street, and in consequence, a new, varied, and delightful excursion to the North, and subsequently Eastward, is offered by the Proprietors, with no addition of charge. To any person having a few hours in the business part of the day to throw away, the present occasion affords an opportunity which should not be lost. On arriving at the street leading to the beautiful Bridge so highly eulogised by Canova, and declared by the great sculptor to be worth coming from Italy to see, the traveller suddenly turns to the left, and ascends a stupendous hill, adorned on one side by the classic graces of the Lyceum, and rendered grim on the other by the Avernian terrors of the Exeter Arcade. He passes the office of that admirable journal, the *Army and Navy Gazette*, and may be fortunate enough to obtain a view of the historian of the Crimean War, smoking the cigar or calumet of Peace. The traveller's journey is still marked by objects of the utmost interest, and he has scarcely regaled his eyes with the glory of the new Lyric Temple and its Floral appendage, when he comes upon the wild grandeur of Long Acre, and has a vista gaze at the gloomy gorge of Drury Lane, whose savage inhabitants must excite in the least imaginative bosom emotions utterly unfavourable to Foreign missionary enterprise. Pursuing his way through a stern and rugged country, where the rich scent of the onion nevertheless speaks of simple happiness, the traveller is finally launched into the magnificent scenery of Holborn. In this noble region, already crowded to repletion with its own commerce, to which are now added the gigantic contributions of the South, he will probably be blocked for an hour or two, and will have ample leisure to survey the wonders of Nature and Art with which he is surrounded. He will not fail to note the Black-Gang Shine (also known as Day and Martin'a), the famous Baths of Venice, and the Westonian Hall of Melody, among the numerous points of attraction. But a sterner interest awaits him, for in the course of three-quarters of an hour or more, he finds himself on the verge of that terrible descent near which the Church of St. Andrew attests the perils from which his grateful votaries have miraculously escaped. Here it is usual to take the celebrated precaution called the Skid, and if the officer appointed to annex it to the wheel happens to be in the way, it will probably be fastened. But a traveller should be prepared for anything. Thundering and rushing, the vehicle hurries down the awful descent, and if all is well, as it very often is, the passenger, thankful for his escape, re-commences to climb, and after a fierce struggle, attains the Church of St. Sepulchre, and the rock-like wall of the dreadful prison near it. A gentler sensation is awakened by the sight of the graceful fountain that trickles from the churchyard, reminding us that though the clay within it may be moistened no more, ours is still open to that process, and that we should improve our time. At this point a traveller who has any business in Fleet Street, and cannot afford to be carried many miles further out of his way, should descend, and with the aid of a guide, pedestrianise through a pass leading South, by which he will ultimately be brought to his object; but those who have time to spare should not omit to traverse the dark ravine of Newgate Street, which terminates at the *Poste* of the Great Saint Martin. Thenceforth the old route is resumed, and the delighted traveller has time to reflect upon the long and interesting journey to which the paternal kindness of the Lord Mayor has so pleasantly compelled him. He will naturally take a small hamper of refreshments, and to the votary of Nicotia we would whisper that the summit of the vehicle enables him to indulge his taste. No increase in prices in consequence of the enormous increase of the length of the *route*. The Proprietors have much satisfaction in announcing, that although it was thought that their own arrangements, and the eccentricities of the competitive system of driving, had done all that was possible to protract a journey, the kind aid of the Lord Mayor of London has enabled them to state that there is now *no* saying when an omnibus ride will be completed.

May, 1860. *Vivat Carter!*

FROM MR. PUNCH'S GAZETTE OF LAST NIGHT.

Notice is hereby Given that the Presentation of an operatic testimonial to a lady who has all sorts of merits, but is not a Lyric Artist, can only take place through Inadvertence, and the puffs to that effect are hereby cancelled. *Lord Chamberlain Punch's Office, May 9, 1860.*

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85 Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—Saturday, May 12, 1860.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

A SKETCH.—EARLY MORNING.—TRAFALGAR SQUARE, MAY 7.

"MY DEAR PUNCH,

"Now that it is all over, and I know the worst, I begin to reconcile myself to my fate. My pet picture, which cost me so many months of labour (and over which I have smoked so many pipes), was —shall I confess it?—rejected at the Royal Academy Exhibition. The Chariot which I intended to mount on the Road to Fame, by a melancholy metamorphosis, became the Patent Hansom in which I brought my *chef d'œuvre* away. It was fated that *I*, and not my picture, should be *sold*.

"I was furious at first, I admit. Thoughts of instant and ample vengeance filled my brain. I glared at the red-legged porter who showed me the fatal list, and if he had not stood at least six feet two in his pumps I should assuredly have doubled him up. I learned to 'spar' at Eastminster, but a difference of fourteen inches in height makes formidable odds in a 'mill;' besides, *I* might have hurt *him*; and after all, was it *his* fault? I thought better of it, and spared the gentleman in plush. I took home my *Queen of the Goths*, and hung her up, crown and all, over my mantel-piece, to the admiration of MRS. KINAHAN, who sweeps my room every morning. BOREWELL, the great critic, came and cut it up (I speak metaphorically) the next day, and I was resigned. Nay, had I not a ticket for the Private View? I smothered my indignation, and went to see the works of my more fortunate friends.

"A learned and ingenious philosopher of Athens, by the name of PLATO, with whose writings you are doubtless familiar, formerly observed that—

"Beauty alone has this characteristic, that it is at once the most visible and the most pleasing of qualities."

"This original and concise remark forms the motto which the R. A. Exhibition Catalogue bears this year, in accordance with ancient precedent, on its first page. My attention was first called to it by SCUMBLETON, who has attained such excellence in the Classic School of Painting; that is to say, in the delineation of gods and goddesses, and their favourite amusements and pursuits, so admirably described by DR. LEMPRIERE in his famous *Dictionary*—a work which, as S. says, should be wanting in *no* studio.

"Well, SCUMBLETON was muttering in a corner at the R.A., and the following extraordinary sentence reached my ear:—

"'Noonday CALLOWS, mon! On to Tennis came MOIRA. And who's EGG, FANNY? Stay Tony nigh K. 'Arry Smote it on.'

"Good gracious! I thought. SCUMBLETON is intox—at least he must have swallowed some '*turps*' by mistake. What *does* he mean? 'Noonday CALLOWS!' The artist of that name knows better than to choose such a time for his effects. 'On to Tennis came MOIRA!' Nonsense. MR. MOIRA is a portrait painter, and doesn't play fives. 'Who's EGG, FANNY?' A good joke, indeed! Why an A.R.A., to be sure! 'Stay Tony nigh K.' What! ''Arry smote it on.' Who is 'Arry? *Where* did he smite what, and why?

"A glance at the Catalogue explained it all. SCUMBLETON was trying to read the Greek text of the above-mentioned apophthegm, which runs thus in the original:—

"Νὺν δὲ κάλλος μόνον ταυτὴν ἔσχε μοῖραν, ὡς εκφανέστατον ἶναι καὶ ἐρασμώτατον."

* * * * * * *

"Elbowing my way through a crowd of the *élite*, among whom I noticed the DUKE OF A., the MARQUIS OF B., the EARL and COUNTESS OF C., and so on through the illustrious alphabet, I reached the East Room. *Seniores priores.* SIR EDWIN'S *Highland Flood* swamps everything near it. A grey and dismal horror pervades the scene. We feel sadly convinced that yon poor struggling bull will not live to be British beef; nor can drowning 'Nanny' be converted into 'Alpine kid.' When sunburnt lassies tossed that load of grass they little thought they were 'saving' hay—so soon to lose it. Will not the very red herrings which we see strung up return to their native element? One might, indeed, believe it—*cum grano salis!* Well, well; it is an ill wind that blows no one good; and if man and beast suffer, at least it seems fine weather for ducks.

"If we had not had enough of water, we might stop to admire the contrast between STANFIELD'S *Outward Bound*, and COOKE'S *Bella Venezia*—both wonderfully true to nature; so true that, standing before them, I recall the *ethos* of each scene, and must honestly admit that I would rather be lying in that gondola, as it floats lazily over the Lagoon, in the full enjoyment of my pipe, than experience *certain other* sensations in MR. STANFIELD'S fishing-smack on the British Channel.

"No. 131 is described in the catalogue as *The Terrace*. It certainly looks to *me* more like a lady with a fan, but I may be wrong. Which is the architectural feature?

"What is the test of excellence in descriptive art? When we go to the play, leave our cares in the cloak-room—forget our toothache and 'that horrid bill,'—to take interest in the little world behind the foot-lights. If, I say, we love the heroine, feel anxious for the hero, laugh with his funny friend, and rejoice at virtue triumphant, be sure there has been good acting. Who can look at MR. ELMORE'S picture without feeling present at the scene itself? The shouts of the *sansculottes* ring in one's ears, and one feels inclined to drag away the penitent girl (was ever penitence so ably drawn?) from the side of that shrieking beldam, and the rest of the horrid crew, before she forgets the sad sweet face of MARIE ANTOINETTE. Does MR. ELMORE hint at a moral in that smouldering pipe? Alas! how many pipes of good French clay were put out for ever, in those days. The furniture is thrown pell-mell: a chair is already upset. *Courage! mes amis.* The *tables* will soon be turned.

"Look at MR. FRITH'S picture. We boast of the improved manners and morals of the present age, but there is one class of individuals which has lost caste in this century. A highwayman now-a-days is a low vulgar wretch with no sort of interest attached to him, save the anxiety which we all feel that he should be transported. But MONS. M. CLAUDE DUVAL was a fine gentleman, and could step a 'coranto,' I warrant you, as well as his Grace himself. Is it the old cavalier's daughter the rogue is dancing with? Will he finish the minuet before that black lacquey has signalled aid?

"'Dear, niece, *picturesque* old days; I wish *I* had lived in them,' whispers MISS FRUMPINGTON, who is thirty-nine, and who not only never danced a coranto with a 'cracksman,' but finds it difficult even to procure a partner for a quadrille. And so we pass on to another picture.

"If we congratulate MR. HOOK on being able to write R.A. after his name, let us also congratulate the illustrious

'Forty' on their choice. *Stand Clear* is a charming picture—honestly treated, skilfully painted. *Quid verbis opus est?* It is a Hook, and very properly hung on '*the Line.*'

"Let us stand a few minutes before Mr. Millais' *Black Brunswickers*, and after examining that wonderful piece of white satin, glance up at the honest soldier's face, full of stern purpose and manly courage. We do not need that dread device to learn his errand. Will he ride back out of 'the jaws of death' to meet his sweetheart? I know *some one* who would gladly risk such a danger for such a prize.

"Where did Mr. Philip hide to witness the august ceremony which he has so ably painted. The Archbishop's sleeve is capacious, but could hardly have held him. Stars and garters! What courage a man must have to make a sketch in such company. Fancy dotting down a Duke, with that awful weapon of state hanging over one's head. The sword of Damocles was a joke to it. For my part, I should have been first frightened out of my wits, then have fallen into hopeless love with at least four bridesmaids, and finally I should have stumbled over Gold Stick in Waiting, who would, doubtless, have annihilated me on the spot. On the other hand, Mr. Philip, you see, has gone to work coolly and successfully, and out of this *mélange* of Royalty, loyalty, matrimony, and '*moire antique*,' has produced a picture which is one of the best in the room.

"Mr. Horsley's naval lieutenant (H.M.S. *Trifler*) is "showing a preference" in a very indiscreet and decided manner. The very poppies hang their heads in shame. Let us hope, however, that he has made a fitting choice, and that his charmer will become a mate, before he is a commander.

"I was admiring, inch by inch, Mr. Dyce's *Pegwell Bay*, and thinking that I should never tire of looking at it, when Stippler, the post-Peruginesque genius, punching me jocosely in the dorsal region, carried me off into the Middle Room, to see——what I will describe in another epistle.

"Faithfully yours,

"Jack Easel."

THE WILD IRISH IN THE WEST.

American friends, will nothing convince you that the Negroes are human beings? Nothing will, if the following advertisement will not;—

The *Pilot*, published weekly in Boston, Mass., United States, an Irish Catholic Journal of Brilliant Talent, Early Intelligence, Prodigious Circulation, and 20 Years' standing.

This Paper, well known to all the exiled Irish through the vast extent of the Republican districts of North and South America, is the best Advertising medium — for Catholic purposes—in the United States. On Irish politics the views of the Pilot are Original. In every number articles are published which, in the present state of the law, it would be dangerous or impossible to publish in Ireland—fearless and out-spoken articles, in which the mask is torn from the hypocritical face of the Irish aristocracy (whether Whigs or Tories), with a hand unpalsied by the apprehension of British penalties, and an eloquent brilliancy that never dims. The men who vicariously administer and make the laws of Ireland (the lords) are held responsible only in the *Pilot* for the dreadful calamities which have repeatedly afflicted and overwhelmed the Irish people. Millions of famine-deaths and centuries of massacre are brought home and heaped up at the gilded doors of the Irish aristocracy in a manner novel, convincing, and irresistible. These fountains of authority are made responsible for the general ruin which they occasion. On Irish politics the views of the *Pilot* will be found equally original and solid, owing to the application of new principles to current vicissitudes.

Persons desirous of getting this Journal can please apply to C. M. O'KEEFFE, *Irishman* Office, by letter prepaid.

The above composition—which appeared the other day in the *Irishman* newspaper—is the work of human beings. It is the work of Irishmen. All Irishmen—even the creature who composed the above tissue of bombast, bathos, fudge, falsehood, malevolence, and absurdity—are, undoubtedly, human beings. Ireland has produced many of our greatest men.

But, now, did ever any Nigger under the sun, even with his brain turned by a sun-stroke,—any delirious Nigger,—any black maniac in the world,—utter such belluine ravings as those which are reduced to writing in the notification foregoing? The faculty of reason is the speciality of man. If you admit it in the case of all Irishmen, you must recognise its existence in that of all Niggers, none of whom can be lower than the low Irish who vent such rabid folly as that just quoted. But as every Irishman is white (when he is washed), it is obvious that, if the "peculiar institution" of America is to be maintained, it at least ought no longer to be limited by considerations of colour. It should extend to inferiority of moral and intellectual type, and then it would assuredly include other people than Africans.

It is not to be denied that sparks of rationality are visible in the Boston *Pilot's* Irish advertisement. The author tells us that "in every number articles are published which, in the present state of the law, it would be dangerous or impossible to publish in Ireland," and that a certain absurdity is accomplished "with a hand unpalsied by the apprehension of British penalties." Here is at least evidence of the power of perceiving and apprehending consequences. These passages are remarkable, taken in connection with the circumstance that great stress is laid upon the fact that the *Pilot* is an eminently Catholic newspaper. His Holiness the Pope, in his late edict of Excommunication, adverted, in a precisely similar strain, to the unfortunate truth, that there were certain localities, and those the very places in which the publication of that anathema was most desirable, wherein it would be unsafe to post it. Thus there is some glimmering of sense to be noted in the Pope's Bull, as well as amid the blunders and balderdash of his peculiar people.

THE SEVERITY OF SMALL GERMANS.

Contemplating the various objects of interest accumulated in a pork-shop window, we generally observe a number of little sausages, labelled "Small Germans." The sight of these cylindrical and savoury articles universally reminds the British beholder of the petty sovereigns of Germany. The minor German sovereigns are, however, very much smaller than the smallest of German sausages, and their small Governments are despotisms in a small way, very apt to perpetrate small acts of harsh and mean repression. The subjoined paragraph, quoted from the *Morning Post*, instances a piece of small tyranny which has just occurred in the diminutive domain of one of their Serene Littlenesses:—

"Liberty of the Press in Saxe-Gotha.—On the 5th inst. the Editor of the daily paper published in Gotha, M. Stollberg, was sentenced to three weeks' imprisonment for inserting an article in his journal which was considered to be an affront to a reigning German sovereign. The Emperor of Austria was the potentate in question, and it was considered no palliation of the offence that the unfortunate Editor had only copied the article from the London *Times*. A short time ago another German Editor was similarly sentenced for the same kind of offence."

De minimis non curat lex is a maxim on the reverse of which is administered the exiguous absolutism of these small Germans. They resent a trivial affront offered to themselves or their connections in the spirit of a wretched pedagogue when the despicable old brute cruelly whips a little boy for having chalked up the rudiments of a human figure, and written under it "Old Fogy;" an appellation which the aged savage supposes to have been meant for himself, or for Mr. Squaretoes over the way. The act of silly severity above recorded is even more paltry than that of the exasperated pedant. A scurrilous attack upon a great German may be regarded as a sensible, if not a reasonable, provocation of a small one; but the body of the offence for which M. Stollberg has been sentenced to three weeks' imprisonment was an article copied from the *Times*.

Temperate criticism is, by the small German mind, "considered to be an affront to a reigning German sovereign," and such an one as the Emperor of Austria. It is no less deplorable than remarkable that the particular small German in whose Lilliputian territory the liberty of the Press has been assailed with the pusillanimous resentment evinced in the incarceration of M. Stollberg, should be no other than the Duke of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, who, with whatever affection he may regard the Austrian Autocrat, should, one would imagine, be linked by a stronger chain of sympathy with a Court of which the Throne is a seat of constitutional Government supported by representative institutions. The British, rather than the Austrian Empire, appears to be the model which this small German Duke would naturally have chosen to go by in ruling his miniature dukedom or dwarfdom.

A Fine Source of Revenue.

Mr. Doulton, a judicious member of the Metropolitan Board of Works, is reported to have proposed a capital suggestion for obtaining funds to defray the expenses of the embankment of the Thames, or any other similar improvement. It is that of establishing an *octroi* duty on all provisions entering London. He means, of course, merely the City; and when the enormous quantity of provisions consumed at a single Lord Mayor's dinner is considered, it will be obvious that a very small tax on the civic larder would raise money enough to pay for anything.

A BREWER IN SUPPORT OF THE BEER-IMPROVEMENT BILL.

THE Puritans were wont formerly to do their preaching upon tubs, but there has lately been a deal of preaching upon beer-barrels. In the House the other evening the Member for Brick Lane poured out his frothy periods till he half stupefied his hearers, who did their best to bring him up, by crying out "Divide!" The following is a sample of the pure and unadulterated word-stream which gushed forth from him:—

"MR. BUXTON denied altogether that the agitation against the Bill had been in any way got up by the London Brewers. They did not care a farthing about the matter, and had entirely refused to stir in it. Indeed, they would have been foolish to do so. French wine would never drive out ale and porter. Their competition might, perhaps, check adulteration, but that would be all; and with respect to the licensing system, if the Bill were thrown out through their means, public opinion would be so disgusted that there would be an end to the licensing system altogether."

If MR. BUXTON had intended to support the Beer Improvement Bill, he could hardly have adduced two stronger arguments than these for it. To say that it will tend to check adulteration, and help to put an end to the licensing system, is to bring to clearest light the merits of the measure, and render it quite needless to say another word for it. MR. BUXTON, however, does say several more words for it, although his aim in saying them was doubtless just the contrary:—

"Upon these and other grounds he should have preferred to support the Bill; and would have done so if the division had taken place after the first discussion; but subsequent close thought upon the subject during the recess had brought him reluctantly to the conclusion that he must vote against the Bill, and that upon the ground which, coming from him must he knew, seem an absurd, hypocritical pretence—that it would powerfully tend to promote intoxication. He would make no attempt to defend himself from the ridicule this assertion might excite, but would pass on to the question which deserved most anxious thought—whether the result of that Bill would not inevitably be a fearful increase of drunkenness. Of course, if the Bill would merely create a general consumption of light wines, every reasonable man would give it his hearty support; but the question was, whether its result would not prove to be an almost universal sale, under the name and pretence of wine, of ardent spirits. (*Hear, hear.*)"

If this great Brewer entertains such a pious hate of drunkenness, he ought in all consistency to give up making beer. But getting drunk on beer, and getting drunk upon cheap claret, are doubtless in his eyes proceedings vastly different. The one is a light matter, and with Englishmen a national and natural propensity; but the other is with them a most unnatural offence, and must be regarded as a deed of blackest dye. So likewise the spirits which are vended at a ginshop have, in brewers' sight, a far smaller demoralising influence, than those which are, alas! to be procured soon at the pastrycook's, where, besides the potent brandy-ball and fiercely ardent hot-spiced nut, there will ere long be sold the terrible, and fiery Bordeaux.

But, as we have said, by his last-quoted remarks, as well as by his first, MR. BUXTON did good service to the Bill; for their absurdity induced SIR MORTON PETO to get up, and he explained thus from experience how he thought the Act would act:—

"SIR S. M. PETO intended to support the second reading of the Bill, believing that, however objectionable certain parts of the measure might be, they could easily be amended in Committee. He had carried on enormous contracts abroad, and had always found that in the wine countries the labourers were far more sober than they were elsewhere. (*Hear, hear.*) During four years he had been engaged in the construction of the Mediterranean lines of railway, where some of the heaviest works were executed which were ever attempted. Three thousand Piedmontese were employed; those men during the whole of the time drank the wine of the country, and on no one occasion had he heard of any instance of intoxication. (*Hear, hear.*) They all saved money, and took it home to their families, and he did not see why with similar facilities the results should not be the same with regard to the working men of this country. (*Hear, hear.*)"

To persuade an English workman to give up English beer, would be a feat even more difficult than to hear a pious brewer lecture upon drunkenness without feeling a temptation to smile at his remarks. Still we think, if MR. BUXTON could somehow persuade our navvies that "Bordeaux" was in fact but another name for "brandy," he might give some slight impulse to its importation; although we should not much mind betting him a bottle of it, that however much our countrymen might be induced to take to the taking of French wine, they would not drink one drop the less of British beer.

A CABMAN'S APPEAL AGAINST THE LADIES.

"SIR,

"HAS you are the Frend of hall classs i hope you will Inserert a few Word from a pore Cabby wich you Poke your fun hat but Live and Let life i say and hear Both side. i ham summond For nocking downd a woman and call a Brute Sir, how can We help wen they will no More mind crossing the rode then if It was a Private garding, first take Hold of their Clows then look at the Mud and Makes a face at it then looks to See wether She shows enuff of Her hancles and Then rush dead a Head like charging a Bull never wunst looking rite and Left Sir who can pull up at a minnit notice and the Swell hollaring and bawling to look a Life. Sir i do not complane of Fares a Woman give sixpence from Temple bar to circus But a swell gives a halfcrownd wich is to Much but if women will Not look she must be Run over and in my opinion that ort to Be law of the Land Sir i must now conclude i ham

"respectfly
"A ONE-HIDE CABBY."

"*Mr. Punch.*"

"N.B. If They have a beestly dog it His Wurse has Then she is hall in a figget hover the Beast wich can mind himself."

"The Initials."

A LADY friend of ours, who having a small house of course likes to give large parties, has found that, since the fashion of wide petticoats came in, her rooms will hardly hold half the number that they used to do. In order therefore to make space to accommodate more guests, she has lately hit upon the notable expedient of putting a curt post-script to her female invitations, requesting moderation in circumference of dress. The postscript consists merely of the letters "P. C. L.," which being interpreted, mean simply: "Please Come Limp!"

LEGISLATION FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

THE House of Commons is proceeding with the Bleaching and Dyeing Works Act, designed to prevent the overworking of helpless children. In consequence of the enactment of this measure Dyeing Works, it is to be hoped, will cease to be Killing Works.

DR. CUMMING'S LAST REVELATION.

MR. PUNCH finds in a Liverpool journal the following, part of a lecture which DR. CUMMING has been delivering on Prophecy:—

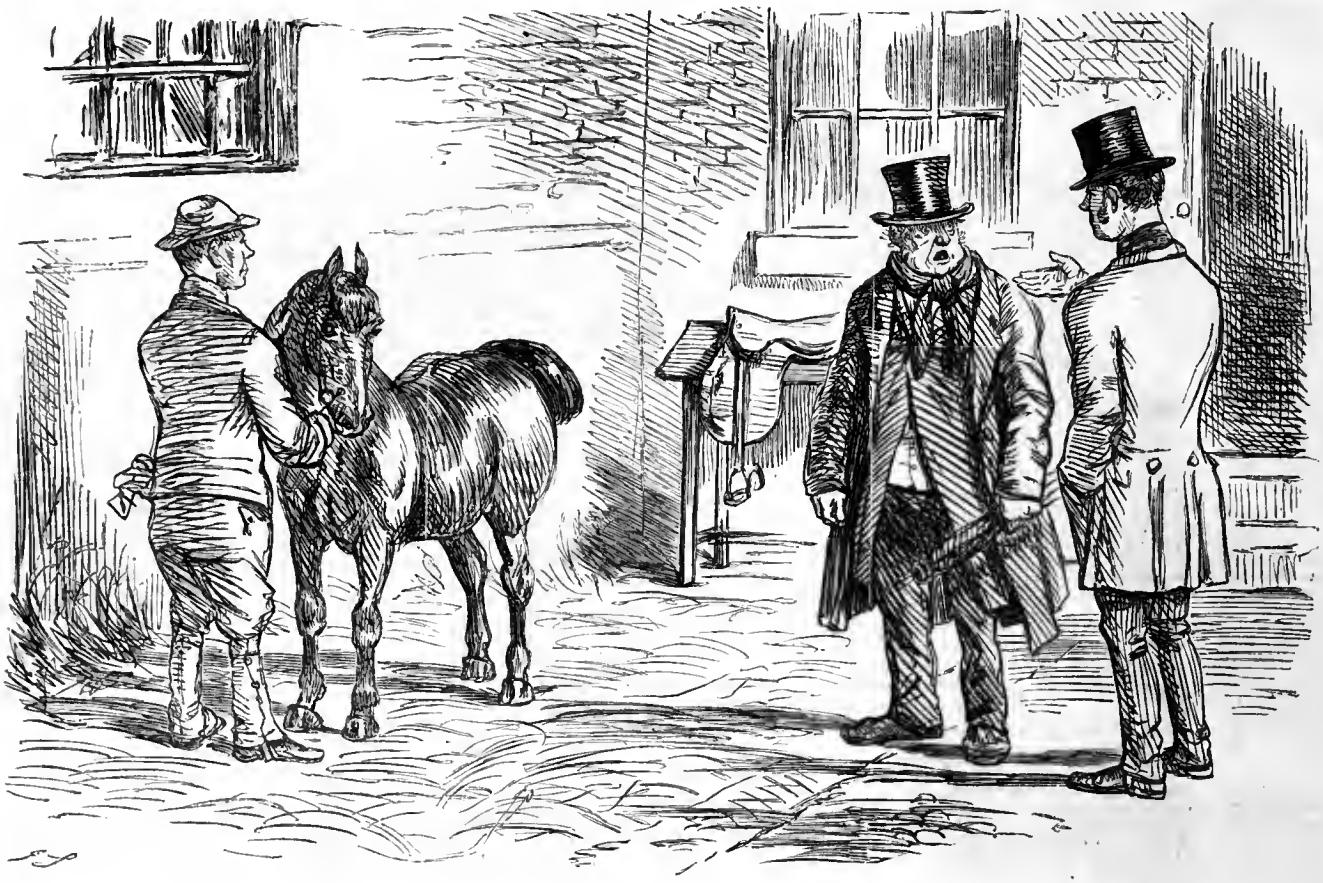
"He had been, he said, taunted in the columns of *Punch* with having, notwithstanding his belief that the world was to come to an end in 1867, recently renewed the lease of a cottage for 50 years. The accusation, he said, although not literally, was generally true, but his answer to it was, that a belief in prophecy should not override common sense. The doctor was frequently applauded throughout his eloquent lecture."

And by no person should he have been applauded more loudly than by *Mr. Punch*, if that gentleman had had the good fortune to be in the school-room at Claughton, where the lecture is reported to have been delivered. The last quoted sentence is so admirably frank that *Mr. Punch* cannot withhold his tribute of veneration. In other words, although it is all very well, in the way of business, to work the old Hebrew scrolls, which boil down into capital stock for the rather thin yet spicy soup vended by our Doctor, he has no notion of eating his own cookery. We wish we were as certain of our friend's orthography as we are of his common sense, and would give a trifle (say the *next* three hundred Tupperian sonnets) to know whether, in his private ledger, he does not spell Prophets as worldly people spell the opposite of Losses. But do not let him again use the word "taunt" in reference to anything that is said about him by his profound admirer,

PUNCH.

A PRIZE FOR A GRAND PROJECT.

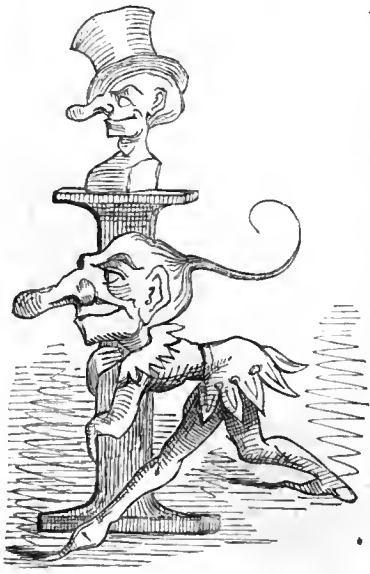
IF prizes are given for the best designs of frescoes to adorn the interiors of public buildings, and for other plans and devices of an ornamental nature, why should not the same method be adopted in order to elicit useful inventions? London is about to be drained, and all the drainage is to be cast into the sea. That, if not casting bread upon the waters not to return, is casting upon the waters a quantity of valuable material which might be made to return in the shape of bread. Manure is but a segment of the circle of nutrition. It feeds the corn which nourishes the frame. The question is, how to utilise the sewage of towns. Might not the problem be solved, if its solution would be rewarded with a prize which would render the gainer independent and happy for life? Such a prize would be a cheap expenditure of public money.



THE VERY THING.

Dealer (to Nervous Rider). "QUIET! THERE NOW! HE'S A COB AS YOU MAY JUST CHUCK YER LEG OVER, AND SPRING A RATTLE, OR FIRE OFF PISTOLS BY THE HOUR TOGETHER, AND HE WON'T TAKE NO NOTICE!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



N comes *Monday, May* 7. Tautology, VISCOUNT WILLIAMS, means—but, suppose you look it out in your Richardtionary. Having acquainted yourself with the meaning of the word, state whether there is any tautology in the following sentence. "Allusion was made to-day to the recent ryot disturbances in Bengal." Do not be in a hurry, but be sure you understand the word ryot. The public will pardon *Mr. Punch's* paternal attention to his favourite pupil, the rather that in the first place *Mr. Punch* does not care whether he is pardoned or not, and that in the second there was nothing else of the least interest in the proceedings of the half-hour during which the Lords sat.

In the Commons, MR. SIDNEY HERBERT denied the denial to the Volunteers of their military rank when they go to Court; and moreover added, that they are at perfect liberty to delight their Sovereign with the sight of their uniforms—statements that will make happy the minds of a good many handsome young patriots. Afterwards came on rather a curious business. There is a paper published in London, as some of our readers are aware, called the *Times*. Among its proprietors is a gentleman named WALTER, who is also a Member of Parliament. Its Editor is MR. DELANE. The Premier of England is LORD PALMERSTON, who has a handsome house on the right hand side of Piccadilly, as you go westward. He and LADY PALMERSTON give very pleasant parties there. MR. HORSMAN is also a Member of Parliament—at present. In the *Times* newspaper some mornings ago appeared an article in which MR. HORSMAN was mentioned in a way he did not like. MR. WALTER having expressed in the House a sentiment in accordance with a portion of the article in the *Times*, MR. HORSMAN wrote to him announcing an intention of bringing the subject under the notice of the House. MR. WALTER having waited for this operation, and MR. HORSMAN not performing it, the former gentleman to-night brought up the matter himself, and correspondence was read, and speeches were made. MR. HORSMAN thinks that LORD PALMERSTON influences the *Times* by inviting MR. DELANE to evening parties, and MR. HORSMAN attacked MR. WALTER, as a proprietor of the paper, and also because, while himself a Member of the House, he is supposed to sanction the rather strong censures occasionally made upon it, and upon distinguished personages, by the newspaper in question. MR. WALTER'S complete reply is, that he is not the editor of the paper, and has nothing to do with its management. The HORSMAN onslaught was so excessively ridiculous that its absurdity would have been its only claim to *Mr. Punch's* tolerant notice, but that the discussion brought up our friend the PREMIER, who came out in a magnificent way. He utterly laughed to scorn the idea that MR. DELANE, or any other gentleman of sense and character, could be influenced in the discharge of his duty by invitations to evening parties; an idea that one would think could have emanated only from the mind of a third class lady of the "genteel" class, to whom a *soirée* at a Swell house is a convertible term for Paradise. LORD PALMERSTON "only wished he *could* exercise such an influence," but had no such good fortune. "He was very proud when such persons as MR. DELANE did him the honour of coming to see him, without undertaking any other engagement than that which MR. DELANE performs so well—of always making themselves very agreeable." He stated that MR. DISRAELI

PAM'S GRACEFUL RECOGNITION OF THE PRESS, OR FOURTH ESTATE.

"My Right Honourable friend has observed, that the Contributors to the Press are the favourites and the ornaments of the social circles into which they enter. In that opinion he is, it seems to me, perfectly correct. The gentlemen to whom he refers are, generally speaking, persons of great attainments and information. It is, then, but natural that their society should be agreeable."—LORD PALMERSTON *in the House of Commons, Monday, May 7,* 1860.

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sometimes came to see him on the same terms. And Our Dear Old PAM, and we call him old in sign of our familiarity and affection, for he is not old, added, with reference to MR. HORSMAN's remarks—

"HE HAS SAID THAT THE CONTRIBUTORS TO THE PRESS ARE THE FAVOURITES AND ORNAMENTS OF EVERY SOCIETY INTO WHICH THEY ENTER. HE IS PERFECTLY RIGHT IN THAT EXPRESSION. THEY ARE GENERALLY MEN OF GREAT INFORMATION AND GREAT ATTAINMENTS, AND THEREFORE THEY ARE MEN WHOSE SOCIETY MUST BE AGREEABLE."

Suffused with ingenuous blushes, yet conscious that the PREMIER's words are the most unimpeachable truth, *Mr. Punch*, as the recognised Head and Representative of the Press of England, makes LORD PALMERSTON one of those bows, to behold which is beatitude, to imitate which is despair.

Mr. Punch would add, that his friend MR. DISRAELI bore testimony to the utility of press strictures, and said that, provided they were able, he did not—even when they were directed against himself—object to "general malignity." This must have been meant for the *Saturday Review*, which compares VIVIAN GREY to LOUIS NAPOLEON. Certainly it had no application to *Mr. Punch*, who has never flung at MR. DISRAELI anything more hurtful than a soft-boiled rosebud.

The great business of the evening being done, the adjourned debate on the Wine Licences Bill was resumed, and after a great deal of opposition, some of it foolish and the rest hypocritical, MR. GLADSTONE replied, and the Pothouse-*cum*-Pump Coalition was smashed up by a majority of 267 to 193.

Tuesday. LORD EBURY on Prayer-Book Reform. He suggested a great many alterations, of much theological importance, and wished for a commission to prepare the same. The ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY said, that there was no possibility of theologians agreeing on any subject, and therefore the subject had best be let alone. Thus spoke the Evangelical Hierarch. The BISHOP OF LONDON denied that there was any real practical grievance. Thus spoke the Common-sense Hierarch. The BISHOP OF OXFORD believed that changing formularies would lead to attempts at change of doctrines, and the proposal was dangerous. Thus spoke the High-Church Hierarch. In spite, therefore, of DR. SUMNER, theologians can agree upon occasion, and as *Mr. Puff* says in the *Critic*, "when they *do* agree their unanimity is wonderful." Three lay-lords charged on the same side as the spirituals, and LORD EBURY, borne down by such an array of championship, withdrew his motion, and probably by this time has become a Highly Particular Baptist.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL stated that he had ordered the appointment of a salaried official to protect the graves of our heroes who died in the Crimea.

MR. BENTINCK had a grievance. He knew a boy who wanted to be a factory boy at Portsmouth; and this boy being plucked by the Civil Service Examiners because he could not spell, MR. BENTINCK wanted to see the Examination papers. He declared that the boy spelt as well as a great many Members of Parliament. The proposal that MR. BENTINCK should, in fact, examine the Examiners, was too preposterous, and it was, of course, rejected. MR. BOVILL, who is a lawyer of great eminence, disapproves of the Government plan for dealing with Stock-Exchange transactions, and had introduced a Bill of his own, legalising *bonâ fide* business, but not gambling; but his measure was rejected, on the principle that business should be free, and people should take care of themselves.

Then came the motion for the Third Reading of the Paper-Duty Repeal Bill, on which there was a spirited debate, SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE moving as an amendment that, in the present state of the revenue, we ought not to throw away a Million and a Quarter of Revenue. The old arguments were urged, as were some new ones; but MR. GLADSTONE said that opposition was too late—the House had pledged itself to the remission, and had laid on new taxes to supply the place of the Duty. To recoil would be to shock public faith in the Legislature. MR. DISRAELI, in a slashing attack on the CHANCELLOR OF THE X, denied his position, derided his finance, and said that the House ought to re-consider a premature and precipitate vote. And on division, the Bill had what is termed, we believe, a Squeak for it; for the numbers were 219 to 209—whereat the Conservatives cheered woundily. Nay, they actually got another vote, that of MR. HERBERT INGRAM, who has been labouring for years to get the Duty taken off, and who, leading the van of his friends, as he thought, got into the lobby with the Noes, and, despite himself, was made by the SPEAKER to record a vote against his favourite measure. *Mr. Punch*, however, thus sets him right with Boston and The Ages.

Wednesday. Chiefly remarkable for determined but unsuccessful attempts to overthrow the Bill for protecting the poor girls who work in the Bleaching and Dyeing factories from being themselves Bleached by heat and hideous hours until they lie down to Die. SIR JAMES GRAHAM took an opportunity of declaring his belief that the women of England were not deteriorating; and in proof that the men were not, he adduced the recent display of valour by the British Lion, as represented by SIR THOMAS DE SAYERS.

Thursday. LORD DERBY sees a chance of doing mischief to the Government, and is going in, he says, for a fight, with little LORD MONTEAGLE for a backer. Encouraged by the small majority on the Paper Bill, their Lordships declare that they will not permit such a throwing away of revenue, and mean to oppose the Second Reading in the Lords. This is the first time *Mr. Punch* has heard that, by the Constitution as now established, the Lords have anything to do, except formally, with questions of Taxation, and he hopes that DERBY and MONTEAGLE will not take it unkind if, in the event of their persisting in the menaced course, he should feel it his duty to send a Fourpenny Telegram from Chancery Lane to the Tower of London, instructing the Constable to see that the Axe is comfortably sharp, and to order blocks for two.

In the Commons, a long and rather amusing discussion on the Wine Licences Bill, in Committee, was every now and then agreeably and satisfactorily broken by the Pothouse and Pump Party trying a struggle, and getting a tremendous floorer.

Friday. The Central America question is, according to LORD WODEHOUSE, in a satisfactory way to settlement; but he insisted on being mysterious for the present. LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE made a really interesting speech on behalf of the Protestants in Turkey, who, he says—and he knows more of the matter than anybody in the world—are about the only honest and truth-telling subjects the PADISHAH has. The SULTAN himself likes them, but of course the scoundrels who are in authority in Turkey do not, and they are exposed to persecution and danger. He urged that they ought to be protected. LORD WODEHOUSE agreed, but said that it was not so much the Turks, as the Christians of other than Protestant views, who were malignant against the latter. He hoped, however, to do something for the Protestants. A Bill for dealing with Church "brawlers" was read a Second time. It will, if passed, bring the persons who yell, and throw hassocks, and kick down altar-rails,—persons termed by LORD CRANWORTH "miscreants,"—under the speedy and unfavourable notice of a Police Magistrate.

CHARLEY NAPIER brought up the Gun-boat frauds, and insisted upon having somebody hanged, in which LORD C. PAGET promised to oblige him, if possible. LORD JOHN RUSSELL made his usual multifarious reply to the Catechism of the Westminster Assembly of Divines, but the only point for notice was his solemn asseveration that he does mean to go on with the Reform Bill. There was a debate about SIR CHARLES TREVELYAN, the Governor of Madras, who so much disapproves of MR. WILSON's plan for taxing India, that he has issued his own Protest against it, for which insubordination LORD PALMERSTON, with much regret at losing so able a man, dismissed him by the next post, and appointed in his place SIR HENRY WARD, Governor of Ceylon, who is favourably known for having so sharply and speedily put down the rascals in the Ionian Islands, who rebelled some few years ago. SIR JOSEPH PAXTON appointed his Committee on the Thames Embankment, and it seems a very sensibly-selected Committee, to whose recommendations men of business, and practical statesmen, must lend respectful attention. *Mr. Punch*, however, will occasionally look into the Committee-room and keep all straight.

The political atmosphere looks cloudy, and there seems a storm coming up. MR. GLADSTONE is particularly recommended to look out his umbrella.

DEAR LORD GREY.

(SONG BY L—D J—N R—SS—L.)

HE 's all my fancy painted him; he 's fractious, he 's malign;
Though his party 's not another's, it never will be mine.
He loved us not, he never meant what he professed to say:
Oh! the tie, the tie is broken between me and Dear LORD GREY.

His speeches are all taken down—they stand in black and white:
His envious eye now languishes, now flashes with despite.
His speech is spoken not for us, but quite the other way:
Oh! the tie, the tie is broken between me and Dear LORD GREY.

Old stories he has hoarded up to cast them in my face;
I little thought that he could be so vengeful and so base.!
The secrets of our camp how mean to publish and betray!
Oh! the tie, the tie is broken between me and Dear LORD GREY.

The struggle now will soon be o'er, the weary conflict cease,
My pledge at last will be redeemed, and I shall be at peace.
And when Reform is set at rest, the Whigs will haply say:
Oh! the tie, the tie is broken between us and Dear LORD GREY.

For the Opera Stalls.

"SO MARIO and MONGINI take subscriptions for the Sicilian revolutionists," observed LORD PALMERSTON to *Mr. Punch* the other evening. "Just so," replied the latter nobleman, "and there's Twenty Pounds to begin with." "Eh, how do you mean?" asked PAM. "Why, my dear Lord, there are *two tenners*."

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER XVI.—PERIOD: THE REIGNS OF HENRY THE SECOND, RICHARD THE FIRST, AND JOHN.

WE come now to a period when a new source of intelligence is opened to assist us; and truthful as our previous descriptions may have been, we shall if possible surpass them in fidelity to fact. Our authorities have hitherto been manuscripts and books, in which a recent bank fraud shows one cannot place much confidence; but we now can rest our statements on a much more solid basis than that which pen-and-inkmanship is able to supply. To the evidence on paper we may now add that on stone; and our most graphic of descriptions will for awhile be lithographic. The monumental effigies on view in our Cathedrals, sculptured in the habits of the persons as they lived, afford the best of pictures of the costumes of the age; and as a pleasant time for travelling is now, we hope, at hand, we mean to make a circuit to all our ancient cities, for the purpose of inspecting the old tombs which they contain. This journeying of course will be repugnant to our feelings, as it must in some measure cause us to be idle, and men are never truly happy excepting when at work. But the interests of the public are paramount, of course, to our comfort and convenience; and the knowledge of the fact that we are writing for posterity, will sufficiently repay us for our sacrifice of time.

HENRY THE SECOND, we are told, was the first of English sovereigns for whom the sculptor's art exhausted the pomp of woe by graving a stone effigy of him on his grave. But the writer who states this had not the advantage of perusing last month's *Punch*, or he would have seen that HENRY THE FIRST had his effigy engraved, as our careful artist sketched it to adorn our thirteenth chapter. This effigy, however, is extremely rudely executed, and affords but little insight in the matter of costume; so that it is not until the Second HENRY's period that we derive much information from this monumental source.

HENRY THE SECOND IN "YE MAZE AT WODESTOKE." FROM A BEAUTIFUL MS. OF THE 12TH CENTURY.*

That the latter king was buried in the Abbey of Fontevraud, is a fact with which the reader has doubtless been acquainted, although since he left school he may have possibly forgotten it. The monarch's effigy presents him as he lay in state, "vested in his royal habits," which, according to the habits of the time, were buried with him. As the sculptors used to paint some portions of their work, the colour of the king's robes is as patent as their cut; at least, patent to observers who have got good eyes, and can see with some distinctness through the dust of ages. Hence are we informed that the royal boots were green, and that the royal spurs were golden, and fastened with red leathers. The crown was also golden, shaped at top like upright leaves; and the long tunic, or dalmatica, was crimson, starred with gold.

According to his effigy, the king carried a small sceptre, and a large ring on his right hand; and both his gloves were jewelled in the middle of their backs, a mark of either royalty or high ecclesiastic rank. His mantle, which was fastened by a brooch on the right shoulder, was originally coloured of a reddish sort of chocolate; but several coats of paint have been plastered on the garment, and may have been meant to hint that it was several times dyed. These coats of many colours on the mantle of the sovereign have been revealed by the sand-paper and the zeal of antiquarians, whose happy diligence in scraping ancient effigies and statues has, on more than one occasion, brought them into a sad scrape.

RICHARD THE FIRST AND JOHN. FROM THEIR EFFIGIES AT FONTEVRAUD AND WORCESTER.

The effigy of RICHARD THE FIRST in the same Abbey, and that of JOHN which may be seen in Worcester Cathedral, are distinguished, we are told, by "nearly the same features" as those of their dad's effigy, which we have described; and inasmuch as both their noses have been chipped, we may regard them fairly as chips of the old block. The above description therefore bears some truth upon the face of it, for so far at least as their chipped noses are concerned, the brothers bear a marked resemblance to the Corsicans, inasmuch as it is puzzling to distinguish which is which. There is, however, nothing remarkable in this, since effigies have seldom their nose-tips left unbroken, and their faces are in general very much alike. We may take then the word "features" as applying to the costume rather than the countenance, and as extending to the figure as well as to the face. Both the sons are, like their father, represented in two tunics, of which the upper had loose sleeves, and was known as a dalmatica. Over this they both have a mantle on their shoulders, and both are girded round the waist with a rich embroidered belt; while to further their resemblance, each wears boots and spurs and gloves, which like their father HENRY's are jewelled on the back. JOHN's dalmatica, however, is shorter than his brother's, and his mantle falls behind, with no front fastening, from the shoulders, whereas RICHARD's is brought forward and fastened on the breast. The two effigies are also slightly different in attitude; for while RICHARD holds his hand as if he had the stomach ache, his brother JOHN holds his as though he had a bad stitch in his side. Moreover, further to distinguish them, KING JOHN is represented as standing on a creature which appears a kind of cross between a lion and a poodle, it being difficult to say which of the two it is least like. We may find something further to say about these monsters when we come to speak of the monumental brasses; and we need but add of this one, that the tip of the king's sword is just entering its mouth, and the creature looks as though about to swallow a steel draught.

As we wish that our descriptions should be true to a hair, we may notice that KING HENRY's chin is closely shaven, and that his sons have both of them a short beard and moustaches, which again came into fashion towards the end of RICHARD's reign. In its early part a Londoner who, we are told, was a "seditious" one, received the

* The costume of the King in this illumination being precisely identical with that of his effigy at Fontevraud, is a conclusive proof of the correctness of both authorities.

appellation of "WILLIAM with the Beard," from his defying the old Norman custom of chin-scraping, which it seems had in the time of HENRY THE SECOND been revived. We hear a good deal now about the tyranny of fashion, but to make it a seditious act to let one's beard grow, really seems a piece of despotism such as even MR. BRIGHT, were he in power, would hardly dream of.

"WILLIAM WITH THE BEARD." FROM AN AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT, WHICH WAS EVIDENTLY TAKEN AT THE MOMENT WHEN HE DROWNED HIS RAZORS.

We have been thus careful in describing these three effigies, because they show the royal robes which were in fashion at this period, and moreover serve to acquaint us with the habits of the nobles which, we are told, were very similar both in costliness and cut. The decorations of court dresses were like those at certain theatres, in respect of being got up quite regardless of expense. Some notion of their character and splendour may be formed from the description of a mantle belonging to KING RICHARD, which is said to have been almost "wholly covered with half moons and glittering orbs of solid silver, arranged in imitation of the system of the stars." With such a robe as this the wearer must have looked somewhat like a walking orrery, and MR. ADAMS might have lectured on him as he walked.

The fashion of indenting the borders of the tunics and the mantle appears to have come in during the reign of HENRY THE SECOND, for in the last year but one of it a statute was passed to prohibit certain classes from the wearing of jagged garments. It seems that kings took then as much thought about clothing as empresses do now; and when they, or their tailors, had invented a new style, they tried to keep it to themselves, and prevent its getting common. Among his other royal and fashionable deeds, KING HENRY was distinguished by having introduced a shorter kind of mantle than had been in courtly use before his reign. Hence his grateful subjects nicknamed him "Court Manteau," and he would have probably been likewise called "Port Manteau," if his genius had first brought that article to light. This custom of nicknaming people from their dress was not at all uncommon in the early ages. In later times the custom has however been corrected, and new vestments have been christened with the names of noble persons, instead of noble persons being nicknamed from their clothes. This "Blucher" boots and "Wellingtons" sufficiently exemplify, and a still more recent instance is afforded by the christening of the far-famed Albert hat.

With regard to the crural clothing of this period, stockings and *chaussés* were worn as theretofore; and as the Saxon word "hose" and the Latin one "*caligæ*" both occur in a wardrobe roll writ in KING JOHN'S time, we may reasonably infer that those garments were both worn, although it might perplex us somewhat to describe them. Sandals of purple cloth, having their soles, or *sotulares*, fretted with fine gold, are likewise catalogued as parts of the costume of that sovereign; and by "sandals," we opine, are meant the old leg bandages of which we have made mention as in use among the Saxons. These, however, were now made of gold stuff or gilt leather, and moreover, were no longer worn in bands or rolls, but crossed each other regularly the whole way up the leg, beginning from the very tip of the tom toe. Whether any sort of trousers were worn over them, is a point which antiquarians have delighted to dispute. On the authority of SHAKSPEARE, it is asserted that KING STEPHEN was a wearer of knee-breeches,* and hence it has been argued that KING JOHN most likely sported them. Opinions, however, differ upon this as upon most matters; and one old sceptic says, "I trow, Sirs, yt as toe ye Kyng's trousers, ye writer who putts faythe in ym hath not a legge to stand on."

* "KING STEPHEN was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown:
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he called the tailor, 'lown!'" *Othello.*

A Horrible Compound.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR has introduced into the House of Lords a Bill for the fusion of Law and Equity. What a mixture! It seems like a combination of Strychnine with Prussic Acid.

"THE WORM IN OLD ENGLAND'S WOODEN WALLS."

WHEN Britannia declares that she rules o'er the flood,
Each Briton would back up her boast with his blood,
Till her pennons in fright bid the enemy scud
Before the Wood-Walls of Old England—
Old England's unta'en Wooden Walls!

"Hearts of oak are our ships, jolly tars are our men,"
Our poets have said so again and again;
JOHN BULL can match JOHNNY CRAPAUD—one to ten—
Singing, Oh, the Wood-Walls of Old England—
Old England's far-famed Wooden Walls!

Imposing and stately those walls may appear;
But strip off their planking, and what sight is here?
Dry-rot and decay, sap and fungus,—Oh, dear!
Down go the Wood-Walls of Old England—
Old England's secure Wooden Walls!

If our ships' heart of oak be no better than this,
Who knows but our men's may be just as amiss;
And then the French rod poor Britannia may kiss,
For all the Wood-Walls of Old England—
Old England's unsound Wooden Walls!

No—thank our kind planets—the stuff of our crews
Isn't furnished by contracts with rascally Jews,
Or the heart of Britannia might sink in her shoes,
Beside the Wood-Walls of old England—
Old England's betrayed Wooden Walls!

Our ships' heart of oak has a worm at the core,
That deep in the breast of contractors can bore,
Till it lays up its eggs in ships' stuff and ships' store,
Eating down the Wood-Walls of Old England—
Old England's revered Wooden Walls!

The name of that burrowing worm it is 'Greed'—
At home and abroad—north and south—it finds feed;
Where on Lombardy's plains French and Austrian bleed—
Just as in the Wood-Walls of Old England—
Old England's decayed Wooden Walls!

Where our brave Arctic sailors were struggling for life,
Where our soldiers were braving Sebastopol's strife,
There in preserved meat-cans this worm was as rife,
As in the Wood-Walls of Old England—
Old England's ill-used Wooden Walls!

In a specification 'twill breed from a quirk;
In Manchester short-lengths is certain to lurk;
In cheap-tailors' cloth, and in slop-sellers' work,
As in the Wood-Walls of Old England—
Old England's bepuffed Wooden Walls!

What patent or process can Britain employ
To save her poor Oak from this fretting annoy,
Which threatens, e'er long, so much more to destroy
Besides the Wood-Walls of Old England—
Old England's renowned Wooden Walls?

SCULPTURE IN THE CITY.

IN proposing the health of the LORD MAYOR and prosperity to the City of London the other day at the Banquet of the Royal Academy, the waggish President of that Institution paid the Civic Monarch and his Government, for their patronage of the Fine Arts, a facetious compliment, concluding with the subjoined jocular panegyric:—

"Nor is sculpture overlooked by the City authorities. The splendid hall of the Mansion House has been partly decorated with marble statues, which do honour alike to the artists and to those who devised that means of employing their talents. (*Cheers.*)"

In thus pleasantly chaffing the LORD MAYOR, however, SIR C. EASTLAKE made a remarkable omission. He mentioned the hall of the Mansion House; but he said nothing of Guildhall. He alluded to marble statues—of course with due emphasis on the word marble—but he said nothing of Gog and Magog.

"Casting off the Painter."

THE good Ship *Royal Academy* has started on her voyage this year, with a reef taken in in her canvas all round. She is said to sail all the better for this change of trim, as well as for having got rid of a great deal of her top-hamper.

DEMORALISING INFLUENCE OF THE LATE FIGHT.

Tom, *who is an enthusiast of the P.R., actually insists on initiating his* Cousin Amy *into its mysteries.*

"20th Round. Both up smiling; some smacking exchanges, when Tom gets home heavily on the Kissing-trap!!! Tom declared he could have held out for another hour!"—Vide *Bell's Life.*

TUPPER'S THREE HUNDRED AND FIRST.

Mr. Punch has the pleasure to announce that in consequence of the unexampled success of Mr. Martin F. Tupper's new volume, *Three Hundred Sonnets*, the former has entered into an arrangement with the latter for a new series of those delightful compositions. The slight delay in completing the negotiation arose solely from the Poet's supposition that having written upon every conceivable place, thing, boy, girl, baby, and other article in any way connected with himself, he might find a lack of subject. But when a *Punch* calls to a Tupper for song, the call wakes poesy from her inmost cell, and *Mr. P.* states with delight that the supply is again turned on, and will be continued until further notice.

SONNET CCCI.

TO MY FIVE NEW KITTENS.

Soft little beasts, how pleasantly ye lie
  Snuggling and snoozling by your purring sire,
  Mother I mean (but sonnet-rhymes require
A shorter word, and boldly I defy
Those who would tie the bard by pedant rule)
  O kittens, you're not thinking, I'll be bound,
  How three of you had yesterday been drowned
But that my little boy came home from school,
And begged your lives, though Cook remonstrance made,
  Declaring we were overrun with cats,
  That licked her cream-dish and her butter-pats,
But childhood's pleadings won me, and I said—
"O Cook, we'll keep the innocents alive;
They're five, consider, and you've fingers five."

M. F. T.

Just in Time.—"What—not recal Sir Charles Trevelyan!" said an old Indian Official. "One *minute* more, and India would have been in revolt!"

THE ORACLE OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

Why is the judgment-seat of the Mansion House like the Tripod of Apollo? Not because it has three legs, inasmuch as it is a quadruped, as some of its occupants also have been irreverently denominated. No; the Civic Chair resembles the three-legged oracular stool in the peculiarity of inspiring its occupant, by a mystic *sufflatus*, with extraordinary utterances. These, in the case of the Pythoness, were prophetic; in that of the Lord Mayor for the time being they consist of flights of poetry and eloquence, and aphorisms of wisdom. The Sovereign of the City may, in his natural state, usually deliver himself like a man of the world, but no sooner is he seated on his throne than he is sure to break out into the exalted language of metaphor, or the majestic enunciation of moral truth. For example in point, take the following extract from the report of honest Pullinger's examination:—

"The Lord Mayor. And I must express the pleasure I feel at the course taken by Pullinger in completely exonerating Lyttleton from blame. It is a bright oasis in the desert of his guilty career."

If you want to appreciate the splendour of these comparisons, try to conceive a career in the form of the desert, and an act in the likeness of an oasis. It would be satisfactory, by the way, to know how the Lord Mayor articulated the word "oasis." Seated on the throne of civic inspiration, he ought to have pronounced it as a word of two syllables, rhyming with "Moses." Elsewhere, no doubt, he is accustomed to express his ideas in the simple phraseology of decently educated men; but presiding in official state, the Lord Mayor must be the Lord Mayor, and behave as such. He cannot help himself; he is inflated with an enthusiastic emanation, and soars like a balloon into the pompous regions of poetry.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

The Indigo districts are up; but what quiet
Can be hoped, where each man in the country's a *ryot?*

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—Saturday, May 19, 1860.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

May 14. *Monday.* After some Normanby anti-Garibaldi cackle, derided as usual, the Duke of Somerset was compelled by Lord Hardwicke (who is a Vice-Admiral on the reserved list, but who to-night broke through his reserve and made a sensible speech) to make a statement about the Gun Boats. His chief defence of the authorities was, that the mass of the boats were built under extreme pressure, consequent upon previous disgraceful neglect of duty by the Admiralty, and though in an ordinary house of business such an emergency would have suggested extra-vigilance by one of the partners, such precaution was far too vulgar for My Lords. Moreover, the Duke piteously urged that "the snow was on the ground," but how the snow turned the copper bolts into something else, his Grace did not explain. He thought that it might be well to appoint "a practical man" to help the Comptroller of the Navy in looking after such matters, said that exertions were being made to repair the rotten boats, and that more care would be taken in future. A more unsatisfactory speech was never made, even by a Lord of the Admiralty, and Lord Townshend, another reserved admiral, very properly dwelt upon the wickedness of asking brave sailors to embark in bad vessels. *Mr. Punch* suggests that the fire upon the Admiralty be kept up. He is ready with Punch Crosses for the most distinguished assailants.

The Sunday Yelling and Howling Bill went through Committee, Lord Teynham, who is for universal suffrage, opposing it on the ground that every man ought to have a Voice; but he need not use it to the annoyance and detriment of his neighbours. The Bishop of Carlisle stated that he had often had to send out of church on Sundays to beg that his congregations might not be disturbed in their religious duties by the peripatetic Howlers. A Bill making it easier to convict persons committing assaults and similar offences was passed, Lord Westmeath not considering it severe enough in regard to persons who drive over you in the streets. *Caveat ambulator* is a good rule, but drivers of all kinds have yet to be rid of an idea that everybody is bound to get out of the way of any and everything that has a horse to it. In Russia, the rule is the reverse, and human life and limb are treated as more important than the saving of five minutes by a Swell in a Hansom, or a ruffianly Van Demon.

In the Commons, a Bill which was called the Newspapers Conveyance Bill because it was a Bill for preventing the conveyance of newspapers, was abandoned by Mr. Gladstone, amid ironical cheers. The English of the matter is, that at the Post Office newspapers are disliked, and it is desired to take away their character of Letters, and the impressed stamp that enables a person to send a paper to his friend without extra charge. Sir Rowland Hill wishes newspapers to be looked at as mere Printed Matter. But the terrible Gladstone has sometimes to be checked in his fiery career, and it has been so strongly intimated to him that a newspaper is something more than a bundle of proofs of *Homeric Fancies*, or an *Essay on the Church and State*, that he has had to drop his measure. *Mr. Punch* was not in the House at the moment, but meeting the Wiscount, and asking what excuse Gladdy had made, his lordship replied: "Well, he said Ill was hill, and that eed hinquire more fully into the fax of the case."

Some Irish fools are being entrapped into the service of the Pope, and are being hired by General Lamoricière to kill the Romans in the event of their rising against Pope Pius. In reply to a question, Mr. Cardwell said, that the proceeding was unlawful, and Government has issued a proclamation on the subject, but this seems a mistake. The more of such animals that can be cleared out of Ireland the better—it is a following out of the mission of St. Patrick.

The Wine Licences Bill was taken through Committee, and there was a good deal of smart talk, especially on Sabbatarian points, and—what seemed to interest the Committee more—on the probable adulteration of liquors by the lower class of vendors. In the course of the debate, Mr. Gladstone spoke of Gin as that "detestable" liquid. The Duke of Punch is too true an Aristocrat, *pur sang*, to be afraid of avowing his liking for anything—he leaves it to Genteel Folks to abstain, vulgarly, from clay pipes, the tops of omnibuses, periwinkles, pits of theatres, overing of posts in the street, or any other relaxation, merely from stuck-up feelings; and he begs to state, in answer to Mr. Gladstone, that a glass of good gin-and-water is a very good thing, at proper times, and that a man who cannot afford to give good wine had better stick the above before his friends than public-house port, advertised claret, and beestly Marsala, even though paraded in the handsomest crystal decanters and jugs that can be bought at the Crystal Palace. Besides, gin is a favourite with all true Artists:—

"Spiritus intus alit, totamque Infusa per Artus—"

The Nuisances Removal Bill followed, but should have been discussed with the question about enlisting Irish hirelings for the Pope.

Tuesday. Lord Redesdale having unfortunately fixed his Light Weights in Racing Bill for the eve of the Derby, postponed it. Statesmen should be more careful when dealing with the vital interests of the nation. Lord Clanricarde let off some Indigo Indignation, touching the way the Indian planters of that blue stuff treat their labourers. The Duke of Argyll said the planter was not so blue as he was painted.

Lord Palmerston had *his* racing topic to dispose of. He moved the adjournment of the House over Wednesday, the 23rd, the day for holding our *Ludi Circenses*, as Mr. Edwin James classically remarked, having been looking at Adam's *Roman Antiquities*, edition 1825, page 311, right hand, nine lines from bottom. Considering that Lord Palmerston has *Mainstone* in the race, and Lord Derby has *Cape Fly-away*, and that a third horse is actually called *Lord Palmerston*, the interest of our legislative chiefs in such matters may be comprehended.

Lord Aberdeen's son, Lord Haddock, or some such name, made a supremely ridiculous speech upon the impropriety of allowing money to any school of Art in which the undraped she-model was studied from. His father, who was called Athenian Aberdeen, and has so earnest a love for Greek Art that he actually favoured Russia because she has a Greek church, ought to have cured his Haddock of such nonsense. Poor old Mr. Spooner, naturally, took the same really indelicate view of the case. Sir George Lewis expressed his lofty contempt for the Haddock, and Lord Palmerston kippered him in a speech full of good fun. If it is impossible that the same country which contains Macdowell's *Eve* and Bailey's *Eve at the Fountain* can hold Haddock and Spooner, *Mr. Punch* must avow that he prefers keeping the diviner images, and somehow getting rid of the coarser ones. Pam wanted to know whether the latter would like to stick crinoline on the models, or would be content with African garb. The other Wiscount observed, with more truth perhaps than gushing politeness, "Nude, indeed, *I* knew'd Addock was a Nass."

Lord Lovaine (this is the fourth paragraph which *Mr. Punch* has the happiness of beginning with "talk of Lords") called the South-Eastern Railway Company over the coals on the subject of the conveyance of people down that line to see the Great Mill. He might have made something of his case, this son of Beverley, if he had known how to paint it as his father's namesake would have done; but he made such a clumsy daub, that everybody laughed. He talked of two or three thousand Ruffians being taken down to the fight—a foolish way to talk, when he knew that, whether they had any business there or not, there were present at the battle persons distinguished in all the vocations that confer social rank, as well as a great lot of the born aristocracy. This is just the sort of Muff that Pam likes to turn inside out; and he performed that office with so much gusto that Mr. Paull declared his Lordship had been very fittingly called the Judicious Bottleholder by a Certain Facetious Publication—that being the reverent periphrase with which *Mr. Punch* is always alluded to by his inferiors. Lord Palmerston seemed delighted with the double compliment—his being noticed by *Mr. Punch*, and the recognition of that notice in the House of Commons. He also declared that whether Messrs. Sayers and Heenan were breaking the peace in breaking one another's noses or not, the spectators were doing nothing wrong, an argument which was just the thing to adduce in answer to nonsense, being in itself nonsense of the first order.

A Tenant-Right debate enabled Mr. Maguire to abuse the Irish landlords in a slashing speech, which Mr. George stated would have converted him to the side

against which Mr. Maguire argued, if there had not been other reasons for Mr. G.'s non-conversion. The Wiscount said that Mr. M. was no great admirer of the Georgian Hearer.

Wednesday's proceedings were so utterly uninteresting, that the only excuse for them was their exceeding brevity.

Thursday. A Church Festival gave the Lords a holiday, and next night both Houses took one in honour of the birthday of the Head of the Church and of the State. To-night, Mr. Gladstone, asked what he would do if the Lords, next Monday, should throw out the Paper Duty Bill, refused to anticipate the possibility of such a catastrophe. There is an awful Being in the world who is known, and feared, as the Bear. It is said that he has said—or rather not said, for he never speaks, but has *looked*, that——but mysteries must not be profanely divulged. Let us see the result of the business in the Lords. The stars are above us, and *Ursa Major* looks as if——Enough! More anon.

Then came a beautiful and lovely satire, worthy of Rabelais and the Furred Law Cats. Garibaldi is helping the Sicilians to revolt against their tyrant, Bomba *fils*, and everybody in England desires to help Garibaldi with money. The second law officer of the Crown was asked whether subscriptions for that purpose were lawful, inasmuch as Bomba is a foreign sovereign with whom our Queen has no actual quarrel. The Solicitor-General said that he did not see that there was any objection to such subscription. The Pope's Members in the House were enraged at this, and to-night the Government was again assailed on the subject, and Sir William Atherton's doctrine was vehemently impugned by Mr. Hennesy. Atherton, Whiteside, James, Bethell, Cairns, Bovill, Malins,—there is a splendid array of legal talent! Well, *Mr. Punch* having heard all their arguments, and considered them with all the might of his inconceivable mind, solemnly declares that he has not the slightest idea whether it is lawful for him to send his friend Signoa Mario a cheque for ten thousand pounds in aid of Garibaldi, or not. All he can say is, that though it is usual when there is a doubt to give a criminal the benefit of it, he shall not do so in the present case, but shall send the Ten Thousand towards the destruction of Bomba. And evidently that course was the one really recommended by Lord John Russell, who spoke seven times better than all the seven lawyers, and made it pretty clear that the Government look on Bomba as a great rascal, and would he very glad to see him kicked out of the land he oppresses so brutally. There was some frightful rubbish talked in favour of the Pope (at whom Edwin James had fired a shot), but it is a little too late in the day to try to delude anybody into a favourable thought of that imbecile Humbug.

The Wine Bill went clean through Committee, and the House rose. Next night, walking about in the mud (what a vile day it was) to look at the Illuminations, Viscount Punch met Wiscount Williams. The latter said he had made an epigram. "Bother," said Lord Punch, good-humouredly, "*you* make an epigram, you could as easily make a comet." "But I have," persisted the Lambeth Peer. "Do you mean a telegram?" asked his friend—"*that* you *might* manage." "I mean what I say," rejoined the Wiscount. "Everybody should do that," said Lord Punch. "Look here, said W. W., pointing up at a great gas V. R., "Suppose the Queen were to say, 'I wonder whether my people are as attached to me as I am to them?'—that illumination would be their answer to the speech." "How so?" "Why it says—

"Ve Are."

[*Mr. Punch will be better after the Derby, especially if * * * * * * * wins.*

ENGLAND "CHAWED UP."

"*Broadway,—arter dinner.*

UNCH, old hoss, and heow air you, and heow d'ye like the lickin' as our B'hoy has gone and given yer. Reckon our chaps here air mighty spry about it. Jist hear one of em a-crowin' in the *New York Herald*:—

"The Britons, whose love of fair play is universal, stopped the fight in order to save their money. They claim now that it is a drawn game. This will not answer. So far as the money goes, never mind. Let Mr. Bull, who seems to be growing old and shaky about his pins, keep his five-pound notes—we are rich enough to do without them. We did not really want his money, but simply desired to let him know that we could whip him in a matter of muscle as well as in yachts, clipper ships, steamboats, india-rubber shoes and other things, city railways, sewing machines, the electric telegraph, reading machines, pretty women, and unpickable bank locks."

"This here talk's a trifle tall, but it aint far from the truth. I guess we jist *du* whip you, whenever we've the chance; and if we don't du it oftener, it's because you're gettin' old, and we shouldn't like to hut yer. Our Mottoe's 'Go A Head!' and when we say a thing, we du it. In steam en-gines and goloshes we air no small snakes, and we beat you ind on ind in any game you're up to, from pitch and toss to pickin' locks, or any other skientific sort o' time-slaughter. Our steamers air first-chop, although they sometimes *du* bust up, and in raisin' pretty gals, apple-squash and airthquakes! I guess we whip cre-ation—though I'm bound to say the critters du git sorter pale and yaller, as if they'd growed too fast, like an overheated pumpkin. But then you know this here's the natur of the animal, and aint brought on as some is by the over workin' of it. No, Sir-ree; ours is A free country and ('cept niggers) there's no slaves in it. And we don't turn *our* young women into sewing machines as you do, but we makes a separate article, which you will find A 1 at stitchin. This here's as undeniable as that bacca's growed to chew, and that a 'Merican can't go tu minutes without spittin'. And equally A fact is this here assertion:—

"It will be quite idle for the English to deny now either of these propositions—first, that the British Lion has been whipped, and that the American Eagle has a right to scream like half-a-dozen locomotives; the poor old lion, the bully who has been roaming up and down the earth for so many years, roaring at everybody, may go away in some secluded corner and suck his bruised paws, while all Continental Europe laughs at him, and is glad that the United States has done it. Second, that they, the English, have made the fight an international matter. The champion of England is a semi-official personage—one who is venerated as the head of his peculiar profession. Here we have no organised prize-ring, and no champion. But the English accepted Heenan as the American champion, and put their best man against him."

"Wal, and yar 'best man' got licked. Thar aint no flies about it. And what air we to du for the Yankee b'hoy as whopped him? 'That's the question,' as Otheller says (pretty authors yars, a makin' stage heroes of niggers!) And this is how the *New York Herald* goes for to con-sider it:—

"As for the proud representative of the American Eagle on this auspicious occasion, what shall be done for him? Would a crown of laurel, presented by thirty-three young ladies, all in book muslin, white satin ribbon and innocence, be agreeable to his feelings? Will he object to being received by a choice deputation of the fighting members of Congress, and escorted to the City Hall, the bands playing '*See the Conquering Hero Comes!*' while the unimpeachable Brady stands with one hand under his coat-tails, extending the freedom of the City in a gold-box to the gladiatorial representative of the genius of liberty? Is there anything in the public way he would like? Would the nomination at Charleston or Chicago be any value to him? or is it probable that, like Cincinnatus, and other great men of the Classic era, Mr. Heenan believes the post of honour to be the private station; or that at the best, the only office worth holding is a fat sinecure in the Custom House. If the spontaneous admiration of a grateful people is of any value to the champion of republican institutions, he can have any quantity of it."

"A sinecure aint bad, providin' it's A plump un: and a snuff-box aint so dusty, supposin' it's A gold un. But if I was Mr. H., guess I'd chuse the crownin' by the thutty-three young ladies, as being the thing most 'agreeable to my feelins.' On'y I'd styppylate toe haeve the kissin' of 'em reound, and arter that toe heave the privilege of pickin' out the prettiest, and go and make A splice of it, providin' the State would stand us somethin' towards housekeepin'.

"But heow about yar side? Wal, this is heow the *Herald* comes a crowin' over you:—

"As for the lion of Albion, let him roar more modestly when his paw gets well. The old fellow is only *Bully Bottom* after all. * * We suggest that he should be permanently attached to the *Tribune* Office, and fed upon vegetables for the remainder of his days. It will not be safe for him to lay down with a lamb of ordinary pluck now. * * On the Continent an Englishman and *la boxe* are inseparable. Tell a Frenchman or a German that an American can hit harder and quicker than any Englishman, and the British Lion's stock goes down a hundred per cent."

"You see, old hoss, it's clearly all gone 'coon with you Britishers. It was your prowess at *le boxe* that kept Eu-rope at peace with you. But neow your champion has been whipped, your *prestige* is all whittled clean away as an old walking-stick. I calc'late our next clipper will bring news that all your Funds have been transferred to France, and that the Bank of England has been carted off toe Paris. Reckon it would be a most tar-nation payin' spec, if that ar 'Little Nap' was toe an-nex Great Britain, and neow we've been and smashed you, he might easy go and du it!

"Wal, when London is annexed, old hoss, I guess *you*'ll haeve toe sqotilate. So perhaps it won't be long afore you come and liquor with your New York correspondent,

"Jonathan Marcellus Josh Goliah Gong."

"P.S.—As you seem rayther up a tree neow for subjects for Big Cuts, s'pose you draw the British Lion with his tail atween his legs, and Jack Heenan as our Eagle a flappin' his wings over him."

TWO ROADS TO A RED RIBAND.

BIND the star upon the coat
That enfolds the dauntless breast:
Hang the riband o'er the head
That never vailed its crest.
Tell the gallant and the good,
"Thus England honours those,
Who in battle spent their blood,
And in leaguer braved her foes?"

Not in the toys themselves
Lies their ennobling power,
But for the tale they tell
Of many a glorious hour;
Of deeds in field or trench,
Of crumbling fortress held,
When the bravest heart might blench,
And the stoutest hope be quelled.

But lest our England deem
With narrow-minded view,
That but to deeds like these
Honours like these are due,
Between each war-worn soldier
Let a Carpet-Knight be seen—
Our Prince's Privy-purse,
The Equerry of our QUEEN!

True, they ne'er held a leaguer,
They never braved a foe,
But they've faced the Op'ra crushes,
And the rides of Rotten Row.
They have stood for hours and hours,
Upon their wearied feet,
'Mid the ante-room's strong flowers,
And the Levée's Indian heat.

Think of the weary watches
In Drawing-rooms gone through:
The nights of hot waltz-practice,
Under ball and powder too!
Think of the long Court-dinners,
Through which they've had to ply
A respectful knife and fork
Beneath the Royal eye!

Then grudge not to these heroes
The honours they have won—
There is far other weariness
Than battle's, 'neath the sun.
By an heroic HAVELOCK,
At an INGLIS's right hand,
Let PHIPPS and GREY, with stars as gay,
And blushing ribands stand!

A PATTERN OF RICH PLUSH.

THE subjoined announcement in the *Times* will be perused with interest on many a footboard; in many a hall of liveried retainers attached to the British aristocracy:—

"The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER acknowledges the receipt of the first halves of Bank-notes to the amount of £35, on account of unpaid Income-Tax from 'JAMES.'"

Will the conscientiousness of JAMES provoke the emulation, or incur the derision of JOHN THOMAS? There is considerable reason at least to apprehend that the example of the scrupulous domestic will be less generally imitated than admired, and not admired very generally, among his brethren of the gold-laced hat. But these are sentimental speculations. The practical reflection suggested by the above-quoted case of conscience-money concerns the largeness of the sum to which the vails of footmen in high places may be presumed to amount in the course of the year. The wages of JAMES are perhaps considerable. Of course they are much in excess of the beggarly salary of a Curate or a Poor Law Medical Officer. They doubtless had been regularly assessed, and had yielded their quota to the confiscation of Schedule D. But the vails which MR. JAMES might have happened to receive were altogether inscrutable, so long as that gentleman's gentleman was pleased to retain their figure, under his embroidered waistcoat, in the recesses of his own bosom.

We see that they are measured by an Income-Tax of £35, calculated very likely on their annual value. This, therefore, must be very great, insomuch as probably to enable JAMES to invest ample capital in freehold property or the funds; or in foreign securities, if he contemplates with apprehension the ultimate development of MESSRS. BRIGHT and GLADSTONE'S finance. It is evident, however, that he approves of the Income-Tax, because he has paid more of it than he was obliged to pay, and that out of earnings which, if large, must yet be precarious. The cash thus surrendered is treated by him as the arrear of a just tribute, whereof he was bound to make restitution, and not as so much money which had escaped an iniquitous exaction. Accordingly, although he was liable to lose his place at a month's notice, and possibly sooner; consequently to be almost immediately deprived of both vails and wages; he voluntarily pays Income-Tax on the former as well as the latter, with a generous oblivion of the good old saying—which financiers should remember as well as footmen—that "Service is no inheritance." But we may reasonably trust that the ample emoluments of MR. JAMES's situation have enabled him to make all needful provision against the loss of that revenue which yields at present so heavy a per-centage to direct and partial taxation.

THE WASTE-PAPER DEPARTMENT.

ENORMOUSLY as *Mr. Punch*, with his stupendous circulation, must profit by the long-fought-for removal of the Paper Duty, his readers will yet do him the justice to allow that he seldom has obtruded the subject to their notice. It having been repeatedly asserted by the Government that the Exchequer could not bear the remission of the tax, *Mr. Punch* has taken care not to embarrass their position by echoing the common outcry for repeal. With that spirit of self-sacrifice which has always so distinguished him, he has abstained from proclamation of his interest in the matter, from the noble fear that, had his secret been divulged, it might have biassed those in power to have acted for his benefit, and thereby to have imperilled the position of the State.

But as the fate of the tax will be decided before this sheet is published, *Mr. Punch* may say a few words on the matter, without being suspected of speaking for his pocket. Quite admitting the full force of the arguments employed as to the springs of knowledge being pressed on by the tax, *Mr. Punch* conceives that had his lips been openable he could have emitted a still stronger illustration of the way in which the interests of the country have been damaged by it. When it is considered how careful are our Governments of the money of the nation, and what a strict economy they practise in expending it, of course it must be clear to any reasoning intelligence that, while paper has been taxed, they have been stinted in their use of it. That this restriction must have checked the circumlocutionary practices which are so vitally essential to the business of the nation, it needs but little effort of reflection to infer. The five-and-twenty thousand needless letters written yearly might, but for the duty, have amounted to some millions, and the welfare of the country in proportion been increased. How far (should the tax be taken off) this evil may be remedied, *Mr. Punch* will not pretend to conjecture at present. But if he may prophesy the future from the past, he will not much endanger his prophetic reputation by predicting that whatever be its national advantage, the Waste Paper Department will still flourish and increase.

A CHEER FOR GARIBALDI.

HONOUR to GARIBALDI! Win or lose,
A Hero to all time that Chief goes down.
Whatever issue his emprise ensues,
He, certain of unquenchable renown,
Fights for a victor's or a martyr's crown.
Another side than CATO's Heaven may please:
Forbid it, Heaven! but still the devotees
Of priestly tyranny shall never drown
His name in his true blood; their hireling balls
May gore his noble bosom; but he falls
The Champion of United Italy
Against brute force with monkery allied.
Stanch wrestler, as a man, for Liberty,
'Twill be on record how he fought and died.

WHAT WILL THIS COST TO PRINT? is the heading of an advertisement perpetually thrust under the public eye. The advertiser immediately proceeds to cram together, into two lines, three of the "loudest lies" which are often invented even in these days. He says that the above question "is a thought often occurring to Literary Minds, Public Characters, and"——but to dispose first of the preliminary falsehoods. "Literary Minds" is bad English for Literary Men. The "thought" *never* occurs to them, because what they write is at once and gladly taken from them by another class whose business it is to know all about the cost, with which Literary Minds would meddle only to make a mull of that business. "Public Characters" address the world either through the medium of speeches, which are reported without cost to the speakers, or through letters to the journals. But to come to the third and most preposterous limb of the proposition, "and Persons of Benevolent Intentions!" A person of benevolent intention, desiring to force on the public anything not worth a publisher's paying for, or not worth insertion in a journal! Call such a person benevolent! Vain, garrulous, opinionated, sentimental, designing, lunatic, what you like, not benevolent, certainly not. And in the interest of truth, *Mr. Punch* calls on the journals to abstain from scandalising the world with the future insertion of *What will this Cost to Print?*

A FANCY SCENE—WINNING THE GLOVES.

From the Grand Pugilistic Ballet of the Fight for the Championship, which might, could, should, and ought to be Played at one of the Operas.

THE SOUTHERN RIGHTS OF MAN.

The American Declaration of Independence reappears in a new edition, just published by the Charleston Convention, which met on the 26th of last month, and voted certain resolutions with respect to the question of slavery. By the fundamental laws of the United States, slavery, according to these determinations, is a permanent institution, and neither Congress nor any local legislature has power to abolish it. The two propositions thus laid down by the Charleston patriots are declared by those gentlemen to be "cardinal principles of the national democracy of the United States on the subject of slavery." The next resolution affirms that no territorial Legislature in the States has power "to prohibit the introduction of slaves therein, nor any power to destroy or impair the right of property in slaves by any legislation whatever." These additions to the charter of the American constitution imply a modification of the doctrine of equality on which that *Maxima Charta* is founded.

All men are born free and equal except niggers, is the statement of that doctrine as amended to fit the resolutions of the Charleston Conventionists. To this should be added the negation of certain opinions which, if they were tenable, would justify a very decided opposition to the extension, if not to the maintenance, of slavery. For example:—There is no truth whatever in Christianity. The fundamental principle of morality is not "Do as you would be done by," but "Do as you like with your own." This is particularly the duty of slave-owners. There is no just Providence that takes any care of black men. There is no future state but a happy one for citizens of the Southern States. The will of the American democracy is the law of right and wrong; let a resolution of the Charleston Convention stand instead of reason. The voice of the lower classes of the United States is the voice of Omnipotence; and it authorises every white to wallop his nigger.

Prospect of a Rise in Sherries.—The Neapolitan frigates are bombarding the wine-factories in Marsala.

THE VOLUNTEERS' HALF HOLIDAY.

Business, early close thy shop
  Every Saturday—the boon
England begs—employment stop
  At, or shortly after, noon.

Let assistants drop the wand,
  That the rifle they may wield;
Clerks release from draught and bond:
  Let them hurry to the field.

Bid them soon the counter quit,
  And go learn to guard the till,
How strange customers to hit
  Lessoned in attending drill.

Scissors let them cast away;
  Pens remove from o'er their ears:
Give a good half-holiday
  To the gallant Volunteers.

PERVERSION OF MR. SPOONER.

It was stated some time ago that the Pope had caused certain sculptures in the Vatican to be partially draped—just as the celebrated American matron had trousers put on the legs of her piano. We observe with alarm that the Member for North Warwickshire so far coincides with the Roman Pontiff as to desire to prohibit the employment of the nude female figure as a model in schools of Art. We are sadly afraid that the Hon. Gentleman is about to add another example to the melancholy list of once zealous Protestants who have gone over to the camp of the enemy. Sympathy with Popish prudery, however, may soon be followed by adoption of the graver errors of Romanism; and we tremble lest we should soon see Mr. Spooner telling his beads, or hear that on some fine Friday he dined exclusively on red herrings!

A DERBY COURSE INCIDENT.

A CONCORDAT WANTED AT PIEDMONT.

NE DON GURLINO, a holy priest, is stated to have been sentenced to seven years' solitary confinement at Turin, for a long course of such indiscretion in the Confessional as that of which Protestant heretics irreligiously urge the possibility on the part of confessors as an objection to the practice of auricular confession by wives and daughters. Poor DON GURLINO appears to have pursued, at the churches of St. Charles and the Carmelites, a little game precisely similar to that represented in the great Opera now performing at our two Italian theatres as played by another *Don*, whose exploits are illustrated on the stage by his valet in unfolding a certain catalogue as long as a tailor's pattern-book. The trial of DON GIOVANNI GURLINO took place before the Criminal Court at Turin. Ah! friends! what a happy thing it would have been for the cause of truth if our Don's peccadillos had been perpetrated in the dominions of the pious FRANCIS-JOSEPH, which are blessed with a Concordat, under which the Reverend Don's case would have been dealt with by an Ecclesiastical Tribunal, and not have been subject to the jurisdiction of a court of common law, as such cases are in the dominions of the excommunicated VICTOR-EMMANUEL. Then it would have been religiously preserved from publication, to the prevention of a scandal which may seem to confirm the reasonings of heretical depravity. Oh! at all our public festivals, not, indeed, as the first toast, but before the health of the QUEEN, let us evermore drink the Concordat and the Confessional.

OFFICIOUSNESS OF POOR-LAW MEDICAL OFFICERS.

THE following statement, which, with a voucher for its authenticity, appears in a letter addressed to the *Salisbury and Winchester Journal*, is quoted by the writer from one of the medical periodicals. The Poor-Law Guardians throughout the country, who are so strenuously opposing MR. PIGOTT'S Bill for the monstrous purpose of effecting "the better regulation of medical relief to the poorer classes in England and Wales," are doubtlessly able, out of their own experience, to relate many cases of equally gross excess of duty on the part of medical officers:—

"A workhouse, which contained during the last year an average of more than 25 patients on the sick list, was visited by the medical officer 212 times, and who was knocked up twice a night. There must, therefore, have been about 5406 personal visits made, the aggregate number of miles travelled was about 105. Estimating each patient to have taken two doses daily, 18,200 were taken within the year. About 500 external applications were supplied, one broken arm and one out of joint were treated; upwards of 150 separate examinations of persons on admission were made, and 52 long weekly reports were written out. Many slight cases, as tooth-extracting, are not recorded. Many incidental duties are not mentioned. For all this about sixteen guineas are paid!!"

The fallacy of the whole of the foregoing paragraph is comprised in the last sentence—"For all this about sixteen guineas are paid." Sixteen guineas, in such a case, are supplied for furnishing paupers with proper medicine and attendance. The practitioner, whose ridiculous assiduities are above described, thought proper to give his workhouse patients the same amount of attendance and physic as he would have afforded to respectable people. The consequence doubtless, was, that if his weekly reports were long, the Union obituary was short; conditions which ought to be precisely reversed in any such institution, the doctor of which is up to his business, which, at a salary of sixteen guineas, obviously consists in making quick work of his cases, and saying as little about them as possible. "Above all things no zeal!" is a maxim that Poor Law Guardians desire to impress on the mind of every medical officer in their employment, for his official guidance. His private practice is another affair. He has no business to bestow on a pauper the time, skill, and attention which he devotes to a guardian, although, taking one patient with the other, he may be said to kill two birds with one stone.

Worthy of Old Nick.

AN elderly Maiden-lady, who objects to inquiries into female ages, declares the Census an invention of the Evil One, and quotes, in proof—"*facilis de-census Averni!*"

THE SPLENDOUR OF OUR NAVY.—Rotten wood, in elementary works on Chemistry, is said to emit light in the dark. On any cloudy and moonless night, how brilliantly we ought to shine in Gun Boats!

A REAL GOOD BLAZING HUMBUG.

A GOOD deal of fine writing has been expended by the Rogues who send invitations to ladies to come and buy trash, stating that it is to be sold "at a sacrifice," which is the case—truth, and husbands' money being alike sacrificed in any such negotiations. But of all the fine writing which Rascaldom, scheming on female trustfulness, has ever sent in large envelopes, inscribed "*On the Queen's Service*," "*Telegraphic Dispatch*," "*Immediate and most Important*," or otherwise calculated to avert the instant pitch into the fireplace to which a sensible person consigns such things, unread, the following seems to *Mr. Punch* to be the best he has seen. He gives the extracts, not to warn fools, for fools do not read *Punch*, but to show his readers how fools are gulled. The document begins thus—

"**Fashion, Novelty and Grandeur combined to the astonishment and delight of Majesty itself, and the just but enthusiastic admiration of a scrutinizing Public!**"

Then comes the announcement of the place where the Sale in question is to be held—*Mr. Punch*, of course, not having the slightest intention of aiding knaves to their prey, gives no hint of the locality. But it is stated that the place—

"Is devoted exclusively to the

"**Appropriation of the most Grand, most Select, and most Costly association of Merchandizes ever collected under one roof,**

FOR MOST RECKLESS SALE!!!

at Sacrifices truly deplorable, at Losses fearful to contemplate, at a Diminution (!) of Prices that would make the most sanguine heart quail beneath its withering influence."

One of the authors of the penny fictions of the day has evidently been engaged to devote his extra hours to the composition of these puffs. Here he breaks out again:—

"These objects are not relative to goods of yesterday, not articles which have outlived their charms—But such as may be said to be NEW, FRESH, nay, ALMOST WARM FROM THE LOOMS—possessing to a most meritorious degree beauty, elegance, richness, splendour, and magnificence, upon which the Votaries of Fashion may gaze with admiring wonder, till admiration is lost in rapturous ecstacy."

Such language, such ideas, such grammar, are worthy of the theme—worthy of the issuers and their intended customers. "You've given me a bad shilling, Sir," said the hackney coachman to SHERIDAN. "All right, old fellow," hiccupped the dramatist; "yours is a bad coach." The praises of trash should thus be hymned to idiots.

But the fictionist knows better than to puff merely. There be sentimental fools, who would like to have a tremendous advantage in a bargain, and also to feel that they were "really doing good" in cheating somebody. They are remembered as follows:—

"*This event arises from the unexpected stoppage of* MESSRS. DIDDLEMORE AND DOO, of Petticoat Lane, *a circumstance which conveys the mournful intelligence of ruin to Thousands;* AS THEIR WAREROOMS LITERALLY GROANED UNDER THE WEIGHT OF MERCHANDIZE! *ALAS!* UNPAID FOR!

"When it is asserted that this appeal to the NOBILITY, GENTRY, CLERGY and PUBLIC of Great Britain *has almost for its object the prevention of starvation to numerous Families on the Continent*, the response will be such as might be expected and can always be relied upon from England's fair Nobility."

How the thief must have grinned as he penned the above passage, and looked into his ninepenny *Johnson* to see whether Nobility is spelt with two b's or only one.

He concludes with a singular and mystic guarantee, the meaning of which defies the penetration of anybody but MR. POLICEMAN PUNCH.

"**The vast amalgamation—matchless in every respect as regards richness, purity, novelty, and true worth, and the whole are offered under the most solemn and guaranteed protest in no instance to exceed ONE-THIRD THEIR VALUE—a simple 'bona fide' truth.**"

"The whole are not to exceed one-third their value." Find out what that means, beloved reader. You can't? Well, it means that impudent rascals hope to entrap ignorant fools. But isn't the above pretty reading? And there *are* idiots to be taken in by such things—or they would not be printed.

A New Name for the Exchequer.

SINCE the discussion on the Wine Licences Bill, on which the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER betrayed such knowledge of the mysteries of the wine trade, BERNAL OSBORNE proposes that his office in Downing Street should be labelled—"THE BOTTLE AND JUG DEPARTMENT."

RIGHT REVEREND RECRUITING OFFICERS.

ONE of the Irish titular Bishops used to be called a Dove; but the generality of them partake rather of the character of *Sergeant Kite*, in beating the drum ecclesiastic to get recruits for the POPE.

SIGN OF THE TIMES.

Foreigner. "*I pray you, Sare, to tell me vare is Smeeth Street?*"

Volunteer. "*Three hundred yards forward—change direction to the right—right half face, and cross the Square fifty paces forward—left wheel, and there you are!*"

Foreigner. "*Mer— Thank you, Sare, I make renseignements farther on.*"
(Aside.) "*Une Nation vraiment Militaire!*"

WHEN DOCTORS DIFFER.

When Doctors of Physic fall out
  O'er the bed where a sick man is lying,
Each declares t'other's treatment, past doubt,
  Will end in the poor patient's dying.
But show out these debaters profound,
  To appeal to a medical jury,
Ten to one but the patient comes round
  By the *Vis medicatrix Naturæ*.

So in Naples and Rome, where grim death
  Gripes Italy, black in the face,
Pope Hennesy wastes Irish breath
  To prove Piedmont has "done for" the case.
While those in the opposite quarter
  Encounter his speech with an "oh no,"
And vote it a case of manslaughter
  'Gainst Bomba and old Pio Nono.

Mr. Punch, as a friend of the patient,
  Would beg to put in this suggestion:
That—leaving the mischief occasioned
  By both doctors out of the question—
Old England's best course, if she cares
  For the patient, 's to do what she can
To kick both the doctors down-stairs,
  And to Nature hand o'er the sick man.

Acceptance of the Benician Challenge.

My dear Heenan,

On the part of our mutual friend, Tom Sayers, I accept for him your challenge to jump off the top of a house. And being eager to show all liberality to a gallant stranger who comes to partake of our hospitality, we propose to give you Two Minutes start.

Ever yours faithfully,

J. C. Heenan, Esq. Punch.

A Trifling Omission.

Telegram from Naples.—(Official).

Garibaldi has attempted a landing at Marsala. The Neapolitan ships of war have captured the *Piemonte*, and sunk the *Lombardo*.

N.B. (*Unofficial*). The men were out of them first.

STRAINING AT GNATS AND SWALLOWING CAMELS.

(*To Mr. Punch.*)

"Sir,

"I See from the *papers* that no less than four deputations of *Dissenters* waited on Lord Palmerston last week to lay before his Lordship the *objections* of the *Dissenters* to the *questions* about people's *religious professsions* included in the *next Census*. I should *like* to know what these *precious* Dissenters are afraid of? I dare say they *know* that the poor dear *Established Church*, which they are *always abusing*, will come out a *great deal stronger* than they *choose* that people should *know* it is. They had the *impudence* to tell his Lordship that a good many *thoughtful* and *patriotic* men would *decline* to answer the question altogether. Thoughtful, indeed! and not know their own opinions in religion! *Every householder*, it appears, is to state under a *penalty* the *religious profession* of everyone sleeping in his house on the night of Census *Sunday*. Well, and *why not*, I should *like* to know? The Dissenting deputations say that *householders*, either from *carelessness* or *partisanship*, would give *incorrect* answers. I don't *believe* a *word* of it. As if *I* didn't know the *place* of worship every one of *my lodgers* goes to! There's that fat, selfish, canting creature Tallowboys, on the first-floor. I'm sure if I don't know that he *expounds* his *experiences* weekly at the *Particular* Baptist Chapel in Little Muggleton Street, *Finsbury*, I must be *deaf;* for isn't he always *inviting* me and Mary Jane, the servant, to come there and '*partake* of the *privileges*'—for that's what he calls listening to his *snuffling* and *talking* through *his nose* for an *hour and a half* every Sunday *morning* and evening. A *mean* wretch—that's always *inviting* himself to take *tea* with me in the *parlour*, and doesn't *dine* at home *twice* in a month! I should like you to see *him* over a plate of *muffins*, and then see if you could doubt about *his religious professions*.

"Then there's the Mormonite journeyman cabinet-maker on the *two-pair-back*. I'm sure he has *preached his* horrid *polygamies* and *prophecies* and things to that poor silly Mary Jane, till I believe the girl's ready to *go off* with him to *Utica*, or wherever it is, in *California*, where those Mormons have set up for themselves—though she knows she's only to be one of three wives which the wretch declares himself entitled to! And there's the young broker's clerk in the *two-pair*-front, who goes *gallivanting* off to Hampton Court, or Richmond, or Greenwich, or Windsor, as regular as the Sunday comes round. As if everybody mightn't see with half an eye that he belongs to the *Established* Church. Ain't there his prayer-book, with his name in it, and 'from *his affectionate* mother.' *Little* enough he has looked into it, I'm *afraid*, this *many* a year. And then there's the German sugar-baker and the French confectioner's man in the attics. Of course they're Papists, poor *benighted creatures*, not that *I* ever heard either of *them* say a word about religion—good, bad, or indifferent. No, no; *depend* upon it, *Mr. Punch*, it's a very *easy* matter to give an *account* of people's religious *professions*, if that was all, though it mightn't be so easy to speak for their religious *practice*. I *do* believe with that Tallowboys its all *mouthing* and *muffins*. But, in course, every landlady who *respects* herself will feel it her *duty* to *find* out whether her lodgers go to church or chapel, and the sort of man they sit under. You see it makes such a *difference* in people. I always prefer *church-folks*. They're *pleasanter* in their ways, and don't look so sharp after things, and *understand* that in this world it should be *live* and let *live* with all of us. Chapel-people is generally very mean, and *close*, and *disagreeable, and underbred mostly*, and their *preachers* are *dreadful*—especially if you once let them set foot under your tea-table, as I know to my cost—carneying, canting humbugs! Didn't that Tallowboys—But I won't *bemean* myself to talk about the *wretch*. Besides, it's *you* that answers for 'em: and if people *is ashamed* of their religions, why *they* haven't to blush before the *Census* man.

"But what I *do* object to is inquiries about *age*. It's all very well

to give one's lodgers' ages, but to be asked one's *own*—and to know one gave it *ten years* ago—and not remember, perhaps, exactly what it *was* at *that* time, and perhaps have it *brought* up against one, and a *penalty* inflicted! Talk of the *Spanish Inquisition*,—I should like to know when the *Inquisition* ever put a whole nation on the *rack*—at least all the women—in *one night*, like these *dreadful* census people—insisting on every *woman* telling her *age—all through the three Kingdoms!*—and to *go on* doing it, every *ten* years! I wonder the women of England don't strike against it, and insist on their husbands *going up* to LORD PALMERSTON, by thousands of deputations, and putting a *stop* to it at once. That would be much better than objecting to a *harmless question* about *people's religions*, which don't *matter* to anybody except these *inquisitive* Members of Parliament, that want to know everything, *it seems*, and don't make such a very *great* figure after all, it's very clear from the papers—for all their *prying* and *poking*, and putting *impertinent* questions.

"Your humble Servant,

"MARTHA TOTTLE,

"(*Lodging-House Keeper, Fleece Street, Hoxton*)."

AN ORATOR BRIGHTER THAN MR. BRIGHT.

ON Thursday evening, last week, a meeting took place at St. Martin's Hall, convened by some gentlemen by means of hand-bills and placards inviting the working classes "to protest against the recent parliamentary insults to the unrepresented, and to support the Reform Bill as an instalment of the people's rights." Among other speakers, the reporter of this demonstration informs us that a certain

"MR. B. LUCRAFT, in seconding the resolution, said he had come to that Meeting, which partook of the character of an indignation meeting, because he felt that the working-classes had been trampled upon, and that if they submitted to the abuse that had been showered upon them by members of the Legislature, they would have to submit to more. Let the word 'scum' be their rallying word, and let them like scum, come to the surface, and swim upon the top. He alluded to the speech of SIR E. B. LYTTON in which he talked of the English labourer as a boor who could not be safely trusted with the franchise, to which he applied very strong terms, and declared that the aristocracy would not dare to use such language to the working-classes if they were not protected by the bayonets of the military. MR. LUCRAFT's indignation, expressed in no very moderate language, was received with vociferous cheers."

Judicious advocates of extension of the franchise will be glad to hear that MR. LUCRAFT's audience was, though noisy, not large. The vociferous cheers of that orator's eloquence express, no doubt, the sentiments of a small minority of the numerous class which it is proposed to intrust with the elective franchise. Those who applaud violent nonsense, would be likely to vote for an outrageous blockhead.

The working-classes are exempt from direct taxation. They have no political hardship to complain of, except the inability to determine the price of their own labour, which is not peculiar to themselves. Their present want of a vote may be a grievance for them, and a calamity for the nation; but for them it is merely a sentimental grievance, although for the nation it may be a real calamity. But to say that they, thus circumstanced, are trampled upon, is to make a remark which any intelligent workman would receive, not with vociferous cheers, but with cries of "Walker!"

What did MR. LUCRAFT mean by telling his hearers that abuse had been showered upon them by members of the Legislature? The only foundation for this inexact statement was the fact that one or two Members of Parliament had applied contemptuous expressions to uneducated persons. If they submitted to that abuse, said MR. LUCRAFT, they would have to submit to more. And why not? Can't they retort? Suppose noble lords and honourable gentlemen term them ignorant and unthinking, cannot they return the compliment if they please, by calling those lords and gentlemen bloated aristocrats, and other names still stronger and more opprobrious? If anybody were to call Mr. LUCRAFT himself an ass, could not Mr. LUCRAFT be content to reply, "You're another"? Or would he rather demonstrate his title to the appellation by physically resenting it, and kicking?

Mr. LUCRAFT seems very indignant at the application, by somebody or other, of the word "scum" to the class which he sympathises with, and perhaps belongs to. Possibly the party who used it will be happy to retract the word, and say that he meant precisely the reverse—dregs. Everybody, almost, is familiar with VOLTAIRE's comparison between the British nation and the national beverage; and there is a part of the population, which, represented in a barrel of beer, corresponds to the sediment. It consists not, indeed, of the men who wear fustian, but of those who talk it and applaud it.

Aristocrats, according to Mr. LUCRAFT, would not dare to call labourers boors if they were not protected by the bayonets of the military. That is to say, they would be restrained from calling labourers boors by the fear of consequences from which they are now protected by bayonets. What consequences? The unpleasantness of being torn in pieces by the working-classes? It is surely as bad to make the working-classes out to be ruffians, childish but ferocious ruffians, as it is to call them boors. Here, perhaps, may occur to some of our readers the remark, that whoever may or may not be boors, a ranting demagogue is a bore of the first magnitude; with which we will now drop the subject of these observations.

MR. PUNCH'S CONFITEOR.

SWEET lawyers, no more splitting straws,
My non-legal notions to queer, oh,
Of what *is*, in the eye of your laws,
And what *is n't*, a *Filibustero*.

To save you such trouble I'll own,
If to help in upsetting a Nero,
Be mere Filibustering grown,
Then *Punch* is a *Filibustero*.

If to pray for the brave fellows must'ring,—
On the call of Varese's stout hero,—
To free the enslaved 's 'filibust'ring,'
Then *Punch* is a *Filibustero*.

If it be Filibustering flat,
To wish BOMBA's hopes sunk to Zero,
And to raise arms and money for *that*,
Then *Punch* is a *Filibustero*.

If it be Filibust'ring to drink
GARIBALDI's good health o'er my beer, oh,
In that case I'm happy to think
That *Punch* is a *Filibustero*.

If it be Filibust'ring to laugh
At MACGUIRE's "*conciones pro clero*,"
And to wish the POPE's troops thrashed to chaff,
Then *Punch* is a *Filibustero*.

If they're Filibusters with joy
Of Sicilian uprisings who hear, oh
Then—though WHITESIDE I grieve to annoy—
All England is *Filibustero*.

INSTRUCTION IN PARLIAMENT.

AT a meeting of Old Westminsters which was held the other day, to consider the suggested removal of the school, SIR JAMES GRAHAM made this somewhat startling observation:—

"There were undoubted advantages attending the present site, the chief of which perhaps was the privilege, possessed by no other public school, of attending debates in Parliament, than which nothing could be conceived more instructive."

That Westminster is a good school, and has made many a good scholar, nobody who knows it would venture to dispute. But that its teaching is enhanced by its propinquity to Parliament, is an assertion which some people may see some reason to doubt. If all the speakers in the House were as instructive as SIR JAMES, there might certainly be grounds for endorsing his opinion. But this, unhappily, at present cannot be held to be the fact; and we can hardly see much good in letting boys attend debates, unless we wish to teach their young ideas how to spout. In one respect, however, we must own that the debates are, in some degree, instructive; for they not merely serve to exercise the patience of their hearers, but give them lessons likewise in bearing disappointment: as for instance, when they hope to hear a GLADSTONE on the Beer Bill, or a PALMERSTON on Prize-fighting, and have instead to listen to a WILLIAMS on Retrenchment, or a SPOONER on Maynooth.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.—To class Italian attempts in Sicily with American enterprises in Nicaragua, is emphatically, in *Mr. Punch's* opinion, "Walker!"

MUSCULAR EDUCATION—THE PRIVATE TUTOR.

Domestic. "PROFESSOR MAULEY, MA'AM!"

A CONDENSED CORRESPONDENCE.

ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY TO BE READ BY ALL ENGLISH PERSONS WHO DESIRE TO INCREASE THEIR CONFIDENCE IN THE CANDOUR, TEMPER, AND HONESTY OF THEIR LAWFUL LEADERS AND GOVERNORS.

No. 1.

"DEAR JOHNNY,

"What did you mean by crying out in the House to WALPOLE, '*It is not true,*' when he quoted my speech of the 19th April about your Reform Bill of 1852? I suspect you mean that I told a wopper. But I should like to leave you a loophole, and so I will pretend to believe that you did not know exactly what I had said, and I enclose you a cutting from the *Times'* report, which does not satisfy me, but is near enough for the purpose. Three or four years before 1852, you promised a Reform Bill without consulting your colleagues, and that's what I said in the Lords. Troubling you to eat humble pie at your earliest convenience,

"I am, yours affectionately,

"*Carlton House Terrace.*" "GREY."

No. 2.

"DEAR GREY,

"I thought you had been talking about my speech on LOCKE KING's motion in 1851, when we were all agreed to be Reformers, and if you had, you *would* have been telling a wopper. As you say you didn't mean that, there is an end of my contradiction.

"But as to what you did refer to, I have been looking back at my speeches, and they all seem highly Conservative. I don't recollect what we said privately in the Cabinet, but if I did, I should not think of asking the QUEEN's leave to tell.

"I know that when poor LORD GEORGE BENTINCK let out his stable mind about your Colonial doings, I stood up for you like a brick, and little thought you were hoarding up grudges against me, to be fired off where I could not answer.

"But look here. Here's a report of one of your own speeches in 1852, wherein you praise me up hill and down dale as a Reformer, and say you think I was quite right in having given a pledge to reform. I enclose the speech. When you made that you had not imbibed nasty prejudices against

"Yours devotedly,

"*Pembroke Lodge.*" "J. RUSSELL."

No. 3.

"DEAR JOHNNY,

"Imbibed be hanged! I am glad you deny contradicting me, but you have written me a most improper letter.

"I tell you that you *had* pledged us, without consulting us, to Reform, and we felt that in the Cabinet, in 1851. I said at the time, and so did others, that we would not be bound by your reasons, but as nothing was to be done at the moment, we did not mind patronising you to the extent of retaining office.

"Hoarding be blowed! If I had wanted to do that, I should have preserved memoranda, and then couldn't I have smashed you, neither?

"Bother about my defending and praising you. As if it is not one Minister's business to puff another while they are in office together, whatever he may think of the other's reasons. In that speech I meant only to explain your motives, without saying that I agreed with you; but, like a good fellow, I see I said a little too much for you.

"I shall explain all this in the Lords to-night.

"Yours eternally,

"*Carlton House Terrace.*" "GREY."

No. 4.

"DEAR GREY,

"I shall print our Letters.

"Yours unceasingly,

"*Foreign Office.*" "J. RUSSELL."

No. 5.

"DEAR JOHN,

"Just as you like. It will save my boring the Lords about you.

"Yours inconceivably,

"*Carlton House Terrace.*" "GREY."

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PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER XVII.—PERIOD, THE REIGNS OF HENRY THE SECOND, RICHARD THE FIRST, AND JOHN.

BEFORE we speak of the military costume of this period, we should add to our remarks about the civil people of it, that the Phrygian-shaped cap was still the common head-cover, for as it served to keep their heads warm, common folks cared not to change it. Some however used the hood, or capuchon, of the cloak, as a means whereby to keep the East wind from their brain-pans; a practice which is still adopted at the opera, by ladies who are not aware perhaps whom they are imitating. Whether the swells wore caps or cowls in HENRY's reign and RICHARD's, is a matter which we leave those who like it to debate; but we find that in KING JOHN's time they wore neither of the two, and left their heads with nothing but their hair to cover them. The fact was, that the dandies were so "nuts" upon their "nuts,"* that they did not like to hide their fair (or dark) proportions; and as they took great pains in doing their back hair, curling it with crisping irons, and binding it with ribbons, after the fashion of street acrobats, or "happy peasants" in a ballet, they loved to let their love-locks be open to all sight.

YOUNG GENTS. TEMP. JOHN. FROM THE MOST RELIABLE AUTHORITIES.

A writer who is generally right in what he says, observes that "beards and moustaches were either worn or not as the fancy directed." This assertion we confess sounds rather startling in our ears; and we cannot help imagining the terror of our swells, whose only aim in life appears to be to grow big "whiskaws," were they to be told that their facial decoration must be guided as TOM SAYERS and "the Fancy" might direct.

During the reign of HENRY THE SECOND but little change took place in the military fashions. One novelty, however, we ought perhaps to chronicle, although the matter is of the smallest, and it is well known that "*de minimis non curat Magnus Punch.*" Our readers know that HENRY THE SECOND was the first of the Plantagenets,† and that he owed his name to wearing a broom-twig in his helmet, the broom-plant being called by the Normans "*plante de Genet.*" That this custom was copied by the swell knights of his day, we could quote a volume of black-letterpress to prove; but we content ourselves with citing the remark of one old writer that "ye knyghtes did make ye broome a mark or sygnal in a brushe."

For further illustration of the armour of this reign, we need instance but the well-known painting by MACLISE, which represents the marriage of STRONGBOW, Earl of Pembroke, and EVA, daughter of DERMOT, who was then the KING OF LEINSTER.* This picture we should like much to transfer to our gallery, for it would just now vastly interest us as students of costume.† Besides, the subject is one on which our Irish friends especially would much delight to ponder; for it would recall to them the time when there *were* kings in Ireland, and would pleasurably remind them of their own royal descent. In sooth we doubt not that nine-tenths of them, while gazing at KING DERMOT, would instantly detect their own resemblance to that monarch, and would give vent to expressions of cousinish, if not indeed of filial, regard. To an Irish mind moreover the picture is suggestive of other mournful thoughts than those of family bereavement; for it was just after this marriage that KING HENRY undertook his filibustering expedition, and carried out his project of annexing Ireland; when, to jumble up the poet's words with those of the historian, the island which is still "the brightest jewel of the sea"—that is, in other phrase, a gem of the first water—"became an appendage to the British crown."

HENRY PLANTAGENET. FROM A SPIRITED CARTOON, BY MR. PUNCH'S YOUNGEST LITTLE BOY.

* Slang is now so fashionable in feminine society that we hardly need apologise for using these expressions; nor, so much as they have heard of prize-fighting of late, need we fear that many ladies will not "twig" quite what we mean. But if there be any pretty innocent who does not understand us, let her (if she *be* pretty) appoint a private meeting with us at our office, and our smallest child will quickly crack the meaning of these "nuts" for her.

† His father, GEOFFREY MARTEL, really was the first of them, for he first set the fashion whence the nickname was derived. But G. M. was not a king, and his son HENRY was; and so historians (who never stoop to flattering a sovereign) have always called the son the father of the race.

* Toe showe ye wisdome of this period as well eke as its witte, I mote sayo yt at ye weddyng brekefast (ye which was served by GUNTERE, who was ye Court confectionere) there was present COUNT PUNCHOFFSKI, a nobil man fro Russia, who for hys exceedings eloquence was ychosen to propose ye health of ye happy couple. And he, observynge ye champagne soe copiouslie a-flowynge doun ye throttles of ye guestes, dyd beliken its iced streeme unto ye rivere Neva. On which KING DERMOT dyd crye out "ye Neva, faith I niver heard ye Neva was a river," and then turning to hys daurter said hee, "Now, did you, EVA?" And she, albeit fresh fro school, dyd saye, "Pa, noe, I Neva!"—*De Malmesbury, de Jestis Regum Hibernicæ.*

† If this delicate hint be taken, will the owner direct kindly to our *private* residence, which will be divulged upon inquiry at the *Punch* Office.

MODERATION IN CRINOLINE.

A LADY who styles herself *Artiste en Corsets, Fournisseur de sa Majesté la Reine Victoria*, advertises a "JUPON MEDIUM." The thing called "JUPON" has for a long time presented a shocking exception to the rule which declares that there is a medium in everything. There has, of late years, been no medium in the dimensions of that article of female apparel, which have indeed exceeded all bounds. Henceforth, however, a man may hope to be enabled to sit at dinner between two ladies without being obliged to share their clothes, which now generally spread out on each side so as to meet in front of him, and, superadded to the garments proper to his knees, are uncomfortably warm in summer. In wiping his mouth after eating asparagus, no gentleman in future, thanks to the *Jupon Medium*, will ever, perhaps, be entrapped into the mistake of using the flounces of one of his fair neighbours instead of his table-napkin. If the *Jupon Medium* is a pattern of the golden mean, success to it. May it be patronised by the aristocracy, and then, like a fashionable spirit-rapper, it will be what you may call an example of the happy medium.

Political Virtue Rewarded.

WE understand, that the tapsters of the Metropolis have it in contemplation to present an honourable gentleman, who has signalised himself by his defence of their interests in the House of Commons, with a testimonial, consisting of a handsome piece of tapstery in the shape of a pewter pot, a measure which he has advocated with such untiring energy in opposition to MR. GLADSTONE's glass of wine.

BEAKS FOR PECKING.

THE Middlesex Sessions commenced the other day—according to report—"before an unusually full bench of Magistrates." Why unusually *full?* Have the Licensed Victuallers been tampering with the Middlesex Great Unpaid?

THE POTHOUSE PROTECTIONIST.

RIEND AYRTON, the liberal and enlightened Member for the Tower Hamlets, has greatly distinguished himself in the House of Commons by the persevering opposition which he has offered to the Refreshment Houses and Wine Licences Bill. It would be very improper to ascribe the honourable gentleman's endeavours to defeat that wholesome measure to personal motives. There can be no doubt whatever that, in labouring for the prevention of the sale of cheap liquor at respectable shops, he has acted entirely in the interest of the Public.

A Hint to Helvetia.

CONSIDERING the part that the "Gallant Swiss boy" plays in the armies of POPE PIUS and KING BOMBALINO, we should recommend to that respectable and ancient mountain republic the example of another aged mountaineer—*Norval* senior—of whom his son remarks—

"On the Grampian Hills
My father feeds his flocks—a humble swain,
Whose only care was to increase his store,

(Quite *à la Suisse*)

And keep his youthful son, myself, at home."

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

"MY DEAR PUNCH,

"IN correctly classifying the great and important Snob tribe, there is one variety of the species which should not be overlooked. I mean the 'Plebeius Censorius,' or Exhibition Snob.

"Walk through the Royal Academy rooms any afternoon in May, and you shall see a score of these worthies, and learn from their own mouths how severe, how funny, how hypercritical,—in a word, how rude they can be. I often wonder what can be the feelings of poor TOM BORAX and FLAKE WHITE when, standing at a modest distance from their beloved canvas, they listen to the remarks of the passing crowd. 'Tea-boardy,' I find, is a convenient and expressive epithet applied by not a few of the satirical public. 'What a daub!' is another favourite and oft-repeated ejaculation. Those who have picked up a few conventional bits of artistic slang, deliver themselves of their censure with vast importance. On the whole, perhaps, the amateurs are the most severe. MISS CHALKER, who copies the '*études aux deux crayons*' so indifferently, passes cool judgment on HUNT and MILLAIS; and MADDER BROWN, who slops down on paper what he calls *natural effects*, is monstrous knowing in the Landscape school. 'That bit of rock is not in keeping,' says he. 'What the sky wants is *tone*.' 'So-and-So never feels his middle distance,' &c. &c. Sometimes these gentlemen volunteer their counsel. 'Remember, my dear Sir, if you want to get harmony, you must *fetch up your flesh*, and subdue your still life;' or, 'Take my advice, now—I like to be candid, you know—and paint out your principal figure.'

"Confound their candour, *I* say. Believe me, my dear *Punch*, the men who best understand our Art *say least about it*.

"I remember once standing before a modern picture of acknowledged merit, a picture on which a world of love, and care, and time, and money had been spent—and while the best among us wondered and admired, up came two grinning dandies in *mauve*-coloured gloves, and, surveying the painting through their eye-glasses, abused it roundly. Composition, colour, form, chiaroscuro, perspective—what not—these gents discussed with great ease and in a tolerably high tone of voice, and I verily believe they were about as competent to give an opinion on the subject, as I am to explain the Binomial Theorem.

"For my own part, being naturally of an easy disposition, and not given to cavil if I can avoid it, I like to stroll amiably through the Exhibition rooms—just looking at what pleases me best, and so leave all the fault-finding for the learned critics. Thus, for instance, when MR. DANBY tells us that—

"*Phœbus rising from the Sea, by the lustre of his first vivifying rays, through the drifting foam of a rolling wave, calls into worthy existence the Queen of Beauty*—when MR. D. thus euphoniously describes the birth of Aphrodite, am I going to quarrel with him because SCUMBLETON says that Apollo was not present on the occasion? What do *I* care? If MR. DANBY prefers this version of the *Anadyomene*—and it suits his *Sunrise*, we will still admire his picture and leave Venus to settle her own parentage.

"MR. LUCY has gone in for the grand historical line (which by the way, is fast losing its old representatives). 229, *Lord Saye and Sele arraigned before Jack Cade and his Mob*, A.D. 1451.—JACK CADE, looks what he was—a jolly cad. The door-post of the inn is chequered, I suppose to symbolise the unhappy Earl's fate. I wonder, as his Lordship built a paper Mill, whether he also founded the great Circumlocution Office, where modern functionaries are still taught to *say and seal*.

"MR. DOBSON exhibits *The Plough*, a picture in which a young gentleman is, for the first time, entrusted with that implement by a friend who is supposed to have already attained proficiency in its use. Both have just taken off their shoes and stockings for the occasion. The moral inculcated is, that a child should be trained in the way he should go—but if our young friend is to follow the plough, would it not be as well that he should look where he is going?

"Over MR. COOKE's wonderful and interesting Arctic picture hangs the portrait of an Arctic hero (242), Captain SIR F. M'CLINTOCK. The dress and background are characteristic of the icy regions which he lately explored—and if, while there, the gallant captain was not *quite* so well shaved as he is here represented, and did not, as a rule, appear with his head uncovered in the snow,—surely a little poetical licence may be granted to MR. PEARCE.

"247 is a full-length portrait of MAURICE—not the celebrated divine and scholar of that name—but a *St. Bernard Dog*, the property of HER MAJESTY. See what good company a Royal Favourite may command. An Arctic hero on one side, and a baronet on the other—*Lucky, Lucky dog!*

"*The Taming of the Shrew* has afforded MR. EGG a lively scene for illustration. 'My eye—what a shindy!' remarked DR. C—MM—NG to me as we examined the picture. *Petruchio* clutches the joint as though it were his wife's jointure. Everything will be smashed or crashed, except the doublets, which are *slashed*.

"*Bravissimo!* MR. GOODALL. A wilderness cannot be such an unpleasant place, after all. To watch the Sun rise on those rosy hills—to mount that patient camel's back, rich in gorgeous trappings, and send forth clouds of Latakia into the morning air—some of us in merry England are born to worse lots than *that*. I never saw an Arab Sheikh, but am sure that old chief is a *speaking* (as well as a preaching) likeness. The Sheikh is admirable in himself, but the *chique* of the whole picture is marvellous.

"I don't pretend to be a good judge of babies, which to my bachelor prejudices appear classed under two great heads: viz., brown, and pink, with more or less propensity to squall; but I defy the most confirmed misopœdist (may LIDDELL and SCOTT forgive me if there be no such word) to look without interest at MRS. WARD's *First Step in Life*, at that little tiny tottering thing just learning to feel its legs. My first impulse was to say *kitsey-kitsey*, which I am given to understand is the correct form for baby salutation, and I don't know how long I might have looked at it but for the exclamation of an enthusiastic young lady close behind me. 'Oh, Mamma! Look here; what a little duck!' The associations connected with that expression (I have, in all, twenty-three nephews and nieces of a tender age) were too painful, and I rushed precipitately from the spot.

"MR. HARDY's unpretending, but clever little picture, *A Crash*, gives rise to much speculation among the youthful visitors at the R.A. Who upset the table? *that* is the question. One might suppose it to have been done by one of the little urchins hiding behind the door, as if to escape from another sort of hiding at the hands of Granny, who is coming down-stairs. But pussy is scampering off in a guilty hurry, which looks suspicious. There has evidently been a cat-astrophe.

"MR. PATON gives the title of *Hesperus* to a painting which represents a mediæval young lady and gentleman making love under the influences of that planet. But for the English character of the scene the picture might have been called *Kiss*-ingen. The lover is kneeling somewhat uncomfortably to be sure; but, bless my heart, I would kneel on nutmeg-graters in such a cause.

"The tender passion again affords subject for illustration in *The Duenna's Return*, by MR. HORSLEY. How lucky for that ardent youth, who is just leaving his sweetheart, that the Duenna did not return a minute or two ago. I fancy the old lady's crutch would have descended on his head faster than he is now descending from the window.

* * * * * * * *

"See! it is eleven o'clock, and the 'Swells' come thronging in. *In medio tutissimus ibis;* but you have heard enough about the *Middle* Room.

"Faithfully yours,
"JACK EASEL."

QUESTION FOR A DEBATING CLUB.—Is not the practice of bribery at Elections as contrary to personal as it is at variance with politica economy?

A PLUCKY YOUNG FELLOW.

YOUNG Gentleman, who appears to have unsuccessfully attempted to pass a Military Examination, has written, under the signature of "ANOTHER INJURED CANDIDATE," a letter to the *Morning Post*, wherein, having premised that he has himself "gone through the literary nonsense and torture of a Chelsea examination," he makes the reflection subjoined:—

> "It is exceedingly hard and unfair, when we are put to such enormous expenses in preparing for these examinations, to find, on presenting ourselves, that we are expected to answer such questions as those which you have just given publicity to; and even here it does not end, for the English and Mathematical Papers were quite as difficult, and much better adapted for a Cambridge or Oxford examination than to puzzle youths of seventeen or eighteen who have just left school."

Is it possible to conceive any "English papers" which would not probably be too difficult for the author of the foregoing extract? His mathematical attainments may be sufficient to carry him over the *Pons Asinorum*, but it may be doubted if his knowledge of his native tongue is great enough to enable him to accomplish a nearly so arduous passage in the walks of literature. We wonder what he means by the "literary nonsense and torture of a Chelsea examination." The "torture" attending the ordeal to which he alludes was doubtless his own, but whose was the "literary nonsense?" The above-quoted passage may suggest an answer to this question. It is, no doubt, exceedingly hard and unfair to set young men catch-questions; but it is unfair and hard of the examiners alone. There is nothing hard or unfair on the part of the young men involved in finding that they are expected to answer such questions.

If the English and Mathematical Papers, alluded to by our victim to literary nonsense and torture were at all adapted for a Cambridge or Oxford examination, they must, one would think, have been at least as well adapted to puzzle youths of seventeen or eighteen. The youth who represents them as having been fitter to try competitors for degrees than to puzzle boys who have but just left school, can hardly, if he has been plucked for his military little go, be considered entitled to add himself to the list of candidates who have any right to call themselves injured. At the same time, let the authorities consider that blockheads are often brave, and always all the braver for being blockheads; and ask themselves whether it is wise and judicious to exclude from the British army a sort of fellows who are in every way so remarkable for pluck. At least it may be advisable to retain some regiments of "Heavies," for which the qualifications shall be rather muscular than mental, and shall not include the mysteries of spelling and grammar.

NUDITY AND NONSENSE.

WE understand that LORD HADDO is about to move for leave to introduce a Bill to prohibit the exposure of naked dolls on race-courses, as being calculated to corrupt the morals of the people. His Lordship's late crusade against the study of the nude must, as we mentioned it, be fresh in the remembrance of our readers; and the Bill which he proposes now to introduce will be a further step in the same laudable direction. With that extreme feeling of delicacy for which his Lordship is so famous, LORD HADDO will provide that the dolls be henceforth draped; and his measure will contain the most precise directions as to the amplitude of clothing which is to be enforced. Thus the eyes of prudish people will, he hopes, be no more shocked by the exposure of the naked little figures which are suffered to be thrust into our faces on the Derby Day, without a trouser or a petticoat to veil their ligneous legs.

A Brief for the Charter.

THE report of the proceedings at the Middlesex Sessions, the other day, concluded with the following announcement:—

> "MR. ERNEST JONES has joined the bar practising at this Court."

Success to MR. ERNEST JONES in his forensic capacity. Everybody will rejoice to know that MR. JONES is practising as an advocate at the bar, instead of advocating extreme political doctrines with an eloquence which is calculated to procure the orator a position in the dock. It is gratifying to consider that declamation in JONES has become pleading in ERNEST.

PROTECTIONIST HOSTS.—Protection was supposed to have been dead and buried; but Free Trade in liquor is still vehemently opposed by the great body of the Landlords who keep public-houses and their Representatives in the House of Commons.

THE SORROWS OF "THE STAR."

IN vain I spend my eloquence,
My arguments let fly,
To teach the people how to be
Dissatisfied, and why.
I poke the British Lion up—
In his dull ear I scream;
I stir the fire, I blow the coals,
But can't get up the steam!

There 's flogging in the Army;
There 's jobbing in the Fleet;
Corruption in the Treasury;
Intrigue in Downing Street!
That horrid Volunteering—
For sarcasm what a theme!
But vain my skill, do what I will,
I can't get up the steam!

Vain, morning after morning,
My preaching up Reform;
The more I beat the iron
The more it won't get warm:
On indirect Taxation
My attacks would fill a ream,
Yet none will buy or back my cry,—
I can't get up the steam!

At all the age's vices
I've gone in left and right;
I've written down TOM SAYERS—
I've written up JOHN BRIGHT;
'Gainst cakes and ale in general
I've turned my vitriol stream;
But cakes and ale do still prevail;
I can't get up the steam!

It 's awful to contemplate
A nation like our own,
Going headlong to perdition
(As the *Star* has often shown).
They tread the flowery pathway,
Wrapped in their fatal dream,
And turn deaf ears to all my fears,—
I can't get up the steam!

When, our Commons' rights invading,
The Peers' presumptuous vote
Keeps up the excise on paper,
In vain I swell my throat,—
Vain an "outraged constitution"
And a "down-trod people" seem,
E'en a "bloated aristocracy"
Will not get up the steam!

In short, the country's apathy
To *Times*, Peers, Church, and Crown;
Must sicken one who fain would see
All things turned upside down;
Who'd make the *Star* its country's guide,
For the *Times'* delusive beam—
But the more I preach the fewer I reach—
And I can't get up the steam!

Oh, what this England yet might be,
If BRIGHT were at the helm,
With a graduated Income-Tax
All taxes to o'erwhelm—
And Universal Suffrage—
But hence too pleasing dream,
For that bright page—that Golden Age—
I can't get up the steam!

Old Port and Old Fogies.

THE cause of greyness in the hair, in many instances, may be traced to a too copious indulgence in port wine. When we consider the composition of the mixture ordinarily sold under that name, we may easily understand how the practice of imbibing it is calculated to give one who is not old the appearance of an *elder*-ly gentleman.

PUNCH's ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

May 21, *Monday*. The Lords met for mischief. LORD GRANVILLE moved the Second Reading of the Paper Duty Abolition Bill. LORD LYNDHURST, who was eighty-eight that day, and wanted to have a birthday dinner, set an example to lovers of pleasure by staying to do what he considered his duty. Arguing that the Lords had a perfect right to deal with the question, and that MR. GLADSTONE's fatal eloquence had carried a dangerous budget elsewhere, his Lordship tendered his support to LORD MONTEAGLE's amendment, namely (mind this) that the Bill be read a second time that day six months. LORD MONTEAGLE—Whig Lord—then moved that amendment, taking prudential grounds, and urging that we should, next year, have a deficit of Eleven Millions, besides a vast expenditure for defences. Divers Lords of no great count followed; and then LORD CHELMSFORD insisted on rejecting the Bill, lest it should become a settled doctrine that the Lords had no power in such matters. The DUKE OF ARGYLL admitted the Lords' power, but denied their prudence. Our friend DERBY then charged. His speech was long and not lively, and he finished in what we cannot help thinking a mean kind of manner, by quoting a very long bit from a '57 speech of GLADSTONE's against the budget of that day, and adding, "them's my sentiments." But his strength was on the benches and in his pocket; for on the former he had 161 supporters, and in the latter 32, while Government had but 90 friends in the flesh, and though LORD GRANVILLE turned out all his pockets, including his watch-fob, and the railway-ticket place in his paletôt, and looked

THAT EXEMPLARY YOUNG MAN, JOSIAH SMUG, OF CLAPHAM, WOULDN'T GO TO SUCH A PLACE AS EPSOM FOR THE WORLD—BUT HE HAS NO OBJECTION TO RIDE ONE OF HIS FATHER'S HORSES BY WAY OF EXERCISE.

WE ARE SORRY TO SAY THAT THIS IS THE SAME EXEMPLARY YOUNG PARTY AS HE APPEARED RETURNING FROM THE DERBY!

THE PAPER CAP.

under the lining of his hat, he could find only 14 proxies; so that the Paper Bill was floored by 193 to 104; majority 89. *Mr. Punch* was therefore about right when he advised his friend GLADSTONE to look out for squalls!

Down-stairs the very important Bankruptcy Bill went through Committee. MR. BOUVERIE tried to cut down the proposed salaries of the District Judges from £1800 to £1500; but the House knows that cheap judges make dear law, and ought to have rejected the proposal by a larger majority than one (69 to 68), though a Miss is as good as a mile, especially if you measure round her crinoline.

Tuesday. The Lords had a discussion about the riots in St. George's-in-the-East, and stress was laid upon the remarkable forbearance shown by the police to the rioters, LORD WICKLOW observing, that if the authorities were in earnest in desiring to suppress the ruffianism, it could easily be abated. *Mr. Punch*, utterly as he despises and detests priestcraft (having himself done more to put down Puseyism than the whole of the episcopal bench together), does not think that a mob ought to be recognised as Convocation. The BISHOP OF LONDON continues to maintain that he could set matters straight, if parties would submit to his absolute jurisdiction. His Lordship should go down some Sunday with the honourable and medical Member for Leitrim, and see what they could do—if BRADY and TATE will not lull a congregation, what will?

LORD PALMERSTON had, of course, to do something in reference to last night's vote in the Lords. So he gave notice that he should on Thursday ask for a Committee, who were to look into the Lords' Journals, and discover what the Peers had been doing on Monday; after which he should ask for another Committee to look into the *History of England*, and discover what the Peers had ever done about the Paper Duty. He then suggested that meantime—

"They should at once throw every care away,
In the enjoyment of the Derby Day."

A few Members, who had perhaps drawn bad horses in the sweeps at their Clubs, were sulky, and wanted something done at once, but were cut very short by the PREMIER and SIR GEORGE LEWIS. The House was in no humour to be bothered with business within eighteen hours of the bell ringing to clear the course, and was counted out about half-past seven, while a Member was moving for a Committee on such a trumpery matter as the ruin of our Gun-Boat Fleet.

Wednesday.

Thormanby	1
The Wizard	2
Horror	3
Dangu	4

Mr. Punch, as usual (see another column in his present number), having prophesied the winner, though the press of matter last week prevented his inserting that prediction. The prize, and some trifle of £70,000 or so, fell to MR. MERRY, M.P. for the Falkirk Burghs; a Scottish party of such incalculable wealth that all the coal-scuttles in his house are filled with sovereigns, and any tradesman daring to offer change to a servant is at once discharged. The Americans are savage with *Umpire's* trainer, of course, as if that free and republican horse had been properly treated he must have beaten to fits all the produce of the wretched, worn-out, effete, aristocratic stables of the old country. *Mainstone* and *Cape Flyaway* were defeated, and LORDS PALMERSTON and DERBY flew into each other's arms, crying "Brother, brother, we are both in the wrong box," LORD DERBY adding, in the cheerfullest manner,

"It's pleasanter drinking and backing bold *Thormanby*,
Than sitting, and yawning, and facing old NORMANBY."

Lunch was carried on upon the most amicable terms, and witticisms were freely exchanged from the carriages. A pie, from which somebody else had extracted the meat, being handed to BARON ROTHSCHILD, he said, "Why is this pie like my houses in Piccadilly?—Because it 's got no inside." VISCOUNT WILLIAMS tried to reply with an epigram about a Stake in the Country, but was put down by clamour. MR. BRIGHT was asked if he did not think *Sutton* a fine animal, and he replied, "Suttonly." SIR JOSEPH HAWLEY was greatly chaffed about *Largesse*, and was wittily advised to call him "Small S" in future. Nobody knew why the Baron's horse was called *Restes*, until he explained that he had discounted the initial, O. SIR RICHARD BETHELL being asked, what were the chances of *High Treason*, replied, like a great historical lawyer, "*Axe* somebody else." In fact wit flew about with every champagne cork, and nobody was unhappy except LORD HADDO, whose sense of propriety was shocked every quarter of a minute by the sight of the penny dolls, whose undraped figures were in every hat. He stood up on the hill, and gave notice that he should move that at the next Derby all the dolls should be dressed, at the expense of the country; but his papa, LORD ABERDEEN, who came up with about a hundred dolls, pincushions, pencil-cases, Napoleons, lemons, Jacks in the box, and other articles of *vertu*, which his Lordship and the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY had been knocking down all the afternoon, told him that if he did na hold his fule's tongue and just tak' his liquor like a gentleman, he'd get him made ambassador to Otyheety, where they wore the garments of Pairadise. Whereupon LORD HADDO withdrew his motion and self. VISCOUNT WILLIAMS declared, that there had never been such a glorious Derby Day for eighty years, and everybody was much too jolly to dispute the fact or ask how the Viscount knew.

Thursday. There was the usual reaction after a day entirely devoted to fresh air, a hot sun, champagne, cigars, and chaff; but the Bishops felt it was rather the thing to show that *they* were all right, so they discussed in Committee the Bill for pulling down useless churches and putting them up somewhere else. In the Commons, LORD PALMERSTON appointed the first of his Committees, and made the House laugh by going away, pretending to discover the Paper Bill entry in the Lords' journal, and then bringing it up, and giving notice for his other Committee.

Sometimes, after a day's pleasure, people get cross and even spiteful. To-night there was an example of this; the Opposition making a malevolent attempt to withhold some money, really wanted by the Executive, unless the discussion of the items for which it was required were fixed for the time set apart for the Reform Bill Debate. However, after a good deal of snapping and snarling, the attempt was defeated by 135 to 107. It was also settled that the people who make for sale the messes called British wines, and people who sell more than two gallons thereof, should be obliged to take out licences at five guineas. SIR JOHN BARNARD's Anti-Stock Exchange Gambling Act, after 150 years of life, was sentenced to death.

Friday. Their Lordships sat down, but got up very soon, Agreed to meet next on the fourth day of June.

The QUEEN has permitted Convocation to consider the Canon which forbids a parent from being godfather to his own child. It is true that few priests except Tractarian prigs, proud of a little authority, take notice of the antiquated rule; but it stands on the books, and it is awkward for a christening party to be sent back because a foolish clergyman declines to entrust a solemn duty to the only person in the world who is likely to discharge it efficiently.

LORD PALMERSTON appointed his Second Committee, but not until after a long debate as to the Crisis, and the relative position of the Lords and Commons on the Paper Duty Question. TOM DUNCOMBE wanted to circumvent the Lords, and insist that they had passed the Bill for "that day six months" (you were told to mind the vote) but that proposal was thought rather skittish. MR. BRIGHT, of course, was for vigorous action against the Lords. LORD JOHN RUSSELL was all for solemnity and precedent, and finally the Government, supported by the Opposition, had its own way.

Now, you see, there can be no doubt that the House of Commons is most eager to put down Bribery. Nothing can be more noble and virtuous than the speeches which are made against it. Nay, a law, which is to a certain extent efficacious, has been made on the subject. And *Mr. Punch* hopes, that the people of England will not be induced to doubt the sincerity of the House from the incidents of to-night. Certain Gentlemen, mind, not publicans, or snobs, or any of the people who ought to be ashamed of themselves, have been shown to be so guilty of corruption, that the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, as bound by law, has decided that they be indicted. MR. CHARLESWORTH and MR. LEATHAM are the parties. It is true, to-night, Members on all sides begged the ATTORNEY-GENERAL not to persevere in this cruel course; that men of all parties, themselves above all suspicion, urged that it was persecution; that SIR RICHARD himself was moved, and only wished he could be released from such a duty; that MR. BRIGHT pleaded in behalf of his relative, MR. LEATHAM, and that the House generally felt that it was not the thing to go to extremities with Gentlemen. Still the country must not, we repeat, suppose that the House is not in earnest, and *Mr. Punch* begs that judgment may be suspended. Only let some nasty low fellow, who goes about corrupting voters, get into the law's clutches, and see how much *he* will be helped out of the scrape. If a gentleman appears to err, it is but due to him to suppose, that being an educated man, and aware of what he is doing, he has his own reasons.

"CÆSAR doth never wrong, but with just cause."

Another display of hatred to GARIBALDI and Italian freedom was made by some of the Papists in the House, but MR. PATRICK O'BRIEN, to his honour, declared, that though a Catholic, he could not restrain his abhorrence of the barbarity of the Neapolitan authorities. MR. HENNESSY gave a splendid proof of what a priest's tool is permitted to say *in majorem* DEI *gloriam*. He declared, in his place, that one of the Neapolitan victims, the BARON POERIO, "never had chains on him at all."

"MR. GLADSTONE. Oh! oh! Why, *I saw them myself*."

Loud cheering followed, and testified to the instincts of Englishmen. But there is something louder just now speaking to the Neapolitan miscreants, and that is the roar of GARIBALDI's cannon. May it be kept up till King and Priest are swept out of the Two Sicilies.

HOW TO 'SPIKE THE ENGLISH."

EVERELY faithful to our promise (for pray when has *Punch* been known to disappoint his readers?) we resume now our review of the *Guide of the Orphéonistes*,* and shall show that its directions towards the speaking of our language are quite as much to be relied on as its guidance to our streets. The best of it is, too, that the *Guide* is so composed as to require the least possible study and attention, and to be almost automatonic in imparting the instruction wherewith its pages teem. This excelling feature receives the special mention that it merits in the Preface, which, as we have said, is peculiarly French in both its modesty and truth:—

"Il est probable que les Orphéonistes, occupés en ce moment, et jusqu'au jour du départ, par les études musicales que va demander le Festival de Londres [*i. e.* their Three Concerts at the Crystal Palace], auront peu de temps à consacrer à celle de ce petit livre. Mais s'ils ne peuvent pas donner à la prononciation des mots et des phrases qu'il contient une attention et un temps suffisants, il n'en sera pas moins pour eux d'une très grande utilité. Toutes les fois, en effet, qu'un Orphéoniste, possesseur de cette brochure, aura une question à addresser à un Anglais, il n'aura qu'à la chercher dans le Manuel de Conversation. Puis il l'indiquera du doigt à son interlocuteur dans la colonne anglaise. La réponse lui sera faite naturellement, par le même procédé, à l'aide de la colonne française."

This, it may be thought, is a rather bold assertion: for even granting it were possible to cram into a Manual all the questions that a foreigner might ever want or wish to put, one does not see quite clearly how the answers could be given, and be made both comprehensible and strictly to the truth. Suppose the question to be given "*How are you off for Soap?*" (a query quite as serviceable as nine-tenths of the questions that most manuals contain,) how could all the possible responses be supplied, and what a picture of bepuzzlement the querist would present were he bidden in reply to "*Ask my shaving-dish!*"

Before, however, we proceed to take the Manual in hand, we must notice some few of the rules for speaking English, which are furnished "spécialement" for the guidance of Orphéonistes. To begin at the beginning, by way of overture, the writer teaches them our alphabet, and thus commences telling them how we pronounce our letters:—

"A. L'*a* se prononce comme en français devant toutes les consonnes doubles. Exemple: *All, abbey, attendant*; prononcez *all, abbé, att* . . . ."

The truth that we give "a" the French pronunciation "ah" when it precedes a double consonant, is one that possibly our West End readers may admit, but ordinary Englishmen will feel a little startled at it. The same distinction, too, may be predicted as to—

"O. L'*o* a généralement le son de notre *o*. Cependant il a quelquefois celui de l'*a*. Exemple: *However*; prononcez *ha*."

"Hah-ever" is a word which we in vulgar Fleet Street seldom have the treat of hearing, for the ultra Swells who use it, rarely trust their precious "peg-tops" to the East of Temple Bar. The loungers in Hyde Park "hah-ever" are more fortunate, and in the season, the plebeian who ventures near "Pahl Mahl" or "Wegent Stweet" may likewise be refreshed by hearing some one say "hah-ever."

Thus far into the vowels of our language having marched on without impediment, the Orphéoniste is next guided by the *Guide* among our consonants, and, that he may learn to pronounce them with propriety, the following are samples of the rules to be observed:—

"Le *b*, le *c*, le *p*, et le *t*, placés devant une *l*, ont une prononciation toute particulière. Elle consiste à ramener la langue le long du palais, comme si on était dans l'intention d'avaler. Ainsi *table* se prononce *tabeulll*. *Uncle, apple, bottle*; prononcez *uncuelll, appeulll, botteulll*, * * * Une des grandes difficultés que l'étranger rencontre dans la langue anglaise est la prononciation du *t* placé devant l'*h*. Cette prononciation tient une sorte de milieu entre celles de l'*f* et du *v*. Pour la réussir entièrement, il suffit de porter le bout de la langue entre les dents, et de presser légèrement avec les incisives supérieures et inférieures. En pressant trop fort, on arriverait à un son trop dur; en ne pressant pas assez, le son sortirait sous la forme d'une *s*. Il faut tâcher d'arriver à produire une sorte de son légèrement mouillé, comme celui que produit le *v*. * * * L'*l* placée devant un *k* ne se prononce que fort rarement. Exemples: *Talk, walk*, prononcez *tak, wak*. (!) * * Le double *v* ou *w* a une prononciation assez connue; elle ressemble au hurlement du loup: *uou! uou!* (!!)"

Thus directed how to give a proper accent to our alphabet, the Orphéoniste is next guided through the mazes of our grammar, in a way that for its novelty and boldness of conception throws old Lindley Murray completely in the shade. Without wearying the student by taking him a steady walk through all our rules, and explaining in rotation their various exceptions, the *Guide* hops and skips about among our "parties du discours," scattering at each jump its pearls of information, as profusely as the fairy girl let fall her precious words, which as they dropped from her were turned to precious stones. Some faint notion may be formed of the value of these jewels, if we find space in our columns to exhibit this one specimen:—

"La troisième personne *him* s'emploie lorsqu'elle se rapporte à un substantif masculin. Exemple: Je regarde cet homme, je le trouve grand. I look that man, I find *him* tall. *Him* se rapporte à man, substantif masculin."

Jumbled with these pearls of grammatical instruction, are rules as to pronunciation which are of equally great price. Here for instance are three pronouns, which are declined and spelt for French pronunciation, thus:—

"Aïe.	Maïne.	Ou.
Thacu.	Thaine.	Génitif. Ouze.
I, chi, et.	Is, eurs, its.	Datif. Tou oum.
oui.	Aoueurs.	Accusstif. Oum.
Iou.	Yours.	Ablatif. Ov oum. (!)"
Thé.	Thèrs.	

This suppression of the aspirate in "he" and "his" and "who," might fairly lead one to imagine that the author of the *Guide* was in reality a Cockney; a supposition which is further strengthened by our finding that the word "house" is directed to be spoken "aousse," while in answer to the question "Iz masteur [English for Monsieur] B. èt aume?" there is given the reply that "I [he] az djeust gonn aout." A smack of German flavour also is imparted to our language by directing the word "second" to be roughened into "segunnd;" and surely no one but a Russian learning English of Lord Malmesbury, could have written "tcheurtch" for "church," and "tchèsheur tchize" for "Cheshire cheese."

We cull these flowers of speech from a part of the *Guide* written for pupils most advanced, and called a "Petit manuel Anglais de conversation usuelle." This extremely useful chapter is perhaps the most facetious portion of the work; but as we must not give our readers too much of a good thing, we shall reserve a fuller notice of it for another occasion.

* "Vocabulaire et Guide des Orphéonistes Français à Londres. Par A. R. B. Paris, 1860."

GENTLE VOLUNTEER.

A SONG TO BE SUNG TO THE INTENDING COMPETITORS AT WIMBLEDON.

Air—"*Troubadour Enchanting.*"—Lurline.

Volunteer enchanting,
Into order falling,
With thy rifle slanting
O'er thy shoulder, dear,
Where the target waits for thee,
Forward, from the rear,
Shoot, and bring the prize to me,
Gentle Volunteer!

Volunteer enchanting,
When the bugle calling,
Bids thee (firmly planting
Feet not brought too near).
Take a sight, and careful be
That thine eye is clear—
Fire, and bring the prize to me,
Gentle Volunteer.

Spurs and Shoulder-Knots.

"What is an Equerry, Papa?" inquired a little boy, on hearing that a functionary of that name had been promoted to the Colonel of a crack regiment. "An Equerry, my dear," replied the parent, "is a horse-footman."

THE TAX ON HOSPITALS.

To the RIGHT HON. THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

MY DEAR GLADSTONE,

THE Anniversary Festivals of the Brompton Hospital for Consumption, of the Royal Orthopœdic Hospital, and St. Mary's Hospital, took place, all three of them, the other day. After the assembled guests had eaten their dinners, they had the reports of the charities which they severally patronised read to them over their wine. The first of those institutions was stated to be labouring under a mortgage debt of £8,000, and other difficulties urgently demanding relief. The income of the second was represented as inferior to its expenditure; this Hospital also being loaded with a mortgage debt; whereof the amount is £6,000. The third was described as in a state bordering on bankruptcy. Its committee declared that the debts which it has run into with tradesmen and others are at times so pressing as to cause serious anxiety to the management; and its Chairman, MR. GEORGE BYNG, M.P., said that "the embarrassments of the institution will necessitate the suspension of some arrangements for the alleviation of sickness unless liberal subscriptions are immediately forthcoming." Its supporters were told that it has at present only 150 available beds.

The amount of human suffering relieved by these hospitals during the past year is represented by the figures 46,788 inclusive of out-patients and casualties.

Surely, my dear GLADSTONE, the decay of institutions which have heretofore been diminishing the misery of the people to the above considerable extent, is not a thing that we can regard with so much indifference as not to care to ascertain what it may be owing to, with some view to prevent it if we can.

Now direct taxation, confined to the wealthier classes, and to the higher orders of the industrious, incident on the latter with much the heavier pressure, is doubtless wonderfully calculated to please that portion of the community which it does not molest. It certainly enables you to confer on the manual labourer the great blessing of a fractional reduction in the price of various articles of consumption. This is so great that the embarrassment of the classes termed superior in their social position and relations, in their endeavours to maintain their wonted appearance, to give their children a suitable education, and so forth, are as nothing to it, of course. On that point we are quite agreed—you and I and MR. BRIGHT.

Well; but then you see, your Tenpenny Income-Tax places your superior classes under the necessity of economising. These people almost all live at least up to their means. Now if I were a duke, or a pluralist, or a large landed squire, or a merchant prince, or a barrister in lucrative practice, I know how I should meet your additional confiscation of my Income. I would no longer powder my footmen, I would abolish their expensive liveries, and put them, every man JOHN THOMAS, into workhouse grey. As many other retrenchments as might be necessary and possible, I should practise on the same principle—that of lopping off all vain and ridiculous branches of expenditure.

That, my dear GLADSTONE, is certainly not what is done by the superior classes, under the stress of your Income-Tax. You observe no diminution of splendour in the equipages and general ostentation of the "gay licentious proud." But you do hear that the Hospitals have got into difficulties, are nearly insolvent, and threaten to break down.

My great Homeric, Oxonian, and Manchesterian Financier! What if your ever-increasing Direct Taxation is inducing those whose wealth it appropriates for the gratification of the masses, to withhold the subscriptions which they formerly used to contribute to Benevolent Institutions? Can it be that your rising Tenpenny Income-Tax is ruining your Hospitals? Accept that query for consideration from

PUNCH.

FIRE-WATER.

MR. PUNCH finds in the *Daily Telegraph* the following curious statement:—

"The embankments of the Theiss river have been forced by the rising of the water at Vaserhely and Bas, and a great portion of the country being inundated, much injury has been inflicted upon the neighbouring plains. At a time when there is so much destitution in Hungary, this is a visitation of no small gravity, and the authorities are said to be in the greatest dread lest *the waters of the Theiss should kindle the already smouldering fires of revolution.*"

Mr. Punch has no remark to make upon so singular an announcement. It is a case for science, and he respectfully requests the attention of PROFESSOR FARADAY to this very remarkable Theiss water. The Royal Institution will do well to send out for some bottles of the extraordinary liquid. Meantime, *Mr. Punch* requests the address of the *Telegraph's* image manufacturer, as *Mr. P.* would like to give that ingenious artist an order.

A POKE-UP FOR THE POST OFFICE.

"*Pelham Crescent, Day after the Derby.*

"I SAY, *Punch*, old boy, wish you'd drop a line to our friend SIR ROWLAND HILL, and ask him if it be true that it's no use putting district initials on one's letters, because the sorting clerks, it seems, don't pay the least attention to them. This assertion has been made in large print in the *Times*, but no official notice has as yet been taken of it: and the other day that journal allowed a correspondent to put point blank the question which I have asked above, and even this has failed to elicit a reply. So you see one is compelled to call in your assistance, for the authorities appear to be as deaf quite as the post, and till you rap them on the knuckles they will pay no heed to one.

"While you are about it, too, I wish you'd just inquire whether, supposing the initialising system must go on, some steps could not be taken to prevent the peace of families from being put in danger by it. If you doubt that this be done, I'd have you hear my story,—a 'tale of thrilling interest,' as penny novelists would call it. And first just give a glance at the envelope enclosed, which, if you think it needful, you are at liberty to print:—

"This letter, Sir, arrived during my absence on the Derby Day, when I was called into the country upon most important business. It is directed to me plain enough, as anyone may see—at least anyone who is acquainted with my excellent friend JOLLYBOY, and has learnt how to decipher his splodgy, sprawling scrawl. Now, Sir, I ask you as a gentleman, does this letter look as if it were intended for a lady? Yet, Sir, it has been opened by a *person* (to speak plainly) who *calls herself* a lady, and more than this, it has been read, Sir, actually *read*, from the 'DEAR JACK' to the 'JOLLYBOY,' before the wretched woman, as she pretends to tell me, discovered what she *will* persist in calling her '*mistake!*' Sir, I blush for a rela—— but no, I won't say a relation; rather let me call her a connection by marriage, on my wife's side. Her 'mistake,' she says, arose from her mistaking the S. W., the letters of our district, as intended to initialise her own name—SARAH WELLS. She says, she therefore felt quite justified in opening the letter; but though she vows she shut it up again the very instant her eye 'lighted on the first two words—Dear FRANK'—I have sufficient grounds for saying that I don't a bit believe her. The letter bore allusion to a supper at Cremorne, which JOLLYBOY (who is a bachelor) alleged as an excuse for not coming to dine with me; and as I chanced that evening to be kept late at my office, my wife unnaturally accused me of having supped with JOLLYBOY, a suspicion which was obviously suggested by 'S. W.'—I mean by SARAH WELLS. Of the uncivil war which followed I need say nothing more than that I was forced to visit MESSIEURS SWAN AND EDGAR, before I could arrange the articles of peace. Whether I can recover from the Post-Office authorities the cost I have incurred in the closing of hostilities, is a point which I have asked my lawyer to decide. But however this may be, a system which occasions such 'mistakes' and misconceptions clearly should be stopped as speedily as possible, and exposure in your columns will, the soonest of all remedies, lead to that result.

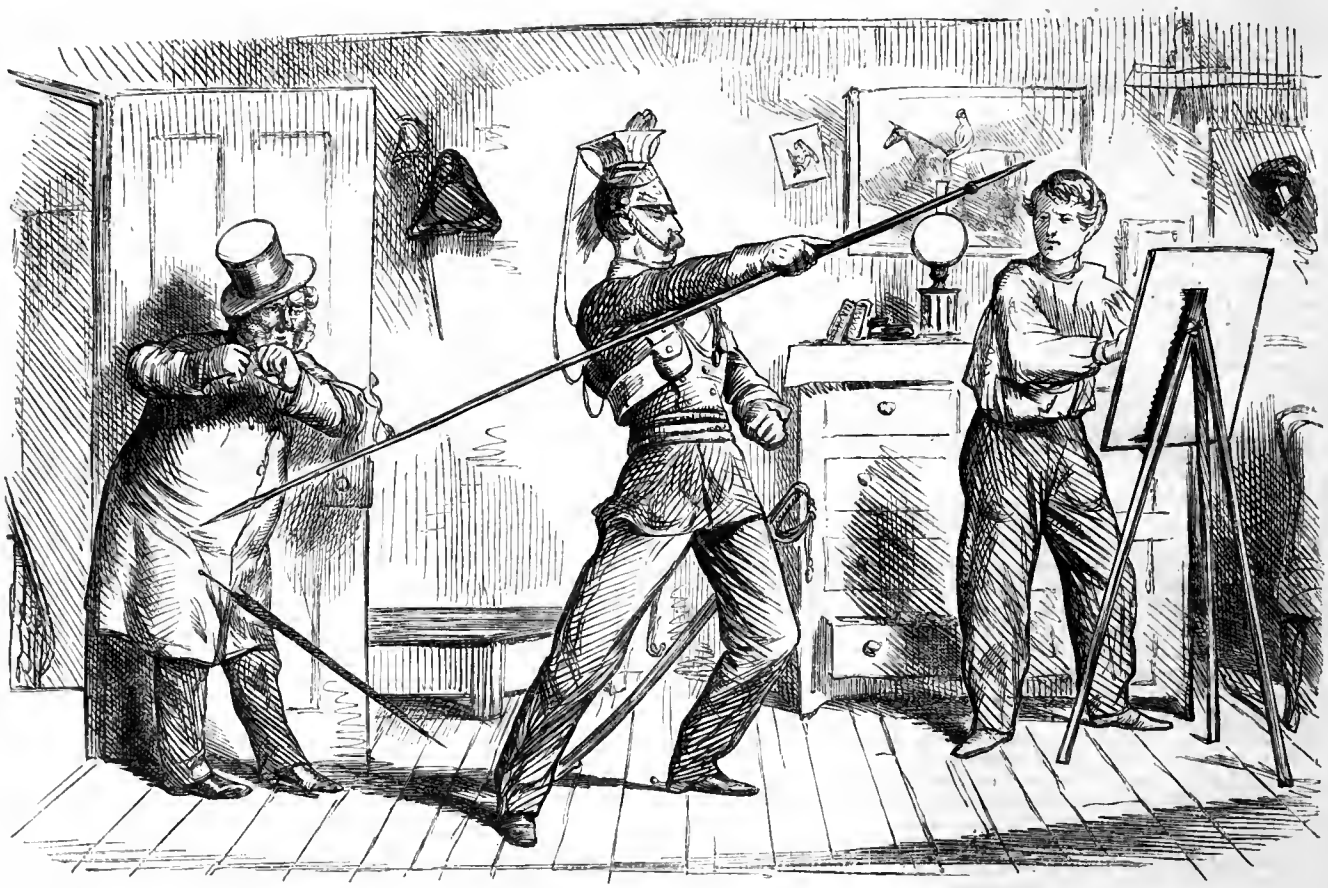
"Print my letter, then, old boy, and receive the thanks of thousands beside

"Your friend,
"JOHN TOMKINS.

"P. S. Pray what Wizard told you *Umpire* would not win? I might have made a hatful if I'd only twigged the '*Essence*.' But it needed some astrology to read the seven stars, which stood for 'MR. MERRY.' Another time you surely may throw a little more than starlight on the subject. There can be no necessity for keeping things so dark."

The Arms of the Holy See.

THE POPE has accepted several pieces of rifled artillery which have been presented to him. His Holiness thinks that the patrimony of St. Peter requires to be fortified with weapons rather more substantial than the Apostolical Canons.



Critical position of Smudgby's rich Uncle, who incautiously entered his Nephew's Studio as he was making Studies for his "Balaclava Charge."

A GOOD SCHOOL FOR BAD TEMPERS.

WHY is MR. RAREY like the hero HECTOR? is a question which the student of HOMER may reply to, but which to other minds may cause some shadow of perplexity. The answer is, that HECTOR was a horse-tamer, and so is Mr. RAREY: and were the praises of the latter to be sung in Greek hexameters, he would be quite as much entitled to the word "hippodamoio," which is so frequently applied by the poet to the hero, perhaps because it makes so good an ending to the line.

To show our scholarly attainments, we may put the further query: Why is MR. RAREY not like RICHARD CŒUR DE LION? The reply is, that the Saracens, when their horses shied or started, used to ask them if they saw KING RICHARD in the path; implying thereby that the King was a cause for apprehension, and that horses might be reasonably supposed to be afraid of him. Now this is a conjecture which clearly could not truthfully be held of MR. RAREY. If the horse be the intelligent creature he is thought to be, he can hardly be suspected of fearing his new trainer: whose "system" is to substitute horse-taming for horse-breaking, and to educate his pupils by kindness, not by kicks. Would you train the tender creature, kindly, gently, mildly treat it: and never frighten it, or fret it by rough handling or ill use. This is the advice which MR. RAREY gives us, and if equine lips could speak, they certainly should thank him for it. Whips and spurs would soon be obsolete, were what he says attended to, and be classed with racks and thumbscrews, and other bygone tortures.

MR. RAREY's course of treatment is in fact directed not less to the groom than to the horse; the former being in intelligence the inferior animal, and in very many instances by far the greater brute. What MR. RAREY aims at teaching is, that horses have quick instincts and highly nervous temperaments; and if we would train them to be tractable and docile, we must train ourselves to treat them with suitable respect.

Rightly to command them, we must command ourselves; for if we lose our temper we but teach them to lose theirs. Our chief intent should be to keep on terms of friendship with them, and get them to obey us from fondness, not from fear.

MR. RAREY's system therefore is improving to the man as well as to the beast, and many a human "savage" might be permanently bettered by it. Persons of bad temper should present themselves as subjects, and be operated upon until their tempers grow more tractable, and can more easily be checked. Were a school for man- and woman-taming now to be established, it might really be productive of great national advantage, and MR. RAREY certainly would do the State some service if he would, at starting, consent to take the reins.

An XXXellent Choice.

MR. PUNCH'S DIPLOMA JOKE, RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO HIS ADMIRED FRIEND, AUGUSTUS LEOPOLD EGG, R.A.

No more from fierce Pre-Raphaelites you 'll hear
"Academicians! Bah! They're all Small Beer."
No, "blessings on their brew," henceforth you 'll see
One of the Forty is good A.L.E.

Keeper's Apartments, May 24, 1860.

MR. PUNCH'S PROPHECY FOR THE DERBY.

THE following would have appeared in a portion of our impression last week, and indeed in the whole of it, but for a circumstance with the details of which we need not trouble our readers:—

MY FIRST WAS A GOD, AND MY SECOND'S A MAN,
WHEN THE RACE GOES MY THIRD, SEE MY WHOLE IN THE VAN.

We may as well, now that the event has come off, add that the prediction of course indicated

THOR-MAN-BY,

Who was one of the horses in the betting, but whether he won or not we have not the least idea, as we were attending the Festival of the Sons of the Clergy, in St. Paul's, and have not taken the trouble to look at a paper. But we take it for granted that we prophesied accurately, as usual.

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BROWN RECEIVES ORDERS TO PARADE AT HEAD-QUARTERS FOR THE PURPOSE OF "MARCHING OUT!"

Brown (loq.). "CALL THIS PLAYING AT SOLDIERS, INDEED! I'D MUCH RATHER BE BEFORE 'A HOT FIRE,' I KNOW!" [*Nevertheless Brown sticks to his duty like a man.*

GLORY IN THE GRASP OF FRANCE.

BEAUTEOUS France has now a chance
To win immortal glory,
Not by triumph in the dance,
Nor yet by conquest gory.
Let her stand, and hold her hand,
With England's linked together,
Leaving GARIBALDI's band
The storm of war to weather.

Soon, would she with us agree,
On strict non-interference,
Of all oppressors Italy
Would make a thorough clearance;
Soon expel, or quickly quell,
King, Kaiser, Priest fanatic,
Free, as Somebody said well,
From Alps to Adriatic.

Lasting Fame NAPOLEON's name
Would shout with acclamation;
If he would abjure the game,
So mean, of annexation:
To the end he did pretend
When first the ball he started,
Would he be so good a friend
As not to prove false-hearted.

France for bright ideas to fight
Vaunts herself—to free a
Land enslaved by foreign might
What a fine idea!
If she "fought" for this, nor thought
Of prey, to France all honour;
Base advantage if she sought,
False Humbug!—out upon her!

An Old Stupid.

A MARRIED Philosopher, whose views respecting nursery-management, fashions, domestic economy, and minor morals, have long experienced a steady opposition, describes the reflective and analytical intellect as "That divine faculty of Reason which distinguishes Man from Woman."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MAY 31. *Thursday.* Whitsuntide Holidays over, the Lower Class Form returned to resume its studies at Westminster School, but the Upper Class Form had an extension of leave until the following Monday.

In Committee of Supply on the Army Estimates, GENERAL PEEL complained that we have not soldiers enough. He paid a very high compliment to the Volunteers, who would, he believed, be a patriotic and invaluable force, but they must be used as Auxiliaries only. Hereupon *Mr. Punch* heartily concurs with the Ex-War-Minister, the material of which the Household Guard is composed being much too valuable to be used in any sort of fighting except *pro aris et focis;* or, as the Wiscount translates it, for our own areas and our own folks. After some words from DEEDES in favour of the Yeomanry, who have always done what *Hamlet* calls "Yeoman's service," and ought not to be neglected, an Irish party named CONOLLY attacked MR. SIDNEY HERBERT, and called him a Monster Poacher, justifying that pleasing epithet by alleging that as Secretary for War he interfered with certain Irish fisheries, by buying land for the public and building defences thereon. The Monster, in reply, said that the public paid—and very highly—for any land that was required by the Executive, and ought to have the same rights over their purchased property as any other buyer. The Committee thought MR. CONOLLY's case a fishy one, and that Mars had a perfect right to enter Pisces, without leave from Taurus, the Irish Bull.

Then did DE LACY EVANS take to task the Monster for having recently conferred the Colonelcy of a Regiment upon GENERAL GREY. This lucky officer is the Private Secretary to FIELD-MARSHAL THE PRINCE CONSORT, and it is universally admitted that he serves his gallant Commander in the most unimpeachable way. GREY writes a tolerable hand, with facility, and with the aid of a little Diamond Dictionary of the English Language, presented to him by PRINCESS ALICE on one New Year's Day, as a small token of respect and esteem, he manages to avoid any very flagrant errors in spelling. He folds a note with neatness, always minds that there is adhesive stuff on the flap of the envelope, or if there is none, he secures it with gum of his own dissolving, and he is singularly careful in putting the proper Post Office initial in the right hand lower corner of the direction. He has always postage stamps in his desk, or in a very pretty little silver-gilt fusée-box, presented to him by PRINCESS BEATRICE on his wedding-day, as a small token of respect and esteem. And he is very particular in posting the letters, and when at Buckingham Palace often runs over with them himself to the pillar-box near the Duchy of Cornwall office, for as he justly remarks, servants are so careless about letters. The early copy of *Punch*, which is regularly sent to the Palace on Tuesday morning, he always sews, and cuts it very nicely with a pretty ivory paper-knife, which was presented to him by the three PRINCESSES on his birthday, as a small token of respect and esteem, and which has the names ALICE, LOUISA, and BEATRICE, engraved on the handle. The Field-Marshal, if parting with him at any time, would, *Mr. Punch* happens to know, kindly give GREY this character, and would add a testimonial to his industry, his intelligence, and (although he is brother to EARL GREY) his civility. Well, it may be supposed that the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, in his frequent visits to his Royal Cousin, must have noticed GREY, and very likely may have said to the PRINCE that he seemed to have got a very decent kind of fellow there, and SIDNEY HERBERT, who, as War-Minister, must often have had to ask advice from H.R.H. the Field-Marshal, may also have formed a favourable idea of the Secretary. Now it so happens that in early life GREY went into the Army, and having stopped in it ever since has gradually attained to the rank of General. We need hardly say that he never did anything particular, though he happens to have been in Canada when other people were doing a good deal, and though he is said to have seen service, the Service he has seen most of is the second best China service which HER MAJESTY has out on days when there is no particular company to dinner. However, CAMBRIDGE and HERBERT having the Colonelcy of a Regiment to give away the other day, good-naturedly, but really very improperly, gave it to GREY, whereas such a reward should have been conferred on a soldier! There was a jolly row about the affair to-night, and the Monster was taunted with passing over old

officers, who were covered with wounds and glory, and giving such a good thing to a private secretary. The Monster made the best case he could, and magnified Grey's merits with that patent oxy-hydrogen microscope called Puffing; but perhaps Mr. Disraeli (who is uncommonly civil to the Court just now) volunteered the most plausible excuse for the act, saying that as Princes always keep military attendants, it was better that they should be men of a good sort, and not parasites, and that if you excluded soldier-courtiers from military rewards, you would have a shy lot about your Royalties. It was neat, but flimsy: are there no other rewards for secretaries, without despoiling valiant old bricks, like General Bell, for instance? Havelock writes, that he in his time had two sons and three fools put over his head; and the system of being unjust to real soldiers is not the way to make Havelocks. *Mr. Punch* has nothing to say against Grey, and, indeed, likes him, and always gives him a cigar out of *Mr. P.'s* own case when they stroll with the F. M. on Windsor Slopes, but would like to see him rewarded in a becoming manner. Captain Pen must not wrong Captain Sword.

Military matters occupied the greater part of the two nights the House sat this week. Of course the Government got all the men and money they asked for, and might have had more, which fact will be recollected by *Mr. Punch* and others, if at any time it should appear that England is insufficiently protected.

Friday. Lord Fermoy demanded of Mr. Gladstone whether, as the Lords insist on keeping on the Paper-Tax, he will remit any other. Mr. A. Stewart invited him to repeal the duty on tea and sugar. The Chancellor of the X. declined to say that he had any feelings or any intentions on any subject, until the report of the Committee that is Searching, should be presented. Mr. Bright of course abused the Lords, and will labour with all his might to work the Commons Bull-dog up into a rage, and make him fly at the Lordly Mastiff. At present, the former seems in no humour to be set on his aristocratic friend by his revolutionary Friend.

Lord John Russell had a heap of questions to answer, the most interesting one being upon the subject of the atrocities of the Neapolitan police in Sicily. The Foreign Minister of England stated that our Consuls had reported to his office that the most diabolical cruelties were practised upon the unfortunate Sicilians by the agents of the Anointed, who is just now showing his ample right to his name of Bomba by keeping land and sea batteries in play, not upon his armed enemies, but upon the unfortunate women and children of Palermo, into which *Mr. Punch* is happy to state, Garibaldi has dashed at the head of his volunteers. Bomba's Palace is now ashes—the best apology for that act of destruction would be the excuse of the chieftain of old time, who deeply regretted having burned down an Abbey, and would certainly not have done so but for an idea that the Archbishop was inside it.

Sir George Lewis was questioned upon the subject of the new Strike into which Messrs. Potter and Company seem about to lure the husbands and fathers engaged on our Metropolitan improvements; but the Home Secretary, while condemning Strikes as blunders that lead to miseries, could only express his regret and announce his neutrality.

RUMOURED SACRILEGIOUS PROJECT.

E hear, with horror, indignation, rage, and fury, that it is intended to transfer the annual festival of the Charity Children of London this year from St. Paul's to the Crystal Palace. We do hope that there is some mistake in the information which we have received to that effect. The yearly chorus of the little girls and boys under the great dome of St. Paul's is an institution of the country, as well as one of the finest of the established phenomena of London. We are old enough to remember the Coronation of Her Majesty, and we feel now what we should have felt then if the Crystal Palace had been in existence, and a set of insensate innovators had proposed to shunt the Royal solemnity to that place of amusement from Westminster Abbey. Transfer the children's festival to the Crystal Palace! Remove the Lord Mayor's Show to Astley's. Banish the Rotten Row cavalcade to Victoria Park. Have the Derby run on Wormholt Scrubbs. Let the House of Lords adjourn to the Coal-Hole!

Who could have the heart, that is the want of heart, to think of destroying a tradition so venerable? We should say that John Bright was at the bottom of the subversive proposal, had we not reason to believe that John has music in his soul, notwithstanding that he sometimes talks like one that has none. Such an one was the author of the abominable scheme on which we are now invoking public execration; and we should like to punish him and all his abettors by compelling him to hear Handel's *Hallelujah Chorus* executed on the grandest scale in St. Paul's Cathedral every day for six months. The Crystal Palace is a very proper place to take the children to for a holiday. By all means let them be taken thither after Church, for a treat, which, by considerable amendment in the victualling department, they may have there. Or give them two festivals, and let them repeat at the Palace what they sang in the Cathedral. But spoil not a spectacle and a concert, which, even to the veriest Cockneys, imparts a delight which they seem to share in fellowship with angels. The annual assembly and song of the innocents in St. Paul's was a fact that we learned together with the fiction that London was paved with gold. Another place is paved with the best intentions of the dolts who design to remove that hallowed celebration to the Crystal Palace.

Moral on a Recent Revelation.—Priers never see any good of themselves.

THAT 'ERE 'OSS.

A Dialogue I lately heard,
Beneath a sheltering shed,
Between two cads, as they conferred
About a quadruped.
The thread thereof was hard to find,
But that is little loss;
Each speech of either stable mind
Wound up with "That 'ere 'oss."

"Bill says to me, he says, says he,
('Twas thus the parley ran:)
So there, he says, was Jim and me,
And that 'ere other man.
The 'tother party named ten pound:
You never come across
A cove more downier, I 'll be bound.
But you knows that 'ere 'oss."

"Well, now if you 'll believe my word,
And which I need not say,
I met them parties, with a third,
Up yonder 'tother day:
What is 't to be, says they; a pot?
Which we perposed to toss;
Now mind, says I, I tell you what,
Look arter that 'ere 'oss!"

"I don't believe it wur a sprain;
'Tis all that party's stuff:
And if the owner hogs his mane,
He 'll be a precious muff;
His knees is very near got well;
His coat 's all over gloss:
Nobody couldn't nothink tell,
To look at that 'ere 'oss."

"Of course we knows there 's some as shies;
And likewise them as jibs;
But wot 's the use o' tellin lies?
You only feel his ribs!
No eyes can't see like them that 's blind;
The young 'un 's green as moss;
But Bill, for all his charf, you 'll find,
He 's sweet on that 'ere 'oss."

Thus they pursued their mutual chat
Most likely half the day;
But I had heard enough of that,
And so I went away.
How oft you hear such fellows hold
Such converse, chiefly dross,
Containing not one point of gold;
But full of "That 'ere 'oss."

MR. PUNCH A SPIRIT-RAPPER.

MR. PUNCH begs to announce that he has been converted to the Spirit Rapping Persuasion. And when He goes in for a faith he goes the entire believer, and not like one of your half-hearted Spiritualists, who very much want to deceive themselves, but are painfully conscious that the experiments they have witnessed are not only not supernatural processes, but are exceedingly clumsy juggling. He has given himself up entirely to Spirit Rappery, and from the moment of his conversion set to work calling up no end of ghosts, until his indignant neighbours sent in to know whether he was holding a meeting of the aggrieved Metropolitan Postmen. And he has been converted, totally and entirely, all for the small charge of Sixpence. The *Spiritual Magazine* has done it all, and as that work states that people are "bound to testify" what they think on the subject of Rappery, here goes for the particulars of *Mr. Punch's* apostacy from common sense.

He published, the other day, and during his unconverted condition, a picture illustrating the story of the Spirit Hand which was stated to have appeared to the EMPEROR LOUIS NAPOLEON. In that picture—alas, that he should have tried to make fun of a miracle—the Hand was assisting the Imperial Nose to form that derisive combination of the nasal and the digital organizations which is vulgarly called Taking a Sight. He did not know at that time how sensitive are the Rappists to anything like ridicule, and that though they have no objection to be called blasphemous, or audacious, or wicked, they cannot bear to be laughed at. Ridicule has been called the test of truth, but it is a test which Rappery declines to undergo. *Mr. Punch* deeply deplores that an unguarded sketch should have done so much mischief. Now that he is himself a Medium, with lots of spirits waiting on every landing in his house, and plenty more in the back garden, he comprehends that laughing at a ghost is excessively improper. The *Spiritual Magazine* has awakened him to a sense of better things.

That remarkable work has devoted its first article for the present month—about seven pages—to remonstrances with *Mr. Punch* upon the picture which has been mentioned, and upon his habitual incredulity upon the subject of Spiritualism. The writer of the article resolved to bring *Mr. Punch* over to the faith, and effected it as follows.

It happened that a gentleman, a relative of a member of the firm from whose establishment issues the sheet which embodies the spirit of *Punch*, was lately invited to dine with another gentleman who lives in Russell Square. Others were present, and after dinner certain things alleged by the executant to be spiritual manifestations, took place. Subsequently, *Mr. Punch's* picture of Taking a Spiritual Sight appeared.

In the article in the *Spiritual Magazine*, the name of the gentleman above alluded to as an invited guest, is mentioned, and in connection with his visit reference is made to the picture in *Punch*. Here, of course, comes in the miracle.

It is hardly necessary to say, that no gentleman could possibly so far forget the usages of his order, the rights of hospitality, or the decencies of life, as to make public use of any incidents of a private dinner-party. It is perfectly certain that the gentleman above alluded to as connected with *Mr. Punch's* publishers has not the remotest connection with the production of *Mr. Punch's* paper, and equally certain that he never held the slightest communication with the contributors to that publication upon the subject of the performances in Russell Square. And it must be equally clear that no other person who was present upon the occasion in question could have been guilty of such an outrage upon the proprieties of life as to furnish to the editor of the *Spiritual Magazine* any particulars of what took place in the privacy of a gentleman's chamber.

Therefore, by an exhaustive process, *Mr. Punch* has been brought to the belief that inasmuch as the editor of the *Spiritual Magazine* could not have obtained his information from a Gentleman, he must have had it from a Ghost. Now, one miracle is as convincing as a thousand, and *Mr. Punch*, completely converted, throws up his best cocked hat for Spiritualism, and goes in for ghosts. He believes everything now, believes all that is in the *Spiritual Magazine*, believes that, as stated in the number before him (p. 243):—

"A hand did appear before the EMPEROR, the EMPRESS, the DUCHESS DE MONTEBELLO, and MR. HOME, and did take up a pen and write the word NAPOLEON

and is firmly persuaded, as also stated in the article (same page), that—

"Autographs and other writings were obtained through the mediumship of the BARON GOLDENSTUBBÉ, consisting of a series of the names of kings, queens, and princes of the royal houses of France, and other eminent persons. *These were obtained by placing blank pieces of paper on their tombs or statues.*"

Nay, he is ready to swear with a correspondent of the *Spiritual Magazine* (p. 286) that—

"'A large hand grasped his little boy round the thigh,' and that 'another spirit pinched the toe of a friend,' and that another complained of his, the correspondent's, keeping a skull that had belonged to the spirit when on earth,"

and is ready to fight anybody (barring TOM SAYERS and J. C. HEENAN) for the truth of the statement (p. 288) that—

"MR. COLCHESTER, who had been communicating with a niece of his in the spirit world, spoke of a peculiar sensation of the skin of his chest, when on opening his shirt bosom, the word SARAH, the niece's name, was found upon the skin in raised letters, and occupied nine inches of space from right to left across the chest."

Hooray for the Ghosts! *Mr. Punch* means to have them for contributors to his paper, and in short, as aforesaid, to give himself up entirely to Spirit Rapping. He has set several young Ghosts upon cuts for his next Number, and has in type a most capital paper from a Fat Spectre. More anon. Nor is he in the least afraid of being charged with wickedness. He might, in his unconverted state, have had some foolish notions that tampering with solemn matters, for the sake of folly or gain, might be objectionable, but the miracle above-mentioned has convinced him that there is no fear of the Spirits of the *Spiritual Magazine* being emissaries from the wrong world. For, the Spiritual Editor's Ghosts did—for a laudable purpose doubtless—a blackguard action; they betrayed private confidence, whereas "The Prince of Darkness is a Gentleman." But, perhaps, the action may be excused, considering that the Spirit-business is an American invention, and so is the habit of making public use of private confidences. No tune brings up a Ghost so easily as *Yankee Doodle*.

LINES IN A SEASON OF SICKNESS.

BY A GOOD LIVER.

MY stomach's ever craving for enjoyment
And I supply it,
Because, from diet,
I do derive unspeakable enjoyment.

But then there comes the melancholy question,
Why do I suffer,
A poor old buffer,
So much from gout, and bile, and indigestion?

Some people gorge their brains with erudition,
Learning and thinking:
Eating and drinking
So I've o'erworked my organs of nutrition.

AN OPERA OF THE FUTURE.

THE events now proceeding in Sicily are serious enough; and it seems a shame to regard the slightest circumstance relative to the Sicilian struggle for liberty in a comic point of view; yet it is not easy to help smiling on the perusal of the subjoined proclamation, which, according to Foreign Intelligence, has been posted on the walls of Palermo by the Royal Military Committee. Previously to quoting that document, however, it is requisite to state, according to the same authority, that—

"Demonstrations continually take place in Palermo, the mob shouting '*Viva l'Italia!*' '*Viva Vittore Emmanuele!*' '*Viva Garibaldi!*'"

The chorus of revolutionary outcries serves as an introduction to the Royal notice, which follows in the obvious form of a recitative:—

"La città di Palermo e suo distretto sono da questo momento in poi posti in istato d'assedio."

The fact that the city of Palermo and neighbourhood are placed in a state of siege is no laughing matter, but the foregoing declaration to that effect cannot be read by any frequenter of Her Majesty's theatre or the rival establishment in Covent Garden without suggesting to his mind's eye and ear the idea of its delivery on the stage by some Italian vocalist in the character of a *podestà*, or his subordinate beadle. We hope we shall one of these days have the pleasure of hearing SIGNOR MARIO, or SIGNOR RONCONI, or SIGNOR VIALETTI sing the very passage in an opera founded on the present Sicilian insurrection, to be called *Garibaldi*, and to prove as successful as the celebrated hippodramatic entertainment of that name. In strict agreement with historical fact, this piece, we trust, will terminate with a blaze of triumph, in the midst of which *Garibaldi*, the conquering hero, will proclaim Sicily annexed to the Italian kingdom, the blaze of triumph being, for the satisfaction of poetical justice, combined with an eruption of Mount Etna, down whose crater a legion of hobgoblins will fly away with *Bombalino*.

A FACT.

Groom. "YE SEE, SIR! THE LADIES KNOCKS 'OSSES ABOUT SO! THEY GETS UPON A 'OSS, SIR, AND THEY SAYS, 'MY EYES! HE'S A 'OSS, AND HE MUST GO!'"

THE ACTRESSES' FANCY FAIR AT MAYBURY,

Friday, June 1, 1860.

MR. PUNCH had a vision of rapture Elysian,
As calm on the Maybury heather he lay,
When the PRINCE was invoking the lieges to Woking,
Our Thespian College foundation to lay.
I dreamed that *his levée* was graced by a bevy
Of Graces and Muses, a wreath on each brow;
But Muses and Graces displayed their sweet faces
In triple the force LEMPRIÈRE would allow.

Half-a-dozen Thalias at once from its bias
My adamant bosom distractingly drew;
In the guise of stage ladies, whose dangerous trade is
To turn young men's heads with their charms ever new.
AMY SEDGWICK the gracious, and WOOLGAR vivacious,
And WYNDHAM, in graceful luxuriance, was there;
While SWANB'ROUGH the stately swam round me sedately,
And whisper'd, "You're welcome to *our* Fancy Fair."

Half-sighing, half-smiling, my senses beguiling
Now to tears, now to smiles, Muse of pathos and fun,
Came bright FANNY STIRLING, two banners unfurling—
Thalia's, Melpomene's, wreathed into one.
Terpsich'res a trio, *con fuoco, con brio,*
Came whirling and waltzing, in muslins so light,
And my throne archly dipt to, now crouching, now tip-toe,
As LECLERQ, LYDIA THOMPSON, and brave ROSY WRIGHT.

And then I was ware of the bright golden hair
Of Erato thrillingly sweeping my brow,
I snatched, and with rapture embracing my capture,
Cried "Muse of Love-poesy, say, is it thou?"
She struggled, untwining those ringlets gold-shining,
And exclaimed, "*Mr. Punch*, at *my* stall please apply."
And from my grasp whipping her locks perfume-dripping,
The lithe form of HERBERT swept fleetingly by.

Clio, grasping her roll, was at hand to console,—
Under HEATH's tender glances I knew the chaste Muse;
"There's fancy and fable, dear *Punch*, at my table;
I shall please you, I'm sure; though I know you hate blues."
I had followed chaste Clio—βοῶπις like Io—
When at once three Polymnias down on me bear,
As arch MARIE WILTON, her wreath'd lips a lilt on,
And OLIVER *piquante*, and COTTERILL fair.

My pockets assailing, alternate prevailing,
Now this way, now that way, poor *Punch* they incline;
Till their sweet eyes to drink at, he buys toy and trinket,
As if his poor purse were a Ballarat mine.
So half charmed, half confounded, by Muses surrounded,
And Graces, all potent my coin to evoke,
I kept buying and buying—till heavily sighing
I found myself fairly cleaned out—and awoke.

Honour Bright?

A STATEMENT has gone the round of the papers representing that, by one of those accidents which will happen in the best regulated of Royal Families, a note written by the PRINCE OF PRUSSIA to the PRINCE CONSORT, and containing some disagreeable remarks about the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, has fallen into the hands of the French Government. "Who is the Traitor?" has been said to be the question. It is a question certainly. "Who betrayed the PRINCE OF PRUSSIA's correspondence?" is one question. The other is,—

"WHO READ THE LETTER THAT WAS INTENDED FOR SOMEBODY ELSE?"

BRIGHT THE PEACE-MAKER.

THE SECOND TYRANT OF SICILY.

E respectfully invite the attention of his Excellency the Neapolitan Ambassador to the following extract from that amusing and instructive work, LEMPRIÈRE'S *Classical Dictionary*. The passage in question may possess an interest for his august master, to one of whose Royal predecessors it relates, namely, to DIONYSIUS THE SECOND, tyrant of Sicily, and son of DIONYSIUS, the first tyrant:—

"DIONYSIUS was as cruel as his father, but he did not, like him, possess the art of retaining power."

Would his Excellency have the kindness to transmit with *Mr. Punch's* compliments, the foregoing statement concerning DIONYSIUS THE SECOND to BOMBA THE SECOND, whom it concerns as much, and to whom it may convey a useful warning, if BOMBA is not too pig-headed to be warned, and if it is not too late for him to mend.

MR. PUNCH AND SHAKSPEARE.

IN describing his late visit to the Crystal Palace,—or, to speak with greater accuracy, *one* of his late visits (for, indeed, were the frequency of his attendance to be known, it might be advertised as one of the attractions of the place),—*Mr. Punch* was pleased to say that, "unlike the *Duke* in SHAKSPEARE," he is generally merry when he hears sweet music. *Mr. Punch* made this remark as a test of the Shakspearian erudition of his readers; and this laudable intention, as is usually the case with him, has been productive of some good. One of his ten million or so daily correspondents writes to ask, *Who* is the Duke to whom the reference is made? adding, that it is in the mouth of pretty *Jessica* that SHAKSPEARE puts the line:—

"I am never merry when I hear sweet music."

Now they who own the literary omniscience of *Punch* are aware, of course, that he was conscious of this fact; and they who know that *Punch*, the Literary King, can do no wrong, must admit that he did right in writing as he did. A meaner mind might shrink from drawing notice to what might be ignorantly viewed as a mistake, but *Mr. Punch* can well afford to risk such misconception; and if his writing has sofficed to induce a Shakspeare reading, there surely is no reason why he should repent it.

THE OPERA AT SYDENHAM.

UNTHINKING people may, perhaps, be startled by this heading, and may imagine that "Her Majesty's" has been transplanted near to Norwood, after the manner of the flying Palace of Aladdin. But the removal of an Opera is possible without the removal of a Theatre, and so ROSSINI and MOZART may migrate weekly down to Sydenham without having, like snails, to carry their house with them. *Il Trovatore* and *Otello* may start off arm-in-arm with *Lucrezia* and *Fidelio*, and their music may be heard where the orange-trees of PAXTON by no means waste their sweetness on the seldom desert air.

In plainer words, the Opera Concerts at the Crystal Palace are a means of giving vocalists a pleasant change of air, and of letting people hear the pleasant airs they bring with them. It is no new thing to hear an opera in a hot house; for thoroughly well ventilated as theatres may be, the way is not devised yet to prevent the gas from heating them. But an opera in a green house is a form of entertainment which, until the Crystal Palace came, we never had been treated to. Instead of dingy walls and a close and dusty atmosphere, we have there cool air to breathe and sweet flowers to smell and look at. Eyes and nose have equally a profit in the change; nor indeed are ears in any measure losers by it. The lark-notes of ALBONI gush forth all the more joyously for being in fresh air, and MONGINI sings the clearer when the fog and the smoke of London are no longer in his throat. Nor can we much regret the absence of stage-scenery, surrounded as we are by such delicious greenery: while, if we miss the acting, we have our minds more left at liberty to give heed to the singing, and so we easily may master our sorrow for the absence of the creations of GRIEVE and TELBIN.

To fathers of a family, the Opera at Sydenham offers great advantages; for it enables them to take their wives and daughters to a concert without losing a good appetite by having to dine early, or else deranging their digestions by jumping up from table and jolting in a carriage, instead of sitting quietly over their dessert. PATERFAMILIAS, when he hears the inevitable question, "My dear, when *are* you going to take the girls and me to hear ALBONI?" will do well to reply "My love, I think we'll go next Friday." On which a chorus will arise from those well-informed young ladies, "Friday! Why, Papa dear, Friday's not an Opera night!" Whereto, in his wisdom, the PATER may rejoin, "No, my loves, but Friday is an Opera *afternoon;* and as young persons are advised to keep out of the night air, you would not wish Mamma or me to risk our precious health by exposing ourselves to it."

Opera-goers who dislike to turn out after dinner, should therefore pay a visit and a crown to the C. P., and they will have occasion to repent of neither payment. Good music is there to be heard in good society, and what more could the Haymarket *habitué* desire? It is said that it is possible to have too much of a good thing; but good music is a thing that we can hardly have too much of. Even if one could, there is very little fear of being surfeited at Sydenham; for the Crystal Palace Concerts are confined to such a length, that even people with short patience must often long for more of them.

LIVERPOOL TOBACCO-STOPPERS.

"MISTER PUNCH Onerd Sir i no your Pretty frekently a pitchin hinto us Pore Cabbies and a sayin as we overchargeses them as weve the chance on And insulteseses them as knows Wots wot and ony pays their legle fare Which its kivite unposshle as any man Can Live on it seein the I price of ossflesh And if it wasnt fur them Country fokes i dont no what weed do which them may Meetinggers aint arf so Libbral as they was and i spose its all Along o' this ere Blessed march of Hintellex as puts them covies up to gnowing about distinses But what I meen to say Sir is that tho your Nition ard on us and all our littl Weaknessesses sich as drivin furriners from London Bridge to Oburn whyer primrose ill or chargin unpertected Females jist acording has we chuses Which hif they be Hugly i mostly makes M pay for it, still i will say this U allus sticks up manful for us when so be you ears we isnt treated Fair for *Punch* is a inwetterate henemy to Hinjustice which we umbly thanks you for aspousin our good Kaus and so jist lookee ere Sir This is ow they treates us Pore cabbies down in livverpool:—

"On Monday last, ten cab-drivers were brought before the hackney coach committee on a charge of smoking whilst waiting with their cabs on the stands in Lime Street, Williamson Square, and Great George Square. Two of the offenders had their badges withdrawn for a week, two others for three days, and the remaining six were allowed to retain their badges as they had never been before the committee on a previous occasion for any offence whatever, but they were warned that a repetition of the offence would be punished by the withdrawal of the badge. Of the two men thus driven to a week's unwilling idleness, one has a wife and six children; and the punishment inflicted on these men may be said to be equivalent to a fine of 20*s.* and the risk of losing their situations. Of the other two convicted offenders, one has a wife and three children, and their penalty may be said to be 10*s.* and the risk of losing their situations."

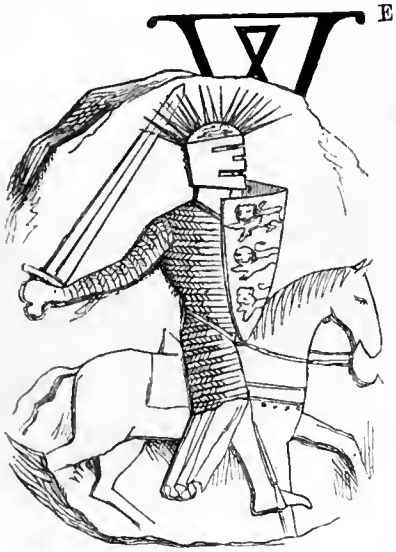
"Sur Londing beaks is Bad enough which hive mor nor wunst ad hample reason Toe complain on em bein phined for such a Trifle as tellin of a gent which gnv me 6 pence for a Ride as e ortnt to ave sich luxries hif e Cooden aford to pay for em But i will Say as our Beeks they duzzen put our pipes out as them livverpl chaps does which they ought to be a Shammed on it leastways thems my Scentimums Hand i thinks koves who'd rob a cabby of his Bacea ud he Meen enuff to rob a pore mann of is Beer which ime shure that all True brittons wich lives in A free country and never never never not No more wont be slaves to no sort of hopression ull be jolly glad to hear which its from the *livverpool Muckry* as i quotes it.

"We are informed that a subscription has been set on foot for compensating the four men who have been doomed to idleness, and perhaps to want, by the committee."

"My Apinion, *Mr punch*, is that if you wants a cabby to act christianlike and Civil, you must treat of im as Sich—puttin his Pipe out aint the way to mend his temper which tobaccers A Consolin and a Soothin sort of erb, And its by hinterferin with his little creetur comforts as U makes him hugly tempered and sours im for Life. you neednt make no laws about purwentink of his Smoke acos Fares as duzzen like it can preshus easy say so which in coorse they can discharge im if so be he dozen drop it So i opes youl drop it inter them there liverpull Tobaccerstoppers which when nex yer wants a keb i opes youl find 1 andy with a Oss as aint shortwindered And a driver whos as Haffable as your obejnt umble Suvvnt to comand, jams Bags which his Ouse of caul is the checkers down Whitechapple way and i'd be appy to Stand sam if you insertes of my letter And appens to Be parsing."

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER XVIII.—SHOWS WHAT THE KNIGHTS WORE IN THE DAYS OF RICHARD THE FIRST AND JOHN.



RICHARD THE FIRST, FROM HIS SEAL.

WE are told that in the reigns of the first RICHARD and JOHN "some striking novelties occurred in the military habits;" but whether the writer means that the soldiers of the period had a new habit of striking, is a point on which inquiry would result in little good. In one respect there certainly seems ground for that conjecture, for it was during the first RICHARD's time that the arbaleste, or cross-bow, first was introduced;* a weapon which, unlike the cross-bow used for rook-shooting, was apparently constructed for discharging from the breast: so that, by this new way of striking, archers, when they shot true, hit straight from the chest, instead of hitting from the shoulder, like HEENAN the Hittite. Still we think, on reading farther, the context makes it clear that the habit thus referred to was an active not a passive one; and that the phrase bore an allusion to armour, not to arms. For the next sentence informs us, in language quite as intricate as the dress which it describes, that over the coat of mail or hauberk, under which was the long tunic, there now came into use a surcoat, called otherwise a surcote, which was always made of silk excepting when it wasn't, and then if

MILITARY SWELLS OF THE PERIOD. THE COSTUMES FROM CERTAIN MONUMENTAL EFFIGIES OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY.

not made of cloth of silver was composed of cloth of gold. To give us a still clearer conception of the garment, we are told too, that this surcoat, otherwise called surcote (the old writers, like some modern ones, were not particular in spelling), sometimes was embroidered, but more commonly was not, and although it sometimes was of variegated colours, yet as forming a conspicuous part of a man's uniform, it was made more frequently uniform in tint. To this interesting description, we may add the information, that the surcoat is not shown upon the great seal of KING RICHARD, but it appears quite clearly on the great seal of KING JOHN; and our impression from these seals is, that the garment was first worn in the time of the Crusaders, both for distinguishing the various champions of the Cross, and for veiling their mail armour from the scorching Eastern Sun.* This latter supposition seems indeed extremely probable; for being shut up in steel armour when half melted in the sun, would be almost as bad a torture as being shut up by KING PHALARIS in his burning brazen bull.

In addition to the surcoat there were other martial vestments introduced during this period, such as the gambeson or wambeys and the haqueton or acketon. These were both of them a kind of wadded and quilted tunic, the one being made of leather stuffed with wool, and the other made of buckskin with a cotton stuffing. They were worn for defence in the place of the mailed hauberk, by men who, though of mettle, had not the tin to buy steel mail. But Knights who could afford it wore them either over or underneath their hauberk, or sometimes in the lieu of it, just "according to the taste and fancy" of the wearer, as MR. SAMUEL WELLER in his evidence remarked. In the latter case these tunics were rendered ornamental as well as being useful, by being stitched with either silk or golden thread. From this stitching of the gambeson it seems that the word "gamboised" was afterwards derived, and applied to quilted saddles and other padded articles. It seems too, that the stitching work was done on most parts of the garment, so really it is not much out of reason to infer that the wearers of it sometimes had some stitches in their sides.

Another military novelty at the end of the twelfth century was the plate or under-breastpiece, called *plastron de fer*. This, as its name indicates, was a sort of a steel plaster, worn both for preventing the pressure of the hauberk, and also for affording more protection to the chest. In later times the plastron was called sometimes the gorget, and sometimes the haubergeon, a word which stupid people have confounded with the hauberk, not having sense or sight enough to see that it is a diminutive and differently spelt. Like other diminutives, as well persons as things, these chest plasters, though small, proved sometimes of great use. When for instance CŒUR DE LION, who was then the EARL OF POITOU, fought his famous single combat with the Knight who was called WILLIAM, or more often BILL DE BARRIS, the horsemen charged each other with such fury and such force, that their lances pierced clean through their shields, their hauberks and their gambesons, and but for their plastrons would have come out at their backs. Had this occurred it might remind us of the story of the porcupine, which, according to the showman, when hunted has been known to "dart his squills up at the riders, and to skiver 'em as they rides."

FROM A MS. IN THE CELEBRATED "JONES COLLECTION." NEVER BEFORE ENGRAVED.

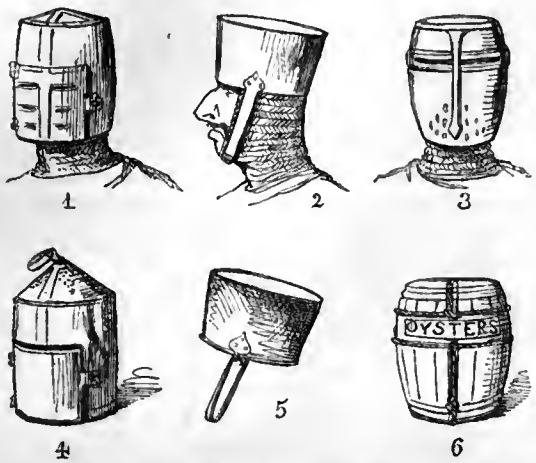
Had we not thought proper to reserve till now the statement, we might have said that in the time of KING HENRY THE SECOND the helmet assumed almost the shape of a sugar-loaf; so when the armourers used to advertise "a sweet thing in helmets," there really seemed some reason in their sugary remark. During RICHARD's reign, however, it lost its lofty cone, and suddenly subsided into a flat-topped cap of steel, fastened under the chin by a metal hoop or band. A mention of this hoop, which was made usually of hoop iron, occurs in one of those rare ballads of the period, which antiquarians have to

* This statement slightly differs from that in our Eleventh Chapter, where, on the authority of one of the authorities, we mentioned that the Norman bows were cross, as sometimes were their wearers. That assertion we made chiefly for the pun which it involved, and we conceive that we were quite at liberty to make it; for we found nothing said to show that the Norman bows were *not* cross, and if we had, the fact would not have stopped our observation, for the pun was a sufficient proof that what we said was said in joke.

* The Knights Templar wore a surcoat like a long monastic mantle, composed of scarlet cloth, marked on the right shoulder with an eight-pointed white cross.—*Vide Ivanhoe; description of Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert;* which our readers ought to thank us for tempting them to re-peruse.

thank us for putting into print. The minstrel is describing the armour of his hero, with that minuteness which distinguishes our early lyric poets, and in speaking of the headpiece he much interests us by saying that—

> "Yee wore a stele cappe on hys hedde,
> With flattned toppe was itt ymedde,
> And nethe hys chinne 'twas fastennedde
> With a hoop de dooden doo." *



1, 2, 3. HELMETS. TEMP. RICHARD THE FIRST AND JOHN.
4, 5, 6. THE SAME IN THEIR PRIMITIVE SHAPE.
FROM MR. PUNCH'S ARCHÆOLOGICAL MUSEUM.

To protect the face, the helmet was furnished with a grating, secured on one side with a hinge and on the other with a pin, so that it could be opened when the wearer blew his nose, or wanted anything to drink. Little slits were cut in it for eyes and nose and mouth, and as the helmet was cylindrical, and fitted closely round the back part of the head, it bore somewhat of resemblance to the nightshade of antiquity, which was used when we were children, before the lights of CHILD. There was a difference, however, between the nightshade and the article which we may call the Knight-shade, for the slits in the latter were horizontal apertures, and not like the round holes which let the light out of our nightshade, and cast such well-remembered reflections on the walls. The frontal door or grating was called the *ventail* or *aventaille*, as the earlier kind of cheek covers, we have said, were called before it. In KING RICHARD's second seal the ventail is seen as plainly as the nose upon his face, indeed a good deal more so, for the nose is scarcely visible; but his first seal represents him as wearing the coned helmet, which was used before the ventail had been introduced. Somewhere in his writings, we forget precisely where, the learned WILLIAM DE MALMESBURY calls this face-cover a "breathynge trappe;" and hence the not a whit less learned WILLIAM COX DE FINSBURY has asserted that it was from the old Norman word "ventail" that the English "ventil-ator" was originally derived.

The flat top of the helmet sometimes was left plain, and was at other times adorned with the crest of the wearer. The KNIGHT OF THE LEOPARD in the *Talisman* is described as being a follower of the former knightly fashion, and an instance of the latter may be seen in the costume of the doughty EARL OF SALISBURY, whose portrait, showing a griffin *couchant* on his helmet, beautifies the pages of PINNOCK's *Goldsmith's History*, a work which we at school had not less at our fingers' ends than at our ear-tips, whereto it was applied to knock some knowledge of it into us. In KING RICHARD's second seal his helmet is surmounted by a curious fanlike crest, in front of which appears the figure of a lion. This ornament is somewhat rudely represented, for engravers then were not so skilled as they are now, and the meaning of their seals is often a sealed book to us. But undignified although the confession may appear, we must own our first impression from KING RICHARD's second seal is that the King has seen a ghost, or some other startling sight, and that the Royal hair is standing up on end, and having pierced clean through his helmet, is spreading like the quills upon the fretful porcupine, if a great King like CŒUR DE LION may be in any way compared to so extremely insignificant a beast.

* The meaning of these last words is somewhat of a puzzle to us, and we are not too proud to make avowal of the fact. *De* is French for "of," and *doo* or *dhu*, we know, is Gaelic for "black." *Pooden doo* may formerly perhaps have meant "black pudding;" but what is meant by *dooden doo* we are not sufficient linguists to explain. We have indeed heard it asserted that "*dooden*" is another way of spelling the word *dhudeen*, with which our Irish readers are doubtless well acquainted. But this will scarcely serve to illustrate the passage we have quoted; for though a short pipe may be worn to ornament a hat, it cannot well be made a hoop of, or be used by way of chin-piece.

PERSECUTION IN IRELAND.

(*An Article for the "Nation."*)

WITH reference to a persecuted Saint, the *Dublin Evening Mail* makes the following observations:—

> "MISS MARGARET AYLWARD has been more than seven days engaged 'from morn to noon from noon to dewy eve' in not giving to the officer of the Court of Queen's Bench the information which is required about the whereabout of the kidnapped child, MARY MATHEWS. The skilled reticence exhibited in such a protracted probation is almost unprecedented. What a famous reverend mother such a lady would be over a sisterhood of female Trappists, supposing an order of that nature possible."

It is persecution like that inflicted on the blessed MARGARET AYLWARD, Confessor and Virgin, which causes the Exodus of Irish Saints, and impels them to enlist under the banner of the Keys, with a view to crush the impious efforts of the Holy Father's subjects for the rejection of the light and easy Papal yoke, and the attainment of constitutional government. The faithful Irish are restrained by cruel penalties from every effort of pious zeal which may displease the despicable feelings of odious Protestants. ST. MARGARET AYLWARD is baited, under the EARL OF CARLISLE, with dogs of heretical attorneys, barristers, and bailiffs, just as the early Christians were exposed to be torn in pieces by wild beasts in the reign of NERO. It is lawful to take an adder from its nest, remove its fangs, extract its venom, domesticate it, and teach it to eat potatoes and butter-milk, but a wretched infant is not to be snatched from out of a brood of heretics. Of course there is no possibility of executing judgment against the insolent blasphemers of the sacred POPE.

Go, then, ye suffering exiles of Erin, and either seek Paradise in the Papal service, or peace in the Far West. They burned a man, the other day, in Texas; you will find the edifying story in the *New York Tribune*. He was not a Negro as to skin; his complexion was white, but his soul was black with heresy. This blackguard was travelling in the Buchanan district in the infamous capacity of a colporteur. He had some filthy Abolitionist tracts in his foul pockets. On suspicion of having encouraged the Negroes to rebel, the enthusiastic crowd, dispensing with the empty ceremony of trying such a vagabond, soused him head over ears in a barrel of tar, and hung him up by a limb over a tarred faggot-pile, and in that way burned him alive, as MARY did LATIMER. But what would the tyrannical English law do if the religious multitude in this oppressed country were to make the same example of a rascally Souper? Seek, therefore, the land where slavery is an institution, and Irishmen are free—free to wallop their Niggers like JOHN MITCHEL, and to roast the miserable objects of their magnanimous resentment. Or go to Rome, and fight for the blessed POPE, who is reviled for rescuing little miscreants from their parents and perdition, like ST. MARGARET AYLWARD.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

THE new Dramatic College, we perceive, is situate at *Maybury*, in the neighbourhood of Woking Cemetery. There is great consideration shown in the selection of such a site for the convenient fulfilment of the last duties to the old sons and daughters of Thespis, Thalia, and Melpomene, which we trust they will duly appreciate. Let us hope we *may bury* them in the long run; but not till they have long enjoyed the repose of the College. The name has suggested the following lines:—

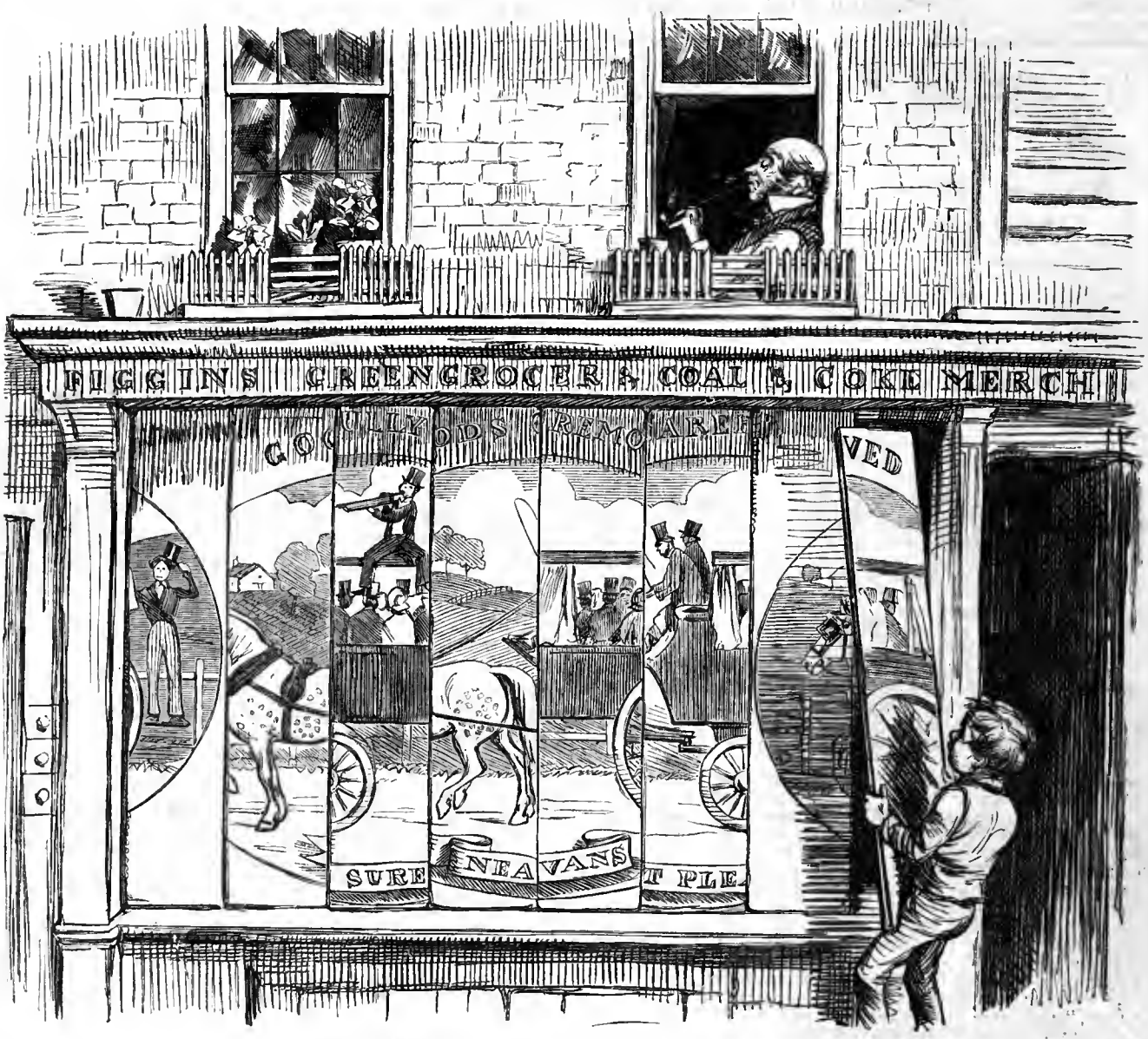
> *May-bury?* The name's apropos
> To an exit from stage-life mercurial;
> To the grave if old actors must go,
> By all means let them have a *May-burial*.
>
> 'Tis only applying to them, on their dying;
> What in life they all loved—it is certain—
> When the play played has been, *May burial* must mean,
> Lots of flowers on the fall of the curtain.

Statistics of Domestic Happiness.

AMONG the Court Papers for Trinity Term 1860, appeared, the other day, a list of suits to come on in the Full Court for Divorce and Matrimonial Causes at Westminster. The cases in question amounted to 153. SIR CRESSWELL CRESSWELL's Court is growing full indeed—full *usque ad nauseam*.

A CHANGE OF SCHOOL.

THERE is a book which narrates the particulars of a journey from Oxford to Rome. It was at one time feared that MR GLADSTONE might make that pilgrimage; but the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has only travelled from Oxford to Manchester.



BAD HANGING. (DEDICATED TO THE R.A.'s.)

FIGGINS, *our Coal Merchant, this Whitsun Holidays, has a Gorgeous Design painted on his Shutters (Landscape and Van); but see how the effect was marred by the injudicious Hanging of his Stupid Boy.*

THE SPECTRE OF 1860.

TEN years since, Empire, Kingdom, Constitution,
Church, *noblesse, bourgeoisie,* through Europe trembled
At the grim fiend yclept Red Revolution,
Who still his forces underground assembled,
Crowns, mitres, coronets, prepared to humble,
And manners, laws, and arts in one wild ruin jumble,—

That in their place an edifice might grow,
Squared by the Socialistic line and level;
Its planners, ROBESPIERRE, MIRABEAU and Co—
The head man in their "Co." being the Devil:
A Phalanstère, with a Procrustes' Press,
For stretching small folks big and squeezing big folks less.

Ten years have passed, and monarchs still are shaking
Upon their thrones; in court and church and mart,
Nobles, priests, citizens are still a-quaking;
Still all is feverish doubt, and shock and start;
Still a red Spectre looms outside the door;
An earthquake still is pent beneath the heaving floor.

The *bonnet rouge* upon that Spectre's brow
Still shows, half hid by an Imperial crown;
It wears the *sansculotte's* foul rags, but now
A purple robe conceals them, sweeping down;
In the dark shadows of the Janus-face
Anarch's and Despot's traits with kindred sneer embrace.

A match is in the velvet-glov'd right hand,
The down-bent head is listening tow'rds the ground,
While from beneath where the veiled form holds stand
Comes faintly up the miners' muffled sound:
And round the front of brass and feet of clay,
In blood, with bayonets writ, runs—"L' EMPIRE C'EST LA PAIX."

Parliamentary Notice.

MR. PUNCH, to take the sense of the House on the question, whether there would be any precedent for any proceeding whatever, unless some precedent had been originally created at some time or other, and what constitutional objection there can possibly be to the creation of a rational precedent now?

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, June 9, 1860.

THROUGH FIRE AND WATER; OR, THE LONDON VOLUNTEERS.

SOME talk of ALEXANDER,
And some of Hercules,—
The Chief whose martial dander,
Asked worlds to stand at ease—
The SAYERS of the Prize-Ring,
In high Olympian spheres,—
But both, I'll be bound, now-a-days would be found
Enrolled in the Volunteers.

Our soldiers they are heroes,
We know, in facing fire;
Our tars reduce to zeros
All fears the seas inspire.
But for going through fire *and* water,
—To say nothing of small boys' jeers—
There's no service, I swear, that can compare
With the London Volunteers.

In June we're now parading,
Last month was merry May,
But for Volunteer brigading
We've not had one dry day!
The aforesaid ALEXANDER,
As a hero of *Greece*, appears
Of our kin to be, for *dripping* are we
Poor London Volunteers!

Umbrellas and alpacas
We scorn, and oil-skin capes;
And the rain-drops from our shakos
May trickle down our napes.
We may continue drilling,
And manœuvring about for years,
But '*Wetter'uns*' some needn't hope to become
In the London Volunteers.

But yet there's no complaining;
Rheumatics we defy,
And though cats and dogs it's raining,
We keep our powder dry.
Little think the small boys shouting
'Who shot the dog?' in our ears,
What an inward fire flares up to inspire
Us London Volunteers.

Then a fig for show'rs and sneerers,
Let's show SIR ROBERT yet;
We can laugh at fire and fleerers,
As we've laughed at heavy wet.
And we hope to teach the foeman,
Who on our shore appears, [scorn,
If home rains we've borne, French reins we
As London Volunteers.

Three cheers for all who're willing
To be wetted through and through!
For those who stick to drilling
Till all is damp and blue.
May none of us blow our heads off,
Whether privates or brigadiers,
And the QUEEN, I pray, have one dry day
For reviewing the Volunteers!

LITTLE CAPTAIN OF VOLUNTEERS (whom no obstacles can daunt). *"Hullo! Halt!—Um.—Let me see.—Now, then! As a Front Rank Standing—Pre-pare to—Jump!"*

THE GREAT UNTAXED AND REFORM.

MR. BRIGHT the other evening obliged the House of Commons with an interesting and instructive calculation of the collective wealth of the unrepresented classes, concluding with the following summary:—

"The whole income of these working-classes I believe to be understated at £312,000,000 a year, while the whole income represented by all the Income-Tax Schedules in April, 1857, amounted to £313,000,000."

These are very important figures, but should MR. BRIGHT have been the man to cite them? He estimated the income of the 500,000 persons proposed to be enfranchised under the Reform Bill, the richest of the unrepresented classes, at £80 a year each. At that rate the represented differ from the unrepresented classes chiefly in paying no Income-Tax. The only pecuniary advantage which they could derive from representation would be that of paying no taxes whatever. This may be a consideration which MR. HENLEY might very appropriately advance on his side of the House and of the question; and it is one which MR. BRIGHT also might urge to some purpose at a public meeting composed of non-electors of £80 per annum. But what effect did MR. BRIGHT expect his arithmetic to produce upon the House of Commons? The effect, it would seem, of persuading Income-Tax payers, and the representatives of Income-Tax payers, to vote for a change which would probably result in throwing the whole weight of taxation on their own shoulders. MR. BRIGHT should have said nothing about the vast mass of unrepresented income that pays no Income-Tax. He has been very unjustly charged with animosity to the upper classes; it is quite clear that he entertains a very high idea of their disinterestedness and capability of self-sacrifice.

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER XIX.—CONTAINS MORE ABOUT THE KNIGHTS IN THE DAYS OF RICHARD THE FIRST AND JOHN.

To complete our description of the armour of this period, we should mention that the men of arms were wont to clothe their legs in flexible chain mail, and case their hands in plated gauntlets and their feet in plated shoes. These latter were made somewhat sharply pointed at the toe, and their weight must have served painfully to emphasise a kick. Indeed we cannot wish to realise the feelings of PRINCE LEOPOLD, the Austrian arch-duke, who is said to have received a kick from CŒUR DE LION, which sent him sprawling ignominiously clean out of his tent.* In his novel of the *Talisman* (the interests of our readers have obliged us to resort to reading novels lately), SIR WALTER SCOTT does not recount this stirring incident. He however calls attention to what may be regarded as confirmatory evidence, for he describes the Duke as having "an awkwardness in his gait," which was very probably occasioned by the kick.

(We may state in a parenthesis, so as not to interrupt the subject of our Book, that it was very likely the remembrance of this insult which tempted LEOPOLD to clap KING RICHARD into prison, on his return from the crusades through the Austrian dominions. How the monarch was discovered by the "poor French minstrel" BLONDEL, who played a tune upon his harp which was echoed by KING RICHARD, every student of history of course is well aware. But it may be news to some people that the harper of romance was in reality an organ-grinder, and that the tune he played was that of which the venerable vaccine creature had expired.)

During these two reigns, we find that shields decreased in length; and being less arched at the top, they gradually assumed the triangular form, which from its resemblance to a flat iron was afterwards called heater-shaped. They, however, were not flat, but were made semi-cylindrical; for which a writer less refined would use the commoner term, half round. "This was the age," says GOLDSMITH, "when chivalry most flourished, and when most attention was paid to the heraldic devices of the knights;" and accordingly we learn that it was at this period that shields were first adorned with the bearings of their bearers. JOHN's early seal exhibits two lions passant regardant, a position assumed sometimes by two "lions" at a *soirée*, who *en passant* very often glare at one another as though they had a longing to be lions combatant. JOHN's second seal, however, as well as that of RICHARD (it was the fashion then for sovereigns to sport a brace of seals, although as they were anything but "constant correspondents," one would surely have sufficed for all the letters that they wrote) was blazoned with three lions, as quartered ever since in the Royal Arms of England.

To people unacquainted with the terms of heraldry it may sound a little startling to be told that one has lions quartered in one's arms; a tale which even seems more terrible than if one heard it said that they were quartered on one's larder. But the old heraldic lions were very harmless creatures; and although such things as "hurts" are not unknown in heraldry, it was not from the lions that their bearers ever got them. In some cases these "hurts," we learn were "blazoned blue," a term which serves to throw some light upon the common phrase of pugilists, to fight "till all is blue," or to "go it like blue blazes." Of a similar significance is the singular word "golp," which in heraldry is applied to a peculiar tint of purple, described as being "the colour of an old black eye." We scarcely need to add that striking specimens of "golp" are afforded by the arms (and fists) of the P. R., upon occasions such as that when JACK HEENAN the Hittite fought his famous battle with TOM SAYERS the Sloggerite.

WILLIAM "LONG-SWORD," EARL OF SALISBURY. FROM HIS EFFIGY IN SALISBURY CATHEDRAL (IMPROVED).

Quite in keeping with the cumbrous armour of this period were the spears and swords and other weapons which were worn with it. Indeed the small arms which were used were anything but small, and required no little strength, and practice too, in wielding them. The long two-handed sword was of such length that it reached from the shoulder to the ancle, and we can readily give credence to the statement of a writer that "ye longe sworde offtene servedde to make shorte worke of an ennemie." It was with this weapon, according to SIR WALTER, that KING RICHARD at one blow severed a steel mace-handle of two inches in thickness; a feat of strength which so astonished the weak minds of the Saracens, that they fell to making jokes of the most imbecile description:—one of them remarking, that the weapon like its wearer was a good-tempered blade, while another said that RICHARD, although he called himself a Christian, was clearly a good Muscle-man.

Of the arbaleste, or arblast, we already have made mention, as being introduced in the time of CŒUR DE LION. This weapon, we have said, was a kind of crossbow made for discharging from the breast; and besides being extremely clumsy in itself, it was furnished with appendages which were hardly less so. The windlace was an instrument to pull the string up to the trigger, and every arblast shooter therefore had to carry it; and besides, to load his bow he had to load himself with bolts, which being somewhat weighty were bars to his quick progress. The bolt we should observe, was likewise termed the quarrel; and we are told that it was called so because it had a square or diamond-shaped head, though this seems hardly to explain the meaning of the word. A far better derivation, we think, would be to say that archers picked their bolts out when they picked their quarrels, and so in course of time the terms became synonymous.* Of course our readers will remember that it was with the arblast that KING RICHARD was shot, as he rode round Chalus Castle, which he was then besieging. Nor need we to remind them that when the man was asked why he had shot the King, he replied, "Because the King, with his own royal hand, killed my father and my two brothers, and though my death may be *en suite*, to me revenge is sweeter." On this his Majesty retorted, "Ah, our jester is an arch man, but you are certainly an archer;" whereupon, to quote the poet (we are our own poet when we have no quotation handy)—

> "Pleased with his joke, the King his pardon gave,
> But savage Marcade flayed alive the knave."

* "To restore the walls of Acre, RICHARD laboured in person and appointed hours for other leaders to work. All obeyed except the DUKE OF AUSTRIA, who sent word that his father having been neither a bricklayer nor a mason, he (the D. of A.) had not learned either business, and so he begged to say he'd see KING RICHARD farther first. CŒUR DE LION hearing this insulting speech repeated to his face by the high and mighty duke, straightway kicked him out of his tent, and ordered his banner to be disgraced."—*Brompton (improved).*

* We may note that while the arrows for the arblast were called "bolts," the arrows which were shot with the long bow were termed "shafts;" and hence arose the proverb, "I will make a shaft or a bolt of it," a phrase equivalent to "doing it by hook or by crook," meaning that if the thing could not be done in one way, it should be in another. The saying was however sometimes used in chaff, as for instance, when an archer missed his aim and ran away, his friends took care to say that if he hadn't made a shaft, he had clearly made a bolt of it!

AN EASY ROAD.

GARIBALDI took a very safe means of soon getting to Port. He began with Marsala.

SCHOOL FOR SIRENS.

(To Mr. Punch.)

SIR,—According to a newspaper announcement, a *conversazione* is fixed to take place on Thursday evening, June 21, at the South Kensington Museum, for the purpose of helping to build an edifice for an educational institution, which is to be called—what do you think?—the Female School of Art and Design! It is a fact, Sir. As if Females were not sufficiently artful and designing by nature, and required any instruction in craft and subtilty. I see that on this occasion the Koh-i-Noor diamond is to be exhibited, together with a collection of ancient and modern jewellery. Of course. Ear-rings, 'brooches, pearls, and ouches,' chaplets and coronals of diamonds, rubies, sapphires, emeralds, and all manner of gems, are, and always have been, among the principal appliances of Female Art and Design. I suppose there will be also a display of cosmetics and perfumes. 'Kalydor,' '*Crême de l'Impératrice*' (which must be a physiological curiosity), '*Fleur de l'Age*,' which is translated in the advertisements 'Bloom of Youth,' a preparation possibly intended to make aged faces look youthful, will be probably contained in the exhibition of articles which are commonly employed by Females with artful and designing views. To these insidious inventions will also doubtless be added 'Rondeletia,' 'Fairy Bouquet,' '*Eau de Bully*,' 'Wood Violets' and 'Jockey Club Perfume,' and most of the other scents which are recommended for the *boudoir*, inclusive of 'Kiss-me-Quick.' The collection will, perhaps, comprise 'teeth of pearly whiteness,' composed of porcelain. There will be no end of bonnets and hats of the sort that fashionable writers call 'coquettish' on view, I dare say; and I wonder if there will be an exposition of the various contrivances whereby Female Art and Design, inspired with Taste, have sought, in modern times, to improve a lady's figure by expanding its apparent proportions from those of the Medicean *Venus* to those of the Hottentot. At least I question whether the show of attractive apparatus and machinery will include hoops and crinoline, in which ridiculous incumbrances those incrementitious adjuncts to natural grace and symmetry have culminated. I should almost think not. I suspect that the majority of women hate and detest those ridiculous and troublesome superfluities as much as men do, and only wear them because they are worn by their superiors, whose example they are obliged to follow by an irresistible instinct. The ends of Female Art and Design would not be promoted by submitting the deplorable absurdities of Fashion to the inspection of mankind.

"It may be as well to mention, for the information of any young men who are sufficiently confident of their own strength of mind to have no fear of being captivated by bewitching wiles, and who may be curious to see and examine the sundry decorative objects which are the appurtenances and productions of Female Art and Design, that admission to the *conversazione* at which they will be exhibited is to be had by tickets only, procurable from MR. PHILIP CUNLIFFE OWEN, at the South Kensington Museum; from any member of the Committee of the School for the cultivation of feminine cunning; or at 37, Gower Street, from MISS GANN, Superintendent of that dangerous institution. All of those parties will be ready to receive donations from anybody who is of opinion that Female Art and Female Design ought to be encouraged. It may be that those old gentlemen who are blessed with grown-up daughters will be of that opinion; for my own part, Sir, I am glad to say my blessedness is single.

"I have the honour to be, Sir, your diligent reader,

"*Sweetbriars, Surley, June*, 1860." "ASPER."

Jack the Giant-Killer Redivivus.

To think of finding the old nursery wardrobe in full wear in Sicily! The Neapolitan Police-torturers in that island have for some time, it seems, been using the "cap of darkness." GARIBALDI has now come down upon them with the "sword of sharpness;" and the *sbirri* of BOMBALINO have found the "shoes of swiftness" to run away with.

FINANCIAL JUSTICE.

A WRITER on "Income-Tax Prospects," in the *Saturday Review*, makes the following observation:—

"OUR CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER may be safely trusted to see that, when the State charges its subjects with the annual cost of government and of insurance against foreign aggression, it is no more under a duty to take account of the varieties in the sources of their income than is the butcher who debits the DUKE OF SUTHERLAND, and JOHN SMITH, the greengrocer, with the price of the mutton he has supplied for their respective dinners."

Of course, JOHN SMITH, the Greengrocer, is obliged to consume as much mutton as the DUKE OF SUTHERLAND. JOHN SMITH has no power of meeting hard times by abstinence from mutton, and can never be reduced to dining off his own cabbage and potatoes. JOHN SMITH, who has no life interest in the market-garden which produces his vegetables, whose whole property consists of his stock-in-trade, and who, should he fail in business, must go to the Workhouse, can afford to pay an Income-Tax just as well as the DUKE OF SUTHERLAND can. The maker of the smallest income can afford the deduction of so much per cent. from it, equally well with the receiver of the largest; or, if he cannot afford it, his inability to afford it is nothing to the purpose, and ought to be altogether ignored. In that view of the case, the Income-Tax is much too indulgent to JOHN SMITH as compared with the DUKE OF SUTHERLAND. The Greengrocer ought to be made to pay not only proportionally, but absolutely, as much Income-Tax as the Duke pays; and should the amount demanded of him exceed his income, he ought to be sold up, and the proceeds of his stock and his sticks be applied to satisfy, as far as they will go, the just demands of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

A Subject for a Sea-Song.

THE Sea Serpent, according to the *Northern Ensign*, has been seen again. The beholder was CAPTAIN WILLIAM TAYLOR, master of the *British Banner*, whom our canny contemporary describes as "a native of South Ronaldshay, and a gentleman of unimpeachable veracity and great intelligence." It may be sufficient to state that CAPTAIN WILLIAM TAYLOR declares that the monster bit off the bowsprit, jib-boom, sails, and rigging of his vessel, and then swallowed the foretopmast, the staysail, the jib, and flying-jib, with the greatest apparent ease. This beats spiritualism. Want of space compels us to refrain from celebrating CAPTAIN WILLIAM TAYLOR'S encounter with the Sea Serpent, in a new and original ballad of *Billy Taylor*.

SPIRITUALIST SÉANCES.

A CERTAIN West-End drawing-room is the favourite scene of MR. HUME'S wonderful spiritualist exploits, of which flying is about the mildest. MR. BERNAL OSBORNE calls this mansion of marvels an Illustrated Edition of HUME'S *Essay on Miracles*.

The Value of the Public Time.

NOTICE OF MOTION.—*Mr. Punch* to move that, immediately under the Clock of the House of Commons, there be placed a large placard-board, handsomely framed and glazed, on which shall be inscribed, in illuminated characters, the legend—TEMPUS FUGIT.

NEAT AND APPROPRIATE.

THE *Morning Star* is anxious to get up a great demonstration in favour of the Reform Bill. We beg to recommend, should the Bill be massacred among the other innocents of the Session, "a national *apathy*cosis" in its honour.

A SHOCKING YOUNG LADY INDEED!

Emily (betrothed to Charles). "OH, CHARLES, ISN'T IT FUN? I'VE BEATEN ARTHUR AND JULIA, AND I'VE BROKE AUNT SALLY'S NOSE SEVEN TIMES!"

THE LIVERPOOL BOMBAS.

DISPUTING with a cabman is not a very pleasant or ennobling occupation, and when, by any chance, the cabman happens to be right, the dispute somewhat partakes of a humiliating tendency. Now a squabble, we are told, has been going on in Liverpool between the cabmen and the Town Council of that important port: and we incline rather to think that the latter have not raised themselves in public estimation by their acts, either in starting or conducting the dispute. A letter we last week inserted on the subject will have informed our readers of the matter in contention; which is, whether cabmen, while waiting for a fare, are to be permitted to seek solace in a pipe. This momentous question has been argued by the Council with (no doubt) some strength of argument, while the cabmen have discussed it in language doubtless stronger. It seems an old bye-law exists prohibiting the practice; and although it has been long considered a dead letter, the Council have determined to bring it into life again. Were our opinion asked, we should say that such a bye-law is clearly a gone-bye law, being quite at variance with the spirit of the age. So long as he abstains from making it a nuisance, a cabman, being a free subject, surely has a right to smoke. If he makes himself offensive, of course he will be told of it, and the public, by not hiring him, will soon put out his pipe. The remedy may surely, then, be trusted to their hands; and there is really no occasion to make Liverpool like Naples, by taking a tobacco leaf from BOMBA's book, and issuing proclamations against smoking in the streets.

But this is not the only point of likeness which is traceable; for we learn that the Town Council have taken yet another leaf from the same book, and are subjecting a number of her Majesty's free subjects to a treatment as tyrannical as that which has been practised by KING BOMBA's own police. The *Liverpool Mercury* informs us that—

"The promoters of the Cardrivers' Memorial to the Town Council for the repeal of the bye-law which prohibits them from smoking, wished to place sheets for signature in the streets, so as to elicit a demonstration of the feeling of the public; but we learn, to our astonishment, that the police interfered to prevent this not unusual course of procedure. We always thought that the right of petition was one of the peculiar and inalienable privileges of Englishmen; but in municipal matters, at all events, the police seem determined to extinguish the right. Not only do they prohibit smoking in the streets, but writing in the streets. Not only do they refuse to let a Cabdriver indulge in the luxury of a pipe, but they will not allow him to petition the Town Council for permission to indulge in it."

Whether a Town Council is invested with a right to put a cabman's pipe out, is a point which we may leave to lawyers to determine; for sometimes common law is one thing and common sense another. But we cannot well believe that there exists an Act of Parliament which prohibits one from signing a petition in a street. If there be, the sooner it is blotted out the better; for England will soon cease to be viewed as a free country, if men are not at liberty to write their names down publicly, without having their shoulders tapped by the police.

FEMALE ORPHAN ASYLUM.

A YOUNG widower, endowed with a handsome face, a graceful and elegant figure, an amiable disposition, immense property, first-rate education, brilliant abilities, refined taste, especially in dress, peculiarly fascinating manners, and a great many other advantages too numerous to mention, would be happy to enter into a matrimonial engagement with any young lady of sound principles, good sense, good temper, fair education, and moderate personal beauty, whose face may constitute her sole fortune. To these recommendations there must be added one condition, which is indispensable. Having already had an experience of that state which, when not embittered by discord and dissension, is truly described as domestic happiness, he has come to the conclusion that the partner of his lot, if it is to be an agreeable one, must have no relatives whose interference and importunities will be likely to create variance between himself and his wife. Immediate attention will be paid, with the strictest secresy, to any communication, addressed to *Punch's* Office, by any fatherless and motherless young lady, and a decided preference would be given to a FRIENDLESS ORPHAN. Direct to ADONIS CRŒSUS CRICHTON.

GARIBALDI THE LIBERATOR;

Or, The Modern Perseus.

THE ORPHÉONISTES' INVASION.

(*Respectfully Dedicated to* SIR EDMUND HEAD.)

BY A BRITISH ALARMIST.

THE Orphéonistes are coming! They are three thousand strong,
And every one's a Frenchman, with imperial fierce and long;
They're gathering to Sydenham, to the Crystal Palace fair,
On pretence of making music—but we don't believe that 'ere.

There's baseness in French trombones; there's sharpness in French horns;
There's a sting in every serpent whose coil that band adorns;
Those seeming harmless violas are strung for violation
Of every blessèd liberty of this most favoured nation.

Their sharps will turn out bayonets, their flats invading boats;
Their scores will grow to thousands, with hands upon our throats:
You may think the gamut harmless, but, under it, I see
Allusion clear to JOAN OF ARC—the maid of "Do-ré-mi."

The key they hope to sing in, is the key that opens wide
Our doors to an invader from the Channel's further side:
With a *Berçeuse* from CHOPIN, they'd the British Lion lull;
Orpheus of old charmed brutes—why not the Orphéonistes JOHN BULL?

Their *pianos*, once admitted, will soon to *fortes* turn;
Zouaviter in modo, they'll pillage, kill, and burn.
Let those who will laugh down alarms; in spite of sneers, I tell 'em,
That Syd'nham's organ-bellows, French-blown, will bellow *bellum*.

I've faith in national enmities; th' *entente cordiale* I scout,
I see no good in nations going gadding all about;
Betwixt the French and English no harmony can be;
Their overtures for overtures of peace won't pass with me.

And even if they come to sing, their time and pains they lose;
I hate French taste, just as I hate French frogs and wooden shoes;
They hold *Partant pour la Syrie* than the National Anthem finer,
And would fain have *Rule Britannia* transposed, and in C minor.

Then bar the door against these masked and musical invaders:
"Peace and good will" 's all very well, for a toast among freetraders;
But I'm a staunch Protectionist, and hold old-fashioned views—
That for work or play one Briton is worth three Parleyvoos.

Or if, in spite of warning, these Orphéonistes must come,
At least let's get some good from their Tweedle-dee and dum.
As Amphion, that first Orphéonist, raised Thebe's walls by song,
So let these modern Orphéonistes make *our* defences strong.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

June 4th. Monday. By far the most important Parliamentary statement of the week is that Big Ben being irretrievably cracked, and London being melancholy at not hearing a Voice from the Golden Tower, the hours are to be struck on the largest quarter-bell, which is about as big as that which the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's make such a good thing by showing.

Hypocrisy has, however, had a good go in this week. On Monday, the Reform farce came on again; and on its being moved that the House should go into Committee thereupon, a heap of amendments were presented, most of which the SPEAKER declared to be utterly foolish and inadmissible. MR. BENTINCK was very bumptious, and had to be spoken to with considerable severity. A lot of preliminary rubbish having been cleared away, LORD JOHN RUSSELL solemnly moved that the SPEAKER should leave the Chair, and, after a good deal of rather heavy defence of the Bill and the conduct of Ministers, intimated that he had no objection to submit to alterations which might be made in the Bill in Committee,—at which humility there were derisive taunts. He threw over the Irish and Scotch Reform Bills, as quite impossible to be proceeded with this Session; so that, if the English Bill should pass, the country will be able to say to LORD JOHN, with the wicked *Count Cenci* in SHELLEY'S Play:—

"And you give out that you have half reformed me."

But LORD JOHN could not sit down without perpetrating some mischief, so he ended by citing foolishly offensive expressions, which some of the Tory speakers had used in reference to the humbler classes, and he intimated that such words ought to sink into the hearts of the people. In the course of his speech he had alluded to an "obscure writer" in the *Quarterly Review*, who had abused him, and, as *Mr. Punch* mentioned with horror some time back, had declared for the deposition of MR. DISRAELI. His Lordship wanted to know who was he leader of Opposition.

MR. DISRAELI rose and declared that he was, and intended to remain so, and acting up to his notion of his position, he fired a good deal of hot shot into LORD JOHN, arguing that the alteration of the Constitution was too important a matter to be dealt with in the fast and loose manner adopted by that remarkable young nobleman. He, of course, resisted the going into Committee. After some more talk, the debate was adjourned until the Thursday.

It is convenient to *Mr. Punch*, and he hopes that it will be equally so to the world, and whether it is or not he does not in the least care, that the remainder of the Reform Story should be told. The debate was resumed on *Thursday*, when LORD JOHN, being asked whether there would be a dissolution, if the English Reform Bill passed, said that if there were a dissolution Parliament would be dissolved, and he could not be got to make any further revelation. SIR JAMES FERGUSON moved that the English Bill should not go into Committee till the Irish and Scotch Bills had been read a second time, as he had no notion of different Constitutions for the three Kingdoms. Then came on a long and affectedly earnest debate, in which MR. BRIGHT supported his friends the Ministers, and hinted at "disaster" in the event of the Bill being rejected,—the Hon. Quaker being supposed to mean a row. LORD PALMERSTON pretended to abuse those who had made long speeches against the Bill, and rather profanely, considering the season, jeered at them as having the "gift of tongues," but licence may be permitted to a Minister who appoints only Evangelical Bishops, at the direction of LORD SHAFTESBURY. He "hoped" that the Bill would be carried. At length the Conservatives took a division, and were beaten on SIR J. FERGUSON'S motion by 269 to 248, and then on a motion for adjournment by 267 to 222, when the debate *was* adjourned till the Monday.

Tuesday. The Sunday Trade and Howling Bill was passed in the Lords, and the Wine Licences Bill was read a Second Time, and on the Friday it went through Committee, despite a good deal of growling. In the Commons, the only interesting feature of the night was a display of extreme absurdity by BENTINCK and BAILLIE COCHRANE about the Civil Service Examinations, those accomplished gentlemen thinking it a hideous and horrible thing that anybody should be bound to understand history or geography. SIR G. LEWIS turned the laugh of the House upon BENTINCK, who did not know that DARWIN was an English writer.

Wednesday. A Bill for handing over a good deal more of the property of the Church to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners was debated with considerable rancour. But the manners of the House must be very good, and its sense of propriety rather fastidious, for a Member saying that the Bill was calculated to create "nomination boroughs under the clergy" was vehemently called to order, and felt it necessary to apologise for that terrifically irreverent expression. The debate was adjourned.

Thursday. LORD TEYNHAM made a ludicrous motion in favour of a Reform of his own, which greatly amused the House, and which LORD GRANVILLE opposed as gravely as he could. When the Peers had done laughing at TEYNHAM, his proposal was promptly extruded.

Friday. In the Upper House LORD BROUGHAM, with repeated expressions of utter incredulity as to the reported bombardment of Palermo, earnestly implored LORD GRANVILLE to declare it a hoax; calling it, conditionally, an unexampled atrocity, inasmuch as the burning of Rome by NERO was not so bad; and provisionally denouncing BOMBA THE SECOND as the author of an atrocious offence, and a tyrant more execrable than the most execrable of ancient tyrants, whose name had become proverbial for tyranny. Non-intervention was a sacred rule; but there were exceptional cases: and if the answer he should receive was not in the negative, the Tyrant of Naples ought to be sent to Jericho. LORD GRANVILLE was sorry to crush the fond hopes of the noble and learned lord by informing him that the bombardment of Palermo was an accomplished crime.

The DUKE OF SOMERSET, in answer to VISCOUNT DUNGANNON, admitted that Government had given from 400 to 500 dockyard workmen at Portsmouth the sack, having unfortunately engaged a greater number of hands than they wanted. The report that the men had been employed at French dockyards was bosh. The truth was more t'other: as 400 shipwrights had been dismissed from Cherbourg. A Police report, however, shows that the Duke was rather in a hurry to deny the story.

In the Commons, the most important business consisted in the motion of adjournment till Monday, on which no less than thirty-two questions concerning things in general were put and answered, for the most part, with exemplary brevity. MR. H. BAILLIE then complained of the too sweeping disarmament of the mild Hindoo. His complaint was backed by COLONEL SYKES, and elicited an inaudible defence of that precaution from SIR C. WOOD, and a needless justification of it from MR. VANSITTART. Leave having been given to Outsiders for the introduction of Bills relative to Stipendiary Magistrates and Agricultural Servants, which cannot be expected even to be discussed this Session, the House was Counted, and being only 38, went out, like the snuff of a candle.

Street Boy. "*Oh, lookee 'ere, Bill, 'ere's two Chancy Images!*"

THE CONVEYANCER'S PUPIL'S LAMENT.

When hands with writing deeds are shaking,
And fevered brains with abstracts aching,
And hearts for lack of fees are breaking;
When tangled titles bring despair,
And blackest drafts of wills are there,
From many a sharp Attorney's den;
There is a throb of rapture still,
One gleam breaks through the clouds of ill,
One thought buoys up the sinking will;
It is the hope of evening drill,
And breathing once fresh air again.

The time draws on to'ards half-past four;
But still fresh work remains in store;
A gloomy draftsman still dictates,
And warns we must obey the fates.
I hear the trumpet's blast alarming,
In every stair-case men are arming,
As gentle evening falls:
The Temples send a goodly train,
And Lincoln's Inn and Chancery Lane,
And Gray's monastic halls.

The briefless here, a sturdy band,
Both practice and respect command,
While grim Q. C.'s inactive stand,
And miss the Court's applause.
Lord Campbell's eyes with joy would shine,
Could Law and Equity combine,
As here they form one stalwart line,
To aid their country's cause.
One law inspires, one badge each cap bedecks,
'Tis *salus populi suprema lex.*

But ah! no bugle's sound that frays
The owlets on the bench of Gray's,
No Brewster's voice may raise my mettle,
Or help me this vile draft to settle.
Alas! the hour has passed away;
Too late to join my squad to-day!
One voice still interrupts my lines,
'Tis *Exōrs admōrs & assigns.*

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

"My dear Punch,

"When Scumbleton prates to me about the Limner's Art, and the eternal truth of its principles, I lose my patience. If Art has any principles at all, they are of an elastic nature, and we may adapt them at our pleasure to the exigences of a generous public. Of the Nine Ladies who, in classic days, kindly presided over the Arts and Sciences, I don't find one who devoted herself to the patronage of painters. Depend on it, that duty was undertaken by the Goddess who is usually represented with a wheel, and prepared to take the chief part in blind-man's-buff at the shortest notice. Yes, it is the fair virgin, Fortuna, whom we cultivate in Soho, and you shall study all the Authors who have written on our profession—from Pliny to Mr. Ruskin—without arriving at any certain conclusion on the subject. The truth is, there is a fashion which guides our pencils and distributes our paint. *Fallacia alia aliam trudit.* The other day the Grand School was in vogue, and now there is a Præ-Raphaelite furore. Has it not been so in all ages: Did not Giotto put Signor Cimabue's Florentine nose out of joint? and was not the former interesting youth himself surpassed in later ages by one Raphael, who in his turn, altered his style after seeing the great Buonarotti?

"Good old Sir Joshua, shifting his trumpet and quoting Quintillian, would not, I suspect, have many listeners among the bearded wide-awaken'd students of the Royal Academy a.d. 1860; and if Sir George Howland Beaumont, Bart., could but revisit this sphere, what would his feelings be at the present state of the Landscape School—to find that Mr. Hook will paint grass green, and that Mr. Naish does not think it beneath his dignity to represent a rock—as he sees it!

"What a change we have seen in our own time. When I ambitiously competed for (and signally failed to obtain) the R. A. gold medal for the best oil-painting, the subject given to the candidates was, as well as I can recollect, '*Curius Dentatus, showing his hollow tooth to the Samnites, descants on the vanity of human ambition,*' and a very fine Classical picture my friend Borax made of this truly Classical subject, But, peace to the ashes of the Grand School! *Tempora mutantur!* and if *tempera*, as Wiscount W. justly remarked, why not oil-painting, too? Who cares now for the Classic School? The earth has closed finally over Marcus Curtius, and we no longer see depicted his daring act of horsemanship. Aristides is banished—never to return. Where are our old friends the Parcæ? Alas, we no longer sympathise with Sisyphus, and Orpheus fiddles to us in vain. The woes of the gentle but unfortunate Hecuba, the wanderings of the youthful and pious Æneas, have ceased to afford subjects for the modern brush, and I think few of us regret the change. To my mind (naturally prosaic, I admit) there are incidents in the nineteenth century quite as well worth recording on canvas as the events which occurred in Olympus; and, to say the truth, I would rather possess an honestly painted picture of modern life than acres of canvas 'after' the glorious antique. But, *revenons à nos moutons.* Mr. Cooper's *Sheep* are well grouped, and vigorously painted, and so faithful seems the wintry aspect of his picture, that if ever I go down to East Cumberland, I'll take very good care not to cross '*Newbiggin Muir in a Snow-drift.*'

"Mr. Thomas, in his '*Dimanche,*' has well characterised the little French corporal and his charmer with the pink parasol, as they stroll in the Tuileries. This is as it should be. It is better for the *Marquis d'un Sou* to bestow his hand upon his faithful Adeline than to carry his arms to *perfide Albion.*

"Mr. S. Solomon deserves great praise for a novel and admirable treatment of an old subject. It required no ordinary skill to give those stern Egyptian faces the tender womanly expression which they wear. The '*Moses*' (346) is a good specimen of the rising school—well studied—purely coloured—finely drawn.

"'Aw!—fellar chopping sticks—Ah!' was the brilliant observation of a swell who stood before Mr. Brett's '*Hedger.*' Yes, a fellar chopping sticks, good Sir, while his little daughter trips along with his homely meal—there, that will do for you—the subject is not quite in your line. Pass on to the portraits of your illustrious friends, and leave me to the full enjoyment of this charming bit of sylvan shade, for a little while, before I, too, move on to be pushed and hustled in front of the '*General Post Office,* 1 *Minute to* 6.' I say this advisedly, for the crush represented in Mr. Hicks's picture gives only a faint idea of the crowd around it. The glimpses which you catch of it, between hats, over shoulders, and under arms, increase the reality of the scene. There is a charming little 'party,' in a plaid shawl, hurrying to post her letter to him evidently. The envelope bears a blue stamp, and doubtless contains two-pennyworth of the

usual vows, and sighs, and poetical quotations, underlined everywhere but in the right place. (We all know them: one love-letter is much like another—from the tender epistle of HELOISE down to poor BETTY'S Valentine). A porter who has had a hard run for it wipes his forehead in a great heat, on the right hand, while an old gentleman is exhibiting great coolness on the left. Letters fly in all directions—papers arrive in shoals. How could my LORD DERBY after seeing this picture—but—but why should I add to his remorse?

"'*The Governess*' (405) tells its story very well—perhaps a little too loudly. We ridicule the old Mediæval plan of writing the name and title against each object in a picture. If we were to read such inscriptions as:—

This is a poore Governesse,
This is an irate Aldermanne hys Wife,
Here are ye cheeky Children,

&c. &c., on E. OSBORN'S canvas, *risum teneatis amici?* Yet, virtually, the thing is done here, by what a German might call exaggerative-moral-delineation. A Governess may look injured, and patient, without seeming quite a St. Catharine of a martyr: it is possible to represent an Alderman's Wife as haughty and vulgar, without reminding one of Billingsgate; and though, I must say, ill-bred children are great plagues, I think if only one of these little ones had been seen clinging fondly to her teacher, the picture would have lost none of its effect, and perhaps have seemed a little more true to nature.

"426 is, in my humble opinion, one of the best landscapes in the room, and MR. MACCALLUM may feel very certain to which of MR. RUSKIN'S 'Two paths' his '*Rustic Path*' belongs. I think it is a path which must one day join the road to Fame. His partner (MR. HICKS) has succeeded no less admirably in the figures, and all who examine them may exclaim, in the language of a Surrey audience—'Brayvo HICKS!' MR. LINNELL'S more ambitious painting (451), leads us '*Atop of the Hill*,' where the horizon is cerulean enough to give any ordinary observer the blues. With that masterly skill, however, which characterises this artist, he has made light of the middle distance, though parts of the foreground, are it must be confessed, rather shady.

"In these days, when every eighteen inches square of painted canvas is expected to 'point a moral or adorn a tale' it is curious to come upon a picture which does neither. I have looked again and again at MR. CLARK'S '*Chess-Players*' without being able to arrive at the motive. That the window is open, I openly admit. That the old gentleman is going to sneeze is also a self-evident fact. *Après?* I don't know. Perhaps they will shut down the sash.

"If MR. HEAPHY'S '*First Pie*' had not such an unwholesome looking crust, one might congratulate the smiling pretty novice on her first initiation to the mysteries of the culinary art. As it is, my digestive functions forbid the compliment.

"The '*Return of the Missing Crew*,' by MR. BARWELL, is a good homely English subject, skilfully painted, and contains more real poetry than a dozen High Art achievements, full of glaring morals and sham sentiment.

"A little harmless '*Mischief*' now and then is very good fun, and MR. ROSSITER'S picture of that title is clever and amusing. We may see in the flirtation at the door which of the three divinities has been preferred by the judgment of this modern Paris. Her sister, evidently annoyed that she did not receive the apple, is about to make a Ribstone pippin the instrument of her vengeance. Let us hope the rosy apple will not disturb the blushing pair.

"Can I leave the West Room without thanking MR. OPIE for his '*Peasant Girl*' (348) and his '*Quiet Afternoon*' (221)? They wear an air of simple modesty, which no one can help admiring. As I look at them, and think of the great Cornishman who died some fifty years ago, I am glad to find the name of OPIE still associated with our English fields and homesteads.

"Faithfully yours,
"JACK EASEL."

MRS. JOAN ARKER'S OPINIONS ON DRILL.

FRIENDS, as well as foes, may say what they think proper, but I still contend that Rifle Volunteers are to be admired, from every point of view. RUTH DOVE, an intelligent and pretty young Quakeress, was conversing with me for two hours yesterday, in her mild and sensible way, and endeavouring to prove that we should strive to disarm our enemies by kindness, and pour not vinegar, but oil, on their minds. I see no objection to others using the flask, if I may retain the castor; but there is one condiment whose tranquillising properties admit of no argument, I allude to pepper, and I sincerely hope that Britannia's cruet-stand will never be wanting in that.

Then again my amiable young friend delicately hints that our opposite neighbour is much too polite and tender-hearted ever to dream of throwing missiles over our Wall. I hope he is, but according to all accounts, he has not had a very good example set him at home, and I have heard that he has boasted of tearing leaves out of his Uncle's book. For my own part I would rather not insure my conservatory in any of my neighbour's "good offices." The wisest policy is to stand up and exclaim "Throw if you dare," not to go down trembling on one's knees with a piteous whimper of "Oh—please don't!"

Now this military movement is not only a national, it is a domestic blessing. MR. ARKER is constitutionally a fidgety man. For months past he had been nervous and out of sorts; a fluctuation in the funds had always been followed by a fluctuation in his spirits. He had invariably complained of a sinking, whenever there was a fall of the reduced. A slight tightness of the money-market has given him a severe pain at the chest. Unfortunately being of a speculative turn, he has gone very deep into Mines, and was constantly getting into a gloomy vein. Whenever there was a thunder-storm he announced that the Church was in danger, and would shake his head mysteriously at the weather-cock, and prophesy the downfall of Ministers.

How altered is his aspect now! Since he obeyed his country's summons and took proper steps for her protection, his countenance, instead of keeping pace with the barometer, has brightened permanently into set fair, while his nerves have become as firm as fiddlestrings. With what manly pride he first donned his accoutrements! I buttoned his knickerbockers and fastened his belt. He then glanced at himself in the glass, and gave me such a sly smile, just as he did when we walked arm-in-arm out of Beckenham Church thirty years ago. He now talks hopefully of an approaching era, when all who are interested in Railways will feel that their lines have fallen in pleasant places, when the Income-Tax will only be remembered as a financial night-mare, and when bribery and corruption will be shuddered at as a frightful dream. When Woman, no longer cooped up by vulgar prejudice, will find an open field for her exertions, and Man, basking in her smiles, will no longer vainly yearn to mitigate her sighs.

I used often to scold him for his untidy habits. Now his new dress-coat fits him like a glove, and his breast is prominent and pigeonly. He would also frequently keep dinner waiting, now no man is more remarkable for promptness and punctuality. His watch is regulated daily by the Horse-Guards, and all his invitations are marked, "N.B. Military-time." To the Ladies he is particularly attentive, shawling them, and buzzing about them like a bee, rifling sweets from every flower. He still talks unconsciously when taking a nap in an easy chair, after actively skirmishing with his corps over the Surrey Hills; but instead of being painful, it is quite pleasant to hear him "Shoulder-arms—ground-arms—right-about-face—make ready—present—fire!" are some of the stirring and warlike ejaculations which denote how completely his heart is in his arms.

In conclusion, we must look at these martial exercises with respect to their influence on Temperance and Love. I cannot believe that those who have legitimate targets to aim at, will be easily tempted to make butts of themselves, and is it feasible that smart young Riflemen, who are prepared to "pop" at anything, will overlook what is universally allowed to be the most important object of all?

GENUINE PAPAL INDULGENCES.

YOU must know that a letter from Rome in the *Monde*, giving an account of a visit which the POPE lately made to Ostia, relates the following remarkable fact:—

"After having gone over the different parts of the ancient town, his Holiness went to the Casino of the Company of the Salt Works, where refreshments were presented to him. The POPE called to him the children of MADAME DE LAMORICIÈRE and the COUNTESS APPONYI, and, after asking them several questions, sent them away laden with sweetmeats and sugar-plums."

The picture of the Holy Father distributing sweetmeats to children is a pleasing one. It represents him as being, what personally he no doubt is, a good-natured old gentleman. Ultra-Protestant bigotry alone would suppose that toffee, hard-bake, almond-rock, sugar-candy, peppermint-drops, caraway-comfits, Spanish liquorice, and elecampane were rendered unwholesome by receiving the Papal benediction. Let his Holiness continue the dispensation of sweetstuff, for there can be no objection to this kind of indulgences, granted in moderation to children. Instead of issuing Bulls of Excommunication, he will do well, henceforth, to content himself with dealing out bulls'-eyes.

THE FRENCH CARICATURISTS, WITH THEIR USUAL ACCURATE KNOWLEDGE OF BRITISH MANNERS AND CUSTOMS, ARE FOND OF REPRESENTING OUR SOLDIERS AS CONTINUALLY PLAYING AT BILLIARDS.—WELL! PERHAPS IT WILL BE FOUND THAT THEY *DO* PLAY THEIR *CANNONS* REMARKABLY WELL!

* * British Officers of Distinction. ⁂ Daughters of Albion! (The wonderful fidelity of this representation will be immediately acknowledged.)
° ° Young Guardsmen! (Painful, perhaps, but too true!) † The *Boule Dogue.* (Asleep, of course.)

THE FUTURE OF THE FASHIONS.

THERE was a time when girls wore hoops of steel,
And with grey powder used to drug their hair,
Bedaubed their cheeks with rouge: white lead, or meal,
Adding, to simulate complexions fair:
Whereof by contrast to enhance the grace,
Specks of court-plaister decked the female face.

That fashion passed away, and then were worn
Dresses whose skirts came scarce below the knee,
With waists girt round the shoulder-blades, and Scorn
Now pointed at the prior finery,
When here and there some antiquated dame
Still wore it, to afford her juniors game.

Short waists departed; Taste awhile prevailed;
Till ugly Folly's reign returned once more,
And ladies then again went draggle-tailed;
And now they wear hoops also, as before.
Paint, powder, patches, nasty and absurd,
They'd wear as well, if France but spoke the word.

Young bucks and beauties, ye who now deride
The reasonable dress of other days;
When Time your forms shall have puffed out or dried,
Then on your present portraits youth will gaze,
And say what dowdies, frights, and guys you were,
With their more specious figures to compare.

Think, if you live till you are lean or fat,
Your features blurred, your eyes bedimmed with age,
Your limbs have stiffened; feet grown broad and flat:
You may see other garments all the rage,
Preposterous as even that attire
Which you in full-length mirrors now admire.

A GOOD MAN, NO DOUBT, BUT A BAD SPEAKER.

THAT our Rifle Volunteers are a gallant set of fellows, nobody who knows them will venture to dispute; and that their poetry is sometimes as conspicuous as their gallantry, the reader of this passage (which we take from a provincial paper, only altering one word in it) can hardly fail to grant:—

"MR. HOMER MILTON SHAKSPEARE was loudly called upon to respond, and he answered to the call with some alacrity. He returned thanks in a speech containing many sentiments of gallantry, and concluded by trusting that—

The merry maids and matrons dear
Would quake no more for war,
But look with trust and confidence
Upon the Rifle Corps."

A nervous man, if not a quaker, might quake "for fear of" war, but to "quake for war" is quite a new expression to us, and it sounds a little shaky, not to call it quaky. Perhaps the gallant speaker wished to show his bravery, that he spoke in such defiance of the laws of LINDLEY MURRAY; or he doubtless thought to prove himself a military man, by venturing on such English as civilians would shrink from. However this may be, we "look with trust and confidence" that Volunteers in future will abstain from such queer terms as may expose them to the charge of having used bad language.

CLERK OF THE WEATHER OFFICE.—Notice is hereby given that in consequence of the Zodiac being taken up for repairs, there will be no Summer or Autumn this year. All contracts made on the understanding that the Seasons would go on as usual, hirings of country houses, and of moors, arrangements for tours, promises to marry, and the like, are null and void. The Winter quarter begins on the 1st of July prox°, and terminates some time next year.

(Signed) PHŒBUS APOLLO.

WITH MR. MACKINNON'S LEAVE.—What the Reform Bill has to wait for, is not the *census* of the country; but its *consensus*.

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Old Gentleman. *"Hoy, Conductor, are you full inside?"*

Cad (in by no means an undertone). *"Not I, Sir; 'tisn't likely with such a set o' nasty shabby spiteful timekeepers as we 'a got down this road, aswouldn'tletapoormanpullupforaglasso'aleorasandwichnottosavchislifetheywouldn't—Oh the Bus is, if you mean that. All right!"*

MR. PUNCH AT THE FLORAL HALL.

EVERYBODY knows that the Floral Hall last Tuesday was first used for floral purposes, in the presence of HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN and *Mr. Punch;* but everybody possibly is not so well aware that on Thursday *Mr. Punch* revisited the hall, that, as his friend the Wiscount hinted, he might say hall about it when his next number came hout. Having on the first night an engagement in the *ballet* (being honoured with a command to dance attendance on his Sovereign), *Mr. Punch* was scarcely able to enjoy the floral banquet which had so daintily been spread for the Royal eyes to feast upon. A second visit therefore seemed a national necessity, for whenever a new sight is opened to the nation, of course the nation wants to hear what its *Punch* may have to say of it. *Udite,* then, *rustici,* and give ear too, ye cockneys, and *Punch* will tell you how he feasted in the fairy-land of Bow Street, while *Puck* and *Ariel* were playing hide-and-seek among the flower-pots, or dancing on the slack ropes of roses 'neath the roof.

A flower-show by daylight is a common thing enough, and in these dismal drenching days when half the visitors arrive in damp spirits and goloshes, a flower-show or shower-flow is not a merry meeting. But a flower-show by gaslight, where the visitors are all in opera costume, is quite a novel kind of floral feast in England, and *Mr. Punch* thinks it quite pardonable to own he felt a glutton at it. He could hardly fail however to satisfy his appetite; for the *pièces de résistance* were pyramids of geraniums twenty feet in height, and these were flanked with solid *entrées* of hydrangeas and azaleas, on which the greediest eye might feast until it was quite satiated. But the *plat* which chiefly tickled *Mr. Punch's* visual palate was a sort of a raised pie made of the choicest of bouquets, whose white papers formed the lightest and the flakiest of crust. *Mr. Punch* was so bewitched by this enchanting structure, that he felt his bump of burglary alarmingly developed, and having just seen *Fra Diavolo,* and admired the clever way in which one *Tagliafico Beppo* stole the landlord's spoons, it was as much as he could do to keep from pocketing the pie, which, as it measured ten yards round, and *Mr. Punch* had his dress-coat on, would have been no easy feat. *Mr. Punch,* however, would in charity suggest, that when MR. GYE again invites the public to a floral feast, he should insist upon his guests having their hands all tied behind them, and thus help them to remember a part of the Church Catechism, which *Mr. Punch* for once felt tempted to forget.

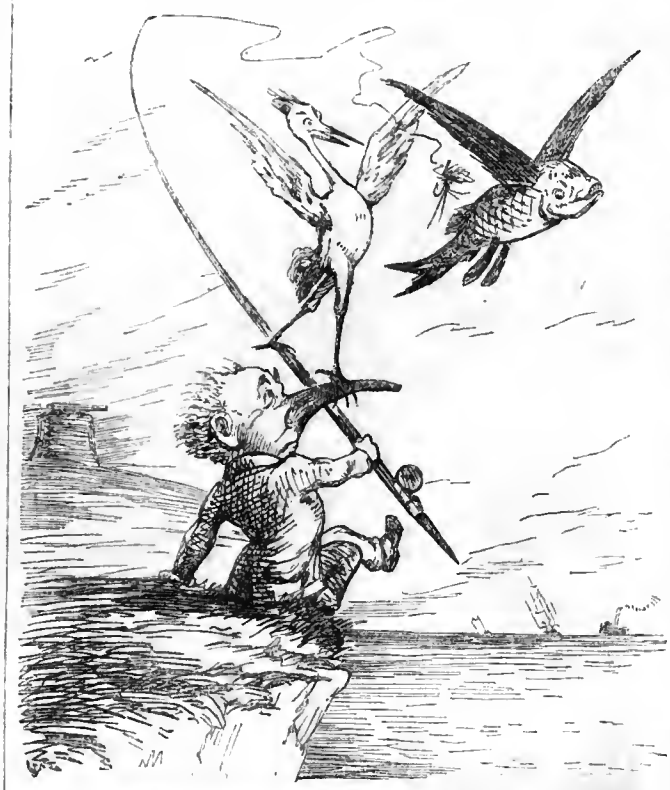
But for this temptation (which exposed him to the risk of passing the whole night in Bow Street—not at MR. GYE'S, but at the house over the way) *Mr. Punch* might with great confidence advise his readers—that is, everybody—to get cards for these flower-feasts. With due precautions to prevent one (to speak in vulgar metaphor) from pocketing the spoons, such banquets are in every way deliciously enjoyable and delightful to each one of the five senses which are ravished by them. Taste is thoroughly attended to, as well as smell and sight: and there is the feeling, too, of pleasure in taking Lovely Woman to a place she looks so pretty in. Nor is the sense of hearing at all less well consulted, although (to throw a sprinkle of cold water on the Coldstream) a band which is so good *might* play something better than *Hoopdedooden doo,* which to ears polite, must sound a little savage after AUBER and ROSSINI.

Husbands who wish, then, to give their dear ones a cheap treat, cannot well do better than take them to the Floral "Hall of dazzling light," when next the Covent Gardeners have it lighted up. If summer comes this year (it may, perhaps, by Christmas), a rose-feast will of course be given in the Hall, and a rose-spread is the best of flowery blows-out. With the treats that are in store for them, *Mr. Punch* then may congratulate his friends, the ladies, generally, that his friend, MR. GYE, is now possessed of a good Hall, and he hopes that MR. GYE may make many a good haul by it.

The Crank and Oakum Cure.

PROPHET PRINCE, the Superior of the Agapemone, who gives out that the Christian dispensation is completed in his person, may be fond of such exercise as that of playing at hockey, but appears to be averse to hard labour. There can, however, be very little doubt that six months of it would be a very good thing for him.

ANOTHER STORM IN A LIVERPUDDLE.



E understand that the Four Liverpool Merchants, who made some sensation last year by their application to the Emperor of the French for a revelation of his real intentions in regard to the invasion of England, have felt it their duty, in consequence of the encouragement they then received, to make another inquiry of his Imperial Majesty. The incessant declarations of the Spirit Rappers that they caused the hand of the late lamented Napoleon to appear to his Nephew, have excited so much sensation that the Four Merchants determined to ascertain from the Emperor whether there were any foundation for the story. The following is the letter which they addressed to his Majesty from which it will be seen that Liverpool gentlemen were falsely accused of not understanding French), and appended is the Imperial reply:—

1.

A Le Empereur de les Français.

" Plaisez Votre Majesté,

" Nous, le quatre marchands de Foie-etang, qui avaient l'onneur de ecrivez a votre Majeste environ l'invasion de Angleterre par les soldats de France dernier année, ont maintenant le plaisir de renouveller notre correspondance sur un autre sujet, de moins importance peutêtre, mais a la même temps un sujet dans laquel plusieurs personnes dans cet pays prendent une vif interet.

" Avez vous, votre Majesté, quelque objection de dire si le queue est vrai que Monsieur Hume, le spiritualiste, a levè le fantôme de votre oncle, le grand Napoleon, et que cette apparition a montrè, devant votres yeux, une main, avec quel il a ecrit quelques mots, maintenant sur un papier que vous avez dans votre estomac? *

" Nous esperous que vous, Madame le Imperatrice, et votre petit garçon sont tres bien, et que vous avez meilleur temps dans France que nous avons ici ou il pluit comme le diable et tout.

" Nous avons l'onneur de rester,

" Votre Majeste,

" Votres tres sincerement,

" *Vendredi soir.*" " Dickey Samm,
" *Juin Vingth.*" Toxteth Ward,
Prison Weint,
Huskisson Lock."

2.

To the Four Liverpool Merchants.

" Gentlemen, " *Tuileries. Monday.*

" You are fools, and the spiritualists are liars."

" *Dickey Samm, &c., &c.*" " L. N."

* Supposed accidental substitution for an equivalent for "desk."

A Comparison on All-Fours.

The Horse debate in the House of Lords reminds one of the story told by Coleridge of the single remark, made by the intelligent-looking taciturn gentleman at dinner, on a dish of Norfolk Dumplings. The thorough mastery of the subject of discussion evinced by the noble speakers compels one, applying the words of that gentleman to their Lordships, to exclaim, "Them's the Jockeys for me!"

The Height of Modesty:—Naples, desiring to be free, asks a Constitution "like that of France!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday. *June* 11, 1860. The floor of the House of Commons should to-night have been covered with that dark green carpet which, in the days when there were Tragedies (and Tragedians to act them), the composed and sedate play-goer loved to behold. For to-night there was a stern business in hand. To-night the Lord John Russell, third and youngest son of the sixth Duke of Bedford by his first wife, the second daughter of the fourth Viscount Torrington, did immolate his third and youngest Reform Bill upon the altar of Popular Indifference. To-night did Lord Saturn-Agamemnon-Virginius-Jephtha-Brutus-Azo-Punch-Russell execute his own offspring with a calm stoicism highly to his honour. Lord Punch himself could not have tossed his baby out of window with a more off-hand readiness. Lord S.-A.-V-J.-B.-A.-P.-R. stated, first, that he was not going to postpone his Bill till the Census should have been taken; secondly, that as 250 Members had announced, by division, that they thought the Bill ought to be thrown over, Government were bound to consider their views; thirdly, that there could be no dealing in reasonable time with the sixty or seventy amendments on the paper; fourthly, that as a Chinese war was now certain, the money question must be considered; fifthly, that the Fortifications business must be taken up; sixthly, that an extraordinary session, for Reform purposes, did not seem called for by the country; and, seventhly, that he should, on all those grounds, abstain from proceeding with the Bill. But he added, that at the earliest opportunity he should introduce another Bill for reducing the franchise.

The crowd did not exactly, as in *Parisina*,

> " In a speechless circle gather
> To see the Child fall by the doom of the Father,"

inasmuch as several speeches were made over the body. Mr. Mackinnon, the Census proposal party, as Member for Rye, appropriately congratulated Lord John on having again sown his Wild Oats, and Mr. Disraeli announced his opinion that Ministers had taken a wise and not an undignified course. He utterly denied that opposition of any kind had been the death of the Bill, and graciously suggested that its fate was due to the great mass of public business, of an important character, which encumbered the Government. He protested, in the interest of the future, against the coarse and vulgar expedient of degrading the franchise. And he promised that the Government should have every aid from the Conservatives in forwarding the really urgent public business. This was all very elegant and amiable, but Mr. Bright could not be expected to stand it, and he begged to remind Mr. Disraeli that his own Reform Bill degraded the suffrage by the addition of 500,000 votes, and the Member for Birmingham made considerable sport of the statement that the Opposition had not hindered the Bill. However, he avowed his conviction that in the present state of feeling in the House nobody could pass a Reform Bill, and then he fired off a salute of a hundred and one guns in honour of the Budget and the Treaty. Anybody who wishes to know what Mr. Newdegate, Mr. Edwin James, Mr. Griffith, and Lord Fermoy said, is at perfect liberty to refer to the morning papers of Tuesday. Mr. Bernal Osborne scoffed at Mr. Mackinnon for thinking that he was the man "who had killed Cock Robin," and was otherwise as diverting as people often grow upon such occasions. Gondolas are black, says Lord Byron,

> " But often they contain a deal of fun,
> Like mourning coaches when the funeral's done."

Mr. Horsman was effective, specially pitched into the Whigs, as really opposed to democratic measures, and fustigated Mr. Bright, whom he described as all for the master-classes and capitalists, except in talk. A few other members, of small calibre, followed, amid the yawns of the House, and if, as the *Saturday Review* says, the Commons witnessed the scene of the night like Roman Augurs, some of them were at once Augurs and Bores. Finally, the Speaker made Proclamation: "The amendment is withdrawn, the motion is withdrawn, and

the Bill is withdrawn," and "a laugh" told *Mr. Punch*, who was smoking on the Terrace, and admiring MR. PAGE's new bridge, that all was over. *Vocem adyti dignam tempto.*

LORD DERBY, in Another Place, poked some fun at LORD CAMPBELL, for not attending to the Great Clock at Westminster, and wanted to know where one of the hands was. He elicited from LORD CAMPBELL the brilliant and soul-stirring epigram that the attempt which had been made to reform the Clock had succeeded as ill as Reform in Parliament. EARL GREY protested against the Big Bell being revived. The subject was renewed in the Commons on *Friday*, when MR. COWPER said, that dirt had got into the Clock, and that he had taken counsel with the Astronomer-Royal about it, we suppose, because the Clock is in an AIRY situation. *Bref*, the horologe is to be made all right, and, it may be remarked, *àpropos* of this discussion in Parliament, that idle people are always making the most fuss and bother about time. The Wine Houses Bill passed its last stage, thirty-six Lords voting for it, and two (DENMAN and DONOUGHMORE) against it, so the victory over the Pot-house and Pump faction is complete. Some progress was made in the Commons with Criminal Law Consolidation, and some other useful matters, and an Irish farce brought a tragic evening to a pleasant termination. It was called *Did you ever send your Landlord to Purgatory?*

Tuesday. An Ossy night in the Lords. The great question now agitating all stable minds is, whether the system of running horses with infinitesimal weights, in the shape of young, or stunted jockeys upon them, does not tend to discourage that merit in the breed of horses, to obtain which is, as everybody knows, the only object of racing; and to promote which, and for that purpose only, *Mr. Punch* and others sacrifice their comfort by attending at Epsom, Ascot, and Newmarket, eating many lobsters, and drinking much champagne. The Lords debated the matter with much skill, and LORD REDESDALE, who was for increasing the weights, was successfully opposed by the DUKE OF BEAUFORT, LORD WINCHELSEA, and LORD DERBY. The Government were also in favour of light weights, notwithstanding that a celebrated Light Weight Jockey, from the Bedford training stables, had just been found unable to ride the famous horse *Reform*. There were above 150 Peers present during the racing discussion, but there were only 31 left to divide, after a subsequent debate on the Benefices Bill, which vitally concerns the interests of the Church. This remark is not meant as a reproach; on the contrary, people should meddle only with what they understand.

In the Commons, LORD PALMERSTON delivered himself of the strongest censure upon the KING OF NAPLES, his Government, and the atrocities of the Royal forces in Sicily, and declared that inasmuch as the Governments of Rome and Naples were the real and original authors of the revolts in those countries, to grant the prayers of the tyrants to remove such authors would be to clear away the Sovereigns themselves. *Mr. Punch* immediately sprang to his feet, gave three cheers for LORD PALMERSTON, and about seventeen hundred for GARIBALDI, and was carried into the refreshment room slightly exhausted. SIR GEORGE LEWIS, on the Census question, said, with a certain sarcasm, that dissenting parties had no call to be aggrieved, there would be no penalty for not stating their religion, and that he did not ask what were people's religious "opinions," but only their religious "professions." The hit told, and there was a laugh. A debate, showing up the general debility of the Admiralty, was followed by a long and really good speech from SIR CHARLES WOOD, in support of a Bill for enabling the Indian Secretary to fuse the Indian Army into that of the QUEEN.

Wednesday. The Commons debated a valuable Bill for the regulation of mines. It is sought to give the children who are employed in mines a chance of Recreation and Education, but some of the Members in the mining interest appeared not to think these Necessaries to which Minors are entitled.

Thursday. Not much in the Lords, except a statement by the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE that the settlers and the natives have come to quarrel in New Zealand, and that the regular troops and the volunteers having imitated the example, things might have gone ill but for a gallant sea-captain called CRACROFT, and his men, who made short work with the tattooed parties.

A Navy Reserve Debate in the Commons brought out the declaration from LORD CLARENCE PAGET that, if the country would "wait patiently," we should find the Navy on a satisfactory footing. Why, of course *we* can wait, if Somebody Else will. Meantime the Articles of War are to be boiled a little and made soft,—changed from tobacco-pipes to maccaroni,—so that they may be the more easily swallowed by seamen. LORD CLARENCE also explained a plan for providing for such old naval officers as were past work. He pathetically remarked that he could not kill them, and indeed should be sorry to do so, but that the brave old creatures were dreadfully in the way. SIR JOHN PAKINGTON had another plan, which of course he thought better than LORD CLARENCE'S. Something must be done, for all the service-rules in the world will not save a Secretary-at-War from the Tower and the Block, if he sends an English fleet into battle under an incapable Admiral. The DUKE OF SOMERSET will be kind enough to make a memorandum of this fact, and stick it over his looking-glass, so that he may read it every morning while he is shaving. It may save that shaver from the National Razor.

Friday. That remarkable Solon, LORD WESTMEATH, wanted to pass a Bill for inflicting awful penalties upon people who drive too fast. As his Lordship is 75, we dare say he finds the crossings awkward, but any one of those excellent and decorated Commissioners would put him across for a very small consideration, and this would be a better arrangement than legislation in favour of the toes of an Irish peer of advanced age. The CHANCELLOR, of course, squashed the proposition.

The SPEAKER'S Miscellany for Friday comprised, *inter alia*, the following interesting articles:—

Shall Irish Paupers be harshly Removed?

MR. E. BARRY and his late father's Plans, with explanations how he is to complete them.

Down with the Railings round CHARLES THE FIRST.

What shall we do with the newly surrendered Reservoir in Hyde Park?

Are we to spend £11,800,000 on Fortifications?

Where are the Big Irish Mail Boats?

With a variety of other matter which will not in the slightest degree repay perusal.

Bipeds and Quadrupeds.

A NUMEROUS Meeting of Costermongers took place yesterday at the Moke's Head, Seven Dials, to consider the question of legislative interference with the Turf. The attention of the assembly was called to the Debate which occurred the other evening in the House of Lords on the proposed establishment of a *minimum* of light weights for Jockeys. After a long and animated discussion, a resolution was agreed upon for the presentation of a petition to the representative branch of the Legislature, praying that, as the Lords had given their consideration to the aristocratic interests of horse-racing, the Commons would be pleased to direct their attention to the inquiry whether anything could be done for the improvement of donkey-races.

MEDICAL CHIT-CHAT.

HIS HOLINESS THE POPE is a well-meaning, but infatuated man. It is to be feared that he has a slate loose in the upper storey, wherein indeed, among the students of medicine he is commonly said to be suffering from caries of the temporal bone.

COMPLIMENTARY TO PATERFAMILIAS.

Sister Amy. "MY DEAR ROSE! WHAT *ARE* YOU DOING?—MAMMA WILL BE VERY ANGRY!"

Rose. "WHY, WALTER WANTS TO BE LIKE PAPA. SO I'M JUST THINNING HIS HAIR AT THE TOP!"

HOW TO REFORM YOUR MILLINERS' BILLS.

UNDER the heading of "Crinoline in Church," a correspondent of the *Times* expresses, with much neatness of diction, a desire to "ventilate" a grievance under which he is half-smothered every Sunday. He then mentions the notorious and troublesome circumstance that—

"Ladies will persist in attending Divine worship in crinoline. Pews hired out to accommodate four persons will, therefore, now barely contain two."

The abatement of this nuisance might be imagined to be feasible by the simple expedient of sitting on the ladies' skirts and making cushions of their exuberant haberdashery. The continuation of the complainant's statement, however, will show the difficulties which oppose that process:—

"I myself rent a couple of seats in our parish church, which I attend regularly with my little daughter. The other two are rented by some neighbours of mine,—handsome, well-dressed, good-natured women, against whom I have nothing to say, save that they attire their persons from the waist downwards in a sort of steel-ribbed apparatus, like a carriage umbrella inverted, over which acres of silks, and muslins, and ribbons are festooned. If they arrive before us they quite fill the pew, and my girl and myself are obliged humbly to creep in under their petticoats; it being as much as we can do to keep our heads above crinoline during the service."

The petticoats of mail, which are worn by females, protect them like real armour, and serve not only for defence, but also for an offensive purpose: inasmuch as, besides annoying the eye, they are calculated to hurt anybody who may come in contact with them. If you were to attempt to sit down upon them, the probability is that the steel springs which they are made of would break and run into you; beware of a steel-clad lady as you would of a hedgehog, or a porcupine. Moreover, if you are a little man, as the writer in the *Times* appears to be, you would not be able to sit down upon the mass of hooped muslin which pushes us from our stools; you would be on the contrary, like himself and his child, "obliged humbly to creep in under the petticoats" of your overdressed neighbours. Nor is it of any use to be beforehand with these inconvenient pew-fellows. Our little friend proceeds to say:—

"If we happen to come before them to church they sit down upon us in the most remorseless way, swaggering and hoisting about their gig umbrellas."

This is very close work; a state of things certainly very much in need of ventilation. Ladies ought, in pity to victims whom they stifle in this manner, to complete the resemblance of their crinolines to diving-bells, by having them furnished with air-pipes, by means of which the respiration of persons casually overwhelmed by them, might be supported. The sufferer who describes himself in the leading journal as semi-asphyxiated every Sunday by extensive *belles*, wishes that they should be charged for their church-accommodation by the cubic foot. That would only ruin their fathers and husbands, instead of causing them to retrench their apparel. He also wants the Clergy to preach against crinolines. The Clergy will do nothing of the sort. If the fashion which coops a girl up in a great cage, and gives the lower part of her frame the look and dimensions of half a balloon, were pretty and captivating, then, perhaps, the cloth might set itself against the muslin, but as long as vanity is repulsive they will let it alone. There is nothing dangerous about that style of dress but the liability to catch fire, and to be caught up by machinery, and the likelihood of breakage of the springs inside of it, to the damage of the wearer and her neighbours. The best cure for this inveterate eyesore of excessive petticoats is one that might be applied by Magistrates and Boards of Guardians in rendering crinoline an element in female convict and workhouse uniform. This might bring it into a degree of discredit which it has not as yet contracted from the quality of a class of its wearers who are more numerous than respectable.

THE DEATH AND BURIAL OF POOR LITTLE BILL.

WHO killed the Bill?
"I," quoth the Constitution,
"With my dread of dissolution,
And I killed the Bill."

Who saw it die?
"I," said Lord Bottleholder,
"With thumb o'er left shoulder—
And I saw it die."

Who 'll ring its knell?
"I," said Big Ben,
"Though I'm cracked now and then,
Yet I'll ring its knell."

Who 'll dig its grave?
"I," said BRIGHT, rude and rash,
"I helped settle its hash;
I may well dig its grave."

Who 'll sew its shroud?
"I," said BEN DIZZY,
"With my yarns all so busy—
I'll sew its shroud."

Who 'll write its *hic jacet?*
"I," said MR. GLADSTONE,
"With my Budget for headstone—
I'll write its *hic jacet.*"

Who 'll put up its hatchment?
"I," said hopeful LORD JOHN,
"With *resurgam* thereon—
I'll put up its hatchment."

Who 'll drive it to church?
"I," said the wild HORSMAN,
"I'm a twenty-team-force man,
I'll bowl it to church."

Who 'll be its chief-mourner?
"I," said BERNAL OSBORNE,
"Though, for mute I ne'er *was* born—
I'll be its chief-mourner."

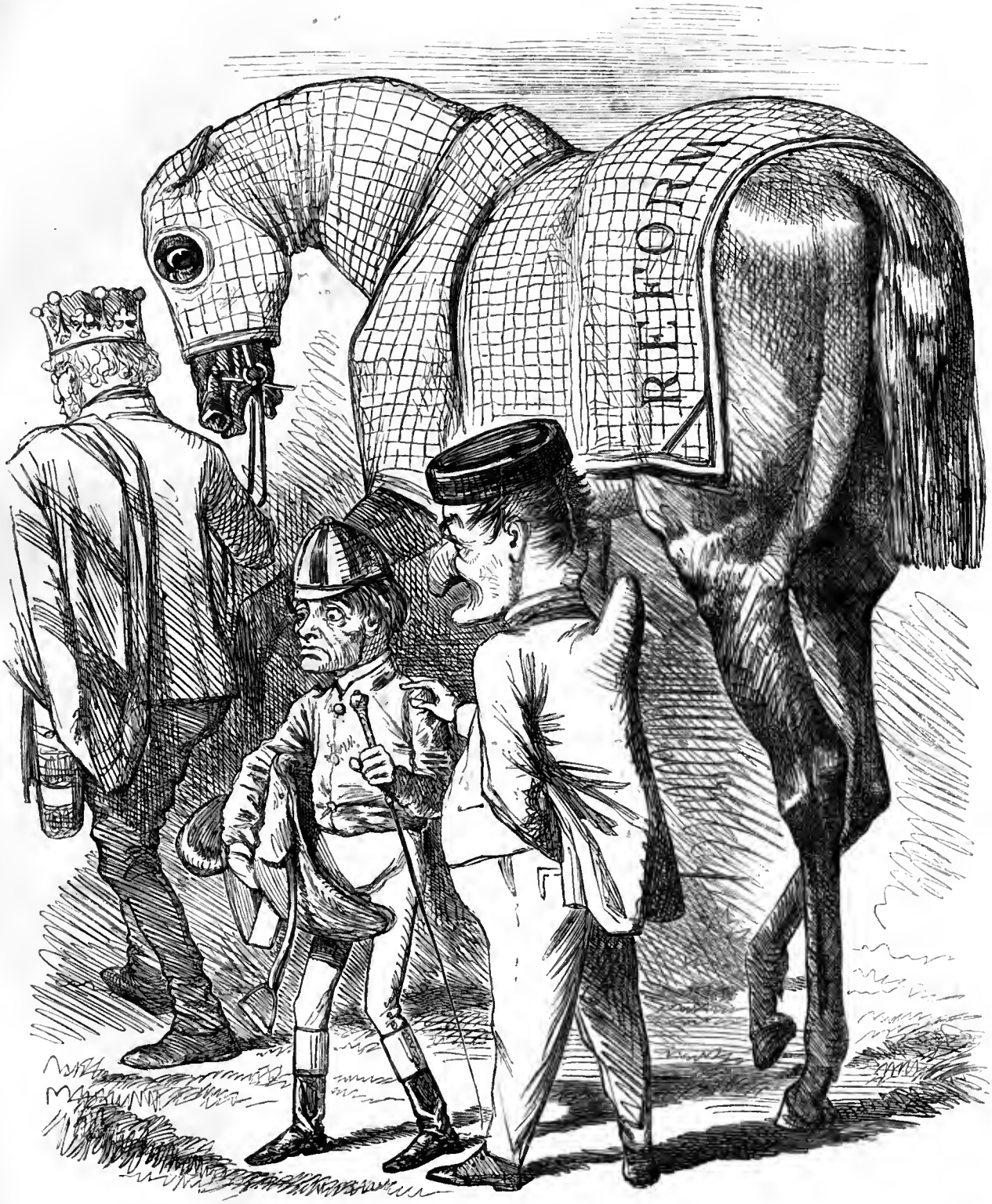
Who 'll act as the parson?
"I," said BULWER LYTTON,
"With discourse ready written,
I'll act as the parson."

Who 'll officiate as clerk?
"I," said EDWIN JAMES,
"Pay the clerk's fees and claims—
I'll officiate as clerk."

And who 'll put on mourning?
"Not we," said the House,
"The Reform Flag we'll douse—
But we won't put on mourning!"

The Same Thing in other Words.

LORD JOHN objects, it is said, to the defunct Reform measure being described as a "Little Bill." At least he can't deny that it is of *small account* now.



LORD J. RUSSELL'S "REFORM" SCRATCHED.

"SHALL OUR POOR LITTLE BILL HAVE A STATUE?"

A PROPOSAL is under consideration for the erection of a Monument to the late lamented Bill of LORD JOHN RUSSELL, which expired at Westminster, on Monday, the 11th of June, after a lingering and tedious illness.

The following Noblemen and Gentlemen have kindly consented to act on the Committee, for considering the design and inscription of the Monument:—

LORD JOHN RUSSELL, M.P.	MR. DISRAELI, M.P.
LORD PALMERSTON, M.P.	MR. JOHN BRIGHT, M.P.
LORD DERBY.	MR. GLADSTONE, M.P.
MR. MACKINNON, M.P.	SIR J. FERGUSON, M.P.
MR. EDWIN JAMES, Q.C., M.P.	SIR E. L. BULWER LYTTON, M.P.
THE HON. CHAS. VILLIERS, M.P.	MR. BENTINCK, M.P.
MR. HORSMAN, M.P.	MR. BERNAL OSBORNE, M.P.

We have received several suggestions for *in memoriam* inscriptions, to be placed over the remains of this ill-starred scion of the House of Russell. We have pleasure in putting the following at the service of the Committee:—

"Amendments sore long time I bore;
Parental love was vain;
Till by degrees the House did please
To put me out of pain."

This strikes us as terse, but slightly deficient in originality. It reminds us, in fact, of something we have heard before. The same criticism applies to the composition which follows, intended apparently to suggest consolation to the afflicted parent:—

"Weep not for me, my parent dear,
You 'll have another Bill next year:
Above my grave write R. I. P.;
There 's room for more small Bills by me."

The following, on the Classical model, should, it is suggested, be inscribed on a Tablet, to be fixed, like the Italian "Stones of Infamy," in the wall of the Lobby of the House of Commons:—

IN PERPETUAM INFAMIÆ MEMORIAM
JUXTA HOC MARMOR
GULIELMICULUS R. RUSSELLII STIRPE,
PESSIMUS MINIMUS
IN REMPUBLICAM GRASSATUS
FOXII CHATHAMIQUE AD PEDES
PROPRIÂ PARENTIS MANU
L. J. BRUTI EXEMPLAR PRÆ SE FERENTIS
PROJECTUS
S. P. Q. R. LUDIBRIUM
INFAUSTUS INFLEBILIS
MORTEM MERITAM OBIIT
JUNII III ANTE. ID.

Another Correspondent suggests that the only epitaph applicable to the poor little deceased is the brief but pregnant one inscribed on the nameless and dateless tombstone in Worcester Cathedral—

"MISERRIMUS."

The following is not ill-conceived, but the word "flop" is, we fear, inadmissible on a tombstone:—

"Some told my Pa he went too far,
Some bade him to go further:
'Twixt two stools, flop, he let me drop,
The fall it was my murther."

Finally, one Tennysonian Correspondent flows over in a whole quire of short poems, on the *In Memoriam* model, purporting to be written in the character of the bereaved parent of our poor little Bill. We subjoin a sample from this quiver of poetic shafts, winged, we are bound to admit, with the Laureate's pen-feathers:—

"*IN MEMORIAM.*

I.

"As one, that lacking coin, is fain
To shirk his tradesmen's frequent calls,
And cry along his guarded halls,
'Here is that butcher come again,'

"Or, 'here that baker, threatening ill
With mutterings of the County Court,'
And knows not whither to resort
For thinking of each 'Little Bill.'

"So I, whom thought of little Bills,
Protested all, with no effects,
Still hanging o'er my head, dejects,
Sit sad, where Thames its gas distils,

"And wonder, will they yet rise up,
With all their pledges on each head,
To upbraid their father from the dead;
Or, drinking deep from Lethe's cup,

"Forget what in them wakened feud:
The fancy franchises they knew,
The six-pound rental, pleasing few,
And all their clauses rash and rude.

"Oh if, as I still fondly hope,
Next year the 'Little Bill' renew,
Which this year's judgment overthrew,
May it with friends be strong to cope,

"Nor, like the Bill that here doth lie,
After a Session run to waste,
Be in the category placed
Of things that, by amendment, die.

II.

"Last night I sat in Chesham Place;
The rain fell fast, usurping June,
As though the year were out of tune,
And Summer scowled with Winter's face.

"I brooded o'er my discontents,
Saying—'The Notice-paper thins:
Now that with early June begins
The Massacre of Innocents.'

"I had an Innocent—mine own—
Life's flame within my little Bill
Burnt low; I fanned and fed it still,
By June's keen blast to be outblown.

"For this do I rejoice to mark
Each wild vagary of the year:
Rude winds make music to my ear;
Damp and cold water seem a lark.

"A ruder wind was that blew out
My little Bill-y's flickering lamp;
Colder than this June rain the damp
That on him chilling tongues did spout."

"Then on the bell-pull hands I laid,
With thought of hanging, but, in doubt,
I rang and ordered 'Cold without;'
And Hope perched on the glass, and said—

"'If Winter Summer's seat doth fill,
Summer will sit for Winter hoar:
Will bring me new-year swallows o'er,
And unto thee a second Bill.'"

ONE NATION'S MEAT ANOTHER'S POISON.

THE following statement occurs in the *Curiosities of Science* familiarly explained in a recent work of great merit, by JOHN TIMBS, F.S.A.:—

"DR. DAUBENY, of Oxford, says: 'Judging from the present state of our knowledge, it would rather seem as if poisonous fungi may act as ferments when introduced into the system, and thus set up a series of changes in the vital fluids which are incompatible with life. This will explain the circumstance, otherwise incomprehensible, *why the same fungus which operates as a poison upon one person does not affect another*: and why certain nations, as the Russians, either from national want of susceptibility or from habit, use as articles of food several kinds of mushrooms which are rejected by us as poisonous.'"

People who value their lives should observe that all fungi whatever in a state of fermentation, that is of putrefaction, themselves, are very likely to act as ferments when introduced into the system. Moreover, common mushrooms will operate as poisons on some people, whilst they agree perfectly well with others. This property is not peculiar to mushrooms or any other sort of fungi. Liberty agrees with Britons, for instance, as well as toadstools do with Russians and other foreigners that might be named, but it operates as a poison upon those people whose natural constitution is too inflammable to bear it.

LATEST FROM BADEN.

HE 'LL do those Germans, and he 'll make, as *we* know,
The Zollverein another Zolferino.

VERY CAREFUL.

Economical Peer (with feeling). "GOOD GRACIOUS, THOMPSON! HAVEN'T YOU MEN GOT AN UMBRELLA OUTSIDE?"

Thompson. "NO, MY LORD!"

Peer. "DEAR! DEAR! DEAR!—THEN GIVE ME THOSE NEW HATS INSIDE!"

NOTES ON DRESS.

IT is astonishing how much an old hat may be improved by rain. It is a fact that one which had been nearly three years in wear, having been thoroughly washed in a thunder-shower, and then carefully wiped, presented, when dry, such a smooth and glossy appearance, that it was mistaken for new by a little boy.

A black coat which is so old and threadbare that the slovenliest philosopher would rather not go about in it by day, will, if only ironed smooth, pass muster with wonderful success by candle-light in the crowd of an evening party. A dress-coat will last a careful man through several fashions.

Trousers should be black or blue, or of some other colour as easily matched; for they are too apt to wear out in the bifurcation, and repeatedly require to be re-established on a new basis.

Old clothes had better be kept laid up in lavender, of which a few bunches will last many years.

Waistcoats should always button high. Shirts wear out with washing.

Boots and shoes are, of all articles of attire, the most temporary and fugitive. All holes in them not only attract the animadversion of beholders, but also sensibly inconvenience the wearer. There is a point beyond which their mending cannot be carried consistently with ease. Patches gall; and upper leathers, although otherwise fit to be soled, often get uncomfortably trodden all on one side. You hardly economise in Bluchers by wearing slippers in-doors; you must walk for the sake of your health; and besides, riding is more expensive than shoe-leather.

Gloves need be worn only in cold weather. They should be dark.

A sign that a suit of clothes has lasted nearly as long as possible is the circumstance that when the wearer applies to take his place at a railway-office, the clerk gives him a third-class ticket.

When beggars cease to importune you, it is time to begin to think about purchasing new apparel. Some respect is due to the opinion of others.

A sage once wished that he were clothed like the trees. He was asked by one of his disciples how he would like casting his leaves in winter?

A Reminiscence.

ONE of MR. BRIGHT's organs plays to the tune that "the Reform Bill has been destroyed by the Articles in the *Times*." The real fact, of course, is, that *Mr. Punch* put the unfortunate Bill to death. But were it otherwise, he would be happy to quote from a celebrated melo-drama, the *Babes in the Wood*. "Kill him again, *Walter*. Such a creature can never be too dead!"

SONGS OF "THE SEVEN AGES."

THE INFANT.

LEND, fair Mnemosynè, thy wing,
And waft me back to childhood's days,
So shall thy humble servant sing
The humblest of all nurs'ry lays.

Have sixty winters passed away,
Three score of summers shed their charms,
A "babby," SARAH, since I lay
"Mewling and puking" in thy arms?

I drew my lot in Life's career—
The lot for better or for worse—
And lay, a tiny, mottled dear,
In SALLY's arms (my monthly nurse).

Let heroes boast of peril braved,
Or brag of battles, who survive;
From greater dangers I've been saved,
In Life's first chapters—one to five.

'Twas in those early days a rat
Attacked my cradle from below,
And but for Granny's tabby cat,
Had nearly lunched upon my toe!

'Twas then short-sighted UNCLE JOHN,
Missing his harnacles one day,
Seated his bulk, of sixteen stone,
Upon the sofa where I lay.

Shall I recount how MARY ANN
Eloped with her red-coated spark;
Leaving, a prey to every swan,
Her darling charge in James's Park?

Or shall I nurse's blunders note,
My precious health which helped to spoil;
When pouring lotions down my throat,
She bathed my limbs in castor-oil?

Nay, let me rather sing of days
When love of letters first took root;
And those who taught, in various ways,
My young ideas how to shoot.

They taught me how the Busy Bee
Delighted much to bark and bite;
And gathering honey all the day,
Consumed it jovially at night.

I learned that bread was made from corn;
How sand and ashes turned to glass;
When kings expired, where queens were born;
Why Magna Charta came to pass.

I learnt the cause of snow and rain,
That bricks were formed of hard-baked clay;
That of six apples four remain,
If two you chance to take away.

And other themes of divers kind,
Of which I don't remember half;
But which the curious may find
In MANGNALL's *Questions* (12mo calf).

Then Fairy Tales my mind supplied;
I read *Tom Thumb*, the shocking ruse
Played on poor *Ridinghood*, or cried
For golden eggs from *Mother Goose*.

* * * * *

Oh, byegone days of early bliss,
Light sleep, short trousers, treats of jam!
Ah! what a change from that to this,
From what I was, to what I am.

Political Spiritualism.

WOULD it not be advisable to turn all living Bishops out of the House of Lords, and to supply their places with the spirits of their predecessors, and other defunct Peers, so as to provide the higher branch of the legislature with a bench of genuine Lords Spiritual?

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER XX.—A CHAPTER OF GREAT INTEREST, ITS PRINCIPAL PART BEING ABOUT CLERGYMEN AND LADIES.

SARUM, BISHOP OF SALISBURY, COMMONLY CALLED "OLD SARUM." FROM HIS EFFIGY. TEMP. HENRY THE SECOND.

TOWARDS the close of the twelfth century the clothes worn by the clergy were extremely rich and costly; indeed we learn they were as sumptuous as their wearers were presumptuous. When the famous THOMAS À BECKET was travelling to Paris, the "princely splendour of his habits" so astonished the French peasants that they stared at him as now they would at our Lord Mayor. We are told, indeed (although we don't a bit believe it), that they walked about exclaiming: "What a wonderful personage the King of England must be, if his Chancellor is able to travel in such state!" How much luggage he took with him, and what a lot of trunks and carpet-bags, mitre-boxes, and portmanteaus were piled upon his carriage, and hung behind and underneath it, the imaginative reader is at liberty to guess. He may also if he pleases exercise his fancy in imagining what garments were packed up in those receptacles, for we regret we cannot say much to instruct him on the point. All that we can learn is, that the prelate while at Paris was extensively got up; but the accounts of his magnificence are really so extraordinary, that LORD LYTTLETON declares he thinks them quite incredible; and in a book which is so scrupulously truthful as our own, it cannot be expected that we should give them place. Some notion may however be formed of his apparel, when one remembers the old story of how KING HENRY had a tussle with him in the open public

FROM AN ILLUMINATED MS. DATE SOMEWHERE ABOUT THE CLOSE OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY.

street; and "dyd pulle ye scarlett capa, linedde with ye richest furs from offe ye 'turbulente prieste'* hys backe yt hee mote give itt toe ye beggar who dyd shivere at hys side." This anecdote has found its way into most histories, and many an artist, we believe, has done his best, or worst, to represent it. But only one that we have seen has ventured to portray the beggar as a crossing-sweeper, and to present him with the drapery and face of a Hindoo, because the tale expressly speaks of him as influenced by Shiva.

Without attempting further to enter into details, we may state then, that, towards the end of the twelfth century, the secular, or every-day, garments of the clergy, were quite as rich and rare as the gems they often wore. Indeed, not only were they prone to all the pomps and vanities of dress, but to indulge in them the more, they were often up to dodges to conceal their cloth. Thus we learn of *Prior Aymer*, the swell Cistercian Priest in *Ivanhoe*, that he had his fingers covered with rings, and his shoulders with a curiously embroidered cope, and that "his shaven crown was hidden with a scarlet cap." While particular, however, to the fineness of their clothing, they did not pay much heed to altering the fashion of it. Neither, as we find, did their sacred vestments vary much from those worn by the priests of the last period we described; the chief novelty consisting, as a modern writer tells us, in "the approach of the mitre to the form we are familiar with." Now, the approach of the Mitre, our readers are aware as well as we are, is in Fleet Street; and that which people are familiar with we need not further to describe. For the benefit of tourists we may, however, hint, that if they chance to go to Sens, they might see À BECKET's mitre, which is there laid up in lavender, or otherwise preserved.

It is no great jump to take from clergymen to ladies, for where the former are the latter are invariably sure to be. Accordingly, referring, as our wont is, to the very best authorities, we are informed, that during the last half of the twelfth century the female costume, like the clerical, was but very little altered from that of the first half. The chiefly noticeable improvement was that the robe was made with tight sleeves, terminating at the wrist, and was worn no longer with those foolishly long cuffs which, we have little doubt, at *soirées* used to dip into the tea-cups and dangle in the milk. A rich girdle was worn loosely encircling the waist, and a small reticule, or pouch, was sometimes worn depending from it, as one may see, on being presented at the Crystal Palace Court, where the fair QUEEN BERENGARIA, like Patience on her monument, smiles the stoniest of smiles at those who go and stare at her. This *porte-monnaie*, or pouch, the girls called au *aulmonière:* and they, doubtless, sometimes rattled it, to make believe they had all money 'ere, when, perhaps, its chief contents were a thimble and a card-case, with, possibly, some lollipops and fragments of Bath-buns.

QUEEN BERENGARIA. FROM HER EFFIGY IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

As a description of a Queen of Beauty of the period cannot, we think, fail to interest our readers, we append a full-length portrait from a book we have referred to, which in story and in language is quite a book of beauties. According to her chronicler, this is how *Rowena*, the fair heiress and fair hairess, was dressed when she came down to dine with *Prior Aymer* and *Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert:—*

"Her profuse hair, of a colour between brown and flaxen, was arranged in a fanciful and graceful manner in numerous ringlets, to form which art had probably aided nature. These locks were braided with gems, and being worn at full length, intimated the noble birth and free-born condition of the maiden. A golden chain, to which was attached a small reliquary of the same metal, hung round her neck. She wore bracelets on her arms, which were bare. Her dress was an undergown and kirtle of pale sea-green silk, over which hung a long loose robe which reached to the ground, having very wide sleeves, which came down, however, very little below the elbow. This robe was crimson, and manufactured out of the very finest wool. A veil of silk interwoven with gold was attached to the upper part of it, which could be, at the wearer's pleasure, either drawn over the face and bosom, after the Spanish fashion, or disposed as a sort of drapery round the shoulders."

The lady *Rowena* very clearly did not dress quite *à la mode*, or she would not have worn wide sleeves which, we have said, had then gone out. But before we blame her for this terrible neglect, we should remember that she lived in an out-of-the-way place; and as she enjoyed but little feminine society, she could rarely have the pleasure of talking of her toilette, which to many a fine lady is the height of earthly bliss.

* Of course, every Civil Service candidate, who has been coaching up his history, will recollect that these two words are put into KING HENRY's mouth when he throws out his broad hint about A' B.'s assassination: "Is there not one of the crew of lazy, cowardly knights whom I maintain, that will rid me of this turbulent priest, who came to Court t'other day on a lame horse, with nothing but his wallet behind him?" Whether this lame horse was the one that had its tail cut off, for which offence À BECKET excommunicated somebody, is a question we suggest to the Government examiners as being quite as civilly serviceable as many they have asked.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.—The most pleasureable prospect to be seen this autumn will be the View of THE CLYDE entering the Coldstreams.

WATERMAN (to Friend). *"I say, TOM, they're a regular swollerin' of them Bonnets. They'd rather have 'em than a good Supper!"*

THE ELEGANT SCHOOL-BOY.

"MY DEAR MR. PUNCH, *Hyde Park Gardens, West, Monday.*

"LORD MALMESBURY may say what he likes about the undesirability of young gentlemen being taught to spell, or being made fastidious about the style of their notes, but as a mother who is naturally proud to see her children do things elegantly, I entirely differ from his Lordship. I am glad to say that my own boys are at a school where the literary graces are cultivated with much attention, and when I give you an extract from the holiday letter of my dear youngest boy, who I am delighted to learn is coming home (bless him!) on the 22nd,* you will say, I hope, that this kind of correspondence has been very much improved since the days of the stupid stiff announcements my brothers used to send home when I was a girl. Is it not pretty? I give you my honour that I have not altered a word. After writing that he is requested to indite his vacation letter, and obeys with pleasure, dearest FREDDY proceeds—

"You must not, however, imagine from this circumstance that I dislike school, for I am very happy; but the change from its discipline to the indulgence of home is very agreeable."

"Indulgence, indeed! Bless his dear heart! Shan't he be indulged, that's all?

"His affectionate Mother,
"ROSA LEONORA CUDDLECHICK."

"P.S. I dare say LORD MALMESBURY's boys can none of them spell 'discipline'—spell it with a *z* perhaps, in honour of his patron, MR. DIZZY."

* Bless him, certainly, but I don't see any need for this enthusiasm about his return.—*F.'s Papa.*

Mot for last Monday.

Two ladies went shopping, and one said, with pride,
"My father, a hero, at Waterloo died;"
Responded the other, as meek as a mouse—
"My father's still dyeing for Waterloo House."
[*Into which they entered, and spent a great deal more than they had any business to.*

THE SOLDIERS OF SUPERSTITION.

THE Roman correspondent of the *Morning Post* supplies us with the pleasing intelligence which follows:—

"The Irish Brigade is beginning to be an object of some anxiety to the Government. . . . I have not as yet been able to ascertain the exact strength of the Irish Brigade at Macerata, but I understand that it will soon amount to 1,000 men. The anxiety of the Government arises from the discontented spirit already displayed by these men. It appears that they had been given to understand that they were coming to save the POPE himself and his devoted clergy from sacrilegious persecution and barbarous martyrdom—a supposition soon dispelled by the thriving appearance and handsome equipage of the ecclesiastical dignitaries whom they have hitherto seen at Ancona, Tolentino, and Macerata. There are also points regarding their individual comfort which are not at all to the men's satisfaction, such as having to sleep on straw, and to trust to an income of 4½*d.* a day for the acquisition of such luxuries as form the solace of a soldier in garrison."

The first impression of every friend of liberty on hearing that a band of Irish fanatics had gone to uphold the Papal despotism by the slaughter of Italian patriots, was a hope that those who did not get shot or bayonetted would be hanged as murderers and traitors. If the above account, however, be true, it suggests compassion for the deluded dupes of sacerdotal deceivers, and a wish that some of them, at least, will come back again. In that case they will do much good by telling their friends how regularly they have been sold by their Priests; and the useful information thus diffused will abate the mischievous influence of those reverend humbugs.

LETTER FROM LORD MALMESBURY.

LORD MALMESBURY's compliments to *Mr. Punch*, and hopes he will let him use his valuable columns to correct his speech which he did not make, at least the report is wrong, as he did not say that GARIBALDI had bombarded Genoa, but that Genoa was invaded, or at least bombarded, by the same man, that is to say that LORD MALMESBURY means that he was in the service of the KING OF SARDINIA, GARIBALDI was, (not that the KING and GARIBALDI are the same man), and he regrets that the wrong report should have got into circulation about GARIBALDI, and what he said in the House of Lords was quite different, to the newspapers.

Carlton Club. Tuesday.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1860.

A PICTURE FOR THE INTEMPERATE.

Photographer. "NOW, SIR, STEP IN AND HAVE YOUR LIKENESS TAKEN. IT MIGHT BE USEFUL TO YOUR FAMILY!"

THE HOUSE OF LORDS ON A HOBBY.

AVAUNT Reform! from Wine and Beer
  Proceed we to affairs of weight.
Hear, all ye people, England, hear
  On higher things a grand debate,
Profound, yet lucid as the beam
  That darts from Light's perpetual source,
The speakers noble Lords; the theme—
  That noble animal the horse.

Who drives fat oxen should be fat
  Himself; and 'tis a rule as true
When noble beasts are canvassed, that
  Debaters should be noble too.
A REDESDALE'S, GRANVILLE'S, BEAUFORT'S name
  Such high discussion well may grace,
And all the House of STANLEY'S fame,
  Inseparable from the Race.

DERBY, how precious were thy brains,
  Were England but a stable; great
No hand as thine to hold the reins,
  And drive the chariot of the State!
Thy stud thy study thou hast made;
  Ah! couldst thou rule as well as ride,
Our counsels were by judgment swayed,
  With knowledge earnestly applied.

Taxes, ye Peers, could you adjust
  Like Jockeys' weights, with rightful skill,
The Commons would be glad to trust
  Your Lordships with a Money Bill.
Your horses soon, yourselves and they,
  You'd put together; hand-in-hand
Would laugh your Paper War away,
  And we should all sing "Happy Land."

O constitutional as wise
  In horseflesh, yet you could forbear,
So highly Privilege you prize,
  To arrogate the Turf's own care.
To vote a Horse Bill you decline;
  In that good mind for ever dwell
Nor e'er intrench on others' line,
  Not understood, perhaps, as well.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

JUNE 18. *Monday*, and the rest of the week. FIELD-MARSHAL THE HONOURABLE MR. PUNCH wants to be off to the Volunteer Review, and cannot spare the time to pick out the very small needles which may possibly lurk in the Parliamentary Bottle of Hay for the week.

The House of Lords has thrown out the Bill for the Abolition of Church Rates, and lays the entire fault upon the House of Commons, which so completely changed its mind upon the subject as to reduce its majorities from 70 to 9. So that matter happily stands over to be a bone of contention for new Sessions. LORD RAYNHAM'S Bill, for enabling Magistrates to flog Brutes who beat women, has been thrown out,—after passing a Second Reading,—practical men saying that the women would not be really benefited by the proposed legislation. The Police Magistrates think that the "Sixer" is a very effective preventive, and at all events ought to be tried for a considerable time longer. Divers Estimates have been proceeded with; and a Bill has been read a Second Time in the Lords for enabling Prisoners in dock to plead something else than "Not Guilty," which they do not understand to be as much a form as "Not at Home," and merely to mean "I want to be tried, and to take my chance of the fellows in wigs finding me a loophole." That is about all F.M. PUNCH has time to write, for his Carriage is at the door, or else he might perhaps have added some remarks upon LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S mystifications about the Swiss and Savoy question, upon which that Noble Lord has been taken to severe task by SIR ROBERT PEEL. But politics will keep, and Reviews will not; and so no more of Parliament at present from the world's affectionate friend and obedient Master,

PUNCH.

A TRIFLE FROM A STABLE.

MR. PUNCH is requested to state that a new novel, called *Mainstone's Housekeeper*, is not a Life of LORD PALMERSTON.

A LUCID EXPLANATION.

IN the account of HER MAJESTY'S Levee on the 20th, persons ignorant of Court customs must have been puzzled by the notice that—

"The day, being the Anniversary of HER MAJESTY'S Accession, was observed as a collar-day."

We can fancy MR. HODGE in the tap-room of the Chequers opening his eyes on spelling through this passage, and asking MR. HOBNAIL to explain to him the meaning of it. Whereto MR. HOBNAIL, after taking sundry whiffs to assist his meditation, might be imagined to make answer, "Why, dang it, MAESTER HODGE, I'll tell 'ee what's the meanun on't. Y' zee them Riyal annivussaries they be allus kep as 'ollidays, leastways they be in Lunnun zo, fur 'ollidays y' zee they baint not nigh so seace with them 'ere Lunneners as they be with you and I, acos y' zee as how the faermers can't erzackly shut up shop, zeeun as how the filds be allus open to be worked in, and zo y' zee them Lunneners when they gits a 'olliday they goes and jumps in sacks, and wheels a barrer blind-eyed, and climbs a greasy pole, and plays at them there zarts o' geames, but y' zee them chaps at Coort why they be more arisstocratic-like, and zo y' see they zeeks more intellectiwal injyments, and zo y' zee they goos a-grinnun drough a hoss-coller, which they drops the 'hoss' in speakun on't acos they thinks it wulgar, and zo y' see that 's why the Riyal 'olliday be tarmed at Coort a collar-day, and zo per'aps you 'll ztand a pint to drink HER MAJESTY'S good health, fur arter this here talkun my droat be 'nition husky."

A Title of Honour.

SHOULD M. EDMUND ABOUT, the Imperial Pamphleteer, be ennobled for the ingenuity he has shown in his various lucubrations for promotion of the Imperial policy, we should suggest for his title "*About de ses Ressources.*"

HOME FOR THE MIDSUMMER HOLIDAYS.

Song by a Schoolboy.

THE summer holidays are these,
But where are all the strawberries?
The cherries also, where are they?
I shriek—and Echo answers Eh?

This time last year a chap could eat,
At every stall, in any street,
Enough to fill a fellow's hat
At one blow out—no more of that!

Fruit — don't you wish that you may get,
With all this precious cold and wet?

Wind, thunder, lightning, hail, and rain!
Oh, when will it be fine again?

No gooseberries this blessed year,
No currants will get ripe, I fear;
Perhaps no apples, pears, or plums,
And I'm at school when Autumn comes.

How shall my sorrow find relief?
For dinner let us have roast beef,
Turkey, plum-pudding, and mince-pie,
Whilst a good fire is blazing high.

And whilst I hear the cold wind blow,
I'll think that snowballs follow snow;
And hoping soon to skate or slide,
Take Midsummer for Christmas-tide.

PHONOGRAPHY FOR FRENCHMEN.

WE believe that many people have for many years imagined that English is a language vastly difficult to learn, and that London is a city vastly hard to get about. How absurd are these impressions, we have lately in some measure been able to point out: being aided in so doing by the *Guide of the Orphéonistes*,* a small but greatly useful and instructive publication, which a talented French author has recently produced. "Cette petite brochure" has been written "spécialement" for the Three Thousand Orphéonistes who this week have invaded us; and that it infallibly must prove of vital service to them, the slightest glance at its contents will amply serve to show. A *Guide* which teaches that in London there is a place existing called "Primerose Spitar;" that Piccadilly "se bifurque, et va rejoindre Holborn en traversant la Tamise sous les noms de Coventry-Street, Long Acre et Great Queen Street;" that "L'East End est situé le long de la Tamise et coupé par les docks de White Hall;" that the Old Royal Exchange, erected after the Great Fire, may be still seen after crossing over Old London Bridge; that at the Tower "on y montre encore la chambre de l'infortuné CHARLES Ier" who, if imprisoned there, was probably beheaded at Blackwall, for which the word "Whitehall," is a misprint in our histories; that among the sights worth seeing are "le Wauxhall" (still unsold), "la colonne de Waterloo" (whose site is not described), and "la colonne de Nelson, dans Belgravee-Square:" a guide-book so instructive, and written by a Frenchman, tends more to refute the popular delusion that Frenchmen, as a rule, have perfect ignorance of England, than anything which well could be devised for that effect.

Of value quite as marked are its directions for attaining a right knowledge of our language, and for learning how to "spike the Inglis" like a native, with an ease which has been hitherto to Frenchmen quite impossible, and an accent which they vainly have endeavoured to attain. To this end they are furnished with a manual of small talk, in which the English words are phonographed, or written as they sound, being spelt with the French letters that their right pronunciation may be studied by the French. That we may make clear to our readers in how masterly a manner this new notion is pursued, we think it will suffice to cite the following few phrases, from the "Manuel Anglais de conversation usuelle." As samples of the kind of familiar conversation which everybody knows is usual among us, their usefulness to foreigners is too obvious to note:—

"Iz iseur otel tchip? Ies, seur, véré tchip. Aou meutch è dai? Tou shillins è nait. Ét iz tou dier. Aou meutch ouil iou guive? Aie ouil pai ounlé ouenn shillenn èndd siks pènnce. Aïs kennat lèt for *thèt* prälice. * * Guère iz mäis roum? Thère et iz. *Ths* carpèt iz meutch ousurn aout [This remarkably original and useful observation we especially advise our French friends to get up.] * * Ouaiteur! è keup of coñ. Guive mi som dginn ènnd hot ouateur. Ieur ti iz kauld. Aie ouant tou smoke è päipe. Brinng mi som fäieur. [Truly English, this I] * * Aie emm göinng tou bèd. Ouère iz maïe kendlilstick? Guive mi som laït. Eouèks mi tou maro surlé. * * Are mäie houts clinnd? Ars mäis cloths breushd? Ez [has] coè bodé ouéted oun mé? * * If iou pliz, ouitch iz *thè* ouè tou gou tou tou *thè* cristeulpélèce? * * Aou dou iou call *thèt* dgènntlilmènn? Dou iou no oueun i [he] shèl com bak? * * Guat è tcharminng peursonn! Kèon iou tèl mi ouère shi livz? Ouil iou introdiouce mi tou heur? Miss, ouil iou dannce wit*h* mi? Ouit*h* plèjeurs! Allo mi tou ofsur iou ènn aïce. Ouènn shel aïe si iou éguènn? Shèl aïe go ènddd téks iou tou maro tou ève è ouak èbaout *thè* taoun?"

These phrases are headed "PRONONCIATION FIGURÉE," but what sort of a figure the Orphéonistes will cut if they venture to depend on this "prononciation figurée," we will not be so cruel as to frighten them by guessing. Our vivid fancy shrinks from picturing the fate of a believer in the *Guide*, who, on arriving at "*thé* Lonndonn-Briddge railoué stésheunn" should say "iés seur," when some friend asks him, "shèl oui téke é kèb?" and after crying "côtchmènn! sèt eus daoun tou Haïde-park," should on reaching "Obeun Ill" be somehow made to "unndeurstèund" that his "lodgingns are quouaïte nièr;" and thereupon, after inquiring "aou meutch *thé* draïve?" should be driven to ask the "draïveur, ouil iou tchènnddge mi *th*is bènnknot?" The chances are, we fear, that the "frènntch dgènntlilmènn" would "faïnd" himself "som cilveur" short, and would have to pay not less than "è haf-soverènn" for his "leugguédge," more especially supposing that he chanced to put the question, "If iou pliz, seur, ouitch iz *thé* valiou of *thèt* coïnn?"

It will sufficiently be seen from the extracts we have made that the book we are reviewing is no ordinary work. But many as are its merits, and much as we have said of them, we have still left uncommended what is claimed to be their chief. As the Orphéonistes have come to charm us with their music, in imitation of the deity from whom their name has been derived, they of course have thought it needful to sing "*God Save the Queen*," it being known that there is nothing which so delights an Englishman as to hear "*God Save the Queen*" sung to him by a foreigner. This is evidently felt by the author of the *Guide*, who has taken the utmost pains to smooth away the obstacles which beset the path of Frenchmen, in singing what he calls the "chant national anglais;" and having triumphed over them with marvellous success, he in his preface makes this modest allusion to the fact:—

"Mais c'est surtout pour la prononciation du '*God Save the Queen*' que la brochure sera indispensable aux Orphéonistes. Les indications précises qu'elle contient, les exemples de prononciation qu'elle donne, permettront à tous les chanteurs de dire, avec la même accentuation, l'hymne national de l'Angleterre."

It is not every writer who has sufficient courage to give himself such praise, however conscious he may be that he thoroughly deserves it. But as a proof of how well merited the praise is in this case, we really must find room to print the "hymn" in its entirety, and give the first of the "Conseils relatifs à la prononciation" which are appended to explain the proper accent of each word:—

"God * séve aoueur grésheuss Couinn!
Long live aoueur nôbeulll Couinn!
God séve *thé* Couinn!
Sènnd heur victôrieuss,
Hèppé ènnd glôrieuss,
Long tou réinn oveur euss,
God séve *thé* Couinn!

"*Th*ai tchoicést guifts inn stôre
Onn heur hi plizd tou por;
Long mé shi réinn!
Mé shi défènnd aoueur laze,
Eond éveur guive suss caze
Tou siung ouit*h* art ènnd voïce:
God séve *thé* Couinn!"

* "L'*o* se prononce comme dans *ode*, long."

To see our national anthem thus distorted into what looks really like an extract from the defunct *Fonetic Núz*, is a sight which any Englishman must certainly take pleasure in, and we therefore are rejoiced that we can spare space to exhibit it. If the singing be one half as funny as the spelling, it will go far to make "*Gód séve thé Couinn*" a comic song; and as comicalities are rather in our line, we shall certainly be careful not to miss the chance of hearing it.

* "Vocabulaire et Guide des Orphéonistes Français à Londres. Par A. R. B. Paris, 1860.

A Neat Quotation.

WHEN the Sicilian population wished to fire on the ships sent for the use of GENERAL LETIZIA in embarking the Garrison of Palermo, GARIBALDI remonstrated with them in the well-known lines from HORACE—

"Natis in usum Lætitiæ scyphis
Pugnare, Thracum est."

Anglicè, "It would be barbarous to attack the ships sent for the use of LETIZIA."

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

WHAT do you think of LOUIS NAPOLEON'S last move?
Decidedly à Baden (a bad 'un).

STABAT-MATER, SEDEBAT-PATER.

"SIR,

"I WAS at MR. BENEDICT'S Concert, at Her Majesty's Theatre, and an admirable Concert it was,—rich to excess with every soil of musical attraction that could justify a man in giving up four hours in the day to having his ears pleased; but that's not the question now.

"The question is, *Mr. Punch*, whether you think that, because a woman comes late to a place of the kind, she has a right to expect a man who has come early to give up his seat to her? and whether she is justified in standing near him, like a standing reproach, and every now and then looking at him as if he were a brute, because he does not get up and resign his place?

"Because that is the way many women behave. They, having nothing to do, can just as well be punctual as not, and if they were they would get a place; but they come in late, and with a sort of insolent notion that room is to be made for them, let them come when they like.

"Several women behaved in that way at MR. BENEDICT'S Concert; and as I happened to have an end seat, near the Stalls (did I say I went into the Pit, and never bestowed Seven Shillings better?), I was the butt for a good deal of this sort of thing. Sir, I stood upon principle, and sat upon my seat. I would not move, and regarded the singers with fixed attention, turning adders' ears to mutterings behind and beside me about 'no notion of Gentlemen permitting Ladies to stand.' And in the intervals I smiled very blandly (I have a bland smile, my friends say) upon the insolent and disappointed females. The *Stabat-Mater* was excellently sung by ALBONI and TITIENS, and I enjoyed myself much.

"Was I not right, Sir? Has a woman a right to use moral force to turn me out of a place which I paid for and came early to secure? Unless you say she has, I shall pursue the same line of conduct, and

"I am, Sir, yours obediently,

"NO CHERUB."

"P.S. And it's so mean to attack us men. The women dared not attack other women. They knew better. There was really plenty of room for everybody, for MR. B. issued no more tickets than the place would hold; but the Crinolines were immoveably obstinate, and contemptuously rejected the slightest suggestion to move ever so little closer. Upon my honour, *Mr. Punch*, I think women are awfully selfish."

THE THREE WISHES.

THAT variety is charming is proverbially asserted, and must have been borne in mind by the writer when he penned this curious advertisement, which a Correspondent sends us from a Dublin print:—

WANTED in HARCOURT STREET, by a Barrister who resides in the suburbs, an Unfurnished Drawing-room as an Office. Liberal terms. Also to Lend, on Mortgage, £13,000, at 4½, or a less sum at 4½, per cent.; to be first charges on fee-simple estates of ample value. To Sell, a Half-bred Bay Mare, rising six years old, warranted sound, quiet, and safe. Price moderate. Address, &c.

There is somewhat of a tangle in this string of wants, and we may doubt if many readers will be able to unravel it. That a barrister should want to make an office of a drawing-room, is possibly in Ireland a common thing enough; but that a gentleman with £13,000 to lend should want to get rid of a mare with all the virtues named above appears, to ordinary minds at least, no ordinary case. Indeed one can't help fancying, from the "moderate price" asked, that besides her many virtues, the mare must have some vice. In fact, without casting the slightest imputation on the animal, we may be suffered of this mare to guess that "thereby hangs a tale."

FOREIGN FREEDOM FOR IRELAND.

FRENCH Pamphleteers are urging the British Government, sympathising as it does with the Sicilians struggling for liberty, to emancipate Ireland. Let us first, however, be permitted to try the effect of giving Ireland that constitutional licence which the leading nation of Europe enjoys. Suppose the LORD LIEUTENANT to be constituted an autocrat, the Irish Parliamentary representation reduced to a cipher, the *Nation* newspaper warned, suspended, and finally suppressed, together with all the other Irish journals which dare in the remotest manner to censure the policy of Government, their contumacious editors being all transported; suppose DR. CULLEN'S pastorals prohibited, and the Priests forbidden to preach political sermons; suppose the whole of the Emerald Isle subjected to a conscription; fancy, in short, the Irish tongue, press, and pulpit all well gagged, and the whole Irish people thoroughly dragooned. Ireland having thus far had her political condition assimilated to that of the Model Empire, is it not possible that she would be so supremely happy that she would not wish to attain to any more complete degree of independence of tyrannical England?

DREARY SONG FOR DREARY SUMMER.

Mr. Punch sings with accompaniment of a Pipe and Tobacco.

WELL, don't cry, my little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
Amuse yourself, and break some toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

Alas, for the grass on papa's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
He'll have to buy hay at an awful rate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

Mamma, she can't go out for a drive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
How cross she gets about four or five,
For the rain it raineth every day.

If I were you, I'd be off to bed,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
Or the damp will give you a cold in the head,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago this song was done,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
And I, for one, cannot see its fun,
But the Dyces and the Colliers can—they say.

A SENSIBLE STRIKE.

THE *Times* tells us that the town of Sheffield has been placarded with a request that the inhabitants generally will "discontinue the consumption of meat until it is reduced to a reasonable price," and that the workmen of several firms, to the number of 3,000, have published their determination to "abstain from the use of butchers' meat until there is a reasonable reduction in the price of it." This is a strike to which there can be no objection, but which on the contrary is highly laudable. It evinces proper ideas of the relation of demand to supply, and of domestic no less than of political economy. The men on strike against the butchers will doubtless content themselves with that legitimate demonstration, and not ruin a good cause by trying to bully and intimidate their unwise workfellows who are fools enough to accept imposition and eat extravagant mutton.

Great Success of a New Periodical.

NOTHING of the periodical character that has come out in our time can pretend to a success equal to that which attended the new work which appeared last Saturday, entitled "*The Volunteer Review*." Its first issue reached close upon 30,000.

AN ORNITHOLOGICAL METAMORPHOSIS.—If the German *Grand Ducs* allow themselves to be humbugged by the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, they will prove themselves "*grand geese*."

ONE OF THE RIGHT SORT.

Grandmamma. "WHAT *CAN* YOU WANT, ARTHUR, TO GO BACK TO SCHOOL SO PARTICULARLY ON MONDAY FOR? I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO STAY WITH US TILL THE END OF THE WEEK!"

Arthur. "WHY YOU SEE, GRAN'MA—WE ARE GOING TO ELECT OFFICERS FOR OUR RIFLE CORPS ON MONDAY, AND I DON'T LIKE TO BE OUT OF IT!"

CROPPED HEADS FOR CROWNED CRIMINALS.

THE following statement relative to the bombardment of Palermo is official, but it occurs not in a Neapolitan telegram, but in the report of REAR-ADMIRAL MUNDY to the Secretary of the Admiralty. It may therefore be presumed to be not utterly false but strictly true:—

"The scene is reported as most horrible. A whole district, 1,000 yards (English) in length, by 100 wide, is in ashes; families have been burnt alive with the buildings; whilst the atrocities of the Royal troops have been frightful. In other parts, convents, churches, and isolated edifices have been crushed by the shells, 1,100 of which were thrown into the city from the citadel, and about 200 from the ships of war, besides grape, canister, and round shot."

Surely the author of all this murder and arson ought—let us not say to be hanged, but—to be punished at least as severely as an unhappy RUSH or a poor PALMER. Could not the monarchs of Europe, with the consent of their subjects, execute justice on offenders of their own order? A Congress of Sovereigns might hold an assize on a criminal fellow, who would in that case, so to speak, be tried by his Peers. The sentence of such a tribunal might sever a crowned head from its shoulders, if capital punishment were not too barbarous in any case to be possible. The high Court of Kings could at least consign an atrocious tyrant, with his head simply cropped, to a reformatory, where he might be subjected to the discipline of love and kindness, have tracts to read, and be visited daily by a clergyman. His head might be taken; but only in plaster of Paris, for the use of phrenologists, who would place it in the same class as GREENACRE'S.

A Priesthood with a Hook.

THE Roman Catholic Priests of Ireland boast themselves to be Fishers of Men. Not content, however, with catching fish, they also crimp them.

YORK, YOU'RE VERY MUCH WANTED.

MR. PUNCH finds the following announcement in a Sheffield paper:—

WANTED, a SUBSTITUTE for the FIRST WEST YORK RIFLES. A Premium will be given.—Apply at the Printer's.

What does this mean? Are the gallant First West Yorks tired of volunteering already? We are sorry to hear this. From an account we had of the appearance of the body, from a friend whom we sent into the North to buy us some real York hams, we have reason to think there can be *no* satisfactory Substitute for so fine a set of men. We don't like their idea of disbanding, and hope they will pocket their proposed Premium and alter their proposed Policy.

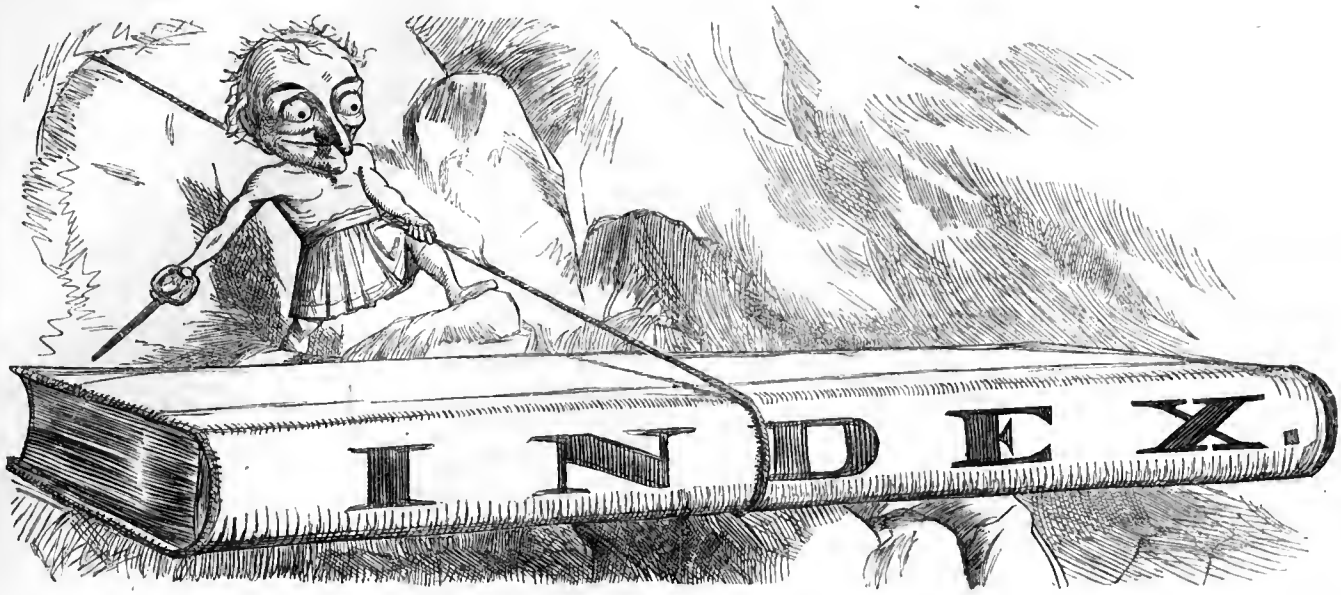
Cure for Bribery and Corruption.

LEGALISE open bribery. Punish secret bribery with fine and imprisonment. Every case of bribery and corruption being a public transaction, the number of rogues in any constituency will be notorious. When the rogues become too many for practical purposes, disfranchise the constituency.

Il Millione Fucili.

It is very easy to talk in honour of "Garibaldi and Liberty," but Mr. Punch takes the Garibaldi and liberty of informing people that their devotion to the good cause is now to be tried. It is moreover to be tried by Jewry, namely, the Old Jewry, to Number Six wherein, and to the care of a well-known and excellent Treasurer, Mr. W. H. Ashurst, appointed by Garibaldi himself, they may send proof pecuniary that they mean miching mallecho, that is to say mischief, to Bomba. Out with the Browns if you want to out with the Bourbon.—PUNCH.

KIDNAPPING.



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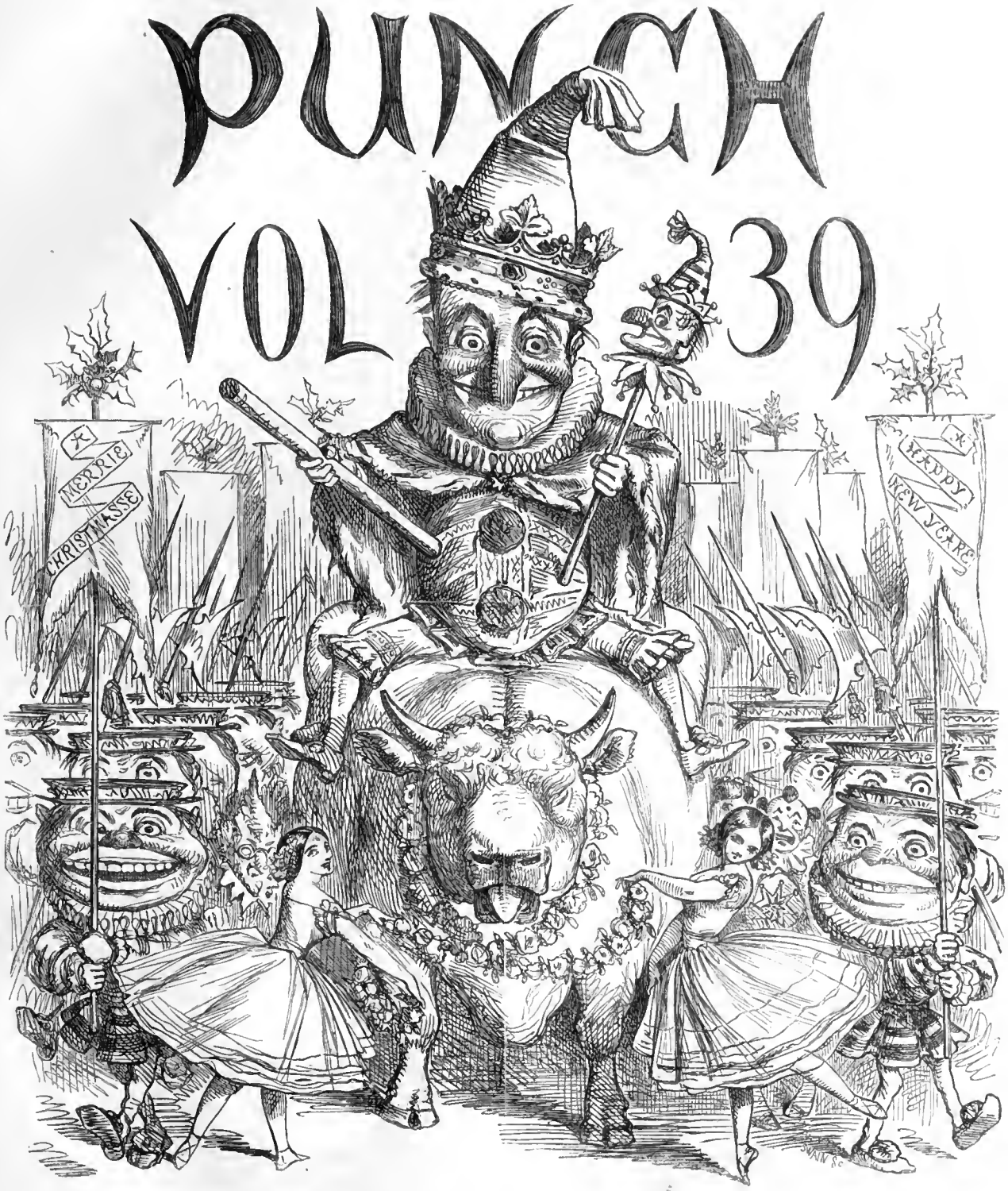
PUNCH VOL 39



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THE GREAT REFORMER CONFUCIUS AND THE GREATER REFORMER, MR. PUNCH, MEET IN THE CATHEDRAL OF PEKIN.

PUNCH. Hail, most illustrious, preposterous, and antibilious philosopher! I forget your honourable and distinguished Chinese name.

CONFUCIUS. My ignoble and contemptible appellation in the vulgar language of this unworthy country is spelt KOONG-FOO-TSEE, oh, nine times to be venerated and idolised PUNCH! The intolerable Jesuits converted it (I entreat your pardon for speaking again on so miserable a matter) into the ridiculous Latin word by which I am ticketed in literature.

PUNCH. Odoriferous and beatific KOONG-FOO-TSEE, I trust that your adorable wife and your unap proachable son are well.

CONFUCIUS. Elaborated and interminable PUNCH, it is fitting that the microscopic details of my insignificant history should escape your lordly recollection, and that you should not accord in the golden amber of your celestial mind a place for such undignified flies as my objectionable old woman and my unappreciable brat. Else you might remember that I turned them both out of my abominable doors, in order that I might be undisturbed in my philosophic meditations for the good of China.

PUNCH. Ah! so you did, most philanthropic, and thereby you transcended myself, who only beat my wife and threw my baby out of window. But still we are brothers, and I am ecstatic at meeting you in this place. I hope that the hymns of the West, once more chanted in the Cathedral of Pekin, have not been offensive to you, KOONG-FOO-TSEE.

CONFUCIUS. Nay, most considerate, I rejoice that a war which began in smuggling ends in psalmody.

PUNCH. None of your scoffs, most analytic. Do you not see that it is to your own teaching that the Chinese owe any little inconvenience or humiliation they may have sustained?

CONFUCIUS. Telescopic and retrospective PUNCH, may I be eviscerated if I see anything of the kind.

PUNCH. Thou wert *monops inter cæcos*, KOONG-FOO-TSEE, but I may now remark, that there thou goest with thine eye out.

CONFUCIUS. My object is truth, O PUNCH, and I would humbly request elucidation of thy proposition.

PUNCH. Thou didst write a heap of books, KOONG-FOO-TSEE, and thou didst preach a heap of sermons, and thou didst make some seventy thousand disciples, of whom seventy-two were Stunners and ten were Out-and-Outers.

Confucius. My contemptible public history, O Punch, seems at the ends of thy aristocratic fingers.

Punch. No, Sir, I have nothing there but eight Chesterfieldian nails, which I flatter myself are neatly cut by the affectionate scissors of the partner of my expenses and heart. But I have perused your Life. You founded a system on which became based the morals and manners of China.

Confucius. All is serene.

Punch. No, Sir, all is not Serene, and what serenity has endured for so many centuries has not been the repose of virtue, but the stagnation of impotence. You taught passive obedience, the divine right of Kings, and an outward and artificial morality, which, in combination with your theocratic doctrines, made the Chinaman an automaton. So he has become vicious and helpless, and we have been obliged to invent Armstrong guns in order to rectify the defects of your system. Now, *you* are shut up. Or do you want to argnfy?

Confucius. O, concise and irresistible! I am convinced. I knock my head—theoretically—ninety-nine times on this pavement, and own myself duller than its thickest stone.

Punch. Enough, Koong-foo-tsee, when a gentleman apologises, no more must be said. And how do you think we have put together the Chinese Puzzle?

Confucius. Well, O Punch, the war is over, the Chinese will have to pay some five millions of pounds sterling, and trade will be thrown open. But I confess that a great deal more is wanting, before it can be said that the West has done its work for the regeneration of the East.

Punch. Proceed, apostle of the Blue Firmament, which, as you ought to have known, is not blue at all.

Confucius. Can we all be Punches? Let me say that China wants a Teacher.

Punch (*colouring deeply*). It may be so.

Confucius. A Teacher who can do what I failed in effecting. One who, from the elevated platform of a magnificent intellect, can survey mankind from the spot on which we stand to Peru, wherever that is—

Punch. It is in South America, and is situated between 3° 30′ and 21° 28′ south latitude, 68° 20′ and 81° 20′ west longitude, you ignorant old bloater.

Confucius. I don't care. A Teacher, I say, who combines the sternest justice with the kindest affection; Custom, and Faith, and Power who spurneth, from guilt and fear whose heart is free, ardent and pure as day who burneth, for cold and dark mortality—

Punch. If you are going to spout Shelley all the afternoon, I shall light a cigar. I always take smoke with my poetry.

Confucius. You know whom I was endeavouring to describe.

Punch (*modestly*). Acting up to the precept Gnothi Seauton, I do.

Confucius. Then, do your duty, O Magnanimous, and be the Guide, Philosopher, and Friend of China.

Punch (*covered with blushes*). My dear Koong-foo-tsee, I will. I am just sending out to the world in general, and Pekin in particular, my

Thirty-Ninth Volume.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

NOVEMBER—no, *June* (at least the Almanack says so) *the 25th, Monday.* LORD STRATHEDEN, the son of the LORD CHANCELLOR, made his maiden display as a Peer, and with success, filially beating the Government of which his Governor is a member. There is a place on the east coast of Africa called Mozambique. There is a place on the south-west of Europe called Portugal. The former is a station belonging to the latter. The Slave-trade is largely favoured, despite professions to the contrary, by Portugal. LORD STRATHEDEN thinks that if England keeps a Consul at Mozambique, he could keep an eye on the slavemongers, and in some sort shame the Portuguese into pretending to be a little more earnest in repressing the traffic. The young Lord wisely brought down two big guns to fire upon the Government, and DR. WILBERFORCE and LORD BROUGHAM both blazed away with great effect, the latter taking the opportunity of laying into the Americans for their treatment of the Negro. SOMERSET snapped and GRANVILLE grumbled, but STRATHEDEN was stubborn, and on division HER MAJESTY'S Government were defeated by 11 to 6, and an address for a Consul was decreed. "Weel done, my bairnie," murmured the CHANCELLOR. "I'll say ye're nae just sic a Sumph as the unrighteous hae ca'd ye."

In the Commons there was a Scene. The Bankruptcy Bill, the great measure of the year, was placed in imminent peril, and (*Mr. Punch* must say) unwisely, by a sudden fit of imaginary justice with which divers Members were seized. The bankruptcy system has always been a blunder, and the last legislation for amending it made it horribly worse, so much so that the Mercantile World contemns and neglects the Court. SIR RICHARD BETHELL, laudably desirous to cleanse the Augean stable, proposes to turn a stream of some six hundred clauses of new law into it, and among the arrangements of our legal HERCULES, there is a provision for relieving the fund contributed by the estates of unfortunate bankrupts from certain compensations, rendered necessary by the absurdities of former legislation. It certainly seems hard that the country should throw on the suitors the costs of mistakes made by the country's own representatives. And considering that the sum itself is but about £20,000, and is yearly diminished, it was not much to make a fuss about. But SIR HENRY WILLOUGHBY and some others made fight, and with some claptraps about the hardship of taxing the people for a Court they do not use (what do the Conservatives say when the same argument is employed about the Church of England in Ireland?) they managed on division to reject this part of the plan by 111 to 98. MR. MALINS, a leading Conservative, told his friends they had been voting in perfect ignorance of the subject; a polite remark seconded by MR. BRIGHT with the intimation that they did so upon many other occasions. SIR HERCULES BETHELL then declared that he would not go on with a scheme that had been thus mutilated. This made a great sensation, and finally he was prevailed upon to say that he would give the House another chance. The debate was to have been resumed at the end of the week, but the beestly weather has produced the same effect upon the ATTORNEY-GENERAL as upon most other people, and he is ill. The SOLICITOR-GENERAL, however, stated on Friday, that the measure is to be proceeded with.

A Game Certificate measure was agreed to, on the distinct understanding that it was to afford no new protection to Rabbits, against which class of our fellow-creatures several Members spoke very bitterly. The Church Property Bill had been much opposed, but on LORD JOHN RUSSELL (whose family is an authority on the question of Church Property) explaining that it was not at all confiscatory, it was read a Second time.

Tuesday. The new and able Archbishop of York, DR. LONGLEY, came out in the House of Peers in his elevated capacity, but on a subject connected with his old diocese, and the application of ecclesiastical tin to local purposes. Many Lords talked, and the Archbishop carried the Second Reading of his Bill, which is a just one.

Ireland had the Pull in the Commons to-day, the morning sitting being chiefly occupied with an Irish Landlord and Tenant Bill, and the evening opening with a much more interesting affair—namely, a personal debate. MR. CONOLLY, Conservative, delivered a great Philippic against LORD CARLISLE, Lord Lieutenant, declaring that he was a very bad Viceroy, and made very objectionable appointments. One great crime of LORD CARLISLE'S, in the estimation of his enemies, is his having made a MR. LYLE Lord Lieutenant of Londonderry. MR. LYLE is a Master in Chancery, and in every way a suitable man for the appointment; but he was so obnoxious to the vulgar Irish Squires, that, when he presented himself as the representative of the QUEEN, none of the Grand Jury rose to receive him. The idea of paying any attention to the opinion of men who knew no better than to insult their SOVEREIGN, through her officer, is too preposterous to occur to anybody but an Irish partisan. There was a good deal of scoffing at LORD CARLISLE by other speakers, and COLONEL FRENCH abused him

for "inaugurating a Turkish bath, entertaining at dinner a troop of theatrical performers, and a horse-tamer at breakfast, and attending the opening a shop in Grafton Street, where he drank a glass of champagne and made a speech to the assembled shopkeepers and astonished cabmen." MR. GREGORY made a spirited and convincing defence of the LYLE appointment, and LORD PALMERSTON and MR. HORSMAN spoke up warmly for their friend LORD CARLISLE. Of the legions of incidental matters dragged into such a debate *Mr. Punch* would despair to treat, unless he published a double supplement and an appendix; but on the whole LORD CARLISLE came off very well. A case of local distress in Ireland next came on, but MR. POPE HENNESSY could not show that there was any reason for Imperial interference.

The Monster, MR. SIDNEY HERBERT, then introduced a valuable Bill for Improving the Militia Laws. The Militia are not to be seduced into the regular Army, and the object is to make them a separate and reserve force, to be embodied only in case of emergency. The Monster made an admirable speech, and his proposals were received with merited applause.

Wednesday. The Bill for relieving the poor creatures engaged in Bleaching and Dyeing Works was considered in Committee, and very much hindered by those who, as MR. EDWIN JAMES told them, thought that children were sent into the world for nothing else but to be used up in manufactures. But very large majorities were ranged on the side of humanity.

Thursday. A singular act of homage was paid to the House of Lords. Their Lordships were sitting in the morning in Appeal, when some poor Indian, whose untutored mind was utterly overpowered by the spectacle of so much wisdom and gravity, set up a yell, and, pulling out a knife, proceeded to offer himself up as a sacrifice to the Idols of the Nation. However, the operation was prevented, and the votary, being removed to a neighbouring hospital, was found to have done himself no particular harm by his preliminary to a Happy Dispatch. In the evening their Lordships talked about Breakwaters, and decided that nobody knew anything at all upon the subject.

The Commons were occupied all the evening with a debate upon the important Indian Army Fusion Bill. Among the statements that were made was an astounding one to the effect that the Officers of the Line and of the Local Service being called as witnesses on the question of fusion, the former all testified one way, and the latter the other. Hereupon *Mr. Punch* would like to tell a little true story. There was a collision case to be heard before the Court which sits in London to settle when ships are justified in running down one another. A certain sailor's evidence was wanted. He was at Dover, so it was resolved to send down an affidavit, which JACK could make there. The London official who had to prepare the affidavit was not sure as to which side JACK's evidence was to favour, and therefore to save time and trouble he prepared and sent Two forms of affidavit, directing that the sailor should be sworn to the one which he believed consistent with truth. Of course they were in direct contradiction, one saying that the wind was S.S.W. and the smashed vessel going in one direction, and the other that it was N.N.E., and that she was steering in the other. The affidavits were duly returned by the Dover agent, who wrote, "You did not make it clear which you wanted, so I have sworn him to both, and you can use which you like." It is a very sad thing that sailors should be so heedless, but of course the story has no other application. The debate was adjourned, after a vain struggle by LORD PALMERSTON to prevent that course, so PAM said it would be a shame to keep the SPEAKER up while they squabbled.

Friday. In the Lords there was another exposure of the conduct of the Admiralty. Somebody said in society the other day, "Don't be uncharitable. Everybody has got something good about him, except my brother BOB." The country will soon learn to say that every Body has something good about it except the Board of Admiralty. Its behaviour *in re* TROTMAN's Anchor was the charge to-night, and LORD HARDWICKE put himself in a very proper rage with the Government.

In the Commons, MR. WALPOLE brought up the Report of the Select Committee, appointed as Buffer to prevent collision between the Lords and Commons on the Paper Duty question. It was ordered to be printed for consideration. Of course Parliament has to wait for its typography, but the newspapers have the thing at once, and *Mr. Punch* is able to state that the Report mentions a variety of cases that have no bearing on the present difficulty, and a few that have some affinity with it. It recommends nothing, and there will be a good debate on the subject, especially as LORD JOHN RUSSELL and MR. GLADSTONE join MR. BRIGHT in his view that the Bull-dog ought to be set upon the Mastiff.

SIR G. C. LEWIS made a lame apology for the conduct of the police in not chastising the ruffians who hunt the choristers and other tools of the Puseyite fools at St. George's-in-the-East. There was another Irish debate about an alleged act of LORD LEITRIM, who is said to have seized a Roman Catholic chapel on his estate in that county, and thereby provoked a riot. A good deal of very liberal and proper sentiment was expressed about the duty of landlords, of any creed, to afford tenants, of any creed, the means of performing worship in their own way. But Ireland is a curious place. A Catholic and a Protestant gentleman, over their Lafitte at the Club, will, of course, express themselves most tolerantly and affably as to the above duty; and if a Mohammedan gentleman happened to draw up his chair to theirs, while he took his iced sherbet, the three gentlemen would be all agreed upon the propriety of perfect liberality. The Mohammedan gentleman might probably carry out his view, he not being so far advanced in civilisation as to let his priests and his women dictate to him. But when the other two got back to Ireland, and proceeded to act up to their professions, and the Catholic talked of giving a site for a Protestant church, and the Protestant mentioned that he should build a Catholic chapel, what a Burst there would be from Priests, Women, and Families! Those only who do not know what are the sentiments and powers of dogged Popish pastors and perspiring Evangelical pastors in Ireland, will be disposed to abuse the poor tolerant gentlemen for not fulfilling the vows made over the libation of Lafitte. So saith *Mr. Punch*, Tolerator yet Legislator-General to the Universe.

THE BOYS OF THE IRISH BRIGADE.

"There have been considerable disturbances among the Irish papal recruits at Macerata, in which shillelagha were freely used, and the police, who interfered, were severely beaten."—*Our own Correspondent from Rome.*

WID a stick in my fist, an' a pipe in my cheek,
Holy father, I 'm come to resthore ye:
But bad cess to yer pay—sure what 's four-pince a-day,
And divil a more—barrin' glory!
Thim Croats and Hungarians, and Swiss and Bavarians,
Slaves and naygurs is easily made, oh!
But the differ we 'll tache, if such docthrine you prache
Us Boys of the Irish Brigade, oh!

Our Clargy they promised us iligant fare,
Hoigth of pratees and lashins ov whiskey;
But dirty *polenta* and sour *ordinaire*
Sure 'll niver keep boys bright and frisky.
And a clane lock o' hay I 'd prefer, any day,
To the feather-beds here for us laid, oh!
Where there 's no sleep for catchin' thim fleas that sets scratchin'
The Boys of the Irish Brigade, oh!

As for faction, fair, patthern,—the divil a one!
I 'd as lave be a Turk or Circarsiau;
As shut up here at dhrill, wid no fightin' nor fun,
Till blue-moulded for want o' divarsion.
On my coat-tails who 'll thread? Thry a crack at my head?
Whoo! NED JOYCE! is 't yourself! Who's afraid, oh!
Out shillelagha! Whack! Crack! Whoop! Sure this is the knack
Of us Boys of the Irish Brigade, oh!

THE BOURBONS' BLUSH.

THE boys of Palermo are naturally amusing themselves by disfiguring and demolishing the statues of the Bourbon Kings. According to the Special Correspondent of the *Times*:—

"One, bolder than the others, climbed up with a provision of charcoal and blackened the faces, exciting no small hilarity among the idlers and promenaders."

This was a satirical young wag. In giving the marble visages of the Bourbons the semblance of ebony, he evidently meant to signify the perjury by which those tyrants have rendered themselves infamous in breaking faith with their subjects, and to express their characteristic readiness, in taking an oath, for instance, to maintain a constitution, to swear till they are black in the face.

"These Irishmen."—*John Bull.*

MR. IRWIN, who brought the successful action against the Member for Galway to obtain compensation for having professed to introduce the latter to Swells, announces his own belief that his education in mechanics must have been sadly neglected. He thought he was going to use a Lever, but found he had got hold of a Screw. The remark is an impolite one, and though *Mr. Punch* professes no violent admiration for an M.P. who (according to DOD), "will support any Ministry that will make Galway a Packet Station," *Mr. P.* will not be sorry should MR. IRWIN's theory of motive power be modified after a motion for a new trial. We don't like the Touting System, especially when applied to public objects—as the Wiscount says "Tout *le contraire.*"

THE BEGGAR'S PETITION.—"Gentleman!—ar yer got ar a copper to relieve a poor man?"

THE FEMALE ORPHAN'S FRIEND AND ADVISER.

IR ADONIS CRŒSUS CRICHTON begs to inform friendless orphans of the softer sex that he is no longer open to receive their matrimonial tenders. Out of about a thousand applicants who answered his advertisement as soon as it appeared, he has thrown the handkerchief to the most beautiful and most worthy. He sincerely hopes that all the fair competitors for the possession of his hand and the partnership of his opulence, may find husbands as rich as himself, and almost equally handsome, intelligent, virtuous, and kind, who will make them as happy as he makes LADY C. That fortunate lady, who had lately no relations whatever, has now the equivalent of any number centered in himself. SIR A. C. C. would advise his interesting correspondents to advertise their peculiar recommendation to the notice of judicious marrying men. Delicacy need not be in the least compromised, because the advertisement may ostensibly describe the candidate as wanting any ordinary situation or employment. All that is necessary is an opportunity of announcing that there exists a certain marriageable young person who will not entail a mother-in-law upon the gentleman who may espouse her, or bring him any immediate addition to the members of his family.

AN ANSWER TO IMPERTINENCE.

THAT Clause in the Census Bill which provides for a return of religious professions has called forth a good deal of opposition. The system of asking impertinent questions has been already carried by Government to an inaufferable extent, and must be checked. "How much have you got a year?" seems the height of impertinence, but "What's your religion?" is a higher flight still. It exceeds the audacity of any clown in the most outrageous pantomime. We are crying out upon Puseyism and Popery, whilst a Confessional and an Inquisition are growing up in our midst. WALKER will probably be the denomination under which persons who like to keep their doctrinal opinions in their own breasts will for the most part be disposed to return themselves. They may, however, do better than that. Let everybody who desires to resist the attempt which ignorant fanatics are making to destroy the Christian liberty of the subject by compelling him to observe a pseudo-Jewish Sabbath, return himself as an Excursionist, in order to signify that he is at any rate not a Sabbatarian.

France and Naples.

M. PREVOST PARADOL is fined and imprisoned for writing an abstract political pamphlet reflecting on tyranny. Sicilian political offenders are crucified. The French have some reason to be content under an absolute government; they might be worse off.

A PLANETARY PERVERT.—In consequence of the long-continued cloudy sky, which hides all the stars, a report has got about that Venus has actually taken the veil.

A FABLE FOR SMALL GERMANS.

MY lit-tle dears, there was once a French Wolf—very grey, and gree-dy, and lean, and sly. Near the wood in which he lived grazed a large flock of sheep, in the charge of a great many small dogs, who were al-ways snarl-ing and bit-ing, and quar-rel-ling a-mong them-selves. The old Wolf knew that he was more than a match for any of the dogs sin-gly, but he was a-fraid if he ven-tur-ed to at-tack one of them, the o-thers might for-get their snarl-ing to join in a league of de-fence a-gainst him. There was one large dog in par-ti-cu-lar, cal-led "Prince," who had long war-ned the rest of the pack of the com-mon dan-ger to all from the old Wolf, and had done his best to make them a-gree bet-ter; "for so sure," said he, "as the Wolf suc-ceeds in keep-ing us at log-ger-heads, he will take us, one by one, with-out dif-fi-cul-ty, and when he has eat-en us up, he will have his own way with the sheep."

But they would not mind his words, and some of them growl-ed at him, and said he was a trai-tor, and on-ly wan-ted to get the sheep to him-self, and that the Wolf was an hon-est beast, and loved the small dogs, and would do the sheep no harm.

The Wolf, knowing that if he could only suc-ceed in gain-ing over the big dog Prince he might eas-i-ly mas-ter the small curs one by one, was always very po-lite to Prince, and used to send him civil mess-ages, in-vi-ting him to take coun-cil with him, for the ben-e-fit of the o-ther dogs, and the sheep. For a long time the big dog on-ly grow-led and trot-ted the other way when-e-ver he saw the Wolf ma-king to-wards him.

But at last, find-ing the Wolf would take no de-nial of his in-vi-ta-tions, he sent him a let-ter, pro-mi-sing to meet him.

The Wolf was de-light-ed, and said to his cubs, "Now I have the big dog at last." And off he trot-ted to the place of meet-ing. It was in a thick wood on a hill, with an old cas-tle built at the top. The big dog was at the gate of the cas-tle, and when the Wolf came up, with a grin that show-ed his long, sharp teeth, he said—"Walk in, my dear Wolf; I am so glad to see you." Then the Wolf put his paw on his heart, and said, "Dear Prince, I have been wait-ing so long for this hap-py meet-ing. I do feel so fond of all you dogs, and of those dear sheep you watch so well, you can't think. I have a plan, by which the small dogs will be a-ble to do their work, so plea-sant-ly and so ea-si-ly. What a shame it is, that the poor lit-tle beasts should be so hard work-ed, and kept out in all wea-thers, guard-ing their sheep from the wick-ed wolves that sur-round them. Now you are a great dog, and ve-ry strong. Sup-pose you took the work of the small dogs off their hands, and kept all the sheep your-self. They might sleep in the sun, and you and I would take care they had plen-ty of nice bones and paunches; and mean-while we would guard the sheep to-ge-ther."

Then the big dog laugh-ed and said, "A nice plan, in-deed! How ve-ry kind you are! Here are all the small dogs just in-side the gate. Per-haps you will be kind e-nough to tell them the nice lit-tle plan you have just told me, and see how they will like it." Then the Wolf be-gan to feel very awk-ward and un-com-fort-a-ble, and felt that the big dog had led him in-to a trap; and he curl-ed up his mouth in-to what he meant for a ve-ry sweet smile, and said, "No, thank you, dear Prince. I think I will not say any-thing to them to-day. I have not got my speech quite rea-dy." Then all the small dogs, who had heard all from in-side the old cas-tle, be-gan to yelp and to laugh, and to wag their tails, and to set up a cry of, "How ve-ry kind you are, dear Wolf, to think of ta-king the charge of our sheep off our hands!"

So the Wolf, see-ing his plot was de-tect-ed, sneak-ed off with his tail be-tween his legs, and from that time the small dogs knew that Prince was their true friend, and were jea-lous of him no long-er, and made up their own quar-rels, and the Wolf was fain to keep his de-signs a-gainst the sheep in the dark, till he could find a bet-ter time for put-ting them in ex-e-cu-tion.

HOW TO MAKE A SPLENDID INCOME.

THANKS to MR. JUSTICE WILLES, this process is now easy to anybody who can raise the preliminary Five Pounds. The journals say—

"It has been laid down by MR. JUSTICE WILLES, that a banker is bound to pay on the production of the half of a cut note, even without an indemnity."

Therefore all one has to do is to get a £5 note, and cut it in halves. Present one half, and under the authority of MR. JUSTICE WILLES, demand the money. Do the same with the other half. Turn each £5 into a note, and cut each note, and repeat the presenting process. So go on until the banks close. An industrious young man with £5 and a pair of scissors may now render himself independent in the course of a week. Thanks, MR. JUSTICE WILLES.

A SERVANT ON SPIRITUALISM.—It is fortunate that rapping spirits, which seem very tricksy beings, do not seem to be able to move street-knockers. Otherwise we should continually be going to answer a rap at the door, and coming back, saying, "Please 'm only a ghost."

THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW.

Policeman (who, we are bound to say, is extremely civil). "WHITE TICKET, MA'AM? LETTER H!—YES, MA'AM. QUITE RIGHT. OVER THE HURDLES, IF YOU PLEASE!"

VICTORIA'S MID-DAY REVIEW.

THEY tell us a tale that we dare not ignore;
That deep in a glade we have hunted before
A Tiger is waiting to spring,
And so we come up to our QUEEN, as of yore
Our fathers came up to their KING.

The beast that is lurking is fiercer, they say,
Than the Tiger our fathers brought grimly to bay,
And rolled in his blood at their feet,
And therefore we come to our Lady to-day,
The vow of our sires to repeat.

We come, but it is not in plaint or in fear—
Which, which did the QUEEN, proudly marking us, hear
In the voice of that thunder-toned shout?
We come but to show her what Hunters are near
For the hour when her bugles ring out.

We come with firm footstep, as Hunters should tread,
With the glaive by the side, with the plume on the head,
With the heart where a Hunter's should be;
And each with the weapon of weapons most dread,
Most dread in the hands of the Free.

Nor idly we come in a holiday pride,
With arms unaccustomed, with sinews untried,
To deal with a savage so fell;
We know from our sires, when a savage hath died,
His Hunters have quit them right well.

And we come that the Lady of Kingdoms may know,
In the day, should it chance, that her bugles shall blow
She shall find Hunter-Soldiers astir;
And the men whom her signal shall launch on the foe
Shall be worthy of dying for Her.

From the Loom, from the Mine, from the Forge, from the Mart,
From the cells of stern Science, the halls of fair Art,
From the homes of calm Learning, we come;
Who grudges his brother a brotherly part
In our work—let him hence, and be dumb!

Some say the War-Tiger is scared from the fight;
And some that his courage hath quailed to a blight
From the scent of our fresh-flowing sea;
And some that he is but a monster to fright
The folks near his home. It may be:

But our fields they lie open, our gardens are rare,
And those we love better than life wander there,
And our babies are crawling about;
And none of us all is so brave as to dare
To leave certain questions in doubt.

So we come in our thousands, from cot and from hall,
And from thousands again who are ready at call,
Should once the War-Tiger be seen,
And this is the errand on which, one and all,
We come up, to-day, to the QUEEN.

Did they daunt the brave Hunters in years have gone by,
That foam on his fangs and that fire in his eye,
As he rushed in his rage on the spear?
No, thus, ever thus, the War-Tiger should die:
Come, Tiger, the Hunters are here.

The blood-thirsty growl and the roar are in vain;
If the savage attack us, the savage again
Shall writhe in a merited doom;
There's the steel for his flank, and the ball for his brain,
Come, Tiger, and spring on thy tomb.

BEST REST FOR THE QUEEN'S RIFLE.

A SCHOOLMASTER SLIGHTLY ABROAD.

CONSIDERATE as *Mr. Punch* is at all times, he would not think of troubling a Schoolmaster with any work in addition to that of his school, until the holidays had set in. But now that our Young Friends are at home, *Mr. P.* ventures to ask MR. H. E. JANSON, of Brighton, what is the exact meaning of the following note, which he inserted in the *Times?*—

> "*To the Editor of the "Times."*
>
> "Sir,—I beg very distinctly to contradict a statement in MR. CLERY's letter to the *Times*, that I have ever threatened to cane young VANSITTART, or that I have ever held a stick over him. My practice is very different to this, as I may confidently appeal to all my pupils.
>
> "I remain, Sir,
> Your Obedient Servant,
> "H. E. JANSON."
>
> "106, *Lansdowne Place, Brighton.*"

"My practice is very different to this," says MR. JANSON, in questionable English. Then what *is* MR. JANSON's practice? *Mr. Punch* hopes, and believes, that MR. JANSON (whose haste to deny brutality does him credit) means that he does not wop his boys. But from his letter it might be inferred that he does not "threaten," or "hold a stick over" a culprit, but lets into him at once, like one o'clock. Or is it the stick which is repudiated, and is the "different practice" the use of a trifle from the tree *Betula, vel betulla*, not nearly so pleasant a refresher as one at BIRCH's, in Cornhill. Not pausing for a reply, *Mr. Punch* proceeds to the last part of the letter. "*As* I may confidently Appeal to all my pupils." If any pupil of MR. JANSON's brought him such a sentence as this, it is possible that the youth might make a vain Appeal against orders to "stay in" all the afternoon, and consider LINDLEY MURRAY on Prosody. Suppose, all the boys having gone home, MR. JANSON should beguile his leisure by improving his composition. *Mr. Punch's* zeal in favour of education will be regarded by MR. JANSON as ample excuse for troubling that gentleman with the hint.

MR. PUNCH AND THE FRENCH ORPHEONISTS.

LAST week *Mr. Punch*, as representative of England, fraternised with the French Orphans, as by some English *literati* the Orpheonists were called. As the Romans to MARK ANTONY, he first "lent them his ears," and them gave them his hands, clapped in thundering applause. Their performance far exceeded all that had been promised of them, and in the thunder of *Punch Tonans* their triumph was complete.

On the merits of their singing *Mr. Punch* need not dilate, for he could scarcely print a word of praise without committing plagiary, so amply has the subject been recently discussed. Enough to say that these French singers sang with such distinctness that, to English ears, their French was perfectly intelligible; and as near three thousand tongues were wagged for each one word, it may be fancied with what practice and precision they were drilled. Not being used of late to hear the French sing small, *Mr. Punch* was struck especially with the piano passages; and, without meaning a pun, he came to the conclusion that, in the singing of the Orpheonists, their piano is their forte. *Mr. Punch* has long been used to consider the Cologne Choir unapproachable in this; but had he now to give the prize, he rather thinks that he would have to halve his golden pippin, and award one aureous moiety to his new friends from France. The faultless manner, too, in which they kept up the true pitch was, as a musical wag remarked, the true pitch of perfection. And not less to be praised was the finish of their Swells, which were as exquisite as those of "Wegent Stweet" or "Wotten Wow." In short, as

> "Orphous with his lute made trees,
> And the mountain tops that freeze,
> Bow themselves when he did sing,"

so did the French Orpheonists with the sweet music they discoursed make *Mr. Punch*, and some few tens of thousands of his countrymen, nod their heads in pleasant approbation of their efforts. (Parenthetically, too, *Mr. Punch* must give one word of commendation to the Guides; for he felt that, with such guides to accompany a chorus, the march to vocal victory was easy of accomplishment.

By way of a finale to each of the four concerts, there was such cheering and such handclapping, and such waving of hats, handkerchiefs, parasols, and programmes, that experienced *Mr. Punch* had both to rub his eyes and twitch his ears before he could believe that he was not deceived by them. A scene of such excitement is so rarely seen in England (before dinner at least) that *Mr. Punch* could scarcely bring his senses to put credence in it. With a sort of friendly rivalry the audience cheered the singers and the singers cheered the audience; and the oldest and the coldest morning concert-goers present gave vent to their enthusiasm without feeling they lost caste by it. Indeed they so warmed up that the fire of wit was kindled, and some brilliant things popped out of it. For instance when French gallantry sent forth a shout of "*Vive la Reine!*" a British wit at once flashed forth the sparking sally, "Ah, *we've la Rain*, indeed! You may well say that, my boys, seeing that we've scarcely had a dry half hour these six months!"

And these—*Mr Punch* could not help seriously reflecting, while his heart, big with fraternity, bumped against his waistcoat—these are the Allies who by this time had been enemies, if statescraftsmen and soldiers had been allowed to have their way. These are the two nations, the one deriving some of its old blood from the other, who are said to be in nature like as dog and cat, and to have only the feeling of vindictiveness in common. Surely nations would keep friends if they were left more to themselves, and surely statescraftsmen and soldiers who would hound on the French poodle to attack the British bulldog, should be hissed off the stage as the bad genii of the peace.

But if there be one thing more likely than another to foster kindly feeling between Englishmen and French, it is by letting them compete in friendly rivalry of art, instead of stirring them to deadly rivalry in arms. Were Festivals of Music internationally appointed, nations would live more in harmony together, and "Discord, dire sister," would be swept from off the earth.

Wherefore *Mr. Punch*, in the name of all the peacemakers, tenders thanks to all concerned in the Orpheonist invasion, which he regards as the in-bringing of a new era of peace. It will be no fault of Old England if "*La Nouvelle Alliance*" does not take root in her soil, and "*France! France!*" if left alone will surely strive to foster it. By instituting this first of Anglo-French peace festivals the Sacred Harmonic Society has shown itself a Peace Society; and indefatigable MR. BOWLEY, the prime mover in the matter, should have a statue large as life for bringing it to pass. How much Income-Tax might be saved, were musical invasions to supersede the chance of martial ones, *Mr. Punch* will leave to MR. GLADSTONE to determine; and he will likewise leave that gentleman to introduce into his Beer Bill a clause allowing our pale ale, for the use of all French singers, to be sold them free of duty upon either hops or malt. With which last thought for their welfare, *Mr. Punch* again shakes hands with his French friends LES ORPHÉONISTES, and, as usual, speaking as the mouthpiece of All England, he bids them not *adieu*—but, in no long time, *au revoir*.

NEWLY-DISCOVERED WORK BY MR. MACAULAY.

"The following curious advertisement lately appeared in the *Bristol Mirror*:—'If the gentleman who borrowed the fourth volume of MACAULAY's *History of England for a Fortnight*, some two years since, is determined not to return it, he had better apply to J. R. T., Mirror Office, for the three remaining volumes, which will render his set complete.'"

ON the contrary, he had better send the volume he possesses to MESSRS. LONGMAN, who are probably unaware of the existence of the work in question, and might like to include it in the new edition of MR. MACAULAY's productions. *Mr. Punch* also would like to see it, being curious to know what Fortnight in the History LORD MACAULAY selected as the theme for his brilliant illustration. Perhaps it was the immortal fortnight in 1841 that beheld the birth of *Punch*. Anyhow, the Bristol gentleman should let the world know something of this *History of England for a Fortnight*.

Compensation for All or None.

THE House of Commons has discountenanced the proposal of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL to afford compensation to the officials who will be superseded by the enactment of his Bankruptcy Bill. Why, indeed, should those gentlemen be compensated for their prospective loss any more than the Publicans whose gains may be diminished by the Wine Licences Act? Honourable Gentlemen, perhaps, are disposed to refuse compensation to anybody whatever, on the twofold principle that what is sauce for goose is sauce for gander, and that, as enlightened financiers hold, the cessation of liability under Schedule D is a sufficient set off against the ruin entailed by loss of income.

BRITAIN'S BEST BULWARKS.—If there are any works which are powerfully defensive to the nation, and tremendously offensive to all its enemies, they are those which, now amounting to thirty-eight volumes, are published by *Mr. Punch*, at 85, Fleet Street.

COUSIN JACK. "*Cousin Henry, do you like Grammar?*"
COUSIN HENRY. "*I don't know, Cousin Jack; I never* tasted it!"

HEART AND HEAD IN THE CORPORATION OF LONDON.

AT the Common Hall of the Livery of the City of London, MR. ALDERMAN ABBISS and MR. LUSH having been, with the usual formalities and row, elected Sheriffs, the latter gentleman made the following neat and appropriate speech on the occasion:—

"MR. LUSH admitted that he had no claim to the office upon the score of any great ability. It was not, he said, possible for all men to be PEELS or GREYS, GLADSTONES or GRAHAMS; but it was possible for all to be honest men, and he promised to act honestly in the discharge of his public duties, and to use his utmost exertions to sustain the honour and dignity of the office."

It has been said that when an office is conferred upon a man, he is usually also inspired with the abilities necessary to discharge it. Worthy MR. LUSH need not fear that his talents will be inadequate to the requirements of the office of Sheriff of London and Middlesex. These have been usually considered to be amply insured by the proof of intelligence competent to the numeration of hobnails, and mechanical faculty sufficient to chop sticks. The duties which the Sheriff is called upon to perform are not such as to render a competitive examination a very necessary condition to eligibility to the Shrievalty. If anything of the kind were requisite, it would perhaps be a trial, on the part of candidates, of their comparative proficiency in the use of the knife and fork. The successful competitor might be the one who showed himself the best man "to carve a capon and eat it." If it were possible for MR. LUSH to be a PEEL, a GLADSTONE, or a GRAHAM, it might not be desirable, at least for the Corporation of London. Some of those statesmen might be too strongly disposed to trouble their fellow-citizens with projects for municipal reform. We wish MR. LUSH every success in the attempt to display, as an honest man, his moral splendour, which, in a civic dignitary, will amply compensate for almost any deficiency of intellectual brightness.

Sentiment at the Opera.

"THERE is a Tier for all who dye,"
For all who dye moustache and hair,
And that 's the Third Tier, where the eye
Of girls below can't see the snare.

A CI-DEVANT JEUNE HOMME.

A PLEA FOR RAGGED PLAY-GROUNDS.

THE maxim that "*nullum tempus occurrit Regi Punchio*" is quite enough of an excuse, if any at all be needed, for KING PUNCH now to signify his Royal approbation of a speech made by LORD SHAFTESBURY some short time ago at a meeting of the patrons of the Field Lane Ragged Schools. After speaking of the progress and success of that establishment, his Lordship turned from ragged schools to talk of ragged play-grounds, a subject which has more than once engaged the Royal pen and pencil of KING PUNCH; and while discoursing on this theme, his Lordship laudibly let fall the following observations, which KING PUNCH will for posterity preserve in the embalming amber of his type:—

"It was stated in the House of Commons the other night, that in our metropolitan prisons there were forty-two children, under thirteen years of age, who were confined there for playing at marbles, or at driving hoops, or at a game called 'tip-cat.' No doubt it was quite necessary that these games should be prohibited in the streets, where they were dangerous, and horses might be frightened, or the passengers' eyes might be injured by them. But when we had an opportunity of opening as play-grounds large places in London, where poor children might enjoy their sports without any danger, was that advantage to be taken from them, and were we to go on imprisoning the children because they indulged in a natural and proper propensity where they could. (*Cheers*)."

Tip-cat, hoops, and marbles, are nuisances, no doubt, to adults who never play at them, and KING PUNCH has more than once severely suffered from these pastimes. Indeed, he rarely shows himself at any of the Courts (he means those of St. Giles's rather than St. James's) without having his Royal eye half knocked out by a tip-cat, or being tripped up by a hoop trundled between his Royal legs. But whatever may be done by crusty old curmudgeons, KING PUNCH would never dream of prosecuting his small torturers. Though what is sport to them not seldom proves almost the death of him. His Royal breast is moved by no vindictive feeling; on the contrary, KING PUNCH maintains that children must have play, however he may suffer by it. Playing is a natural necessity of life to them, and play they must and will, pass what laws we may to punish and prohibit them. If we deny them proper play-grounds they will play upon the pavements, and no one but a BOMBA would imprison them for playing there. But are there no spare places where poor children might play, without annoyance to the public? Why should not vacant Smithfield be made a ragged play-ground, instead of being turned into a noxious dead-meat market? LORD SHAFTESBURY for one will not see its site so desecrated, and KING PUNCH for another will take care to defend it. This is how the children's champion throws his gauntlet bravely down, and boldly sounds his challenge against all civic comers:—

"He did not know whether in that room there was present any worthy citizen or member of the Corporation of London; but if so, he (LORD SHAFTESBURY) now gave him due notice that he would contest this point tooth and nail, and step by step, so long as he had any breath in him: he would resist any attempt to give up one square inch of the site of Smithfield Market for any other purpose than for the health and happiness, the security and recreation of the population of London."

Bravo! good LORD SHAFTESBURY! You speak up like a man on behalf of London children, and on behalf of them KING PUNCH now thanks you for your speech. In carrying out your promise to defend the site of Smithfield, your Lordship may rely on the assistance of KING PUNCH. By KING PUNCH's pen the pens of Smithfield were demolished, and with the same steel weapon KING PUNCH will now defend its site against the butchers' steel. Having cleared away the beasts that used to make day hideous with their bellowings and bleatings, KING PUNCH has little wish to see their place of meeting haunted by their ghosts; and this he fears might be the case were a market to be opened there, for the barter of the carcases of their defunct descendants. Far rather would KING PUNCH see the site of Smithfield market stocked with living children than with cartloads of dead meat; and he therefore boldly echoes the defiance of LORD SHAFTESBURY, and proclaims War to the Knife! against those greedy citizens who would make Smithfield a catering-place for the civic knife and fork.

The Incapable Knights.

THE QUEEN has been kindly selecting Ribbons sent from Coventry. How the Services would gain if HER MAJESTY would add to her kindness by sending to Coventry certain parties whom her predecessors have selected *for* Ribbons.

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER XXI.—MORE ABOUT THE LADIES OF THE TWELFTH AND THIRTEENTH CENTURIES.

ALTHOUGH the ladies of this period were doubtless censured by their husbands for extravagance in dress, we really think them far more moderate than some of their descendants. We could, for instance, cite a register to show that sixty shillings only was the cost of a new robe; and we could also quote a warrant which was issued by KING JOHN, ordering the purchase of two robes for the Queen, whereof each was to consist of five ells only of cloth. When one reflects that in these days of unconscionable crinoline as much as twenty yards is far too little for a dress, one can't help wishing one could take a leaf out of KING JOHN'S book, and limit one's JEMIMA to the six yards and a quarter with which a Queen in the twelfth century was, doubtless, well content.

The robe, as we have said, was an undergown with sleeves, and it appears that, during JOHN'S reign green was generally considered the most fashionable colour for it. Hence we may remark, that pretty girls who wore it might have been asked why they resembled the fields in the *Creation;* the answer, of course, being, that they were "*With Verdure Clad,*" and, no doubt, "delightful to the ravished sense" of their admirers. Express mention of this colour is made in both the warrant and the register referred to, and we likewise find allusion to it in the accounts given of the flight of WILLIAM LONGCHAMP, Bishop of Ely, who was Regent during RICHARD'S absence in the East. We learn from MATTHEW PARIS that the Bishop ran away* "disguised in a green woman's tunic;" but who was the "green woman," whose robe he ran away in, the writer of this passage does not proceed to say.

FEMALE COSTUME. TWELFTH CENTURY. FROM THE PORTRAIT OF BISHOP LONGCHAMP, IN A BLACK LETTER COPY OF "YE HUE AND CRYE" OF THOSE DAYS. (VERY SCARCE.)

Over their robes on swell occasions the ladies wore a mantle, which was splendidly embroidered, that of QUEEN ELEANOR being sprinkled with a lot of golden crescents. Under this, or on ordinary days perhaps in lieu of it, they wore a closely-fitting garment, which being richly furred, was called pelisson, or pelisse; a name said to be derived from *pellelier*, a furrier. KING JOHN orders a grey one, with nine bars of fur, to be made up for his Queen:† and we learn, from an old jest book, that when she tried it on the King made some mild joke about her being in the pelisse.

A garment called a *bliaus* (whence, doubtless, the modern *blouse*), is also mentioned at this period as being worn over the robe; but it appears that the word *bliaus* was only another name for the surcoat or supertunic. For winter use, we learn, the *bliaus* was lined with fur; but we cannot say if it was waterproofed for summer, as, were it now in wearing, it certainly would need to be.

The *wimple*, of which mention is first made during KING JOHN'S time, was an under-veil or kerchief wrapped round the head and chin, and at times completely enveloping the neck. For the nuns and poorer classes it was made of linen, and fastened on the forehead with a plain fillet to match: but the swellesses all wore it of gold tissue or rich silk, and had their fillets jewelled with gems which, Cox remarks, some jew 'eld not unfrequently in pawn for them.

The *peplum*, or veil, was worn over the wimple; and above them both was often placed a diadem or garland, or else a small round hat or cap. ISABEL, the sister of KING HENRY THE THIRD, is described by MATTHEW PARIS as taking off her hat and veil, so as to let the people see her face, which, if she was pretty, was a vastly proper action in her. We find too, from the famous *Roman de la Rose* (a poem we shall have more fully to refer to), that at times a floral chaplet was worn besides the diadem or coronal of gold, as bears witness the couplet:—

"Ung chappel de roses tout frais
Eut dessus le chappel d'Orfrays."

* We surely need not caution our enlightened readers against believing the surmise of Cox, the Finsbury Historian, that it was from his creditors the Bishop ran away; nor need we refute the further supposition, that it was at Runnymede that LONGCHAMP set off running, in company, as Cox conjectures, with JOHN LACKLAND, whose Estates had just been confiscated for his helping TITUS OATES to get up the Rye House Plot.

† "It appears from this, and from the warrant above quoted, that husbands in these days used to order their wives' dresses. Were this custom of the 'good old times' to be revived, what mints of money might be saved, and what preposterous absurdities of crinoline be spared us!"—*Punch.* "And what *frights* you *stingy creatures* would be *sure* to make of us!"—*Judy.*

This fact is also mentioned in another ancient poem, with which some antiquarians may perhaps be less familiar:—

"Shee wore a wreathe of roses
Ye Knighte when firste shee mett,
A golde garlande she hadde shee on,
To make her spilliere gett."

We regret to have to add (but Truth must not be sacrificed, though gallantry might wish it so), that the ladies of this period were by no means so attentive to their hands as to their heads, for though they took great care to dress and decorate the former, they were actually so vulgar as to leave the latter naked! By the old illuminations the clearest light is thrown on this appalling fact, and we have read in black and white abundant other proof of it. Thus, when KING HENRY, in the well-known ballad of "Fayre Rosamonde," mentions as his reason for going down to Woodstock, that he merely wished to get some gloves made for his wife, "ye furious queene" throws instantly discredit on the statement; and knowing that those articles of dress were not in fashion, with a woman's quick sagacity she jumps to the conclusion that:—

"Gif hee went thir for Glove-makyng
Itt was withoute ye G!"

For further illustration of this love-story or glove-story, we may well refer our readers to the Gallery of Illustration; where the tale of "*Rosa mundi, non Rosa munda*" will be classically told them by one JOHANNES PARRY in what, if not a parody, may at least be termed a Parrydy.

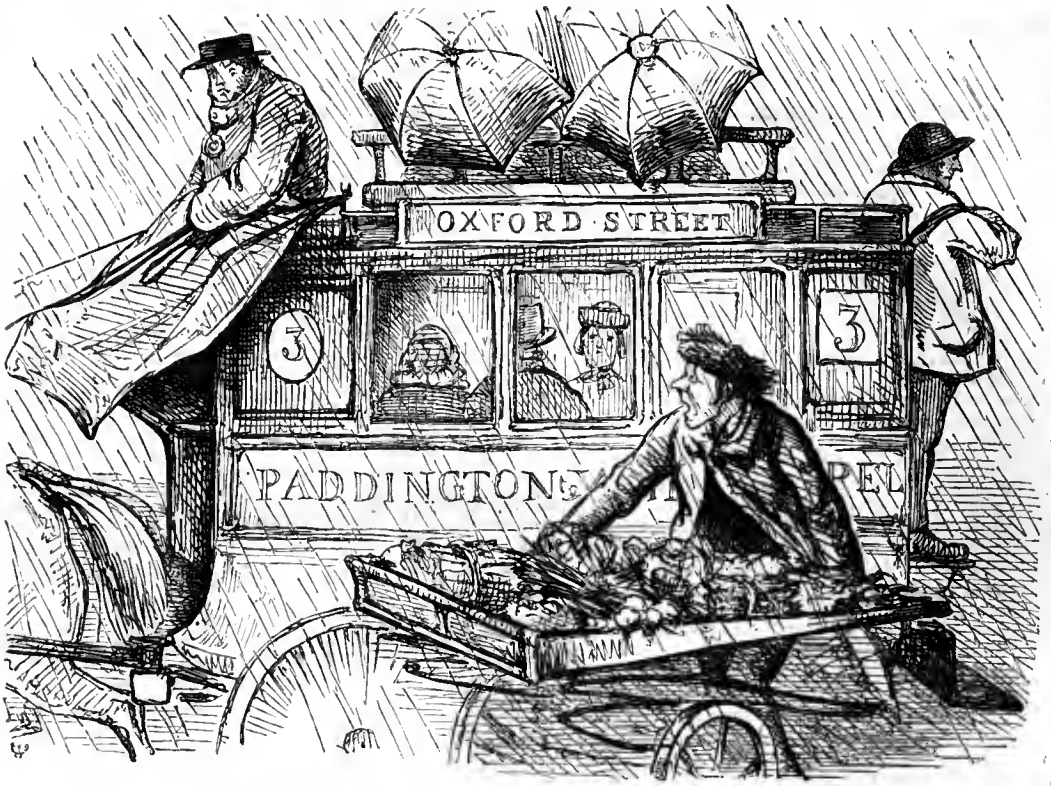
QUEEN ELEANOR AND FAIR ROSAMOND. FROM AN OLD ILLUMINATION. (IMPROVED.).

DONNYBROOK IN THE PAPAL STATES.

SOME of the Irish papers state that DR. CULLEN has thought it necessary to endeavour to stay the rather overflowing tide of emigration to Rome. This is not unlikely. CULLEN is probably well enough acquainted with his countrymen to perceive that his master the POPE may find too much of an Irish contingent too much of a good thing. Pugnacity is well known to be a very prominent feature of the Hibernian character; and if LAMORICIÈRE cannot immediately find his Emerald Islanders a foe, they may very possibly take it into their heads to choose antagonists for themselves. Generosity, however capable of perversion, being another of PADDY'S principal qualities, it may happen that when the Irish auxiliaries of HIS HOLINESS discover that they have been humbugged by their priests, and crimped by those fraudulent ecclesiastics for the support of a shameful despotism, the enemy whom they will select will not be United Italy. It may, indeed, be expected, that the slogan of *Erin Go Bragh!* wi ultimately be raised under the banner of GARIBALDI.

Puseyism in the Police Office.

THE riots at St. George's-in-the-East have not been stopped by having frequently been brought before the Thames Police Court. While the Rector of that parish persists in the puerility of playing at Popery, it is not likely that those disgraceful proceedings would terminate even if his Church were situated in the district of Worship Street.



COSTERMONGER. "*Now then*, you—*vere are you a-driving to?*"
'BUS DRIVER. "*Why, can't you see? To Paddington—I'm sure it's writ up big enuff!*"

GENEROUS BEING.

"A SHEET OF TISSUE PAPER FOUR MILES LONG.—A sheet of tissue paper has been exhibiting at Colyton, Devonshire. It measures in length four miles, being 21,000 feet long, and is in breadth 6 feet 8 inches. The weight of it is but 196 lbs. It was manufactured in twelve hours."

This is not a tissue of lies, but is entirely true. The paper was made by order of *Mr. Punch*, and is now cut into squares for wrapping up the gold watches, rings, studs, chains, and other ornaments which he is always bestowing upon his Young Men in acknowledgment of brilliant literary or artistic efforts. Such are his generosity and their genius that the paper will not last him above six months.

Rubrical Costume.

MR. PUNCH presents his compliments to the REV. BRYAN KING, and recommends him to buy a quire of foolscap wherewith to make caps for his choristers, and also a suitable covering for any other head which he may feel it to fit.

THE UMBRELLA RIFLE.

MR. PUNCH begs to call the attention of Volunteers in general to his newly-invented weapon, the UMBRELLA RIFLE, which has been introduced by him expressly to meet the requirements of the present rainy season. With that modesty which ever is attendant on true genius, *Mr. Punch* will frankly own that his invention was suggested by a well-known apparatus, which combines those useful implements the parasol and whip. By cleverly adapting this ingenious idea, *Mr. Punch* has introduced an instrument for Riflemen which will prove at once protective and destructive, and will shield them from a soaking while it provides them with the means of opening a hot fire. The umbrella being fixed near to the muzzle of the rifle, the ribs, when not distended, will lie flat along the barrel, and will be covered in fine weather with the usual oilskin case. No impediment will thus occur in taking aim, nor will the handling of the rifle in the least be interfered with. As soon, however, as a shower comes (as on marching or parade days it is almost sure to do), the order can be given to "Uncover Umbrellas," and the men may stand at ease and defy the threatened ducking.

Mr. Punch need not dilate upon the benefits and comforts his invention will confer on Volunteers who wisely use it; but as economy is (said to be) the order of the day, he may just point out how vastly his new instrument will help towards it. It has been calculated by a most eminent military mathematician, that every time a Rifleman gets soaked through to the skin (which happens on an average three times out of four that he ventures on parade) five shillingsworth of injury is done to a new uniform, and as much as three and sixpence worth of damage to an old one. Whenever he gets "washed, just washed in a shower," not less than one and ninepence worth of gloss is wetted off him: while, since it is proverbial that

"London rain
Leaves a stain,"

as few as half-a-dozen drops of it will take out of him at least a shillingsworth of shine.

When to this account is added the saving of expense in cabbing home from wet parades, and of doctors' bills for curing cramps and coughs and colds, and the hundred other ills that humid flesh is heir to, *Mr. Punch* feels proudly sure that his UMBRELLA RIFLE will prove to be the cheapest and most comfortable weapon that has been ever introduced to the notice of the nation, and no Volunteer's equipment will be thought complete without it.

A drawing showing the invention as it appears in use will be shown for a few days in the window of the Punch Office, when as well as afterward, copies may be had, price threepence, at the counter, or fourpence if impressed with the Governmental stamp.

N.B. MACKINTOSHED PERCUSSION-CAPS for the Wimbledon Meeting should be immediately applied for. Also ask for *Mr. Punch's* IMPERVIOUS SHORT-PIPE COVER and WATERPROOF CIGARS, which have been expressly manufactured for bad weather, and are essential to damp Riflemen when "marching easy" in the wet.

A PROFESSOR IN THE "HUE AND CRY."

UNDER the head of "Extensive Robberies of Cash, Plate, and Jewels" the *Morning Post*, the other day, enumerating a glut of crimes, of which information had been received the day before by the Police, states that the Authorities of Scotland Yard had been apprised—

"That the Rev. W. S. CHALKLEY, a Wesleyan preacher, had gone off with £5,000, which he obtained by fraud and forgery as Secretary to the Lancashire Mutual Loan Society. The discovery of CHALKLEY's delinquency has created much scandal among the Reformed Wesleyans, of which body he was a member."

There must be some mistake in this announcement. The idea of any Wesleyan preacher bolting with money with which he had been entrusted, is absurd enough; but the conception of a preacher who is not merely a Wesleyan, but even a reformed one, committing such an offence, is too ridiculous. It is incredible that an ordinary methodist parson should be a rogue, and quite out of the question that extra-sanctified methodism should be consistent with double-dyed rascality. We cannot believe that Brother CHALKLEY walked his chalks with the funds of the brethren. At least, let us hope that if there is any truth in the report that MR. CHALKLEY has "gone off with £5,000," the fact simply is, that the Rev. Gentleman, being a bachelor, and having been successful in the pulpit, has eloped with an heiress of that amount, who is now MRS. CHALKLEY, and rejoices in the congratulations of all the other reformed young methodist ladies who are privileged to sit under her husband.

THE PRACTICAL HOUSEWIFE.—"Sir," said, speaking of his wife, the husband of a lady whose mind was exclusively devoted to domestic affairs—"Sir, she would have made a dumpling of the apple which revealed the law of gravitation to NEWTON."

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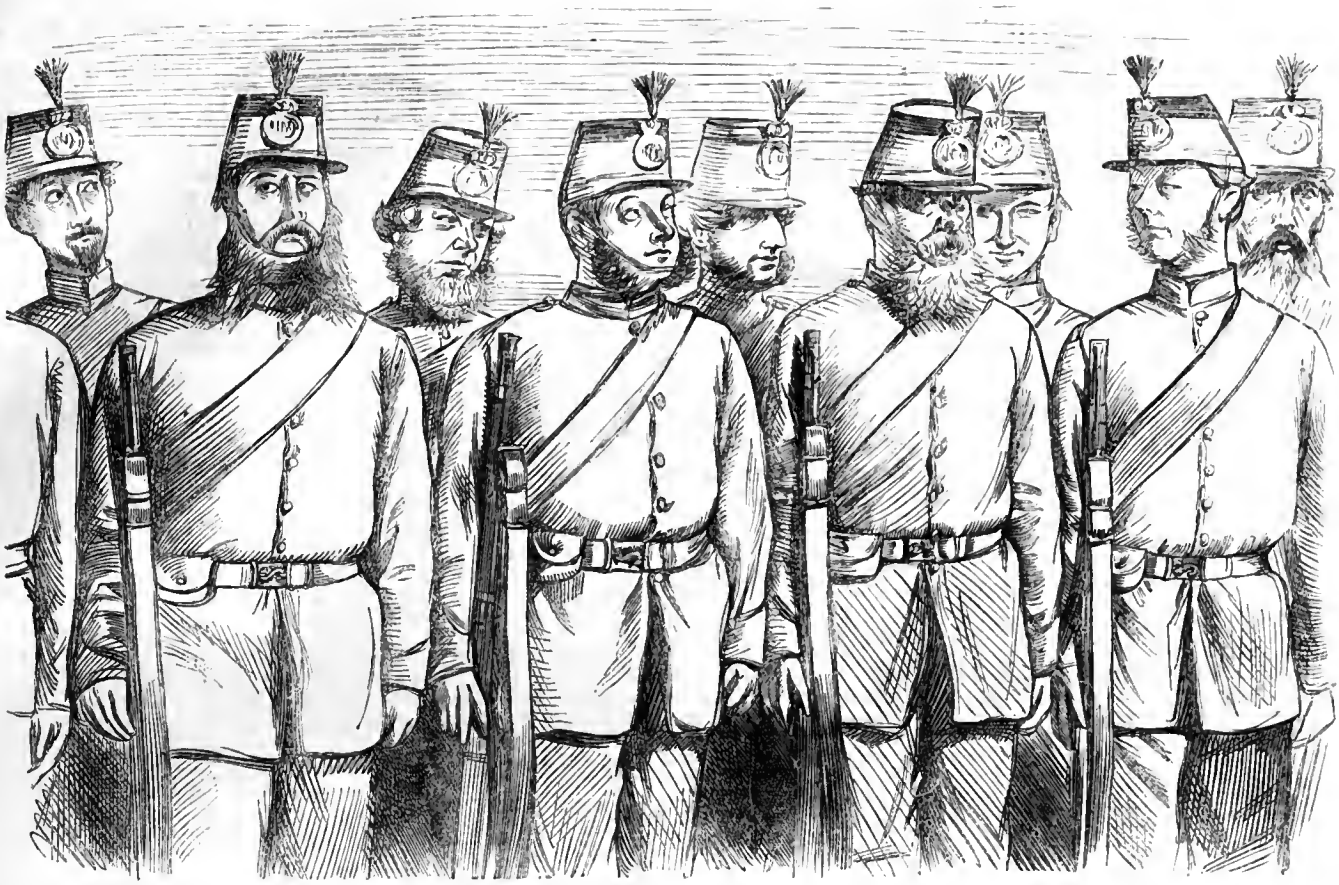


DIVERSIONS OF DRILL.

Comic Man of the Company (in a stentorian whisper). "*Eyes left! There's a Ballo . . . . . on!*"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

July 2. Monday. Mr. Punch, not now speaking in lightness, but on the contrary, as the Wiscount says, *seriatim*, observes that this has been a remarkable Parliamentary week, and that mention of what took place on its penultimate and antepenultimate days will be made in the Constitutional Histories that will be read when *Punch* himself shall be the only surviving representative of the Victorian Age. Lord Macaulay's New Zealander—no, let us give the eternal and unborn heathen a little peace—but this is a week to be remembered, and therefore *Mr. Punch* erects to it a memorial, *ære perennius*, and though now purchaseable for a ludicrously small amount of that metal, will one day be worth the weight, in gold, of the three largest George the Third pennies that were ever shied at a mudlark at Greenwich.

On the Monday the noticeable incident in the Lords was the extraordinary obstinacy of the Duke of Marlborough. When small men deal with great subjects they usually display an arrogance proportioned to their incapacity. The Duke of Marlborough conceives that he has a mission to direct England as to the mode in which she shall educate India. Wise men have thought that during the present state of the minds of the natives of India it is better that we should gradually prepare those minds for the reception of Christian teaching, than at once begin with the Bible. The Duke thinks differently, and insisted to-night on bringing forward a motion on the subject. The leading Representative Men in the Lords begged him not to do so. Lord Shaftesbury, for Evangelicalism and Missionary Societies, Lord Ellenborough, for Indian Governments, Lord Granville, for the Queen's Government, Lord Derby, for the Queen's Opposition, and Lord Brougham, for Common Sense and Experience, all urged this request, but in vain. The Duke was stubborn, and made a long speech, and his motion. The severest rebuke which can be read to a gentleman was then administered. No answer was made him, but Lord Brougham without a needless word moved the Previous Question, which means (*vide* your Dod) that a formal method was taken of getting rid of a subject which a meeting has no intention of discussing. The Duke was dropped as flat as his own speech.

In the Commons, the first move was made in the Important Game to which *Mr. Punch* has adverted, Lord Palmerston giving notice that he should on the Thursday call attention to the Report of the Committee on the interference of the Lords with Tax Bills, and should propose certain Resolutions.

The debate on the Indian Army Fusion Bill was resumed and continued by Mr. Rich (the late Mr. Henry Drummond's Little Pig that squeaked because lacteal nourishment was not attainable by it), Sir De Lacy Evans, who stood up for the loyalty of the English soldiers in India, and urged that they had been treated unfairly and ungraciously in the arrangements of the transfer of the Army to the Queen, Mr. Monckton Milnes, who protested against our Lust of Centralisation, and divers other military and lay figures, and the second reading of the Bill was finally carried by 282 to 53. There was a nursery rhyme of *Mr. Punch's* demigodlike infancy, a rhyme descended from the time of the Civil Wars, but which he never has been able to connect with the history of the period:—

> "High diddle diddle and high diddle ding,
> The Parliament soldiers are going to the King."

Infants of the present generation may have this transfer and fusion business stamped upon their butter-like memories by a variation upon the above beautiful couplet:—

> "High diddle, diddle the soldier so green,
> The Company's Soldiers are sold to the Queen."

Tuesday. The Bill for providing means for settling disputes between Masters and Operatives (this does not mean Maestri and Opera-singers, Wiscount) was read a second time in the Lords, but declared very unsatisfactory. A Bill for creating a Native Council in New Zealand, for settling Land disputes, was read a second time, on the Government's motion. It is to be hoped that it provides for civil and polite conduct on the part of the Members towards each other. We shall perhaps read of references to "the Honourable Member with the Blue Tattoo," and that "the Speaker then retired and eat his grandmother; after which the Council resumed."

After some military debates in the Commons, they got themselves

Counted Out. Some Gas Bill dodge was said to have something to do with the affair.

Wednesday. Good MR. HUBBARD,
He went to his cupboard,
And put in his neat little Bill
(On the vext Church Rate question)
At civil suggestion
That the measure amounted to *nil.*

A very good Bill for taking the mismanagement of country roads out of the hands of slow, stupid, and stingy boors, and transferring the duty to a responsible Board that could be made to understand a subject, and to feel a kicking for neglecting it, was read a second time by 203 to 120, MR. HENLEY, as usual, growling and grumbling against any change in any existing system. For a man of real sense, HENLEY is the best type of an Obstructive that is presented in the House of Commons. He knows enough to do very great mischief, and, as somebody told him more truly than civilly, he worries Bills like a great ferret with a rat. It was very fit that such a Stick-in-the-mud should oppose a measure for making roads passable, and this sentimental excuse is the only one that *Mr. Punch* can invent for him. Then came another thing considerably to be regretted. Does anybody know what a Marine Store Dealer is? He or she, for the women are worse than the men, keeps a filthy little den, usually covered with vulgar, flaunting placards, tempting servant girls and the like with visions of fine clothes in exchange for "odds and ends," and with doggerel verses such as:—

"If you want a bit of luck
Come to MOTHER HABAKKUK,
Bring old bottles, bones, and rags,
And she will fill your money-bags."

But this is merely a blind. The real business of the rogue is to buy, for as little of course as will be taken, anything that a servant, a child, or an apprentice, can bring. The Marine-Store keeper is, in fact, a receiver of stolen goods, and half the juvenile crime of our cities is attributable to these wretches, who not only receive the produce of thefts, but hint to their customers what thefts are easiest and most profitable. The Police Magistrates would have the utmost pleasure in seeing them all transported, but unluckily they are themselves in no peril of such an *exit*, though they annually send hundreds and thousands to our gaols and convict-ships. Various attempts have been made to give the police some hold over the rascals, but the means have not been very effective, and the fearful demoralisation business goes on. A Bill has been introduced this session for dealing with them, but in the natural desire of the framers to make it as stringent as possible, they have so devised it as to make it operate against honest tradespeople. SIR G. C. LEWIS remarked that it was true that "Marine Store Dealers were to a great extent dealers in stolen goods," but he did not promise his aid in amending and carrying so needful a measure. He did promise, however, to consult with the Magistrates.

Thursday. That poor old creature, LORD NORMANBY, did a little cackling against GARIBALDI and the Italians; but the aged goose only succeeded in eliciting from several Peers a warm tribute to the humanity, as well as to the bravery, of the Dictator of Sicily. NORMANBY on GARIBALDI is like an old black beetle crawling on a lion's mane.

In the Commons, LORD JOHN RUSSELL mentioned that PRESIDENT BUCHANAN had recalled GENERAL HARNEY from San Juan. This HARNEY has been trying to get up a collision between the English and the Americans at San Juan. He is so fond of bloodshedding that he once flogged a woman to death. The PRESIDENT has very wisely removed this man, and all seems likely to be serene until the question of ownership shall be decided between the Governments. LORD JOHN also stated that our Commander, off Naples, knows exactly what to do in the event of an insurrection.

Then began the discussion upon the Resolutions moved by LORD PALMERSTON, in assertion of the Rights and Privileges of the House of Commons. As *Mr. Punch's* Parliamentary History is about the only one which anybody now reads, and will be quite the only one which will be read by Posterity, he deems it fit, in the exercise of his Absolute Wisdom, to insert those Resolutions in this place. They are these:—

"1. That the right of granting aids and supplies to the Crown is in the Commons alone, as an essential part of their constitution; and the limitation of all such grants, as to the matter, manner, measure, and time, is only in them.

"2. That although the Lords have exercised the power of rejecting Bills of several descriptions relating to taxation by negativing the whole, yet the exercise of that power by them has not been frequent, and is justly regarded by this House with peculiar jealousy, as affecting the right of the Commons to grant the supplies and to provide the ways and means for the service of the year.

"3. That, to guard for the future against an undue exercise of that power by the Lords, and to secure to the Commons their rightful control over taxation and supply, this House has in its own hands the power so to impose and remit taxes, and to frame Bills of supply, that the right of the Commons as to the matter, manner, measure, and time, may be maintained inviolate."

The debate which followed, and which lasted through Thursday and Friday night, was remarkable in itself, on account of the attitude into which the House, by addressing itself to such a subject, put itself in regard to the House of Lords, and also on account of the fact that while LORD PALMERSTON, the Premier, virtually defended the conduct of the Lords, and stated himself content with the proposed protest, MR. GLADSTONE, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and LORD JOHN RUSSELL, the Foreign Secretary, took an opposite course, MR. GLADSTONE desiring "Action," and LORD JOHN "reserving a right" to do as he might see fit. It is not improbable that such a Split, on such a question, may lead to a solution of continuity in a certain Cabinet, but we shall see. There is no doubt about the fact, for the ultra-Liberals are pouring their fiercest abuse upon LORD PALMERSTON, as a Faithless Chief, a Traitor, and all sorts of sad things, and lauding MR. GLADSTONE and LORD JOHN as something a little better than any Patriots of past ages who have died for their country.

LORD PALMERSTON moved the Resolutions in a speech of much tact, dexterity, and good sense. He was vehemently cheered—by the Opposition.

MR. COLLIER, learnedly and lengthily, censured the Lords, and warned the House to be on guard.

MR. CONINGHAM was not content with merely recording resolutions, and was for forcing the Peers to give way.

MR. SCULLY thought that passing the Resolutions was all that could be done.

MR. LEATHAM was contemptuous about precedents, denounced the Lords, and had something to say about CHARLES THE FIRST's head.

MR. BERNAL OSBORNE made fun of the grammar of the Resolutions, and declared them intended to patch up a Treasury quarrel.

MR. EDWIN JAMES called the Resolutions lame and impotent, and the act of the Lords a usurpation.

MR. GLADSTONE taunted the Opposition for not speaking, called the Resolutions mild and temperate, but thought that the House would do well to vindicate its rights by action. He spoke vehemently, and was vehemently cheered by a portion of the Liberals.

MR. WHITESIDE, roused, fired off one of his ready salvoes of good slashing sarcasm, and demanded whether it was desired to subvert the Constitution.

After some speeches of no particular mark, and a smart one, against the Lords, by MR. STANSFELD,

MR. DISRAELI complimented the PREMIER, and approved the Resolutions, but defended the Lords, and poured a quantity of ridicule on MR. GLADSTONE, and upon the Split in the Liberal party.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL thought that the Lords had used their power in an unprecedented manner, and declared his no-confidence in LORD DERBY's leading. The debate was adjourned, and resumed next night by

MR. DIGBY SEYMOUR, who was not satisfied with the Resolutions.

MR. HORSMAN delivered a spirited defence of the Lords, and castigated MR. GLADSTONE for playing tricks with finance.

MR. BRIGHT abused MR. HORSMAN, made a very effective speech in favour of the Budget and the French Treaty, and said that the House was about to abase itself before the hereditary chamber.

Excitement followed, two divisions on adjournment were taken, and the motions for it were defeated by 433 to 36, and 369 to 52, and then

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS AGREED TO LORD PALMERSTON'S RESOLUTIONS.

RESOLUTION *v.* ACTION.

SAYS PAM, with his smile, friends or foes to beguile,
And his jaunty elocution,—
"You may trust all to me, my dear GLADSTONE, you see,
I'm a man of *resolution.*"

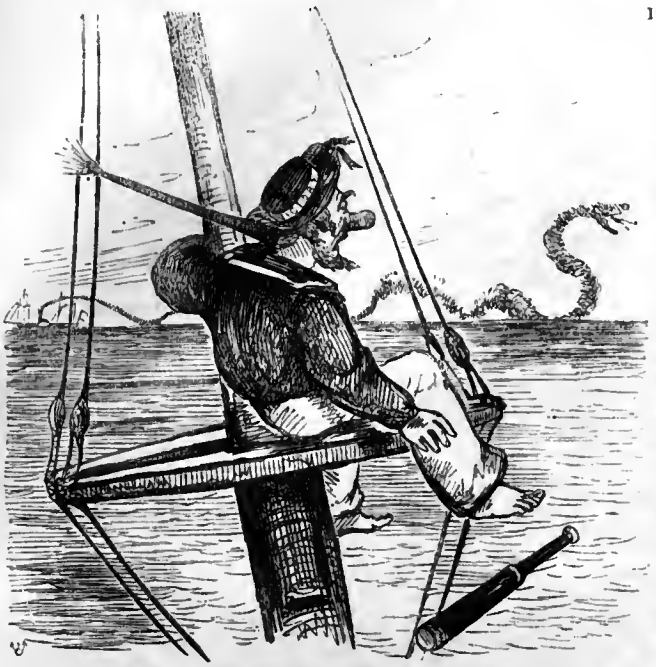
Says GLADSTONE, with gloom in his eyes of doom—
And a smile—not of satisfaction:
"*Resolution*, dear PAM?—That's all S. H. A. M.
I am a man of *action!*"

Says PAM, "Say you so? Then 'tis well you should know
That the Lords your mistake to correct meant;
And the *action I'll* take, if a rumpus *you* make,
Is an action of *ejectment.*"

Action of Damages; England v. China.

THE estimate of the sum we shall have to pay towards defraying the expenses of the Chinese War, amounts to £3,800,000. That is all the damage that has yet been done by our naval and military operations in China. It is much to be feared that all the future damage which may be caused by those proceedings will affect only ourselves. We may pursue the Chinese; but are too likely to catch only the Tartar portion of the population.

AN AMERICAN GENTLEMAN.—TO MR. PUNCH.



SIR,—The *Morning Star* publishes a most extraordinary correspondence between MR COMMISSIONER HILL, Recorder of Birmingham, and the REV. EDWIN CHAPMAN, on the one part, and a personage oddly denominated SIR SAMUEL CUNARD on the other. From these premises it appears that an American lady, MRS. C. E. PUTNAM, with her son, MR. EDMUND T. PUTNAM, and party, consisting of a lady and gentleman, respectively named SMITH and CASSEY, having taken first class passenger tickets for England on board the steamer *Europa*, CAPTAIN LEICH, were, a few days before the steamer sailed, served with the following notice:—

"*British and North American Royal Mail Steam-packet Company. Office, 99, State Street, Boston, Oct. 27, 1859.*

"For your information, we desire to inform you that a separate table will be provided for yourself and party on board the *Europa*, hence to Liverpool, where everything will be furnished you that first cabin passengers are entitled to; the person who applied for your tickets did not state the fact that the party were coloured, otherwise we should have informed you.

"Should this interfere with your expectations, please apply at this office at once, and we will refund the passage-money. Respectfully,

"Mrs. E. Putnam and party, Salem." "(Signed) E. C. and J. G. BATES.

"The arrangement above indicated, MRS. PUTNAM states, was enforced during the voyage. She says, in a letter to an English gentleman:—

"During the whole voyage we were not allowed a seat at the table. . . . And during the last few days of our voyage we were obliged to sit in the ladies' cabin by ourselves, and servants bring us food as if we were criminals, when we had conducted ourselves with the strictest propriety. The captain committed a great wrong in submitting to the dictation of an American agent. Yours, &c.,

"(Signed) C. E. PUTNAM."

"Now the above particulars, and more to the same purpose, were communicated by MR. M. D. HILL and MR. CHAPMAN to the party mysteriously entitled SIR SAMUEL CUNARD, together with the respectful expression of a hope that, as the chief proprietor of the American line of packets including the *Europa*, he would prevent the repetition by his agents of the conduct of which they were guilty towards MRS. PUTNAM and her friends. To this communication no answer was returned. A second appeal obtained the following reply:—

"*Bush-hill-House Edmonton, June 29, 1860.*

"Sir, I have received your letters of the 8th and 28th inst.

"I do not see that any advantage would result from discussing the subject matter of those letters, therefore I must decline entering into any correspondence on the subject. "I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"S. CUNARD."

"The Rev. E. Chapman, Durdham Down, Bristol."

"Surely the writer of the above letter, signing himself S. CUNARD, is plain SAMUEL. It is impossible that he can be "SIR" SAMUEL. To be in case to bear the title of SIR, he must needs be a British subject; whereas it is manifest that S. CUNARD is a regular Yankee. No Englishman could possibly be capable of such subserviency to the wicked and absurd antipathies of the American populace, as to permit, on board any vessel under his control, the continued perpetration of the infamous insolence which MRS. PUTNAM declares to have been practised on herself and her friends by the authorities of the *Europa*. Any SIR SAMUEL CUNARD would have written at once to MR. CHAPMAN, apologising for the base brutality of his servants, and promising to take care that no ship of his should ever again be disgraced by such atrocious truckling to the prejudices of American snobs. The author of the foregoing refusal to entertain the question of putting a stop to a system of outrages upon justice, humanity, freedom, and English civilisation, can only be one simply MR. SAMUEL CUNARD; SAMUEL unadorned; SAMUEL, without a handle to his name; SAMUEL, the genuine nephew and countryman of Uncle SAM.

"Yours, &c.,

"STAR AND GARTER."

A Fly-Blow.

BUTCHER'S meat is high, and accordingly the working classes have very reasonably resolved to abstain from it. If, however, in consequence of this resolution, the butchers are prevented from selling their beef and mutton off their hands, and this hot weather continues, butchers' meat will soon get still higher.

OUR FACETIOUS FRIENDS.

PUNCH has sometimes been found fault with both by ignorant and timid persons, for venturing to poke his fun at our near and dear allies (who might be held still dearer if they were not so expensive to us). Stupid people say the French don't understand a jest, while timid ones declare they are so thin skinned and so sensitive that they cannot take good humouredly a harmless laugh at their expense; and, as an element of enmity, one might as well propose to crack a rifle as a joke at them. How far away from truth are these absurd Britannic notions, may be shown by this brief extract from one of the few dozens of French pamphlets lately published, which by their friendly tone and truthfulness have by no means less astonished than they have delighted us:—

"It is absolutely essential to the existence of the British Empire that the entire class of peasants of Ireland should be maintained in a condition which renders them perfectly docile and easy to decimate when they grow too numerous, or not disposed to bring recruits to the army They who are of opinion that the English is the basest and most horrible tyranny which ever scandalised the earth will probably form the wish that her indispensable support, Ireland, shall be taken from her."

The statement that "the English is the basest and most horrible tyranny which ever scandalised the earth" is really, to our thinking, so exquisitely ludicrous that one might fancy that the force of funning could no further go, were it not for the still funnier remark directly following it. But that Ireland should be viewed as really being England's "indispensable support" is an idea which is so flattering as well as so facetious, that we should almost feel inclined to give the writer an engagement did not the interests of our readers prohibit such a course.

THE STOOL THAT WAS NOT MEANT TO BE STOOD UPON.

OUR PREMIER he made a Precedents' stool,
With three legs, as neat as could be,
Out of old HATSELL wood, the workmanship good,
And the turning masterlie.

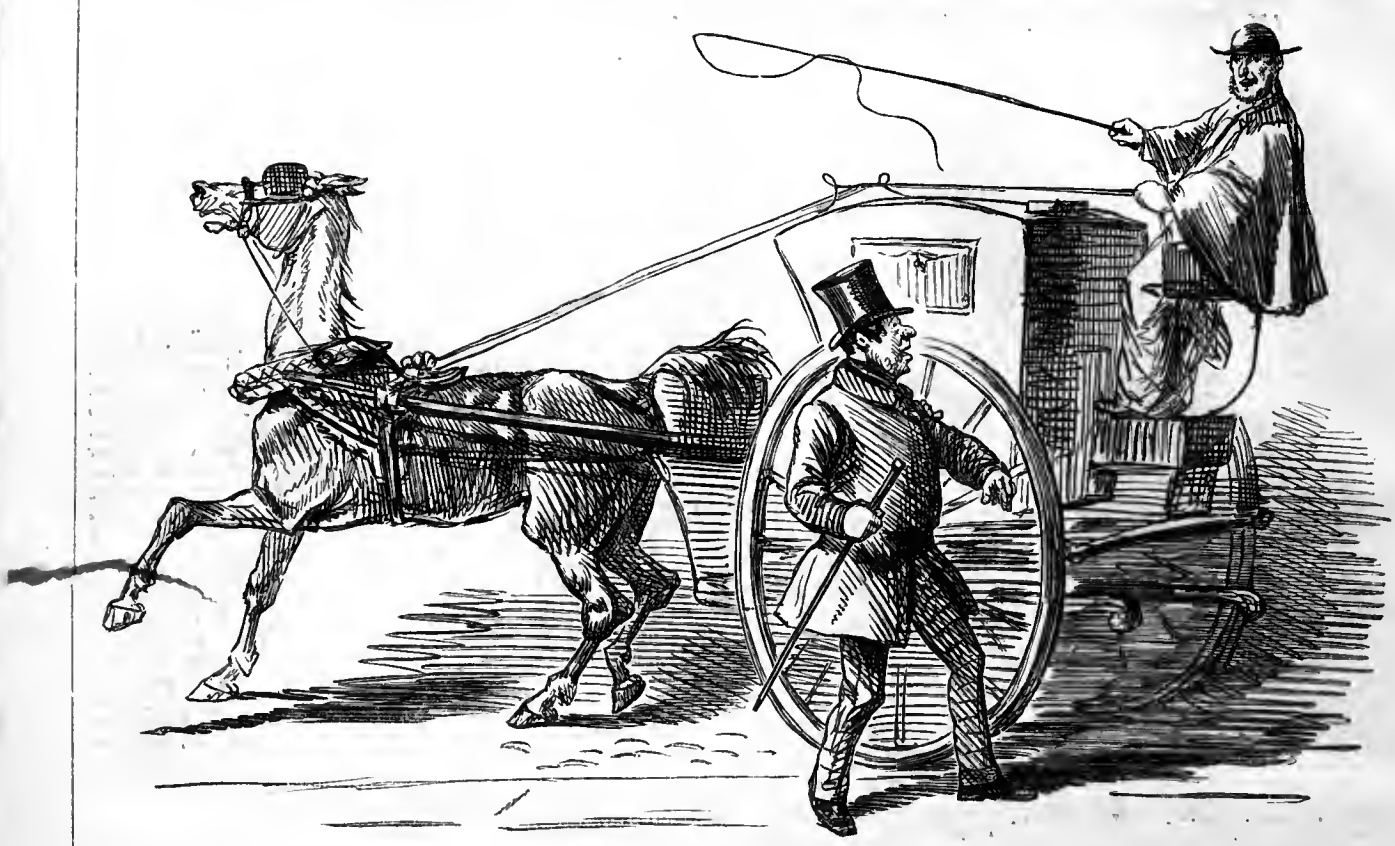
Then up came GLADSTONE, full of wrath,
Brimming o'er with a speech so fine,
"Let me mount this stool, the House to school,
And deliver this soul of mine."

"Now nay—now nay," quoth the PREMIER gay,
"Thy speech thou may'st speak anon;
But this stool, my friend, thou mayst not ascend,
'Tis not meant for standing on."

Then up and spake grim GLADSTONE,
And he smote the board till it rang—
"A stool with three legs, and none of 'em pegs
Whereon a speech to hang!

"I leave you to sink—I leave you to swim,
As pleases DISRAELI,
But the place where such cabinet-work is done,
Is no longer the Place for me."

Then up he rose, and shook his clothes,
And clapped the chamber-door—
Which as Ministere to that sely Peer
He never entered more!



Cabbie. "NOW THEN, SIR! JUMP IN. DRIVE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND FOR EIGHTEEN PENCE!"

FINE TIMES FOR FARMERS.

You cats and dogs, which, till July,
It all this year did raain,
I wishes you at last good-bye,
The weather's turned to fine.
Dark clouds consales the Zun no more,
He shines as bright as brass:
Zo now we zells our hay in store,
And cuts our crops of grass.
The sky is butcher's blue agen; the showers have sased to fall,
We farmers bain't a gwaian to be rhuan'd arter all.

'Twas bad for cattle and for ship,
And lambs, you may suppose,
When every hedge wi' wet did drip;
But then bastes' valley rose;
And fodder was as high as mate;
Sitch times was never know'd.
Here zum on us was zellun whate
At fifteen pound a load!
But things must now come down, because the showers have sased to fall;
Yet still I hopes as how we shan't be rhuan'd arter all.

There's them as thirst o' gain betrays,
By ladun on 'um wrong,
But happy is the man, I says,
As doan't hold on too long.
I zold my stock at famine-rates;
Here's plenty now in view!
I hopes as I med say, my mates,
It is the same wi' you.
The crops is all fast thrivun now the showers have sased to fall;
We shan't, at laste not all on us, be rhuan'd arter all.

When harvest, feared for all the spring,
A good un proves to be,
That there I calls the sart o' thing,
That's just the time for we!
Then in the pockets there's the gold,
The grain is in the barn;
There's last year's proddus all well sold,
In hand there's this un's carn:
And if we rapes abundance now the showers have sased to fall;
This time I spose we fellers shan't be rhuan'd arter all.

So now as wet gives place to dry,
And dark makes way for shine,
"Success to Farmun!" is the cry
We'll drink in chape French wine.
The twoast is what in strong old ale
We used to drink afore,
But now new-fangled slops prevail,
They brews good beer no more.
But push about the clarut, since the showers have sased to fall,
And sing, the jolly farmers wun't be rhuan'd arter all.

A PROFESSIONAL PROTEUS WANTED.

THE advertisers daily grow more queer in their requirements, and by no means the least strange are those connected with the theatres, where novelty of any kind is always in request. We take the following, for instance, from the columns of the *Era*, which are constantly supplying something funny of this sort:—

WANTED, for an ENTERTAINMENT, a Professional Gentleman of Versatile Powers, to play with a Lady. A good figure and personal appearance indispensable. Age not over Thirty. Characters to be sustained:—A Young, and an Elderly Gentleman, a Modern Fop, a Frenchman, and a Drunken Character in Low Life. A fixed salary weekly.—Address, &c.

A gentleman must need have "powers" something more than "versatile" to make him able to comply with all these various requirements. Were nothing said about his "personal appearance," the task might indeed be much more easy of accomplishment. But although it may be proper for him to be possessed of a "good figure" to enable him successfully to "play with a lady," it seems to us that this would not be an advantage to him when appearing as a "drunken character in low life," and he must indeed be a most skilful pantomimist to undertake the transformation scenes which seem to be required of him.

THE LONG LOST SUN.

BRITANNIA. "WHY, PHŒBUS, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? HERE'S ALL THE CORN SPOILING—TO SAY NOTHING OF THE STRAWBERRIES!"

A NEW SONG TO THE OLDEST TUNE AS IS.

(*See* MR. CHAPPELL'S *History of Early English Music.*)

SUMMER is yeomen in—
Rather late, it 's true—
Groweth grain, and ceaseth rain,
And gloweth toilet new.

Salad groweth for cold lamb;
Volunteers are not wet through:
Flannel droppeth, great-coat stoppeth,
And Goloshes too!
Mouths two overdue,
The Summer's here!

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

"MY DEAR PUNCH,

"THREADING my way through the mazes of flounce and crinoline which fill the R. A. Exhibition, I found myself one morning in the North Room.

"Poor MR. WILKINS, the Architect, to whose taste and skill we are indebted for the design of these halls, has been much abused for his pains, but I forgive him his feeble façade and his dreary little dome, his pepper-boxes and his pseudo-Greek portico—in short, all his mistakes—for inventing the North Room, that cool retreat from the crowd and bustle of the Exhibition where one can, at 9 A.M., look at a picture in comfort, and without prejudice—to corns.

"Nor are the works exhibited in this little Sanctuary to be overlooked or despised as an insignificant part of the show. Let gentlemen console themselves who are condemned to be hung (I allude, of course, to their paintings) in the North Room. Here their friends can examine their canvas at leisure; and as for dignity, are not HUNT, PICKERSGILL, and RICHMOND, good company for any of us? The fact is, that crowds rush through the larger rooms to see A.'s famous Allegory, and B.'s grand Battle-piece, or struggle to get a peep at the exquisite portraits by DAUBNEY. Suppose this or that picture is praised,—let us say in *The Connoisseur*, or the *Propylæum*, well—it naturally becomes popular, and the British Public elbows its way up to it in admiration. It is the correct thing to do. I don't say this out of spite, though my *Coronation of Amalasuntha* was rejected.—I hope I 'm above envy—but such is the case. When, on the other hand, I see any one in the North Room straining his neck here or there, and anxiously turning over the leaves of his catalogue, I feel pretty sure he is looking for a friend's picture, or is guided by his own æsthetical instinct. And surely there is a sufficient variety in this room to suit all tastes, from the simple truth and grace expressed in MR. MORRIS'S *Voices from the Sea*, to the dismal text of MR. STIRLING'S *Revival Sermon*. The former (537) is an English coast scene. A young wife and mother listens to her husband's farewell shout as his boat scuds out to sea. Her ruddy children play beside her, and one young rascal has run knee-deep into the water to catch the last sound of his father's voice. It is a pretty, unaffected subject, to which the painter has done justice; and—Oh, if MR. STIRLING had but chosen such a one, instead of depicting the horrors of a 'Revival,' we should not have had to look at—

"A pastor anathematising his flock,
While *Stiggins* stands by in a dirty white stock,
And rears a placard. Sitting under is seen
A flunkey; his coat is of emerald green,
And crimson his breeches. Significant leers
This worthy bestows on a damsel in tears,
With a polychromatic and Brummagem shawl.
While a juvenile version of *Samuel Hall*
Attacks (most unjustly, it must be confest,)
His companion, attired in a bright yellow vest.
A reporter, 'got up' in low comedy style,
Is dotting down notes. An eccentric old file,
Sits watching the preacher. Observe in the rear
How the 'fruits' of the sermon begin to appear.
There 's a girl in hysterics, with terror dismayed,
While an anxious M.D. makes a rush to her aid.
Thus fanatical froth, flirting, fighting, and fainting,
Form the subject of this—most remarkable painting.*

"The title of *Ivory and Ebony* is given by MR. ERCOLE to (483) a picture representing a fair damsel in an unexceptionable brocaded dress, attended by a nigger, who carries a plate of fruit. The contrast is pretty, and the idea of 'Ebony' bearing apples has, at least, the merit of novelty.

"MR. ERWOOD'S *First Place* deserves a better one on the Exhibition walls. It is exquisitely finished, down to the very dust-pan which the poor housemaid has laid aside for a few tearful moments before she begins her day's work.

"*Love Knows no Sleep* (531), by MR. W. WILLIAMS, represents a flirtation between a young lady at an open window who is slipping a letter into the hand of her lover as he leans through the casement. If Love knows no sleep, the fair creature in question appears well aware that, at least, her Mamma is dozing. As for the gent. in the Balmoral bonnet, there is no doubt that HE is tolerably wide awake.

"(541), *The Outrage upon Sir John Coventry*, affords MR. MAGUIRE a capital bit of melodramatic incident for illustration. Poor SIR JOHN appears hard pressed in the *Sa sa* encounter. He placed himself against the wall (so runs the story), and thus, though foes attacked him in front, he had *bricks* to back him. Two heavy villains are already disarmed, and SIR J. is laying about him bravely. It is a curious fact, that though COVENTRY was least likely of all to show the white feather, he is the only cavalier in the picture who wears one.

"To criticise *The Critics* would be hardly fair, nor, if MR. EMMERSON chooses to paint from such models as are represented on his canvas (559), has any one a right to interfere. It would be violating the liberty of the subject, which in this instance, though a singularly ugly one, is treated with skill. Artists will not fail to appreciate the 'accidental repeat' of the puppy behind the chair in the spaniel on the carpet.

"*Guilty or not Guilty?* asks MR. HAYLLAR, *àpropos* of his picture (565), in which a fat little boy is seen standing by a Fortnum-and-Masonic looking jar. Guilty, I suppose, of poaching on the home preserves.

"MR. G. D. LESLIE contributes two works, *Matelda* (578), and *Meditation* (588). The latter represents a young lady in a brown study and pink dress lying by a green pond. She has chosen a somewhat damp spot for her reflections. It is melancholy to think that such a close inspection of water lilies might be attended by—lumbago. The other picture (*Matelda*), is more interesting, and has its admirers, among whom is your humble servant.

"Let artists take warning by the incident which forms the subject of MR. HUGHES'S picture (568), and keep their studios locked up. Young Hopeful is here earnestly engaged in laying 'high lights' on the nose of a lay figure, while his papa peeps round the corner, apparently pleased with the experiment. Well—there is nothing like encouraging youthful genius, even when manifested through the medium of Roman white.

"One would have expected MR. WHISTLER'S talents to have been developed on the flute rather than *At the Piano* (598). Nevertheless, the painting of that title shows genius. The tone which he has produced from his piano is admirable, and he has struck on it a chord of colour which will I hope find an echo in his future works.

"The South Room is, as you know, chiefly devoted to the exhibition of Architectural designs, the critique on which I have no doubt has been so ably conducted by my eminent friend, MR. T. SQUARER, elsewhere, that further comment would be superfluous. There are, however, some portraits here to which I would willingly allude. It would be a pleasure to linger before the miniatures of MESSRS. WELLS and MOIRA, and note the grace and artistic skill in the water-colour portraits by MR. MOORE, but it is time to close my letter.

"As I descended from the R. A. Rooms, after looking at the thousand and ninety-sixth Work of Art there exhibited, I passed through the Condemned Cell—I mean the room devoted to rejected contributions. Alas! for the vanity of human hopes! There lay dear SMITH'S grand compositions, and the produce of poor BROWN'S brains and paint-pot; and the heartless porter grinned as he looked down upon the débris. Old MASSICOT had just dropped in to fetch away his portraits, and indulging in some rather forcible and—and cursory remarks on the Establishment in Trafalgar Square, I regret to say, disparaged even the divine Art itself as an unprofitable occupation.

"I wonder is it better that men should find their own level in this great struggle of life, or keep buoyed up to the last in the comfortable but delusive hope of ultimate success? What becomes of the thousands who are thrown down in the crowd, or the thousands who, seeing the blows, and buffets, and vexation, turn, and walk quietly away?

"Is there no sanctuary—no refuge for these unfortunates—the Great Disappointed?

"I think if I had ten, twenty, or say thirty thousand a-year, I would endow such an asylum. I would welcome them all. The briefless barrister; the painter who has no patron; the parson to whom no one will give a living; the doctor in search of practice; the author whose tragedy no manager will accept; captains who want promotion; governesses without a place—what a pleasant little society we might have, and—and how soon we should get tired of each other!

"Faithfully yours,
"JACK EASEL."

* An ingenious friend of mine, the author of several very clever (and eminently unsuccessful) poems, has, at my request, just dashed off these lines to show you what *might* be done in the way of metrical critiques. Artists will be pleased to remember, that his terms are moderate, and inclusive of beer. Præ-Raphaelite notices executed in Mediæval type, and Royal Academicians waited upon at their own residences. Address, SCRIBLERUS, care of MR. CATNACH, &c.

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER XXII.—PERIOD—THE REIGN OF HENRY THE THIRD.

FROM THE EFFIGY OF ST. MARY-LE-BONE. TEMP. HENRY THE THIRD. (IN THE PADDINGTONIAN MUSEUM.)

BUT little change of costume occurred in this long reign, and we may therefore make short work of what we have to say about it. This indeed we are the more at liberty to do, having, with our usual gallantry, accorded *place aux dames*, and described in our last Chapter the dresses of the ladies. To come now to their lesser halves (who through crinoline are now-a-days dwindling down to less than quarters), we leave our artist to depict a *Portrait of a Gentleman*, as he would doubtless have appeared at the R. A. Exhibition, had the Academy been opened in the thirteenth century.

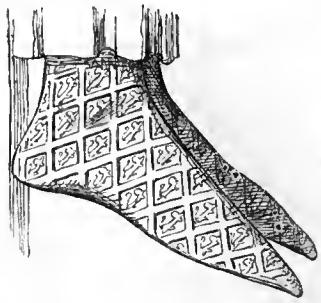
The reader will perceive from this artistic work, at least if his perception be aided by our pen, that the chiefly novel points about the male dress of this period were, that the robe was somewhat fancifully slit, or slashed, or slittered,* and that the boots were fretted, again worn with long toes. The robe was called a "quintis," or "cointise," from this slashing, the word *quinteux* in French meaning fanciful or freakish: epithets which almost seem too mild to be applied to men who had their coats cut all to bits before they'd wear them. Such dandies might have fitly worn strait-waistcoats with their robes, and have been vested with the right to sit in the "Mad Parliament."

FROM A "PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN," BY ONE OF THE VERY OLDEST MASTERS.

Another point to which we may direct attention is, that drawers were worn in this reign, so as to be visible; the tunic being open as high up as the waist, that the right leg might be left more free to be put forward. This fashion must have specially found favour with the young, for they must have found it difficult to "over" posts, or fly the garter, when their tunics, like old JONES's coat, were "all buttoned down before."

A garment called a "cyclas" is first mentioned in this reign: the city swells who were invited to KING HENRY's Coronation wearing, we are told, "cyclades worked with gold over vestments of rich silk." The cyclas, it would seem, was a sort of upper tunic, and derived its name from the stuff which it was made of. This was called "cyclas," from being manufactured chiefly in the Cyclades, and not because, as has been fancied, it was first made for sick ladies.

Another new material was a rich silk woven with gold, which was known as cloth of Baldekins, from its being made at Baldeck, as Babylon was then called. In fact the tailors of this period appear to have done more in introducing new materials than in altering the fashions, and their poverty of invention was atoned for in some measure by the richness of their stuffs. The effigy of the King on his monument at Westminster (on view for a few coppers to the Dean and Chapter), represents him, as is usual, in his royal robes; consisting simply of a tunic, made rather long and full, and a mantle which is fastened by a brooch on the right shoulder. The most splendid things about him are certainly his boots, which are, like a surly miser, fretted with gold; each square of the fret having the figure of a lion in it, with its tail put out of joint and twisted level with its back.



HENRY THE THIRD HIS BOOTS. WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Mantles and cloaks were only used on state occasions and in travelling; for which latter use a kind of over-all was worn, called a *super-totus*, in the Latin of the monks. This was an improvement on the capa, or Norman cloak, not only being bigger, but having sleeves as well as hood. It was likewise called *balandrana* by monks, who liked fine names; and under this title (derived from the French *balandran*, a foul-weather cloak), monks of the order of St. Benedict were ordered not to wear it. Why they were so is a question which is open to our guessing, and we may fancy if we like, for there is nobody to hinder us, that, perhaps, the Benedictines were chary of lavation, and so a ducking now and then was thought conducive to their health.

COSTUME OF A TRAVELLER, OR "BAGMAN," OF THE PERIOD. FROM A MS. (THIRTEENTH CENTURY.)

With regard to the capillary fashions of this reign we find that men in general were tolerably close shavers, but that they mostly wore their hair in flowing curls, at least if they could any how prevail on it to grow so. Cowls or hoods were used for head-cover, and so were small round caps and hats, the latter not unlike the old "beaver" of our youth, but which must not be confounded with that mentioned in the passage:—

"I saw young HARRY with his beaver on."

A white coif tied under the chin was, however, worn most commonly by men out hunting and on horseback, who, as shown in the old drawings, bear some likeness to the cockneys we have seen unhorsed at Epping, with their handkerchiefs tied round their heads to take the place of their lost hats.

The historian MATTHEW PARIS, the Monk of St. Alban's, favours us with some descriptions of the fashions of this period, and proclaims himself disgusted with the fopperies he witnessed. It seems, however, somewhat questionable if the clergy were in general of this austere opinion: for their garments for the most part were so foppishly embroidered, that POPE INNOCENT THE FOURTH is said to have exclaimed: "O England! thou garden of delights, thou art truly an inexhaustible fountain of riches! From thy abundance much may be exacted!" What reporter there was present when he made this observation the chronicles do not enable us to say; and indeed we rather question if POPE INNOCENT was such an innocent as to talk about exactions, however much inclined he might be, possibly, to make them. That he was rather so disposed we find from certain bulls which he despatched to several English prelates, enjoining them to send him a quantity of vestments, for the use (at least he says so) of the priests who were at Rome. Many of these habits are described as being "covered with gold and precious stones," while others were "embroidered with the figures of animals and flowers;" so that the English priests who were deprived of these "beautiful vestments" might have lamented them as did the priest of our St. George's-in-the-East.

We may note here that the red hat *Punch* so often has poked fun at was, as it appears, a bright invention of this INNOCENT: and was presented by His Innocence (what a rare name for a Pope!) to the Cardinals who came to the Council of Lyons, held, as everybody

* "Wroughte was his robe in straunge gise,
And all to [pieces] slyttered for queintise,
In many a place lowe and hie."
Chaucer: his Translation of the "Roman de la Rose."

knows, in the year 1215. According to DE CURBIO, they wore it for the first time in the twelvemonth following, at an interview between His Innocence and KING LOUIS THE NINTH. The hat when first invented was not made with a flat brim, as it is at present, but was moulded to the fashion of the mouth of a French horn, and looked like an old wide-awake knocked rather out of shape.

During HENRY's reign it was that the Dominicans, or preaching friars, and the Franciscans, or friars minor, were established in this country. From their black cloak and capuchon the first were called Black Friars (COX DE FINSBURY is wrong in saying they were called so because they made their hands black in frying their parched peas): while the Franciscans had the title of Grey Friars applied to them, because, like many of our Riflemen, they preferred to dress in grey. Calumny has hinted that these reverend old fathers were somewhat prone to the enjoyment of mundane creature comforts, albeit they affected to hold them in contempt; and this suspicion, we must own, is supported by the passage:—

PORTRAIT OF ONE OF THE CARDINALS, WHO "ASSISTED" ON THAT OCCASION. FROM AN OLD HISTORICAL PICTURE.

> Itt was a Fryar of orderes Grape,
> Went forthe to till hys bedes:
> And afterwarde, soe folkes do sape,
> He lobed to smoake a wede.

THE LADIES' OWN RIFLE CORPS.

"*Honeysuckle House, Hampstead.*

AM sure, my dear *Mr. Punch*, that you who so zealously keep watch over our national defences, and have been so warm a friend to our gallant Volunteers, will be glad to hear that steps are being taken by which a *great* accession will be soon made to their ranks, and the security of England be *perfectly* ensured. With a view to this result it is intended to get up a Rifle Corps for *Ladies*, and arrangements are on foot by which the petticoats may everywhere be pressed into the service, and some thousands of good feminine *effectives* be enrolled.

"I dare say you may smile at the notion of *weak women* volunteering to defend themselves, and boasting that they mean to come out thousands strong. But you know one doesn't want much *strength* to pull a trigger, and as for *skill*, I'm sure we women very often get the better of you men. If ladies can shoot pheasants, as the papers say they do, they surely might soon learn to aim at *larger animals*, and be as deadly in a battle as they are in a battue. And I'm sure they can't do better than take pattern by HER MAJESTY, who hit the middle of the bull's eye at *four hundred miles* range (wasn't it?) and showed herself undoubtedly the *first* shot of the day. Moreover, if they be not so destructive with their rifles as the shooters who belong to the *coarser-sinewed* sex, they have other weapons always at command, which would do good execution upon any hostile ranks. Their *ocular artillery* is ever ready primed, and when it is well served what foe could hope to face it? I should like to see the Frenchman who would dare to keep his ground when the ladies' corps were ordered to put on their killing looks, and to set their rifle caps at him!

"Besides, Sir, there are sanitary reasons to allure us, and good health you know is needful to the keeping of good looks. I'm sure the exercise of drill is doing wonders for you men, and I can't see why we women should not also take advantage of it. You *do* look *so* much better now that you've been taught to hold your backs straight and your heads up, and to keep your legs free from that sluggish sort of slouch, and your hands from that eternal fumble in those hateful *peglop* pockets. I declare young MR. MONEYBAGS (whom Mamma *would* make me dance with, don't you know, at LADY SQUABBLETON'S) was *positively hideous* until he took to drill, and now he's grown so *handsome* that really when he called the other day I hardly knew him! It was very rude of Ma to compliment him as she did on the *improvement* in his looks, but I'm sure that he *deserved* it, and really his moustache is getting on quite *visibly*, and if rifle practice gives one such a healthy, clear complexion, I'm sure that *many* girls I know would be the better for it. LAURA PERTLY would for *one*, and as a *friend* I should advise *her* to try a dose of drilling before she throws her sheep's eyes any more at MR. M., who (I've heard him say) *can't bear* those tallowy, flabby faces, which look as though one could make *dokes* in them, as children do in putty.

"So we ladies, *Mr. Punch*, intend to go to drill as you do, and although we may be *awkwardish* at first, you must bear in mind, Sir, what you were yourself,* and must not laugh at us for treading in your goose steps. The drill will be a healthy exercise for girls, and there's no reason why it should not be as fashionable as dancing. And so, say I, let ladies put their best foot foremost, and for the mere sake of the exercise join the Rifle Movement. Let them get up Rifle Meetings in the lieu of Archery, and take to burning powder instead of midnight ball lamps. You old grumblers keep on growling that we women want employment. Now, if we started Rifle Corps, you'd have to hold your tongues, I think; for judging by the time you spend, or rather that you *say* you spend, on marches and parades, and club meetings, and drills, I'm sure that if we ladies only *do as you do*, there'll be very little seen of us at *home*, Sir, and you'll have no cause for twitting us with want of *occupation*.

"And so, Sir, hoping next year to compete for the *Ladies' Prize* at Wimbledon, believe me to remain,

"Your constant reader and *admirer*,

"ANGELINA SMITH."

"P.S. Don't you think that *mauve* would look nice for our uniform, with rose-colour cuffs and facings, and pheasant's feathers in our caps? I rather fancy, though, that some of us would like *all scarlet* better, for the last thing women wish for is to make themselves *invisible*."

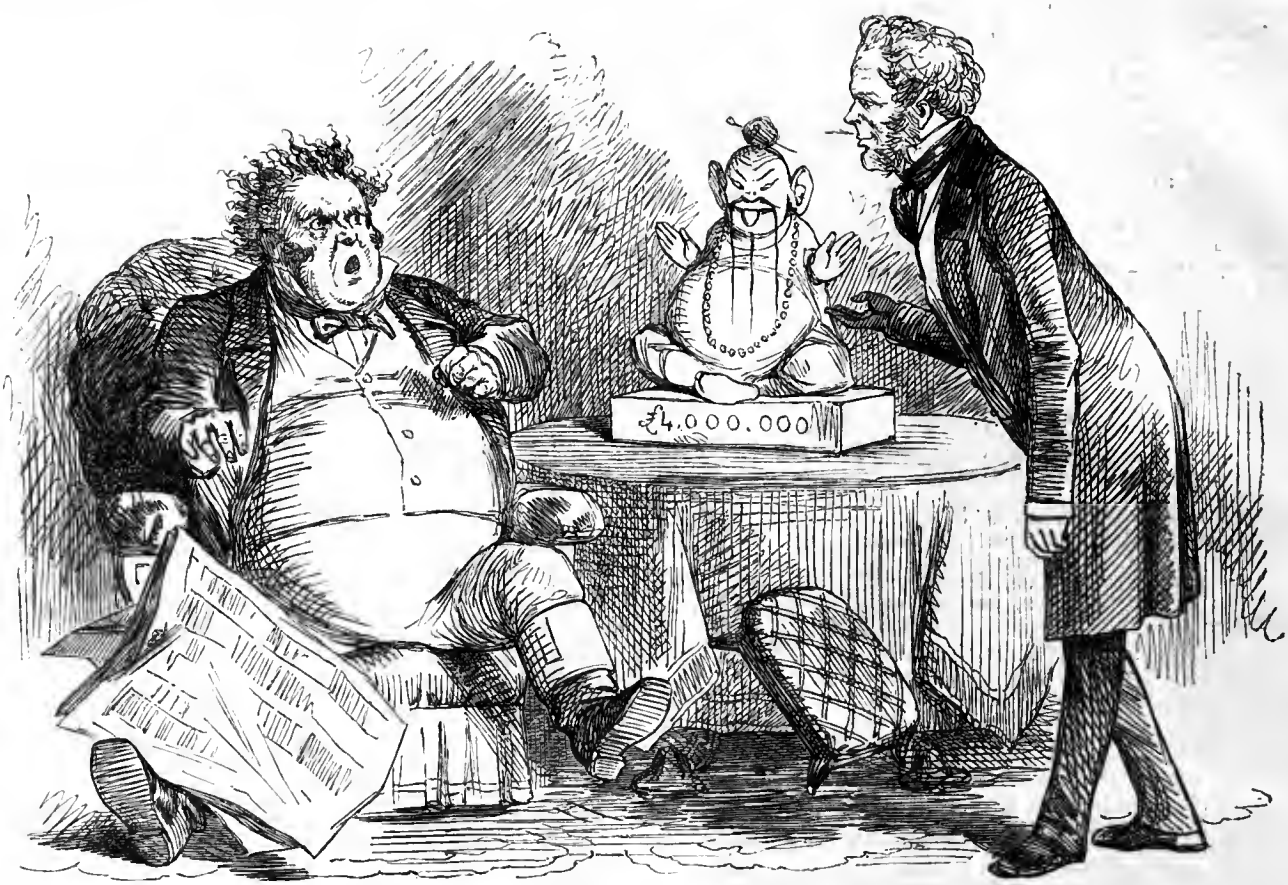
* Don't be personal, young lady, and consult your dictionary. There is no such word as "awkwardish" existing in the language, and if there were, it is impossible that WE should ever be described by it.—*Punch*.

MURDER ON THE PLATFORM.

MR. BRIGHT's Organ played the following pleasing little air last Saturday:—

"On Thursday evening COUNT RUDIO (so *well known* as being connected with the late attempt to assassinate the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH) gave a lecture at the Assembly Rooms, Nottingham. MR. CLARK presided. The Count gave a detailed history of the conspiracy in which he had been engaged. . . He (the Count) had attempted tyrannicide for the benefit of his fellow-creatures and the punishment of a great crime. As his hearers well knew, the attempt was defeated, and his brave friend, ORSINI, perished on the scaffold. The modern hero spared him (the speaker) as a cat spared a mouse—only to torture it. No tongue could describe the sufferings he underwent, and how he survived he could not tell. The lecturer concluded by giving a narrative of his escape from the penal settlement to which he had been condemned, and his journey to England. HE THEN RESUMED HIS SEAT AMID LOUD CHEERS."

All things considered, *Mr. Punch* is not exactly delighted with the above information. His own admiration for the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH is known to be excessive, and this may make *Mr. Punch* unduly sensitive. But he cannot help thinking that "the ORSINI attempt" was an abominable and dastardly crime, by which the destruction of innocent persons might have been accomplished, and that COUNT RUDIO's "brave friend" was a cowardly assassin, who well deserved to lose his head. COUNT RUDIO is lucky to have escaped, and would show himself more worthy of his good luck did he abstain from exhibiting himself to Englishmen as a murderer in intention. *Mr. Punch* suspects the "loud cheers" to have been an invention of the penny-a-liner, but if RUDIO were really cheered, the Nottingham audience must have permitted their compassion for a foreigner and an exile to triumph over their sense of decency. MR. BRIGHT's paper publishes the statement without a word of reprobation or regret, but this *Mr. Punch* takes to be merely an instance of the habitually careless editing of the penny press, and not an indication that RUDIO is regarded as a hero by MR. BRIGHT's editor. *Mr. Punch*, however, on behalf of his country, at once signifies to Europe, that English detestation of the Dagger-School almost equals English detestation of the systems of tyranny that provoke ill-regulated minds to Murder, and that we have a different platform from that of an assembly-room for the benefit of those who break the Sixth Commandment.



THE NEW PAPER-WEIGHT.

WORK FOR WOMAN.

WHAT are we to do with our young women? is a question which is now beginning to be seriously asked by the benevolent, and by Paterfamilias. Thanks to the prevalent taste for a profusion of finery, combined with a rising Income-Tax, girls are getting too dear, that is to say too expensive, creatures, to find husbands. Under these circumstances there has been formed a Society for the Employment of Women. It met, the other evening at 19, Langham Place, the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY in the Chair. Among various recommendations and suggestions for the accomplishment of its gallant and generous object,—

"MR. COOKSON urged law-engrossing as a suitable occupation for women, described the office established by the Society, which is at present supported by several solicitors, and gave an interesting account of the work done there."

This is a very good notion. Young ladies are generally fond of writing. Employed in lawyers' offices they will turn to profitable account a propensity which now merely wastes ink and paper. The female copying clerk, who supports herself by her quill, will no longer pen a billet when she should engross. Some caution must be exercised by the solicitor's official handmaiden lest she should, at first starting, spoil some quantity of sheepskin. She should beware of underlining not only words and sentences which are by no means emphatic, but also of underscoring any words whatever, and if she has a long deed to draw up, she must mind not to cross it. These and a few other *caveats* being observed, legal engrossing may doubtless suit a young lady as well as the at least equally engrossing care of a family.

The next notion is sufficiently reasonable :—

"MR. HASTINGS spoke of printing as peculiarly well adapted for women, and read a paper contributed by MISS EMILY FAITHFULL, on the introduction of women into the printing trades."

There is more pie capable of affording employment to ladies' fingers than that which is usually associated with pudding. Milliners are accustomed to the making up of caps and bonnets, but there are caps, if not bonnets, in a printing-office, which the fair sex might set up as well as those that they are accustomed to construct of lace and artificial flowers; they might compose both small caps and large caps in books, if not in book-muslin. Authors will generally be in favour of a change which will occasionally afford them visits from the printer's angel—angelic visits not too few and far between.

A gentleman instrumentally indicated a void in female education, which might be advantageously filled :—

"MR. MACKENZIE read a paper by MISS J. BOUCHERETT on book-keeping, stating that a want of knowledge of accounts was one great reason of the disinclination to employ women in shops, showing how they might be fitted for the offices of cashiers and bookkeepers, and announcing that a school to supply these deficiencies had been opened by the Society."

Marble and chalk being essentially the same substance, except that the former excels the latter in density, there is every reason to hope that due education would soon convert the marble brow of Beauty into a good "chalk head." A little of that attention to arithmetic which girls are accustomed to devote to their figures, would soon qualify them for a seat on the highest stool, or a position behind the counter of a first-rate banking establishment whence on returning home the fair cashier, if musical, might sit down to her piano and sing, "*I Know a Bank*" to the no small comfort of her family.

We see also that—

"VICE-CHANCELLOR WOOD spoke of other occupations for women, and recommended that they should be employed as clerks in post-offices, and as managers of hotels, as hair-dressers, &c."

Very good. The occupation of hair-dresser in particular is one peculiarly suitable to young persons of the gentler sex. Their fingers are much better adapted to the scissors than those of the male fist, and especially to scissors in relation to the gentleman's real head of hair or peruke, whether visible or invisible. There are cases, however, in which the customer might be disposed to practise retaliation to the extent of a curl, on the head of a ministering *Belinda*, or rather, perhaps, we may say *Barbara*, by the leave of *Joe Miller*. If young ladies very generally take to the hair-dressing line, it may be apprehended that the Swells and Nobs, and the Nobs of Swells, will go extensively cropped.

Sharp-Shooting Extraordinary.

IT is remarkable that, at the late grand Rifle Shooting Match very great numbers of ties were shot off. These will perhaps be conjectured to be the ties of civilians; as the Rifle Volunteers all wear stocks.

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TRUE.—NOTHING LIKE HAVING A GOOD REASON.

SIR WILLIAM. "*Swiggles! What induced you to put such wine as this before me?*"

SWIGGLES. "*Well, you see, Sir William as somebody must drink it,—and there ain't none of us in the Hall as can touch it*" !!!

THE VOLUNTEER'S SONG.

AIR—"*I am a Simple Muleteer.*"

I AM a Rifle Volunteer,
And quite particular to rules;
Nor march, nor drill, howe'er severe,
My military ardour cools.
I arm but in my country's cause,
To keep her from the Eagles' claws;
If they attempt a swoop to make,
Crack! crack! my course is clear;
They 'll find they've made a slight mistake—
I am a Volunteer!

I am a Rifle Volunteer,
And they who are not so are—mules!
My nerve is firm, my sight is clear,
For exercise digestion schools.
My pluck is good; upon parade
To face the wet I'm ne'er afraid;
And should the foemen dare invade,
Crack! crack! my shot they'll hear,
My country and my QUEEN to aid—
I am a Volunteer!

The Shepherd of the Tuileries.

AT the annual letting of the celebrated Rams so euphoniously named Babraham, it was stated that the EMPEROR NAPOLEON had taken lots of these animals at 150 and 130 guineas each. These are high prices; but LOUIS NAPOLEON will find Babraham Rams a great deal cheaper and more profitable also than the Steam Rams which he has purchased at so great a cost to destroy the navy of Austria or some other great maritime nation.

UNFOUNDED REPORT.—There is no truth in the rumour that the POPE'S Brass Band competed in the Brass Band Contest, which last week came off at the Crystal Palace.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

JULY 9. *Monday.* "Answer a NORMANBY according to his Normanbyism," is a Solomonionism whereof LORD BROUGHAM lost sight to-night, for he took the trouble to make a wise and earnest reply to some ridiculous cackle of the old N, directed against GARIBALDI. BROUGHAM certainly expressed marvellous contempt, both for the sources of NORMANBY'S information and the argument he set tottering upon it; but some elegant little colloquialism like "Shut up" would have been the more fitting response to twaddle.

LORD PALMERSTON had recently informed a deputation of Conservatives, who came to him on the Census Bill, that he should certainly adhere to the proposed inquiry as to a person's Religious Profession. Nobody was therefore surprised, in the present delightful state of unanimity in the Cabinet, to hear to-night that two days later Government would state their intentions on that subject. It should be mentioned that the Dissenters, being excessively averse to this return, had been bringing all their influence to bear upon Members in order to get the provision expunged. MR. COWPER said that he had no "present intention" of making a road through Kensington Gardens to join Tyburnia and Belgravia, as desired by the Swells, to whom, they having horses and carriages, it is of no earthly consequence whether they have to make a *détour* or not, whereas it is of great consequence to pedestrians that one of the few beautiful walks they have should not be cut up by a noisy dusty road. *Mr. Punch* has a present intention of inflicting a future whack upon MR. COWPER'S Nob, if he listens to the Nobs on this point. The other alteration, the giving a better ride to hard-worked gentlemen who take their constitutional gallop in Rotten Row, will be so agreeable to *Mr. Punch* himself, that he approves it at once, and MR. COWPER need not bother himself about MR. EDWIN JAMES'S reclamations on that subject. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL having magnanimously forgiven the House for its foolish meddling with his Bankruptcy Bill, proposed to proceed therewith, with alterations made necessary by the Anti-transfer-of-compensation-from-the-suitors-to-the-consolidated-fund-Vote. But he protested against the way in which his Liberal friends snapped at and impeded the Bill, and declared that unless confidence were reposed in him, and he was credited with knowing something about the merits and operation of a measure to which he had devoted his best energies, there would be no chance of passing the Bill. After this very reasonable and temperate remonstrance the Committee went to work, and got on fairly, though MR. BOUVERIE, "the Prig," emitted petulance, and caught a good slash from the ready whip of PALMERSTON, which did BOUVERIE temporary good. Late in the night the Committee stopped at about the eightieth clause, a heap of Bills were shoved ahead, and MR. HENNESSY, taking a division on an Irish question, found himself in a minority of one to seventeen. But we should do that modest gentleman an injustice if we left it to be supposed that he considered *that* a minority in wisdom, authority, influence, or any other Parliamentary attribute.

Tuesday. In both Houses Ministers stated that orders had been sent to our naval commanders to interfere for the prevention of further atrocities in Syria. News arrived, during the week, that they had done so promptly, at Beyrout. The hostilities of the savage inhabitants of the country are not, mainly, based on religious hatred, but on enmities of races, and are fomented by the agents of other nations whose rulers desire the embarrassment and dismemberment of Turkey.

LORD RAYNHAM appealed to SIR G. C. LEWIS to remit a whipping to which some Hertfordshire criminal had been sentenced, but SIR GEORGE, having inquired into the facts, said that the flagellation had been particularly well deserved. DOCTOR BRADY wanted a Committee to inquire into an alleged grievance committed against a DOCTOR MACLOUGHLIN forty years ago, and was duly squashed by the Monster, MR. SIDNEY HERBERT. There is a Bill before the House for making the Gas Companies behave with some sort of fairness and honesty, at which those Companies being naturally indignant, obtained the advocacy of MR. STANILAND, who, as VISCOUNT WILLIAMS novelly and beautifully said, tried to throw a little less light upon the subject than we had before. MR. STANILAND, in a long speech, did his work so exceedingly well, that when the public perceives that such capital management can make no more of the case, the Gas Tyrants will find their pipes put out. All the tact in the world will never make people believe that Companies ought to charge high for bad gas, and then because they have a monopoly of the supply, ought to insult customers who remonstrate. A good deal of uncharitableness having been shown on the Roman Catholic Churches Bill, the Commons rose, after sitting thirteen hours.

Wednesday. A day of victory to the Dissenters. The Home Secretary, on the fourth clause of the Census Bill, made a speech in which he showed that in all civilised states it was held desirable to know the respective proportions of religious sects, that such returns were obtained in nearly every European country, in some of our colonies,

and in Ireland, that there was no intention of favouring the Church of England by untruthfully swelling her numbers, and that the intended Census would be damaged and left imperfect by the proposed abandonment of the inquiry as to religious profession. But as MR. BAINES and the opponents of the inquiry commanded a great many votes, "were the Masters of Twenty Legions" was the classical Home Secretary's classical phrase, he should withdraw the penalty on the non-return. In order to make things perfectly pleasant, SIR GEORGE added, that the Mahommedans in India, who had formerly disapproved of a Census, because it involved inquiries into domestic arrangements, had become enlightened enough to waive that objection, and to make the return, which showed that "sentimental objections" might be overcome, and he hoped that some of these days the Dissenters would be as sensible as the Mahommedans, with which *placebo* he gave up the point to which LORD PALMERSTON had pledged himself to stick. His sarcasms, of course, told, especially on those eminent religionists, MR. BERNAL OSBORNE and MR. EDWIN JAMES, and some other leading Dissenters, who considered the philosophical Whig's cynical remarks as extremely ungracious. MR. HENLEY was, and took care to show himself, a good deal amused at the Mohammedan hit, and LORD ROBERT CECIL mentioned, that the Dissenters, on occasion of the last Census, made false returns, Zoar lending its morning congregation to Ebenezer for the afternoon, and Ebenezer and Zoar both joining Ichabod in the evening, so as to make a good show in the returns, and moreover that all three stated their habitual congregations at much larger numbers than could be got into those pleasantly named chapels. A suspicion of such practice would now, LORD ROBERT amicably added, attach to the whole Dissenting body. MR. WHITESIDE, of course, said that the Dissenters were afraid of the results of the Census, and LORD PALMERSTON, having assured the malcontents that SIR GEORGE had not meant to be uncivil, said for himself, that he yielded out of deference to the Dissenters' feelings, though he could not assent to their arguments. So there is rejoicing in Zoar, and in Ebenezer, and in Ichabod, and in neither, let *Mr. Punch* add, does he believe that any of the imputed falsification was or will be resorted to. Himself an eminent Dissenter, and one who

"Hates most people, and dislikes the rest,"

he can afford to be perfectly impartial. He wishes his beloved brethren of all sects were more charitable, as it gives him great trouble to be always banging their heads and bringing them into a proper and kindly frame of mind.

Thursday. The House of Commons having protested, in the Resolutions of last week, upon the subject of the Lords' Rejection of the Paper-Duty Bill, LORD BROUGHAM took upon himself to set up a counter-protest, and stated that the House of Lords had a perfect right to do what it had done. He introduced this, *apropos* of a little Jew Bill, for further smoothing the Mosaic pavement of the way into the House of Commons.

ADMIRAL WALCOTT, complaining of the unfinished state of the Nelson Column, was told by MR. COWPER that SIR EDWIN LANDSEER was engaged on the Lions, and that his attachment to animals and to the Constitution would doubtless induce him to make first-rate British Lions. Talking of statuary, when are the railings round CHARLES PRIMUS coming away, as promised? Are the directions being reserved to be given in COWPER'S *Winter Morning Walk?*

There was a long and curious Foreign Debate, in the course of which MR. KINGLAKE (who is remarkably well informed on foreign matters, and somehow gets news in advance of the Government) stated that the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH had offered the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA to give him back Lombardy, if he would assent to France's claiming the Rhenish Provinces. To which the younger Emperor indignantly replied, "I am a German Prince," and moreover told the REGENT OF PRUSSIA of the offer. MR. KINGLAKE further said that LOUIS NAPOLEON kept up an agitation in every country of Europe, ready to be blown into flame when he wanted a row. Having mentioned the topic of such agitation in several countries, the speaker came to England, and after a significant pause, and somebody's cry of "Ireland," he said that the EMPEROR'S hopes, in regard to Ireland, were partly based upon what could be done by a Member of that House, not then present. It was made clear that the Party who was to deliver over England to the EMPEROR, was MR. JOHN BRIGHT. We are happy to add that MR. BRIGHT, who was just lighting a remarkably full-flavoured cigar in the smoking-room, was instantly arrested, and being taken off to the Westminster Sessions House, was at once tried by a jury composed one-half of Quakers and the other of officers in the Guards, and being found guilty, was allowed a quarter-of-an-hour to repent and finish his tobacco, and having done both, and declared that he died in the principles of the Church of Rome, was forthwith executed upon that remarkable erection which stands before the Broad Sanctuary Chambers, and reminds one of the last scene in the *Dead Heart.* His remains were given to MR. BOWYER, except his hat, which has been set upon the Town Hall in Birmingham. So the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH has been defeated on the Rhine and on the Thames, and so perish all QUEEN VICTORIA'S enemies!

The Monster asked for a vote of £3,800,000 for the Chinese War, but the House was in that cranky humour which one sometimes sees in crusty benefactors, who will give you a £100 note and refuse you a penny that you wanted to take off the chimney-piece to save getting change in buying a Queen's-head. MR. HERBERT could get only £3,356,104, after a debate. But, in the same crankified crustified spirit, the House gave him the balance, £443,896 the very next evening, after another debate, in which divers persons, not in a very dignified manner, sought to throw upon one another the responsibility of the Chinese war, and others, not in a very patriotic manner, protested against it altogether. Very late in the night, or shall we say early next day, LORD PALMERSTON made a capital fight with some Irishry, who moved repeated adjournments; but he held out, laughed at them, told them to "go to bed," told them, when reduced to 7, to show that there were Seven Wise Men in the country, and finally beat them, and carried the point he wanted. This was at four o'clock in the morning.

Friday. All the Commons' morning was given to Ireland. In the evening there was the usual miscellany. An Irish Member declared life and property to be unsafe in the county of Tyrone, because a window in a chapel at Cookstown had been broken; but the Government declined to send cavalry, infantry, or artillery, and seemed to think a glazier might deal with the crisis. Notwithstanding that the House had been saturated with Irish matters, some of the Members complained that Ireland was neglected, for which ungrateful untruth the Palmerstonian whip descended like the Flail of Talus. *Punch* gives the Wiscount of Lambeth till next week to find out what that allusion means.

BULL IN THE CHINA-SHOP, AND THE BILL TO PAY FOR IT.

IF Bulls *will* rush into China-shops,
And with their jars get entangled,
They should feel no dismay when they're called on to pay
For the crockery they have mangled.

In St. James's lake 'mongst the fowl that take
Their sport, are some Mandarin Geese,
And some stray ones, I fear, in Downing Street near,
Must have hatched and made increase.

The Mandarin Geese in St. James's Park,
With their quacks the babes dismay;
But the Mandarin Geese in Downing Street
At quacking can carry the day.

The House of Commons, the House of Lords,
Their ceaseless cackle fills;
And the terrible noise one the less enjoys,
That these geese have such very long Bills!

A SCOTTISH CHIEF AT WIMBLEDON.

ANOTHER feather embellishes the cap of Scotland. At the distribution of the prizes of the Rifle Association it is recorded by the *Times* that LORD ELCHO had the pleasure of handing the QUEEN'S Prize of £250 to a gentleman named Ross. Having announced that HER MAJESTY meant to make the prize of which MR. Ross had been the winner an annual object of competition—

"He explained also that though MR. Ross was put down in the official list as belonging to the 7th North York, and the President had flattered himself that the grand prize had been won by a Yorkshireman, the winner was really much 'further north' than Yorkshire—he was a Scotchman."

The blue bonnet of Scotland is now so full of plumes that there is hardly room in it for another cocktail or eagle's quill. Scotchmen will doubtless go on winning fresh honours—which they must put in their pockets. That is easily done with £250. LORD ELCHO observed that—

"If the English Volunteers next year allowed a Scotchman to take the gold medal, it would be a disgrace to them."

His Lordship, of course, was joking when he made the remark foregoing. It can be no disgrace to anybody to be excelled in any branch of human proficiency by a chiel who is one of the most highly gifted children of ADAM—a MAC ADAM, properly called. If a gold medal is to be won, a Scotchman will certainly do all that he can to win it, and what is there which cannot be done by a canny Scot?

MR. Ross is a Scotchman not only born but bred. LORD ELCHO distinctly stated that "the youthful Ross had been trained by his father, the deer-stalker, considerably north of the Tweed." There is no doubt on that point: but if MR. Ross had been born south of the Thames, there is as little question that our Scottish friends would have claimed him for their countryman. The winner of the QUEEN'S gold medal, for noble marksmanship, will always be a Scotchman.

A REVIVER FOR THE RIVER.

IT is proverbially an ill wind that blows no one any good, and the same remark applies to ill weather in general. The wet time we have had has sadly tried the temper of our grumbling friends the farmers, and market gardeners too have had their spirits somewhat damped by it. Umbrella makers must however have been benefited, and the venders of goloshes, waterproofs, and clogs must, figuratively speaking, have made a lot of hay while the sun has not been shining.

But nowhere has the bad weather been productive of more good than in the river, which last year was in such an ill condition. Father Thames looks all the better for the absence of the sun, and *Mr. Punch* begs to congratulate him on his marked improvement. His face is so much cleaner for the washing it has had, that his most intimate acquaintances now really hardly know him. Nor is he any longer in bad odour with the public, for the sharpest nose can now detect no reason to turn up at him. People do not fear infection when they chance to catch a sniff of the *Bouquet de la Tamise*, and even at low water there is nothing high about him. Such a change for the better appears almost incredible, and scarcely lives within the memory of the very oldest mudlark.

It seems the fish too have discovered how the river is revived, and have revisited the watering places whence they have long been banished. *Carpe diem* being the maxim of the carp, they have come as far as Chiswick and found nothing to carp at; while dace are so audacious as to swim close up to Chelsea. Ere long one may expect to see boys perching upon London Bridge to fish for perch, and to find that the mud-frontage of the Temple Gardens has been laid down with ground bait for the benefit of the benchers. In fact, it would not much surprise one if M.P.s took to fly-fishing during the debates, or bobbed for eels while smoking their cigars upon the Terrace.

To prove indeed how wondrously the river is improved, *Mr. Punch* last week went two days following down to Greenwich, and felt all the better for his evenings' fishing. Speaking from experience, *Mr. Punch* may recommend a trip to Greenwich, as being the best fishing excursion that he knows of; and civic IZAAC WALTONS, who have a relish for his namesake, may be advised to make it the scene of their aquatic fêtes.

Superfluous.

THE EMPEROR is said to be about to establish a National Rifle Association. Considering the case of Nice and Savoy, the Empire itself seems something like a National Rifle Association already—composed of LOUIS NAPOLEON, CAVOUR & Company.

THE NEW WINE MEASURE.—The Licensed Wittlers describe the measure as the Wine Licentious Bill. They have good reason to apprehend that it will prove extremely damaging to their prophets.

TWO YOUNG MEN'S TALES.

EVER anxious to improve the public mind, *Mr. Punch* begs to set before the world a couple of little stories, as told by the parties principally interested. He finds them both in the same number of the *Morning Star*, a fact which he mentions, inasmuch as the letter containing the Pleasing Picture is the exclusive property of that journal, and was called out by a foolish epistle from a maundering banker's-clerk, who having married on £120 a-year, and having children, cannot enjoy himself very expensively, and therefore thinks that his employer ought to raise his salary. But in accordance with *Mr. Punch's* inconceivable veneration for the aristocracy, the Painful Picture shall have the *pas*.

In the Cambridge Insolvent Court, a few days ago,—

"LORD WILLIAM GODOLPHIN OSBORNE, son of the DUKE OF LEEDS, applied for his discharge. The total of his debts were stated at £1,066 6*s.* 11*d.*, of which he stated £352 to be without consideration. The list of creditors included tailors, tobacconists, a Jew for money lent and interest, a livery stable keeper, and a college tutor. The insolvent, in examination, stated that he was twenty-five years of age, that until he came of age his father, the Duke, allowed him only £12 a-year, but since he had come of age, advanced it to £100 a-year. His chief debts were to the Jew, contracted whilst he was at the Duke's residence at Gogmagog, near Cambridge, in 1855 and 1856. He had married in August, 1859, and since then had contracted no debts. Had no marriage settlement with his wife, and his father refused to increase his allowance."

Mr. Punch knows nothing of the circumstances of this unpleasant story except from the published accounts, nor why His Grace of Leeds has come to the conclusion that it is more to the credit of his family that LORD GODOLPHIN OSBORNE should go through incarceration and the Insolvent Court for such a sum as £1000 than to pay the young Lord's debts and give him a chance in married life. If the matter were not one of public legal record, *Mr. Punch*, of course, would never have alluded to it, and the "Own Correspondent" of provincial and American papers need fear no intrusion (except from Spiritualists) upon the monopoly of impertinent revelation of private matters. *Mr. Punch* completes the story, from the published evidence, by saying that two witnesses, a tailor and the Jew, were called, who swore to misrepresentations by the insolvent as to his income, and as to what he had received from them; and the Jew, as reported, says that he was promised a hamper of plate, but that LORD GODOLPHIN OSBORNE excused himself from getting it on a particular day "as the butler was in the way." Unless this is a typographical error, and the word "not" is omitted by mistake, one would like to know what Egyptians our Hebrew thought were to have been spoiled for his benefit. We take the report, however, as we find it in the *Star*. After one LAXTON had testified that the said butler had stated that such plate was non-existent, and also that LORD GODOLPHIN OSBORNE had "sumptious" breakfasts, which were explained to mean beefsteaks. The Judge, believing the tailor and the Jew,

"Condemned the conduct of the insolvent, knowing he had but £100 a-year to indulge in the luxuries mentioned, not to say vices. The insolvent had been contradicted on oath by two witnesses, and he must deal with him as he would with other persons, and under the penal clause of the Act he directed that he should be imprisoned for six calendar months from the date of the vesting order."

So much for the young Lord. Now let us hear a gentleman who writes to the *Star* in comment upon the discontented banker's-clerk. We must condense his narrative a good deal, but here are the points. He writes from the Temple, and signs himself an LL.D.:—

"At the age of twenty I took a degree in my University, and intended going to the bar. I had a very good property, but the extravagance and improvidence of college life, and subsequently a law-suit, reduced it to £40 a-year. I felt I must change my habits. I married and came to London, weak and delicate—I might say a boy. My young wife, who descended from a superior rank to share the misfortunes of a student, shared his resolution, too. After a few months' anxious searching I obtained two literary engagements, which brought me in £110 a year—one to be attended in the morning, the other in the evening. Six miles of London pavement lay between them. I took a house, as near as I could guess, in the centre of my field of operations, and for three years, through rain and snow and scorching sun, I walked twelve miles a day (except Sunday) and studied forty hours a week besides."

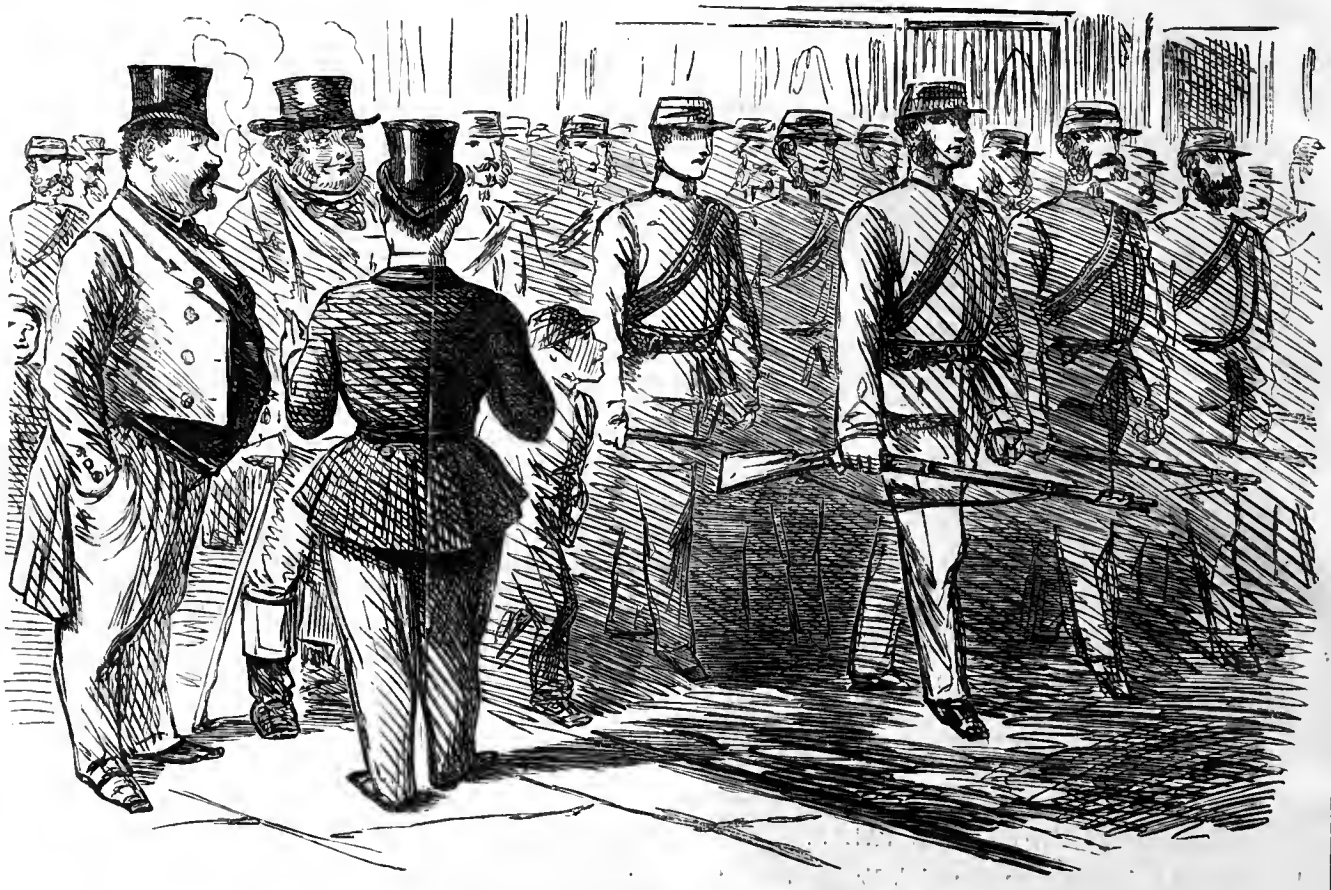
He then describes his tiny but comfortable house at £15 a year, and proceeds:—

"My wife, who had her waiting-maid to the hour of her clandestine marriage, would not hear of a servant. She never charred, except secretly perhaps (it was the only cause of dispute between us), but she washed, and smoothed, and dusted, and marketed, and cooked to perfection. A short time elapsed, and I became a student in the Temple. I never expended more than £10 a-year in clothing myself, and yet I appeared amongst gentlemen at commons rather respectably."

He did not want the doctor, happily, thanks to exercise and early rising, but "always fed well, on the best meat—the toiling mind requires it." Quite true—he should see *Mr. Punch's* bills for venison and turtle.

"In the second year, I had purchased sufficient choice furniture for a parlour and bedroom; and, above all, a select library. The third year came, and the third story. I was barrister-at-law. My seclusion ended, and so shall my chapter; only you are authorised to tell 'G. A. P.' (the maundering clerk), that in this arduous struggle I never received a farthing gratuity from friend or relative, and always had a pound to spend when the accidents of my position rendered a little harmless amusement necessary."

There is the companion picture, and *Mr. Punch*, whose incessant aim is at once to delight and to instruct, presents the two illustrations of a young English gentleman's life, for the study of mankind in general. He would add that if Mrs. L. L. D. (to whom he presents his heartiest and most admiring compliments) has any sisters, several of his best Young Men would feel profoundly obliged by an invitation to tea.



THE VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT.

Foreign Party. "MAIS, MOSIEU BOOL, I AVE ALL WAYS THOUGHT YOU VASS GREAT SHOPKEEPARE!"
Mr. Bool. "SO I AM, MOOSSOO—AND THESE ARE SOME OF THE BOYS WHO MIND THE SHOP!—COMPRENNY?"

CONSTITUTIONS!

ALL A-BLOWING—ALL A-GROWING!

OUR sages in weather lore knowing,
Look blank at the chance of the crops,
And declare this wet summer is going
To ruin our wheat, hay, and hops.
Nor alone on our tight little island
Has Phœbus forgotten to shine,
In all climes, North or South, low or high land,
This year he seems out of his line.

But while anxious Europe is dreading
Short harvests, high prices, and dearth,
There's one crop, at least, that seems growing
Just where you'd least look for its birth.
That's the delicate annual, with which
Tyrants try to plant out revolution,
And to fence black Democracy's Ditch,—
By state-gardeners called "Constitution."

Of all soils, it must be admitted,
That the soil of infallible Rome
Seems about the most strangely ill-fitted
For such plants to take up their home:
Yet now PIO NONO, 'tis rumoured,
Has a dwarf Constitution in hand,
In hopes Rome will grow better-humoured
In the shade where its branches expand.

There's the Austrian Reichsrath preparing
The ground for this seedling to grow;
And young BOMBALINO a-swearing
The exotic in Naples to sow.

Rome, Naples, and Austria, before
Saw the plant tried in sad forty-eight.
Remembering the fruit that it bore,
Can we wonder they mutter "too late!"

What hope that the plant can grow fair,
When the roots that should nourish its seed
Are struck in a tyrant's despair,
Whose tools fail his hand at its need?
From so poisoned and festered a root,
What but poison and fester can grow?
Such a seedling will ne'er come to fruit,
Though too likely to come to a *blow*.

A Hint for Hippodramatists.

A RUMOUR is afloat, but we cannot say what grounds there are for the report, that MR. HORSMAN is engaged in composing a new opera, illustrative of the RAREY system of horse-taming. In reference to the instrument by which the taming is achieved, it will be called *Il Strappo Magico*, or, *The Magic Strap*. The chief theme of the overture will be fittingly adapted from *Le Cheval de Bronze*, and "*The Horse and his Rider*" will be aptly introduced as an opening duet. We sadly fear that the report is rather a lame story, and has not a leg to stand on, but we have not had MR. HORSMAN's instructions to say Neigh to it.

CAN TOADS LIVE WITHOUT AIR?

THIS problem is now occupying the scientific. *Mr. Punch* contributes his share of observation by remarking, that a party of officials, "highly placed at the Tuileries," travelled by rail last week from Boulogne to Paris, smoked, and kept the windows shut the whole way. Whence it is clear that, whether toads can or can not live without air, those who eat them can.

DISSENT IN EARNEST.

"WE DEFER TO THEIR FEELINGS, BUT WE CANNOT ASSENT TO THEIR REASONING."—*Parl. Debate.*

ODE ON THE DEPARTURE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

(If the Laureate won't do his work, Punch must.)

USPICIOUS blow, ye gales,
And swell the Royal sails
That waft the PRINCE OF WALES
In a vessel of the line,
Away to Canada
Across the ocean brine;
As the son of his Mamma,
His weather should be fine.

What transports the Canadians will evince
When they behold our youthful Prince!
Not ours alone, but also theirs,
Each colony with England shares
In Protestant SOPHIA's heirs.
How all the bells will ring, the cannons roar!

And they who never saw a Prince before,
Oh, won't they feast him and caress him!
Waylay him, and address him,
His Royal Highness—bless him!—
Their demonstrations possibly may bore.

They'll make, no doubt, a greater fuss
Than what is usually made by us
In some of our remoter parts,
Where country Corporations see,
For the first time, HER MAJESTY—
(May she be destined long to reign!)
When by her Parliament set free,
She travels by a stopping train,
BRITANNIA's trump, the QUEEN OF HEARTS.
But still more pressing ceremony waits
The Prince in the United States;
What mobs will his hotel beset
A sight of him in hopes to get!

What multitudes demand
To shake him by the hand!
Hosts of reporters will his footsteps dog,
(As BARON RENFREW though he goes *incog.*)
Take down his every word,
Describe his mouth and nose,
And eyes, and hair, and clothes,
With a minuteness quite absurd.

Ye free and easy citizens, be not rude,
Disturb not our young Prince's rest;
Upon his morning toilet don't intrude:
Wait till he 's drest.
Oh! will that Yankee not be blest
To whom the son of England's QUEEN shall say
"Out of the way?"

And, oh—to touch a tender theme—
How will the fair around him throng,
And try, forgetting all their shyness,
To salute his Royal Highness,
The realisation of a happy dream!
The force of loveliness is strong.
A spark 's a spark, and tinder tinder,
And certain things in Heaven are written;
And is there any cause to hinder
The PRINCE OF WALES from being smitten?
Transcendent charms drive even monarchs frantic,
A German Princess must he marry?
And who can say he may not carry
One of Columbia's fascinating daughters
O'er the Atlantic?
Truth many a one might force to own,
Hopes that to her the kerchief may be flung,
To the ultimate exaltation of a young
American lady to the British throne.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF CONGRESS.

1860. *June 4, Monday.* In the Senate, the Bill for the Admission of Kansas as a Free State came on for discussion. The HONOURABLE CHARLES SUMNER, who about four years ago was brutally assaulted by a ruffianly slave-owner named BROOKS (since dead), addressed the House for the first time since that outrage. He applied himself to a long and elaborate argument to show the Barbarism of Slavery, and proposed to knock out the "black marble block" which the South declares to be the key stone of the arch of the American Constitution. He showed, successively and successfully, that the "Domestic Institution" makes brutes of the slaves, and worse brutes of the masters—that it checks education, industry, prosperity, and population—that it generates violence, foul vice, cruelty, duelling, and ruffianism generally—that its advocates in and out of Congress are the worst citizens and the worst men in America—that it has been condemned by WASHINGTON, JEFFERSON, and FRANKLIN, and by all Statesmen and Moralists of eminence—and that its poisonous influence is actively working towards the destruction of the noble Republic. MR. SUMNER's speech was chiefly characterised by its closeness of argument and lucidity of diction, but he occasionally introduced a passage of highly wrought eloquence, or an image of singular vividness; and in England, however the orator's sentiments might have been objected to by a political antagonist, MR. SUMNER would have received the compliments of gentlemen on both sides, upon so remarkable an exhibition of sustained power and intellectual skill.

MR. CHESTNUT, of South Carolina (Slave-owner), rose, and after abusing MR. SUMNER for "ranging over Europe, crawling through the back doors to whine at the feet of British aristocracy, craving pity and reaping contempt," called him the "incarnation of malice, mendacity, and cowardice," and declined, on the part of Slave-ownerism, to make any reply, because he was not inclined "to send forth the recipient of Punishment howling through the world, yelping fresh cries of slander and malice." The punishment in question alludes to the brutal assault with a bludgeon, committed by the now defunct BROOKS upon an unarmed and unsuspecting gentleman. The "Slave-masters in the Senate then surrounded MR. CHESTNUT, and approved his speech." The question was postponed.

Mr. Punch begs to offer his respectful congratulations to MR. SUMNER upon his magnificent speech, and, even more earnestly, upon the ample and perfect testimony that was instantly given, by the besotted Slave-owners, to the truth of his assertion of the Barbarism of Slavery. It is not often that an orator's enemies are in such a desperate hurry to prove his case for him. But here he was scarcely down when the Slave-party rushed together to proclaim themselves the ruffians he had painted them, and in the published copy of the oration, MR. SUMNER has given at once the calmest and the deadliest blow to the system he denounces—for he prints MR. CHESTNUT's speech. All the bludgeons in the hands of all the "chivalry of the South" cannot beat that demonstration of MR. SUMNER's case out of the heads of the public in and out of the States. The speech should be reprinted in England, and circulated in thousands. What is the Anti-Slavery Society about?

"And doth not a Dinner like this make Amends?"

A NEW edition of "*The Art of Dining*," we believe, is in the press, showing how by clever cookery and scientific marshalling of variously flavoured dishes, a man may eat a dinner without losing his appetite, or feeling fattened or fatigued by his some two hours' mastication. As the name of HART is deer to every lover of good dinners, the treatise will be dedicated to that gentleman (of Greenwich), and will be called, in compliment *The Hart of Dining*.

Paradoxes and Puzzles.

AN advertisement offers those whom it may concern "Comfort and the Hydrostatic Paradox." Have you any idea, old ladies, of what the Hydrostatic Paradox, with which comfort is thus associated, can possibly be? The Hydrostatic Paradox, ladies, is a coffee-pot. What hard names it is now the fashion to give to common things—is it not? If a coffee-pot is styled the Hydrostatic Paradox—what next? We shall probably have a roasting-jack denominated the Differential Calculus.

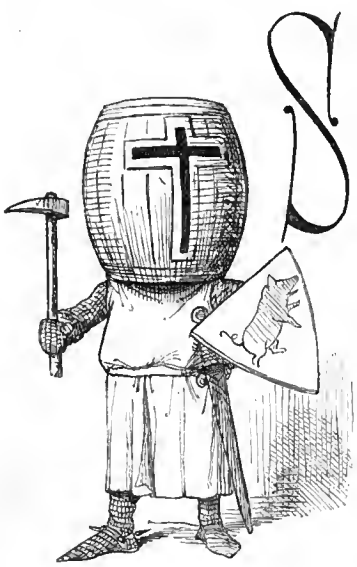
FORGETFULNESS CURED BY SMELLING.

A PERFUMER advertises a scent under the name of "Hungary Water," as possessing the peculiar property of improving the memory. That an odoriferous compound may serve to correct corporeal exhalations is conceivable, but there is some difficulty in understanding how it can possibly effect the improvement of an intellectual faculty. A pinch of snuff, however, will stimulate the power of recollection; and those who are up to snuff may not unreasonably hope to refresh their memories as well as their nostrils by sniffing Hungary Water. This fluid, if it really possesses the mnemonic virtue ascribed to it, may be recommended to laundresses, who, by sprinkling therewith the linen which they send home to fashionable ladies, may, perhaps, induce some of their forgetful customers to remember the poor washerwoman—that is, her bill. A bottle of Hungary Water may be a suitable offering for presentation to an oblivious lover, and would convey an intimation more delicate than the broad hint expressed by a bunch of forget-me-nots.

Gentlemen who are apt to forget small commissions or necessary purchases might do better to scent their pocket handkerchiefs with Hungary Water than to tie knots in them. If the House of Commons were purified with Hungary Water, members might recollect their pledges. Candidates for situations in the Civil Service, under competitive examination, might, by smelling hard at a flask of Hungary Water, manage to recollect the cram which they had forgotten, and thus be enabled to spell some words in the orthography of which they are now so apt to break down, and consequently to be plucked like roses.

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER XXIII.—ALL ABOUT ARMS AND ARMOUR.



TEMP. HENRY THE THIRD.

SO much fighting occurred throughout the thirteenth century, that the army tailors must have had a roaring time of it, like the man who has to superintend the feeding of wild beasts. We are told indeed that changes were continually taking place in the military equipment, an assertion which appears to us quite easy of belief, seeing it might nowadays be echoed with great truth. Perhaps of all the armour the helmet was the part which underwent most variation. During JOHN's time it was made cylindric and flat-topped, and covered up the head no lower than the ears, the face being protected by the aventaille, or grating. In the next reign, however, it enveloped the whole head, and rested on the shoulders; and seeing that it bulged out like a barrel at the sides, there seems to have been fair reason for calling it a casque. This great helmet was made still more cumbrous and conspicuous by being commonly surmounted with the wearer's knightly crest; which, although intended to be a decoration, proved, nine times out of ten, to be rather a disfigurement. Indeed the only reasonable reason we can think of why these (so thought) ornaments should have been adopted is that they seem to have made the helmet look still more like a barrel, by adding a projection like a spigot or a tap. People who complain that their hats give them a headache may thank their lucky stars that they were born in the nineteenth, and not the thirteenth century; for we read that these big headpieces were sometimes twisted round so by a lance-stroke in a tournament that their unhappy wearers had to gasp out to their squires to come and lend a hand to twist their turned heads back again.

In the reign of EDWARD THE FIRST the barrel-shaped helmet continued still in use, although some slight attempts were made to knock it on the head, and substitute a somewhat lighter kind of skull-cover. Helmets inclining to a cone at the top are visible in some of the illuminated manuscripts; surmounted in some cases with a small round knob, and, when seen in profile, showing an angular beaked front. Simple plates of steel, convex and cut with breathing holes, were worn sometimes tied round the head in lieu of helmets; and skullcaps called chapels de fer, with nasals and without, were used by archers and esquires and common men at arms, who although perhaps they thought no small beer of themselves were too poor to come out in barrel-helmets, or in casques.

Whether the knights were in these days more thin-skinned than they had been is a point which we must leave to antiquarians to settle. But it appears that padded armour came much more into use, and this seems to us to argue a tenderness of cuticle. Quiltings of cloth and silk, of buckram and of leather are spoken of as coming into fashion at this period, and the peculiar pointed work with which they were embroidered obtained for them the names of "counterpoint" and "pourpoint." A complete suit, consisting of a sleeved tunic and chaussés (a kind of Norman cross between a legging and a stocking) was worn not infrequently underneath the surcoat, which was considerably lengthened in the reign of HENRY THE THIRD, and was first emblazoned with the arms of the wearer. We suppose that this emblazonment was either done for decoration, or else to mark the garment when going to the wash; in which latter case we fancy that the farce of *How to Settle Accounts with your Laundress* must have now and then occasioned some ludicrous mistakes. We can imagine the disgust of the doughty EARL OF GOOSEBURIE at finding LORD DE LACKSHYRTE's surcoat sent him for his own: his washerwoman possibly attempting to excuse herself on the ground that the three geese portrayed on the Earl's shield had been "mistuk" for the three griffins which adorned the other garment.

FROM THE FRONTISPIECE TO THE OLD METRICAL ROMANCE OF "YE EARLE AND YE WASHERWOMAN'S DAUGHTER." DATE A.D. 1260.

The old flat-ringed form of armour having gone quite out of fashion, that made of rings worn edge-ways was worn mostly at this period. A new species, however, was introduced from Asia in the reign of HENRY THE THIRD, and as *avidus novitatis est gent militaris* we find that this new sort was very generally sought after. Not being made of chain, it was, doubtless, called chain-mail, from the same cause that the *lucus* is so termed *à non lucendo*. Consisting of four rings linked together by a fifth, it might not inaptly have been named link-mail, but that its wearers might have possibly been chaffed for being linkmen. The rings were riveted together so as to form a perfect garment of themselves, without requiring, like the scale-mail, a leathern lining or foundation. The chain-mail generally was worn in the shape of a loose shirt, between the gambeson and surcoat; and in one respect it clearly must have been superior in comfort to our shirts, for it certainly could never have been sent home with a button off.

Small plates of steel were worn upon the shoulders and the knees, and likewise on the elbows, to protect them from those nasty knocks upon the funny-bone which make recipients laugh upon the wrong side of their mouth. On the shoulders, too, were worn a curious kind of ornament called ailettes, or little wings, which came first into fashion in the last years of the reign of KING EDWARD THE FIRST. As far as we can judge from the drawings of them extant, these ailettes could have been of neither use nor beauty; and as their name indicates a tendency to fly, they must have been misplaced upon the shoulders of our soldiers.

The lance lost its gonfanon, or streamer, in this reign; and the pennon was adopted as a military ensign, being charged with the crest, or badge, or warcry of its knightly owner. The pennon, like the gonfanon, was swallow-tailed in shape, but in breadth as well as length it was made much bigger. In addition, the swell knights had their banners borne before them, parallelograms in form and emblazoned with their arms, as were their cyclas and their quintis, and other night-gown looking overcoats. They swaddled up their steeds, too, in horsecloths similarly beautified, or else adorned with quaint and fanciful devices; so that their nags looked like the hobby-horses used

by clowns in pantomimes, and wanted crinoline to keep their legs free from their petticoats.

Every schoolboy knows that our first EDWARD was called "Longshanks" from his long and slender legs, which he attenuated and stretched by constant chevying of his enemies.* Equally well known, of course, is the story of his being stabbed when a Crusader, and of how QUEEN ELEANOR, coming to his succour, sucked the poison from his wound. His warrings with the Welsh cannot less be in remembrance, as we are all now thinking of our PRINCE OF WALES; and it was by EDWARD'S sword that the title was first gained for us. Nor can his battles with brave WILLIAM WALLACE be forgotten by those who have had the *Tales of My Grandfather* retailed to them, or have learnt of DR. GOLDSMITH from the fear of DR. BIRCH. To readers, then, with all these recollections fresh before them, we need not say that this was a most pugnacious period; nor shall we much surprise them if we state, that not less various than the armour were the arms of it. The shield in some cases was flat, and triangular, or heater-shaped, and in others pear-shaped, and in surface more cylindric: while to the weapons of offence there were added now the falchion, a sword with a broad blade, the estoc, a sword much smaller, chiefly used for stabbing, the coutel or cultelas, whence our modern "cutlass," and the anelace, or anelas, a broad dagger which tapered down to a fine point, and "not to put too fine a point on it," would do for any lad or any lass whom it was dabbed into. Besides these implements of manslaughter there was a sort of a small pickaxe called martel-de-fer, which was used to break the links and plates of mail, and make way for a sword-cut, or a lance-thrust or a dagger-poke. The mace also appears first in the drawings of this period, though it was doubtless introduced in the earlier crusades, as it is quite clearly of oriental origin. This opinion is borne out by the MS. of the *Talisman*, in which SALADIN is described as being knocked off his horse by SIR KENNETH'S weighty mace: and another less known writer, in his account of how the English were mustered by KING RICHARD for the assault of Ascalon, speaks of somebody or other "giving pepper with his mace," a description which we must allow is rather spicy.

EDWARD LONGSHANKS. FROM HIS EFFIGY. WE FORGET EXACTLY WHERE.

* As KING EDWARD was regarded as the father of his people, the statement has been made that he was nicknamed "Daddy Long Legs," but we fear that this assertion is without a proper footing.

THE BERKELEY PEERAGE CASE.

BY OUR SPECIAL REPORTER.

SCENE—*The House of Lords last week. Present the* CHANCELLOR, LORDS REDESDALE, BROUGHAM, KINGSDOWN, MR. FLEMING, *the* ATTORNEY-GENERAL, *and other great lawyers.*

Lord Brougham. Well, now, MR. FLEMING, you want us to declare that ADMIRAL SIR MAURICE BERKELEY is a Baron. But you make him out such a rum kind of Baron. I don't see our way.

Lord Kingsdown. You might as well call him a Baron of Beef.

Mr. Fleming. Well, my Lord, there was a Baron Front de Bœuf.

The Attorney-General. I must remind my learned friend that Front de Bœuf was only a hero of fiction.

Lord Redesdale. You say SIR MAURICE is entitled, because he has got Berkeley Castle. That seems a barren claim to a barony.

Mr Fleming. My Lord, it 's in the most fertile part of Gloucester.

The Chancellor. Nevertheless, the claim 's not the cheese.

Mr. Fleming. One of our kings was murdered in that Castle, my Lords, and——

Lord Kingsdown. We are not throwing EDWARD THE SECOND into your respectable client's face, MR. FLEMING. We acquit him of all share in that transaction. But, on the other hand, we do not think that it gives him a claim to a peerage.

Mr. Fleming. The Castle was taken by OLIVER CROMWELL——

Lord Redesdale. That is important. Was it taken on a lease or an agreement?

The Attorney-General. Taken, I apprehend my learned friend to mean, as a castle is taken at chess, that is to say, captured, if I make myself intelligible to my LORD REDESDALE.

Lord Redesdale. Oh! Ah!

Lord Brougham. But if the Admiral means to say he helped in that affair, he may tell that to his Marines. I am sure the ATTORNEY-GENERAL will not admit that what was done on the 21st of September, 1645, could have been performed, in part or in whole, by an elderly, irascible, and naufrageous gentleman, extant in the year of grace 1860.

The Attorney-General. I form no opinion on the point, one way or the other, my Lord. Let my learned friend prove his case.

Lord Brougham. Why, the old boy would be 275 years old, if he joined CROMWELL at 20.

The Attorney-General. Nor can I undertake to assert whether your Lordship's estimate approximates to accuracy. Let my learned friend prove his case.

Mr. Fleming. I mean to. See here. It is perfectly ridiculous to talk of a Castle being without a Baron. I never heard such nonsense. You might as well talk of a Castle without a Donjon, or a Partisan, or a Keep, or a Portfolio.

Lord Kingsdown. Do you mean a Portcullis?

The Attorney-General. I must protest against your Lordships helping my learned friend with his curious assemblage of architectural embellishments.

Lord Brougham. Have there been machicollations at the Castle, MR. FLEMING?

Mr. Fleming. My Lord, I am not precisely informed; but the BERKELEYS have been always the souls of hospitality, and I make no doubt that there have been all possible kinds of collations.

The Chancellor. So far so good. Now, MR. FLEMING, be kind enough to state, as shortly as is consistent with biographical candour, the personal history of all the BERKELEYS who have lived since the building of the Castle by HENRY THE FIRST in the year 1108.

Lord Brougham. I am not quite satisfied with that direction. Why did HENRY THE FIRST build the Castle in 1108?

The Attorney-General. That in 1860 my learned friend might take his stand upon it.

Mr. Fleming. You have no right to say so. I never stood on a Castle in my life. I don't like heights; they make me giddy, especially if I feel bilious. I always get a queer feeling that I should like to jump off.

Lord Kingsdown. I have felt that. It *is* very odd.

Lord Brougham. So have I.

Lord Redesdale. You should hunt more, you fellows, and then you wouldn't be bilious. By the way, talking of hunting, SIR RICHARD, that 's a capital nag of yours. I saw him in Palace Yard. If you think of parting with him at any time, give us the refusal.

Lord Campbell. He 's just the thing for an ATTORNEY-GENERAL, but he has too much go in him for a CHANCELLOR.

The Attorney-General. Your Lordship (*smiling*) has felicitously indicated the circumstances under which I shall be happy to recall this pleasant conversation to my LORD REDESDALE'S recollection.

Mr. Fleming. The founder of the House of BERKELEY—

Lord Brougham. He must have been a brass founder, to judge by the cheekiness of his descendants.

The Attorney-General. I am not admitting any descent, mind, my Lords. Let my learned friend prove his case.

The Chancellor. Another time, MR. FLEMING, please. We have made very good progress to-day, and we must not hurry. ADMIRAL BERKELEY has lived for sixty years, and more, without a peerage, so he can wait a little longer, and we can't.

The case was then adjourned.

EUPHEMISM UNCOMMON.

A FOREIGN Correspondent of a contemporary begins his letter as follows:—

"The plot thickens at Naples. We shall soon too, probably, hear of a sanguinary outburst."

Good phrases are, and ever were, commendable, as *Justice Shallow* remarks. "A sanguinary outburst" is one of those phrases. "Outburst," that is to say, in popular phraseology, row. That is the expression which a costermonger would have used in the above connection. The itinerant vegetable-merchant certainly would not have employed the substantive "outburst," and the adjective which he would have adjoined to it would have been more Saxon than sanguinary.

Quite 'Tother.

JULES GÉRARD, the Algerine Lion-hunter, is to be President of the *Tir National* about to be established by LOUIS NAPOLEON. We would just remind GÉRARD that the African Lion is one thing—the British Lion another.

"The 'orrid mess Master made my kitching in, and hisself too, a-cleaning that there dratted Rifle, after he'd been a booviackin' in the Park."

THE VOLUNTEER ON JULY 14th.

You must wake and call me early, when the early birds appear,
To-morrow will be a glorious day for each London Volunteer:
For each London Volunteer by far the hottest, heaviest day—
For we're to sham-fight at Chiselhurst, four thousand strong, they say.

There's many a crack, crack corps I know, but none so crack as mine,
There's the Queen's and Artillery Company, almost equal to the Line,
But none can beat our local corps, whether red, or green, or grey,
And so we shall prove at Chiselhurst in to-morrow's tremendous fray.

I sleep so sound after evening drill, that I shall never wake,
If the maid doesn't knock extremely loud when my boots she comes to take;
And you'll have to cut me some sandwiches,—and cut them substantial, pray—
We shall all have desp'rate appetites at Chiselhurst, I dare say.

As I came up to our private parade, whom think ye I should see,
But that ass, SMIVENS—a coming it as cheeky as could be:
He gave a look at my uniform, as if he meant to say:
"How can you make such a guy of yourself, old chap, at your time of day?"

He thought I should be offended, but I guess I sold him quite;
For I passed, and no more gave him a look than if he'd been out of sight;
You may tell me it's snobbish to cut a man, but this is what I say:
That the chap who don't join a Volunteer Corps has thrown his manhood away.

They say we shall fire thirty rounds, I don't know how that may be;
I've not fired more than ten rounds yet, and that was enough for me.
For what with biting the cartridges, and what with blazing away,
I'd a taste in my mouth, and a buzz in my ears, for all the rest of the day.

LORD RANELAGH as Commander-in-Chief to-morrow will be seen,
And as his uniform is grey, let us hope he won't turn out green;
I trust he'll remember which is attack, and which is defence, in the fray,
Or we certainly shall have a difficulty about who is to give way.

The War-Office has issued no end of rounds and caps;
I hope there'll be surgeons enough on the ground, in case of little mishaps.
For novices have a habit—at least so veterans say—
When they get a little excited, of firing their ramrods away.

Detachments through the streets and squares to their firing practice pass,
And in Regent's Park and on Putney Heath spent cartridges dot the grass:
And there's a sulphury, choky, smell of gunpowder hangs all day
In the suburbs, that quite overpowers the breath of the new-mown hay.

And then when we've done our fighting, our empty stomachs to fill,
There's to be GRANT's cooking-waggon, to find dinner for all who will:
And the moderate sum of two shillings is all one will have to pay,
Which, considering what we're likely to eat, is a trifle, I must say.

So you must wake and call me early, when the early birds appear,
To-morrow's to be a glorious day for each London Volunteer:
For each London Volunteer about the hottest heaviest day—
For we've to fight at Chiselhurst, four thousand strong, they say!

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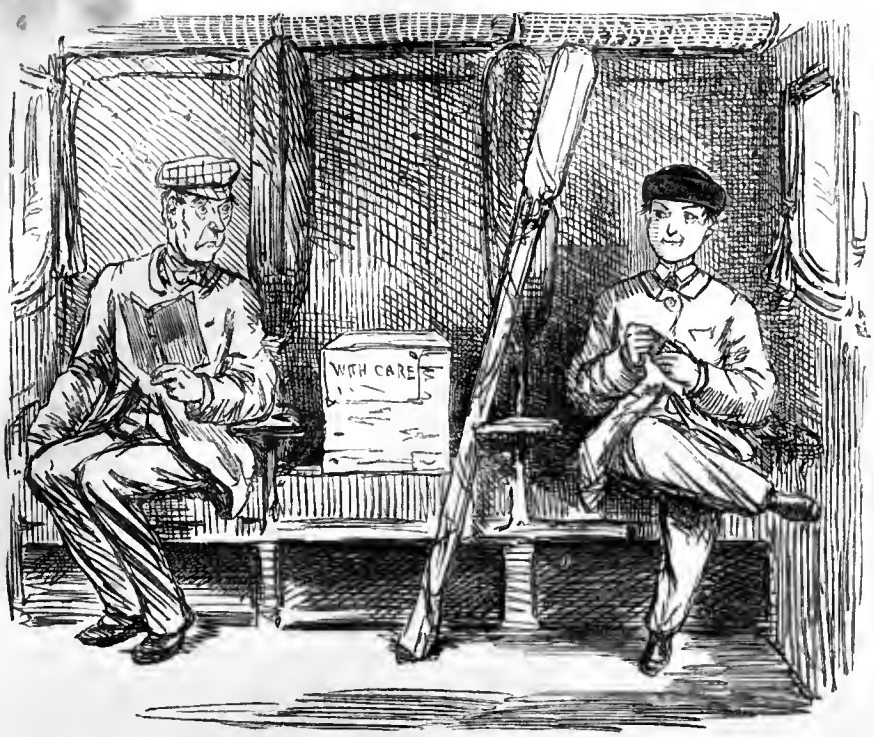


Elderly Passenger. "GOING OUT FISHING, I PRESUME, YOUNG GENTLEMAN!"
Young do. "NO! IT AIN'T FISHING RODS—IT'S SKY ROCKETS I'M TAKING DOWN FOR MY COUSIN'S BIRTHDAY. HAVE A WEED?"

MORE POPISH PRIESTCRAFT.

AT Bow Street the other day, an Italian organ-grinder described as FACINELLI GIOVANNI, was pulled up for playing his unmusical instrument in University Street, and refusing to go away when he was ordered. The complainant was a MR. RAWLINS, who having desired the foreign nuisance to move off, SIGNOR GIOVANNI—

"Rushed into MR. RAWLINS's house, and began to abuse him most violently, both in Italian and English: calling him a 'thief,' a 'scoundrel,' and a 'villain,' in English, and in Italian '*ladrone*' and '*eretico inferno*.'"

FACINELLI GIOVANNI, or GIOVANNI FACINELLI, is evidently an emissary of Rome. FATHER GIOVANNI belongs, no doubt, to the brotherhood of IGNATIUS LOYOLA. His mission is probably that of trying to make perverts of the cabmen and costermongers in the disguise of an organ-grinder. "*Eretico inferno*" lets the cat out of the bag—betrays the cloven foot. FATHER GIOVANNI's Superiors will set him a pretty penance for thus allowing his temper to get the better of him.

Agreeable Taxation.

THE expenses of the Chinese War are to be met by an augmented spirit-duty. Ah! this is as it should be. After plunging the nation in despondency by increasing the Income-Tax, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER exercises a kind discretion in raising our spirits.

A CRAMMER.

A CANDIDATE for a Government situation being asked what a Writ in Error was, replied, "Manuscript, and case of bad spelling."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

JULY 16. *Monday.* It is an unwise thing to give offence to a clever man. One of these days you are sure to feel the evil consequences of your imprudence. Especially if he be not only a clever but a good man, and a professed philanthropist. For though, of course, so far as he is personally concerned, he freely and fully forgives you, we being all bound to forgive one another, he is much too conscientious to let his own amiable feelings render him negligent of the duty he owes to society. To have wronged a worthy person argues that you are an unworthy person, and therefore Mr. Worthy, who finds the power of chastising you entrusted to him, doubtless for a good purpose, dares not let you escape uncastigated. And then a good man and a profound philanthropist has such a strong impression made upon his mind by your naughtiness, from its being so startlingly unlike his own conduct, that your misdeeds are never out of his memory. You are sure to catch it, one day or other, perhaps when you have quite succeeded in forgiving yourself, and forgetting the whole business. *Mr. Punch* repeats it—never give offence to a good and clever man.

The Publicans and Spirit-dealers should have thought of this maxim when they were so offensively rude to MR. GLADSTONE about the Wine Licences Bill, and when they exerted themselves to the utmost of their ability to embarrass the Cabinet during the Budget debates. They were very brutal, but Mr. Worthy bore their onslaughts with so sweet a smile, and pleaded with them so elaborately and persuasively, that though he beat them thoroughly, the Bungs could not suppose he preserved resentment. He carried his Wine Licences system, and every cabman now takes his La Rose and Lafitte, and swears furiously if the *bouquet* be wanting in the wine. And the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER put away his wrong on the shelf to cool, quite sure that he could warm it up again at the shortest notice. The chance came, as it always will come if we wait for it, and watch; and it so happened that England wanted a little more than a Million of money to help to make up the small amount needed for the Chinese War. "Bless me," says MR. GLADSTONE, "a million? Dear, dear, that is a considerable sum. But it must be raised, and we must try to make the business as easy as possible for the people. Nay, we must endeavour to make it a boon to them. What a bad habit it is, that of drinking Spirits. Suppose we discourage it as far as possible. Do you know that if a couple of shillings a gallon were suddenly clapped on, in addition to the present duty, there will still be, I deplore to say, Spirit-drinkers enough to raise One Million and Thirty Thousand Pounds? Suppose we say One and Elevenpence a gallon?" "Very well," says the House of Commons, not inclined to make any more fuss about anything. And down comes the blow, and Bungdomia writhes in impotent rage.

"And the grim Lord of L. S. D.,
Has turned him from the ground,
And laughed, in secret, that his blade
The Witler's thrust so well repaid."

There was, however, another trifle or so to make up the sum of £2 336,000, which was wanting to make up about Six Millions for the Missionary Expedition to China. The process is something like that which used to go on at a certain theatrical hostel called the Harp, and well known, *olim*, to the errant. A stranger taking his seat there would receive a little note sent by a shabby-genteel looking man in the corner, and brought by the waiter, and requesting that "the gentleman, with whose name the writer had not the honour of being acquainted, would kindly advance elevenpence to make up a shilling to enable the writer to obtain a glass of brandy-and-water." MR. GLADSTONE is a statesman of resources, and he riz the amount with singular ease. Part he borrowed from the balances in the Exchequer, stating that on the whole it was really an advantageous thing that they should be so employed—and whence, do you think, he got the rest? Why, from the Paper Duty, which he had proposed to take off, and which the Lords insisted on his keeping on. Thus do great chemists extract medicines from poisonous herbs. Thus does MR. GLADSTONE, like the old Admiral in the song, put his Pigtails in Paper. Thus does the British Press become (a trifle indirectly) the means of sending Civilisation through China.

"Its voice is heard through rolling drums
That beat for fight where ELGIN stands,
Its force comes down in Armstrong bombs,
And gives the battle to his hands."

The business thus described was the principal work of Monday, but among smaller matters of note were an intimation that we are not to have the Bronze Pennies till the end of September—a stern protest against the Chinese War by MR. ROEBUCK, and a rather neat justification of it by MR. GLADSTONE, who had himself sternly protested against it a short time ago, but who now urged that however objectionable the original war might be, we had a right to fight for a ratification of the treaty of peace—and an endeavour by MR. NEWDEGATE to get the debates closed at one o'clock at night. This attempt was warmly opposed by LORD PALMERSTON, who quoted TOM MOORE's allegation,

that the best of all ways to lengthen our days is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear, and who is as gay and full of work at four in the morning as at eight in the evening. The PREMIER is one of the men described by MR. DISRAELI in *Tancred*, who contemn the vulgarian that begins to yawn for his plebeian night-cap at eleven o'clock. They used in the old days, "to finish a debate, when once in it, like Gentlemen, who had been accustomed to be up all night, and then go and sup at WATIER'S." NEWDEGATE'S notion was knocked on the nob.

Tuesday. LORD BROUGHAM displayed an amount of ignorance with which *Mr. Punch* did not credit him. Complaining of the time wasted in debate in the House of Commons, he said that it had remembered its original etymology, and become a House of Talk, a Parliamentum. The Lords laughed as ignorantly as the speaker spoke. They may be forgiven, *Mr. Punch* is never hard upon the uneducated classes, washed or unwashed, but he knows that BROUGHAM reads his *Punch*, and therefore the latter wonders how the former can have forgotten the real derivation of the word Parliament. Does he not know that it is from two French verbs, *parler* and *mentir?*

The Commons were more active in an anti-educational demonstration. There was a Bill for making it compulsory on the employers of the labour of children under twelve years old, to have a certificate that the child was learning to read and write, and had twenty hours of teaching per month—nothing like an hour a day. But so monstrous an Innovation frightened the House. MR. HENLEY was pious, and said that people were not to eat unless they worked, but were not commanded to read and write; MR. BUXTON was humane, and said there were thousands of children too idle, wicked, or stupid to learn, and their vested rights were not to be interfered with; MR. HARDY took the old Tory view, and said that the children of the poor were taught quite enough to enable them to do the duties they were intended for; and MR. BAINES, as a Dissenter, declared the Bill to be needless, and that the work of education was going on admirably. Yielding to these irresistible arguments, the Bill was thrown out, a majority of 122 to 51 deciding that the children of the English poor want no assistance in the battle with the World, the Flesh, and the First Whig. In a second educational debate, more sense was exhibited, the House refusing to disturb the system of national teaching in Ireland, as demanded by certain ultra-Protestants, who wish to force the Bible into the schools, whereby the Catholic children would be forced out. MR. LEFROY gave the highest praise to the present system, in saying that it was not satisfactory to the clergy of Ireland. If it did please the "perspiring parsons" who do the firebrand business, it would certainly not please *Mr. Punch.*

LORD FERMOY then tried to get up another Shindy on the Paper Duty question, but whether he did it to please the lower class of his Marylebone constituents, or, as we hope and believe, only from a high-mettled Irishman's noble love of combat, did not exactly appear. LORD PALMERSTON said that the question was settled, and he would have no such nonsense, and MR. GLADSTONE, prayed to help in the fray, declined being party to any new demonstration. There was a little smart firing on both sides, and MR. DISRAELI wanted LORD PALMERSTON to take a vote directly hostile to the other Irish nobleman. PAM would not do this, but carried the Previous Question by 177 to 138.

Wednesday. The Moon moved and carried a Resolution that the Sun was unworthy of the confidence of the Earth, and followed up her motion by moving herself into a place directly between the latter parties. People threw up their eyes a good deal at the Moon's motion, and things were beginning to look rather dark, when the Moon thought better of it, and slunk out of the way. Many observations were made, but as it is understood that such a thing is not likely to occur again in a hurry, it is not necessary to be harsh in comment upon what really seemed an act of Lunacy. It naturally set the House of Commons thinking of Gas, and the Bill for dealing with the Gas-Tyrants went through Committee, much hindered, but finally successful.

Thursday. LORD DERBY made a long speech in which he pointed out that the House of Lords was really of no use for legislative purposes. This was the fault of the House of Commons, which wasted such oceans of time in gabble that there was no getting Bills up to the Lords in any decent time. He thought that the best way would be, not as at present to make every Bill die with the Session, but to let the Lords, on re-assembling after prorogation, take up any Bills to whose principles they had assented. LORD REDESDALE thought that the fewer Bills that were passed the better, but this rather off-hand way of treating the subject was not admired, and—— the question is to be considered.

In the Commons a melancholy proof was given of the truth of LORD DERBY'S accusation against the Commons. The only valuable measure of the Session, the Bankruptcy Bill, so vehemently demanded by the mercantile world, that is to say England, was thrown up by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, in despair of being able to force it through the forest of gabble that stood between it and the Lords. *Mr. Punch* tenders to the learned parent of the deceased measure his warmest acknowledgments of the labour and skill that produced the Bill, and the energy with which he fought it, and hopes that he (*Mr. Punch*) may next year have the pleasure of exhibiting an immortal Cartoon, of a classical and allegorical character, and with this title: "The hero, BETHELL, having delivered Fair Commerce from the Monster, Old Bankruptcy, confides her to the keeping of the twin tutelary deities, Equity and Economy."

An Indian Debate, which, singularly, though personal was uninteresting, was followed by a long drawn and on some points just grumble by CHARLEY NAPIER about defects in the management of Greenwich Hospital. A good deal in the improving way might be done, but when CHARLEY states that the Government make the Seamen at Greenwich as miserable as they can, *Mr. Punch* must say that, judging by observations made by himself (while getting up his appetite for the benefit of one Q, or one H) on the demeanour of the old Salts, the allegation, if true, proclaims the Government to be singularly unsuccessful.

Friday. LORD LUCAN, of Crimean Blunder celebrity, took an opportunity of informing the Lords that he had "a very good memory." So have the public and the army, and LORD LUCAN'S memory is better than his judgment, or he would not willingly intrude upon the world his noble name, associated as it is with the recollections of disaster caused by aristocratic imbecility.

The Government had the pleasure of receiving another defeat. MR. GLADSTONE'S Savings Banks Bill was opposed, and its principal clause was rejected by 116 to 78, whereupon the CHANCELLOR OF THE X withdrew the measure. "Third smash of the week," said the PREMIER, laughing,

"Tria sunt, verè, quæ me faciunt flere."

LORD JOHN RUSSELL stated that we should at present interfere in Syria only to the extent of placing ships on the coast, but that France was proposing more vigorous action, and the subject was under consideration. The Queen's Printer is to retain his patent for printing the Bible. There was a renewal of the personal Indian debate of the previous night, SIR C. WOOD, MR. HORSMAN, and LORD PALMERSTON being the speakers, and another proof was afforded of the great advantage which is afforded to a person who has gone wrong should his censor forget his manners, or lose his temper. With an angry opponent and a judicious friend one only wants a little tact to shift the whole ground, and actually hand the party with a grievance into the dock, instead of the party originally accused. This was very neatly done by SIR C. WOOD and LORD PALMERSTON, and MR. HORSMAN, who had really a case about some juggling with documents, was terribly scolded, and made to appear to the House as anything but a generous personage. But JUPITER PUNCH, who sits "high throned all height above," sees through all the dodgery, and hereby hits CHARLES WOOD a rap on the head.

Then came a diverting speech from EDWIN JAMES about the diversion of the ride in Kensington Gardens. The fact is that such crowds come to gaze delightedly on *Mr. Punch*, as he rides in the Row, that MR. COWPER thought more accommodation was required. But *Mr. Punch*, although he is happy to exhibit himself to his fellow citizens, and finds the alteration a great accommodation to himself, has no idea of frightening away the ladies from the Gardens by the tremendous cavalcade that gallops after him (like the Thousand Knights at Ivry behind the Snowwhite Crest,) the moment he shows himself, and therefore, on the whole, he proposes to COWPER to put the affair in *statu quo.*

If all the Irish gentlemen resembled MR. COGAN, who made, to-night, a most temperate and proper appeal on the subject of Orange Processions, Ireland would give *Mr. Punch* much less trouble. He was, of course, and as is *de rigueur* in Irish debates, answered with a *tu quoque* by the Orange party, but his speech produced an excellent effect on the House. The introduction of a Bill for continuing the Corrupt Practices Act finished the week. A sort of Committee on the same subject had been sitting at York, and at the termination of its work, MR. LEATHAM, recently elected for and ejected from Wakefield, was declared to be Guilty of Bribery—the occasion for such declaration being York Assizes. *Væ victis!*

AN ANGLO-AMERICAN CONGRESS.

NOBLE old BROUGHAM, at one of the late meetings of the Congress which has been held at Somerset House, expressed a fear that he had given offence to MR. DALLAS and the United States by calling "the attention of the American Ambassador to the fact—and he thought it was a very interesting fact—that a highly respectable coloured gentleman, MR. DELANY, from Canada, was one of the assembled members of the International Statistical Congress." The noble and learned philanthropist entertained a groundless apprehension. MR. DALLAS was too glad to be reminded of a fact which he could quote for the instruction of the barbarous part of his countrymen, and they no more care about being twitted on the subject of slavery than Thugs would mind being "chaffed" about murder.

MR. PUNCH AMONG THE ROSES.

WITHOUT doubt the handsomest blush rose exhibited last week at MR. GYE'S delightful Rose Show was the blush that rose to *Mr. Punch's* manly brow the while he walked among the flowers, himself being (if he may use two vastly novel phrases) the "cynosure of envying eyes" and the "observed of all observers." As a symbol of meek modesty combined with conscious worth and excellence, the *Punch Blush* took the *pas* of all the other roses, and had it been exhibited before the judges made their award, there is very little doubt they would have given the first prize to it. As it was, they showed their judgment, *Mr. Punch* will frankly own, in allowing MESSIEURS PAUL to take away that honour; for, joking quite apart, their roses were so big as to be almost appalling. *Mr. Punch* indeed half fancied that some fairy had transported him to the land of Brobdingnagia, so gigantic were the specimens these gentlemen exhibited; and his surmise was somewhat strengthened by the roses that were shown and gained a prize for MR. HEDGE, which were the very largest Hedge-roses that *Mr. Punch* had ever had the happiness of sniffing at. Besides the rows of roses, there were heaps of ferns and heaths, and hosts of hothouse plants, which though they all had gone to pot, looked not a whit the worse for it. In fact, as the poet might have said if he had seen them,—

> "Flora gave her fairest flowers,
> None more rare in all her treasure:
> Which being placed in Floral bowers,
> *Punch* was pleased beyond all measure."

Several of these plants had remarkably fine names, and looked quite fine enough to justify them. Their rich colours were however somewhat thrown into the shade, being washed out by the flood of rose-light which was shed on them. Indeed, *Mr. Punch* might have passed them without notice, had not his attention been attracted by a Wretch, who tried to pun about two cacti being like an exotic fruit, because it was quite patent that they were a prickly pair.

Blest as he is with affluence and with every blissful comfort that can make home happy, *Mr. Punch's* disposition is not naturally covetous. But there certainly *are* times when a sensation takes possession of him, which makes him feel that there is something wanting to his happiness, and which something, if secured, would yield him perfect bliss. This feeling *Mr. Punch* felt at the Floral Hall, when he looked at the Great Bed of roses in the centre, which in its vastness bore resemblance to the Great Bed of Ware. The instant that his eye first rested on this bed, *Mr. Punch* felt a longing to rest his head and shoulders on it; and only the reflection that he was close to Bow Street prevented him from jumping slap into the bed, and calling out to somebody to come and tuck him up! *Mr. Punch*, of course, had often seen a rose-bed before, but he had never seen a rose-bed which so tempted one to sleep upon it, secure from molestation even by its thorns. To lie on such a rose-bed, to sip a sherry-cobler, and be squirted at with rosewater, the while MARIO and GRISI sweetly sang one off to sleep; such bliss a man would pay a double Income-Tax to dream of, and *Mr. Punch* felt sadly tempted to envy MR. GYE, who had it in his power, if he pleased so, to en-Gye it.

THE VOLUNTEER OF JULY 14th.

THE SEQUEL.

IF you're waking call me early—though I feel so very queer,
That with all the calling in the world I shan't get up, I fear;
I ought to clean my rifle, and a precious job 'twill be—
For the next sham-fight at Chiselhurst I don't think they'll catch *me*.

GRANT'S cooking-waggon on the ground they told us we should find,
And so I left, unluckily, my sandwiches behind.
We marched and fought and conquered, but nothing could be seen
Of GRANT'S waggon on the hill-top, where GRANT'S waggon should have been.

By the time the flag of truce proclaimed the finish of the fray,
Our throats were all a-dust with the labours of the day,
With the march across the hay-fields, and the skirmish in the copse,
And every flask had long been drained down to its latest drops.

Yet not a grumbler in the corps, a laggard in the train,
As hopefully we marched towards the longed-for cooking-wain;
The bivouac upon the plan stood plain to every eye;
We longed for pots of beer so—we were so very dry!

We came to "Bivouac No. 1," and nothing could we see,
But a tent set, bare of victuals and drink, beneath a tree:
We thought at "Bivouac No. 2," to find the tap we craved,
But "Number 2," like "Number 1" repulsively behaved!

Upon those porter-barrels, and those pork-pies of ours,
The spectators had descended as keen as locust-showers;
They had cleared off every remnant of victuals from the hill,
And entirely floored our liquors while we were fighting still.

And there we stood, half-starved, a-thirst, beneath the waning light,
And we knew the publics would be closed e'er we reached town that night,
And from the heights of Chiselhurst the night-wind set in cool,
And our feelings tow'rds LORD RANELAGH weren't pleasant, as a rule.

But the best of a bad bargain was all that could be made;
So to our hungry bellies we the flattering unction laid,
That some kind tap might chance to lie on in the way that we should pass,
To the Southborough-Road Station, but that hope was vain, alas!

We *had* been calm and patient; but we grew desp'rate now;
And we got back to the station with a cloud upon each brow;
And it really was enough to make a fellow rather riled,
Of bub and grub in this way to find himself beguiled!

We waited for a train, for hours; and in such piteous case,
That to get a glass of water one had quite a row to face;
And when at last the carriages got with us under weigh,
We were kept at sidings, shunted, in the most provoking way!

Good night—good night; but leave the key of the cellar in the door,
You've drawn a jug of beer I see, but I shall want some more;
And if of this cold mutton, in the morning, nought is seen,
Tell Cook she need not be surprised—my appetite's so keen.

You'll find my muddy gaiters upon the passage floor;
With my pouch—but mind the candle—there's ten rounds in it or more;
Tell the maid to dry my boots—in a ditch I got them wet;
I tried to leap across it, but into it chanced to get.

Good night; you'll see well-brushed the coat and trousers I have worn;
And take care and get them mended, where I hitched upon a thorn;
I'll be sure and put the lights out, when I've had my meat and beer;
And, on second thoughts, *don't* call me in the morning—there's a dear.

THE NEW RIDE. FRIGHTFUL SCENE IN KENSINGTON GARDENS!

SHALL OUR PRIVACY BE INVADED? SHALL OUR CHILDREN BE RIDDEN DOWN BY A BLOODTHIRSTY AND A BLOATED ARISTOCRACY? ARE OUR WIVES, DAUGHTERS, AND DOMESTICS, TO BE TORN TO PIECES BY FEROCIOUS MASTIFFS? NEVER! UP THEN! MARROWBONES TO THE RESCUE!

Another Cut at the Hippodrome in Kensington Gardens.

THE new equestrian ride, which cuts up the flower-path and green sward in Kensington Gardens, has advocates who maintain it to be a popular improvement, inasmuch as it is an extension of the Rotten Row exhibition of fine horses and beautiful women. The more Beauty in Kensington Gardens the better; but, in augmenting the beauty of them, disturb not their repose, which will be grievously disquieted by the trampling of horses. Admit as much Beauty as possible into Kensington Gardens, but let it be Beauty without the Beast.

A GOOD WORD FOR A GOOD CAUSE.

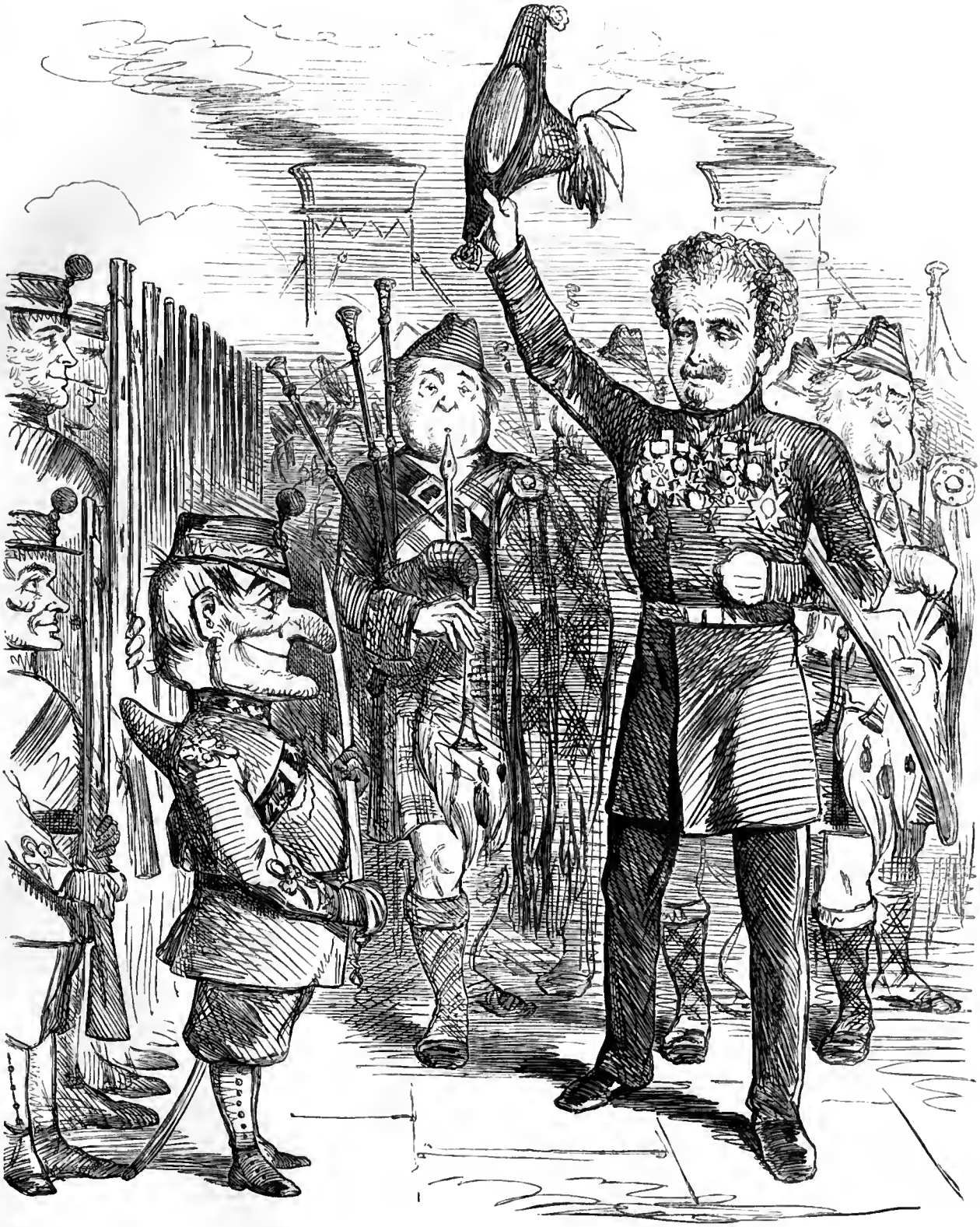
IT is everywhere acknowledged that every one reads *Punch*, and that everybody faithfully attends to what he reads there. *Punch* need therefore merely state that a Ladies' Fund is forming to "relieve the sick and wounded, and the widows and the orphans, of GARIBALDI'S followers;" and that subscriptions are received at 20, Cockspur Street, Pall Mall; at MESSRS. BARNETTS' bank in Lombard Street, and at a dozen other places which are almost daily advertised, and which there is no need therefore to

THE PARTY WHO OBJECTS TO THE NEW RIDE IN KENSINGTON GARDENS—AND WON'T HE SPOUT AT THE WESTRY!

numerate in *Punch*. *Punch* states this without prejudice to "IL MILIONE FUCILI," which are still being collected for by MR. ASHURST in Old Jewry, and will doubtless before long be banging in the hands of the besiegers of the Bourbon. There are some people, however, who feel a little squeamish about helping to shoot other people, even although the latter be the torturers and man-butchers who have been hired under the Bombas by the name of the Police. To the sensitive and scrupulous a guarantee is therefore given that—

"None of the money will be applied to warlike purposes, but solely to those of charity and benevolence, and it is therefore hoped that many will join in this labour of love."

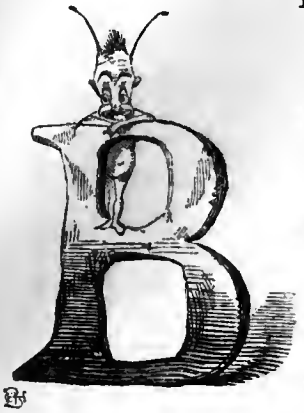
It would certainly be charity to rid the world of Bombas, and all the thousands of subscribers for "The Million Muskets" may rest assured then that their money will be charitably spent. But there are persons who would rather give to surgeons than to soldiers; and of these *Punch* therefore begs that every one who has a spare coin in his pocket, or a balance at his bankers that he can afford to part with, will have his name appended to the list of Good Samaritans, who are providing oil and wine for GARIBALDI'S sick and wounded, and for the widows and the orphans of GARIBALDI'S dead. Charity, it has been



"SEE THE CONQUERING HERO COMES."

said, begins at home, but there is no reason adducible that charity should end there; and where the cause is so good, as in the present instance, there will surely be no need to say more than one good word for it.

GILES SCROGGINS'S JOURNAL.



BY some persons the following statement in the *Spiritual Magazine* for July may be thought to require confirmation:—

"A few evenings ago, during the month of June, some remarkable spirit manifestations took place at the mansion of the French Ambassador, Albert Gate. Amongst a large number of influential persons who witnessed them were the DUC and DUCHESSE DE MALAKOFF, COUNT PERSIGNY, and LORD WARD, who all expressed their great satisfaction and delight to MADAME LOUISE BESSON, who was the medium present."

The same number of the same periodical also contains the subjoined announcement:—

"SPIRIT MEDIUM AND CLAIRVOYANTE.—MADAME LOUISE BESSON, King Street, Soho Square, has *séances* daily, and is open to private engagements."

Some ladies have doubles,—if we may credit Spiritualism,—like the young person mentioned by ROBERT DALE OWEN in his *Footfalls on the Boundaries of Another World*, the Livonian Governess, who lost nineteen situations by her extraordinary duplicity. MADAME LOUISE BESSON may also possess, or be possessed with, a duplicate; and, whilst she was astonishing the natives and foreigners at the French Ambassador's, her counterpart, or counterfeit, may have been practising professional necromancy at King Street, Soho Square. If the medium of Albert Gate and the advertising seeress are one and the same person, then, albeit she may be describable as a "wise woman," the less that is said the better about the wisdom of COUNT PERSIGNY, the DUKE and DUCHESS OF MALAKOFF, LORD WARD, and a large number of influential persons—or else about the accuracy of the *Spiritual Magazine*. The veracity of our credulous contemporary is not in question. But when the above-named personages complimented MADAME BESSON on her "spirit manifestations," did they congratulate her as a witch or an artist?

If MADAME BESSON is really in a position to accept engagements as a "Spirit Medium and Clairvoyante,"—just as she might hire herself out as a corn-cutter,—she must be able to command spiritual manifestations nearly whenever she pleases. Old SAM WESLEY told the rapping spirit of Epworth to come into his study if it had anything to say to him. Couldn't MADAME BESSON come to *Punch's* Office, and get a spirit to rap out a spirited communication for this periodical on the counter?

Perhaps not. Like LORD MAMSBERRY, *Punch* is not particular about spelling, because that is corrigible; but erroneous orthography and bad composition are apt to be conjoined. Of bad writing, in combination with bad grammar, an instance may be quoted from this same number of the *Spiritual Magazine*, in the following message represented as having been transmitted by a departed spirit through the hand of a medium, in a backward scrawl:—

"Ye are sorrowing as one without hope."

The spirit substitutes *Ye* are for *Thou* art. If we are to believe the supernatural origin of the foregoing sentence, we may suppose it to have emanated from an illiterate Methodist parson. The passage in question will remind most of our readers of a very similar piece of spiritual English, occurring in a familiar metrical legend:—

"When, standing all by the bed-post,
A figure tall her sight engrossed,
And it cried, 'I *beez* GILES SCROGGINS'S ghost;
Ri tol de riddle lol de ray!'"

Exactly so. Ri tol de riddle lol de ray! What else is there to be said in either case? Nothing but that some spirits, like most rogues, write, and probably read, imperfectly, and might be classified, as the rogues are, under the head of "R. & W. Imp." *Punch* is credibly informed—credibly, because spirit-writing bears the information out, that at a recent necromantic *séance* the spirits were summoned by an old female party with the invocation, "*Is* there any *sperrits* present?" On the same occasion *Punch's* informant says that he put his hand under the table to be grasped by any other that might dare to take hold of it, fully prepared to drag that other up to the light. The experiment proved unsuccessful.

Mr. Punch recommends his spiritual contemporary to remember that the ridicule of truth should be regarded with serene contempt and refuted by demonstration; that experiments which cannot be performed except under certain conditions which are among those of jugglery are inconclusive, and that it is the peculiarity of all quacks and enthusiasts, whether religious or scientific, to resent derision of their impostures or delusions. "Let those laugh who win," is the maxim of the sure philosopher. LORDS LYNDHURST and BROUGHAM are believers in spiritualism, are they? BROUGHAM and LYNDHURST also among the spirit-rappers! So the *Spiritual Magazine* asserts; but Incredulity whispers "WALKER!" What are the odds that any alleged spiritual manifestation is genuine? Who will bet on the head of MADAME BESSON; who will back her to obtain one rap on a table? There is an oracle that may settle this question; a point on which we would advise our spiritual to consult our sporting contemporary. *Bell's Life* is at least as likely as any other human medium to give a correct answer to any inquiry touching the life beyond the grave.

GOLDSMID'S DESERTED VILLAGE.

"MR. WHITE, a Radical, has been returned for Brighton, beating MR. MOORE, a Tory, and MR. GOLDSMID, a Jew."—*Weekly Paper.*

To the above concise narrative *Mr. Punch* would have had nothing to add, but that from reports of the election, and from correspondence, it would appear that MR. MOORE may complain of being bracketed with MR. GOLDSMID, as beaten. MR. MOORE *was* beaten—Brighton polled 1565 Whites and 1239 Moores, and the Tory went down in fair fight. But MR. GOLDSMID retired in the middle of the contest, after polling only 477 votes. And he retired, because he had no chance of winning. And he had no chance of winning, because he, or his agents, had endeavoured to bring to bear upon MR. WHITE a Jew Screw which is not generally approved by English mechanics. MR. WHITE stated upon the hustings that the Hebrew's agent had called upon the Radical's agent, and told him that something which happened in connection with the pecuniary affairs of MR. WHITE, twenty-three years ago, had come to MR. GOLDSMID'S knowledge, and that, if MR. WHITE did not retire, those particulars should be made known to every elector of Brighton. The threat was carried out, and the fact that MR. WHITE had been unsuccessful in business at Plymouth nearly a quarter of a century back, and had not cleared away all his debts, was promulgated by handbills throughout Brighton. The answer of Brighton was to vote for the Tory and the Radical, and the Jew had to retire with a splendid minority of 477 votes, which must be considerably under the number of Mosaic jewellers and cigar-shopkeepers at Brighton, who would naturally support their fellow-believer.

Mr. Punch fought the cause of the Jews for years and years, and finally brought them into Parliament. He has also supported the honourable and amiable, if not very brilliant, representatives whom Israel has sent to the House. But he begs to warn Jewry generally not to fall into the mistake of imitating such Christians as work the money screw, either in the way of bribery or of intimidation, and sometimes get convicted by Yorkshire juries. It would be a bad day for the British Jew should *Mr. Punch* withdraw his countenance from that party—in fact the sooner he took, in such an emergency, a non-return ticket for Palestine the better. *Mr. Punch* believes that the majority of his Hebrew friends would disapprove as heartily as he and Brighton have done of the mean attempt to damage MR. WHITE; but it is just as well to let Jewry know that what *Mr. Punch* would denounce in a Christian he is not disposed to pardon in a Jew. Equality of privileges implies an equal standard of what is just and gentlemanly.

QUOD ERAT DEMONSTRANDUM.

IN RE BROADSTAIRS BOATMEN.

THE atrocious working of our still abominable law of imprisonment for debt is cruelly exemplified by the case of the ten gallant Broadstairs Boatmen now lying in Maidstone Gaol for the amount of a bill of costs incurred through an unsuccessful action to recover salvage for having helped to rescue from destruction a vessel nearly wrecked on the Goodwin Sands. This exploit was performed at the imminent peril of their lives. Their lugger, appropriately called the *Dreadnought*, their only property, which had cost £900, they had the misfortune to lose simultaneously with their lawsuit. The attorney to whom, or to whose employers, they stand indebted, claps them in quod. Neither CAPIAS nor his clients are to be condemned for screwing out of people who owe them money every farthing they can get. But they can't get blood out of a post, and the Broadstairs Boatmen, being utterly destitute, are to CAPIAS and their other detaining creditors as posts to horseleeches.

What object, then, can be gained by the incarceration of these poor brave fellows? That of wringing, not their empty pockets, but the purses of a public who compassionate their sufferings, and commiserate their unworthy treatment. Surely the privilege of applying pressure

to this extent is rather too jolly for exacting creditors. So great an amount of torsion power is a little too great rightly to remain in the hands of a solicitor. Yet, under existing circumstances, it is necessary to announce to the benevolent, that their charitable contributions are earnestly solicited for the Solicitor who has shut up the Broadstairs Boatmen in prison; and that any addition over the sum of that gentleman's bill which they may please to subscribe, so as to compensate the wrongs of those meritorious prisoners, will be thankfully received. What the men have done to deserve thus much we know; but we do not know why CAPIAS and his clients should be empowered to enforce their demands upon insolvents by squeezing liquidation out of the public heart. The performance of this operation or experiment, either upon sympathisers or friends and relations, is the only purpose which detention for debt, when it is not penal, can possibly serve, and it is one so undesirable that perhaps Parliament will, some Session or other, when the House of Commons can contrive to do any business, abolish imprisonment for all debtors but rogues.

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

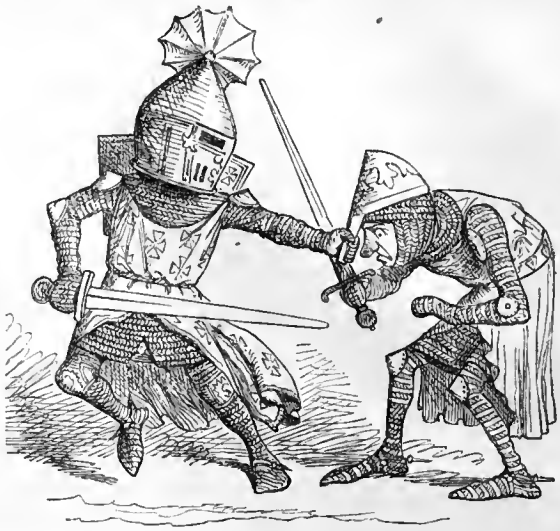
CHAPTER XXIV.—THE REIGNS OF EDWARD THE FIRST AND EDWARD THE SECOND.

MILITARY COSTUME, SHOWING ALL THE LATEST IMPROVEMENTS. TEMP. EDWARD THE SECOND.

WE described in our last chapter the armour which was worn in the first of these two reigns, and that used in the second did but very little differ from it. To the weapons of offence there were added a sort of poleaxe, known as a godendac, and a scimitar, which is said to have been "borrowed from the Turks," but which is not recorded as having been returned to them.* Perhaps the scimitar was used by the semitars and semi-soldiers who engaged at sea; but for these marine manslaughterers the falcastrum, a kind of long bill (like a lawyer's), was highly recommended by the fighting faculty. The falcastrum is described as a sort of scythe fixed firmly at the end of a long spear; and the wielders of it doubtless, like the lawyers with their bills, must have made themselves unpleasant by "sticking it into" people.

As these new weapons of offence rendered enemies of course more offensive than they had been, the armour was made stronger and more cut-and-thrust-and-poke-proof. A greater quantity of plate was worn mixed with the chain; by which we do not mean that knights carried more forks and spoons about them, for the plate in ancient armour was made of steel and iron, and bore no resemblance to the plate in modern plate-baskets. Wrought iron almost covered the hauberk and chaussés: greaves of one plate shielded the forepart of the leg: and plates known as *mamelières* were worn upon the breast; while the arm, we learn, was armed with vant-braces, and brassarts, not named from brass the metal, but from *bras* the arm. As a further alteration, the beer-barrel shaped helmet assumed, we are told, a "sugar-loaf or egglike form:" which seems as if its wearers had it in their heads to indicate a preference for sweet wort or egg flip. The common men at arms however, still wore the ancient skull-cap, which, though called *chapeau de fer*, must not be confounded with the modern fur cap. But we should notice that they wore it now without a nose-piece, which appears to have been cut off in the reign of EDWARD THE FIRST. What occasioned this removal the reader is at perfect liberty to guess; for we find nothing authentically stated on the point. The best conjecture we can make is, that as the nasal stuck out like the handle of a saucepan, it must have been a tempting thing to clutch at and lay hold of, and men were doubtless taken prisoners by being taken by the nose-piece, which was about as ignominious as being taken by the nose.

EDWARD THE FIRST was much more of a soldier than a swell, and his successor was much more of a swell than of a soldier; but in neither of their reigns was there much change in the dresses worn by civil persons, if we make a not uncivil exception of the ladies. To prove



FROM AN ILLUMINATION. TEMP. EDWARD THE FIRST.

how little our first EDWARD cared for finery and fashion, it is enough to say his common dress was like that of a commoner. He always wore blue looks when he ever had to wear his royal robes of purple, and we learn that, after the coronation ceremony, he showed his sense by never again putting on his crown. Had SHAKSPEARE then been extant, the King might have quoted, in defence of what he did, the line which says,

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown,"

—although he must have owned there is some sense in the suggestion that—

"If a king lies uneasy in his crown,
He 'd better take it off when he lies down."

As a reason for his singular simplicity of dress, EDWARD is said to have observed, that "Members of the feathered tribe are not made fine minded by the fineness of their plumage," and to have added to this strikingly original remark the declaration, that although his Christian name was EDWARD, still he was not such a Neddy as to fancy kings were more esteemed in costly clothes than coarse ones.

To readers so intelligent as those must be who study *Punch*, it is needless to relate that, under such a sovereign, finery and foppery went rather out of fashion, and dowdy dressers doubtless found chief favour at his Court. When the Prince of Wales however was invested with the military belt of knighthood, purple robes, fine linen and gold-embroidered mantles were liberally distributed to his young knight companions,* who, we fear, were up to sad games in the Temple Gardens, for we find it stated that "ye flowere of ye nobilitye did playe sad havock with ye floweres." Had MR. BROOME, the present Temple Gardener, been there, he would probably have had a brush with these young rakes, and perhaps have used the birch to sweep them from the place.

Fops came more into favour in the reign of EDWARD THE SECOND,† and the most finicking and fine of them were probably his favourites. PIERS GAVESTON set the example by out-dressing his peers, and following his lead, "the esquire endeavoured to outshine the knight, the knight the baron, the baron the earl, the earl the king himself, in the richness of his apparel." In fact everybody tried to cut a greater shine than everybody else, and how splendidly they flared up may be seen by looking at the old illuminations. Swell vied with swell in the absurdest manner possible, and as, doubtless, a good many of them

* This scimitar, no doubt, was the weapon used by SALADIN to cut the scarf and cushion, on the day of the Arabian Knights' Entertainment to KING RICHARD.—*Vide Talisman.*

* When our PRINCE EDWARD comes from Canada, we may probably expect to see this ceremony repeated: and the Government may save themselves from searching for a precedent by bearing in their minds the present chapter of our Book. As one of the young knight (and day) companions of the Prince, *Mr. Punch* may just remind them that he likes his linen marked plainly with a P., and that as embroidery has now gone out of fashion, he would prefer to have the gold simply put in his pocket; or, as he does not wear a mantle, if it be laid upon his mantel-piece he will be quite as well content.

† Going with a pack of favourite puppies down to Greenwich, and dining at the hostelry yclept ye Crowne ande Sceptar, appears to have been one of this weak prince's little weaknesses. Every child of course remembers DIBDIN'S lines:—

"Immersed in soft effeminacy's down,
The feeble prince his subjects' good neglects,
For minions who monopolise the Crown,
And stain the Sceptre which their Vice [chairman ?] protects.

came to grief through their extravagance, their rivalry reminds us of the swell frog in the fable, who, as we remember, fell a sacrifice to swelling.

PERSON OF DISTINCTION. PROBABLY A BEADLE. CLOSE OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

But great as was their dandyism, we need say but little of it, for the fashions were but very little varied in this reign, and the costume of both nobs and snobs was like that of their grandfathers. The only novelty worth note was that the cloak-hood or capuchon which had been worn *à la* cowl, was often fancifully twisted and worn *à la toque.* In some cases, however, it was simply folded and balanced on the brain-pan, as the women of the Pays de Basque bask in it in summer-time even to this day. From the head-dress to the head being no great step, we may add here, that the hair was curled with monstrous care, and that beards were only worn by old fogies and knights templars, and great officers of state. That the king wore one we think we scarcely need to state, for doubtless everybody knows how he was bearded on his way to the Castle of Caernarvon; when they who had the charge of him pulled up by the roadside and shaved his cherished beard, with dirty water and no soap.

EFFECTS OF THE ECLIPSE.

OUR position being settled as that of the first scientific journal of the day, of course we felt desirous, for our own interest as well as that of all our readers, to obtain the fullest, truest, and the most particular account of the Eclipse; and we therefore called together our sharpest-eyed contributors, and enjoined them to spare no expense in railway-tickets and smoked glass, and if they wished to go to Spain we said that we would "stand the Spanish," for the purpose of observing the most noteworthy effects. A day or two elapsed without our hearing anything from any single one of them, or even any of the married ones; but on inquiring at our bankers' we discovered that they had given proof of their existence by cashing the blank cheques which we had given them permission, if needful, to fill up. The amounts might have staggered any ordinary capitalist, but the sole emotion they produced on our part was that of pleasure in the thought that the money was well spent, inasmuch as it had furthered scientific observation, and would enable us no doubt to eclipse all other journals in describing the Eclipse. But we regret that we must say our joy was a short-lived one; for on returning with our pass-book to enter up the items, our peace of mind was broken by a seedy-looking person. Approaching us with somewhat of a corkscrewy gyration, he solemnly deposited a packet on our writing-desk, and whispered confidentially in a liquid tone of voice, "Allsh'rene olecock! Sheclipsh-hic-wentoffshsthunnin!" The delivery of this oracular remark was followed by a scarcely more intelligible request for "a borreloshodawawr-hic-if youshhic-gorritandy:" and the remedy somewhat removing his impediment of speech, our visitor then informed us that he and some scientific co-labourers had been staying down at Greenwich to witness the Eclipse, and that the packet he had brought contained their several reports. We must own that we find nothing in the notes that have been handed us which might not have been written without stirring out of London. However, as nothing has come to hand from our own staff, we shall print from them the following selections, adding in each instance the names of the observers, as a proof of the great confidence we place in their reports. These will serve at all events to show the future HERSCHEL that among the queer phenomena attending the Eclipse, there were many strange effects observed, of which no mention has been made in any other journal, and which were scarcely less worth seeing than those which our astronomers went all the way to Spain to see:—

"The effects of the Eclipse were plainly visible in Parliament. Members all seemed in the dark as to what was to be done about the China War; and how MR. GLADSTONE's Spirit-Tax could be reconciled with the opinions expressed in his great speech on bringing in his Budget."—SMITH.

"MR. FLYTHER of the bankrupt firm of FLYTHER and M'HOOKIT, had prepared to take advantage of the darkness that was looked for at the time of the Eclipse, to get the best of his effects on board a steam-boat for Boulogne. The obscurity, however, proving less than had been counted on, an observation could be taken of MR. FLYTHER's movements, and the venue of his occultation was altered before nightfall from Boulogne to Bow Street."—BROWN.

"MISS FLIRTINGTON had hoped to make good use of the Eclipse by managing a *tête-à-tête* with LORD FITZ-WALTER CRŒSUS, who had unwarily arranged to join her family at Richmond. In their progress to the Park she skilfully contrived to secure him as her escort, and had the obscuration been as great as she expected, perhaps the hooking of his fortune might have been one of its effects. There was, however, so provoking a continuance of light, that his lordship, with his naked eye, could see that she was fishing for him; and not even at the moment of the greatest occultation did the darkness hide sufficiently the plainness of the bait."—JONES.

"A marked magnetic variation took place during the Eclipse at the house of the reputedly rich MRS. BLUNTE, at Bayswater. The deviation was occasioned by an observation being taken of the will of her late husband, which has just been exhibited at Doctors' Commons. It was discovered by this instrument that the daughter, not the widow, of MR. BLUNTE, was his chief heiress. In consequence of this, several single gentlemen who called on MRS. BLUNTE, on the day of the Eclipse, showed a marked deviation from their former course; the magnet that attracted them being, it was clear, no longer the hand of the old lady, but the young one."—TITTLE.

"MR. SWIZZLER being urged by a scientific friend to make a note of what 'precipitation of moisture' accompanied the Eclipse, observed that he that day precipitated precisely twelve pints and a half of moisture down his throat between the periods of his first and last contact with the pewter. MR SWIZZLER did not make an observation with a glass, but his experience at once apprised him of the fact that the wet was of the kind which by the *savans* is called 'heavy.'"—WALKER.

MY UNIFORM.

(*After* COWPER.)

BY A DAMP BUT DETERMINED VOLUNTEER.

THE corps had been washed, newly washed in a shower,
Which, as usual, had spoiled our parade:
The plentiful moisture, poured down for an hour,
With our uniforms havoc had played.

My belts were all sodden, my shako so wet,
That it seemed to a fanciful view,
As if mere *papier-mâché* 'twould prove, and forget
For a hat it had duty to do.

I hastily seized it, unfit as it was—
Poor shako—a shaking to stand!
And swinging it rudely, too rudely, alas!
The peak came off, limp, in my hand!

"And such," I exclaimed, "was the Don's * foolish act
With his helmet, so neatly combined:
He exposed it to thwacks, which the joints rudely cracked,
Not for use but appearance designed.

"This elegant cap, had I shaken it less,
Might have bloomed, 'neath its *pompon* awhile;
And accoutrements wiped with a little address
May adorn next Review's rank and file!"

* DON QUIXOTE.

DONKEY-PASTURES IN RICHMOND PARK.

DURING the last few years Richmond Park has been undergoing a gradual system of subsoil drainage: sets of tile-pipes progressively laid down in sections of the ground, piece by piece, and each piece, consisting of several acres, consequently deformed, spoiled, and, for more than twelve months,—till the clods of turf, which are dug up and piled in ridges along the courses of the drains, have had time to subside,—rendered nearly impassable. It is a remarkable fact, that the reward of these costly operations, appropriately remunerative of the taste which ordained them, should be, in almost every spot whereon they have been expended, the development of a plentiful crop of—*thistles!*

"The Keating of our Own Heart."

MR. JUSTICE KEATING the other day thought proper, in speaking from the Bench about two foolish persons who had attempted suicide, to say, "He supposed these people had been reading novels." MR. JUSTICE PUNCH would like to know the basis of his learned brother's *obiter dictum.* Do novels inculcate suicide, or does novel-reading drive people to that absurdity? He might as reasonably have said he supposed these people had been taking KEATING's Cough Lozenges, and *Mr. Punch* presents the learned judge with this advertisement of those excellent compositions, in compensation for having pointed out that he occasionally talks nonsense.

A New Medium.

(*From the Spiritual Magazine.*)

THE GREATEST SPIRIT RAPPER OF THE DAY.—MR. GLADSTONE, who has just given our spirits a rap in the form of a heavy duty.

THE SHAM FIGHT.

No. 2. "*I wish this fellow behind me would 'lock up.'*"
No. 1. "*Ah, well, I'm all right, I dropped a Cherry into my rear rank man's rifle before we came on the ground.*"

YE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS OF 1860.

To Canterbury's festival from Southwerk's Tabard poured,
No widow of three husbands, no miller, friar, or lord,
No Knight of Alexandria, no clerk of Oxenforde.

Still hundreds of staunch pilgrims are journeying towards the shrine,
Not on jennet, mule, or palfrey, but along the Kentish line;
And their talk is not of martyrs, but of fleece, and flitch, and chine.

From deep green valleys on the Wharfe, from Devon's quiet lanes,
From the breezy wolds of Brocklesby, and Wiltshire's chalky plains,—
Men of eagle-eye and delicate touch, and calm far-seeing brains.

Ye COLONEL TOWNELEY is there—who taught the Warlaby Knight to yield,
In the days of his *Windsor* and *Bridesmaid* might,—with CULSHAW to bear his shield:
His arms two butterflies quartered, with gules on an azure field.

In vain 'gainst his *Royal Butterfly* four *Princes* in conclave met,
Fortune has smiled on the roan once more; and his buxom bride *Rosette*
Has baffled the spells of the fair *Queen Mab*, and beat LADY PIGOT's pet.

Hard by her "the Nestor of Shorthorns" sits (on a tub or a truss) at ease,
And countless disciples around him flock, to hear how he likes the decrees,
Ne'er lived a rarer judge of a beast on the banks of the stately Tees.

GRUNDY from Rochdale has come with his *Faith*, determined no fight to shirk;
Wood Rose is there to boast for herself of descent from the famed *Grand Turk;*
Ay! little did CAPTAIN GUNTER wot of the thorns in a rose which lurk.

But first and second the Captain stood, with his beautiful *Duchess* twins,
Liverpool judges indorsed the white, but orthodox roan now wins;
And Bedfordshire was a capital third with *Claret* from Clifton bins.

See near them the mottle-faced beef machines, from Hereford pastures sent,
Shorthorns may boast of their pedigree;—"these gentlemen pay the rent:"
But where, oh! where are the champion beasts of slow, self-satisfied Kent?

Here too are the plums of "the juicy red line," from TURNER and QUARTLEY's store;
Lancashire rules supreme with its white, and Suffolk with its black boar;
And chesnuts from Cretingham Rookery go, as in olden time, to the fore.

As pure in descent as a BOOTH or a BATES, stood SANDAY's Leicester array;
Shropshire is proud of its *Patentee;* and eighteen strong to the fray
Marched JONAS WEBB with his Southdown tups, and Richmond can't bid him Nay.

And the lesson these Royal pilgrims teach, is "Put some life in your shire,
As batsmen and hoppers, you've scored right well,—but Romney Marsh should aspire;
Just hew up for faggots your turn-wrest ploughs, and brighten your "Kentish fire."

Conundrum for Constituents.

WHY is the House of Commons like the House of Correction?
Because the labour performed there is hard and mostly unproductive.

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Hairdresser. "*South Middlesex or Keveens, Sir?* (Customer looks bewildered.)—*Why, Sir, many Corpses, Sir, 'as a rekignised style of 'air, Sir, accordin' to the Reg*——(Customer storms.) *Not a Wolunteer, Sir?—Jus so, Sir.—Thought not, Sir; leastways I was a wonderin' to myself d'reetly I see you, Sir, what Corpse you could a belonged to, Sir!*"

THE POPE'S IRISH RAGAMUFFINS.

(*To* George Bowyer, Esq., M.P.)

Chivalrous Sir,

As the Pope's Knight-errant, I wonder you have not come forward to break a lance with those unworthy Irishmen—those bad Catholics—who, having apostatised from the Papal Brigade and sneaked home, go about complaining of the usage which they experienced in the service of his Holiness. It seems that I must do the Holy Father's business for you.

The Irish volunteers in the service of our Lord the Pope were naturally supposed, by his Holiness and Lamoricière, to be devout Catholics. As such they were treated with the greatest possible attention. They were afforded every facility for fasting. The means of doing penance were freely afforded them. What better fare could a Saint wish for than an insufficiency of black bread and sour wine, what better couch could he desire than the floor of a stable? Circumstanced as the recruits were, they no doubt swarmed with vermin and reeked with filth, and, if they had expired in that blessed state, would have died in the odour of sanctity.

They complain that some of their number were shot for breach of discipline. If so, had they not the friars of San Giovanni Decollato to confess them; and did they not therefore go to Paradise? They even murmur because some of them were flogged. Their grievance was a privilege. How many holy men are continually whipping one another; how many are obliged to whip themselves, not having anybody whom they can trust to perform that pious office for them! The ungrateful grumblers ought to have kissed the cat-of-nine-tails which "whipped the offending Adam out of them." Excuse me for quoting a heretical poet.

What could these pilgrims expect at Macerata but being thoroughly macerated? Had they understood their own faith—if there was any in them—they would have known that mortification necessarily awaited them in an army of confessors and martyrs, and whilst they would of course have been mortified by the indignities, privations, and punishments, to which they were subjected, they would by no means have been disappointed, but on the contrary, perfectly well satisfied, with the chastisement which they had to endure.

Hoping that the foregoing apology for the sacred commissariat and the holy discipline of the Pontifical army may encourage many true Catholic devotees to enlist in its ranks, I have the honour to remain, chivalrous Sir, your Knighthood's humble Servant, Substitute, and Esquire,

Punch.

P.S. It does not appear that the Holy See provided its Irish crusaders with hair-shirts. But what then? It did the next best thing in not finding them any shirts at all. And for suitable stuff to wear next the skin, they might have found stinging-nettles enough, instead of linen in every hedge.

THE MASSACRE OF THE INNOCENTS.

FYTTE FIRST—FEBRUARY.

It was a score of blithesome Bills—
Merrily came they in—
And fair without, looked the gamesome rout,
And neat as a new-made pin;
Each would-be law, without a flaw,
Or erasure-line within.

'Twas a sight to behold these Bills so bold,
So blithe and *débonnaire*,
As each took his place on the paper,
Where room was still to spare,
With the Member that was in charge of him,
So proud of his nursling fair.

Sir Bethell le Bland, in either hand,
Led innocents many a one;
The first he was strong, and lusty and long—
With Bankruptcy writ thereon:
And a train of Law Bills followed him,
Whose godfather was "Plain John."

And proud was the mien of Gladstone, I ween,
As his masterful way he bore,
With Bills enow most fathers to cow,
A gambolling before:
Wines, Spirits, and Paper, and Savings Banks,
And Hansard he knows what more!

Tho' cool of blood, and fishy of mood,
Even Lewis was stirred with pride,
As with conscious face he took his place,
With two old Bills at his side—
One yclept City Corporation Reform—
One Highways—often-tried.

And Sir Charles de Wood, bewildered he stood,
And you scarce his head might see,
For the crowd of Bills the space that fills
Where Sir Charles his head should be—
All Indian Bills, with porcupine quills,
A-bristling angrily.

More blithe M.P.s I trow than these,
St. Stephens did ne'er espy:
Never blither Bills, ignored the ills
That no Bill may defy!
Woe, woe, to see their Februrarie,
And to think of their July!

FYTTE SECOND—JULY.

The spring is past, the year flies fast,
The Session draggeth sore:
Till the summer that is no summer
E'en now is well nigh o'er,
And each bored M.P. doth sigh to be free,
And will brook to be bored no more.

Then it's up and spake Lord Palmerston,
And a cruel smile smiled he,—
"Now bring your Bills, your little Bills,
My Ministères, to me;
That I may choose what Bills, and whose,
Are fittest y-slain to be."

Then up and spake the Bankruptcy Bill,
That at Bethell's knee did stand—
"Now, father dear, ye'll save me here,
For all this Lord's command;"
But with rueful look, he the innocent took,
And stabbed with his own right hand!

Night after night—'twas a sorry sight—
Each sire, against his will,
With hasty knife a-taking the life
Of his own unhappy Bill—
And their Lord, the while, with his cruel smile,
Still crying, "kill—kill—kill!"

Night after night—'twas a sorry sight!
To see those bodies piled
All under the table of the house,
So innocent, and mild!
And Palmerston, with wicked will,
Upon the murderers smiled!

Till, one by one, the work was done·
And of all that gamesome rout,
Brought in, with glee, in Februarìe,
But three or four came out:
And with brand of Cain, for his children slain,
Each Ministère went about!

(MR.) PUNCH A QUAKER.

Quakerism was said, nay shown, to be dying out. But a new phase of the drab faith has just been manifested, and we should not wonder if there were a Revival. A person, proclaiming himself a Quaker, enters the meeting-house of his and the Friends, near Gracechurch Street (in pious conversation they call it Grace-steeple-house Street), and proceeds loudly to animadvert, in the most personal manner, upon divers members of the Society there present. One he explained to be a Wolf, another an Owl, and the third a Deceiver, adding other illustrations of character. And his justification was, he said, that it was a Quaker doctrine, that you should always speak your mind. It occurs to Friend Punch, that Friend Bright is the founder of this new sect of Quakers. Their practice is very much in his style. Does he want a good-looking convert who delights to speak his mind? If so, verily let him apply at No. 85, near the steeple-house carnally called Bride's or Bridget's.

A Disinterested Opponent.

Mr. Horsman has lately taken to make long speeches calculated only to embarrass the Government and impede public business. The Honourable Gentleman may feel justly aggrieved at having been excluded from the Cabinet; but then he must admit that his observations are very much out of place.

PROCEEDINGS (?) IN BANKRUPTCY.

Before Mr. Commissioner Punch.

There seems to be afloat a pretty general opinion, that our Basinghall Street Courts are not so perfect as they might be, and that, even had they been compelled to sit till Christmas, the Government should not have let this wasted Session go without passing in some shape the "little Bill" they introduced for Bankruptcy Reform. To prove how utterly erroneous are these absurd impressions, *Mr. Punch* begs to report a day's proceedings in his presence—if he may apply the term "proceedings" where there seems but little progress. Instead of copying, however, the curt style of the reporters, *Mr. Punch* will give his notes a somewhat more dramatic form: feeling justified in doing so by a remark he overheard made by a lawyer in his presence, that the Court work which he witnessed was as good as any play:—

Scene—*A Court in Basinghall Street, which would be seen more clearly were the windows ever washed. Time—Eleven o'clock,* a.m., *and though it is so early, the Court is crammed with people doing the work of other Courts, which are already far too full to hold them. The* Commissioner, *as usual, has not yet arrived; but the business of the day commenced at ten o'clock as usual, by the* Usher *challenging the* Registrar *to take a pinch of snuff. Since then nothing of importance worth recording has transpired; and the time has been employed in the usual stage business. The Messengers are reading the day's paper in their pews, and having very nearly got the inner sheet by heart, are now in sheer despair poring over the advertisements. Small boys sit behind, munching suckers, cracking cherry-stones, and copying proceedings. Every one is talking as loudly as he can, and apparently without getting any one to listen to him. There was a meeting "*re Blobbs*" appointed for* 10 30, *and no one has appeared. But Solicitors and Counsel (with rather aged wigs) are anxiously awaiting to hear judgment pronounced in the matter of "The Wash-your-dirty-clothes-at-home Insurance Company," which through the absence of the Treasurer (with all the funds in hand) was some years since made bankrupt. Suddenly enters, with a bang, Great Gun Solicitor "*re Blobbs,*" followed by Small Ditto—at a respectful distance:—*

G. Solicitor. Where's our Commissioner?
Small ditto. Not come yet, I presume.
G. Solicitor. Do you oppose?
Small ditto. Yes, I have instruc—
Great Gun (interrupting). Just come over here.
[*Small ditto goes over there, and is talked over there. Lull in the Court, which does not last long, but lasts long enough to rouse some of the Seven (or more) Sleepers.*
Registrar (waking up and wishing to be thought engaged in business). Stubbins, give me the file re Stoker. [*Very loud to Messenger.*
Stubbins. Yes, Sir.
[*Clatters out of his pew, and makes a very great deal of the small job that is given him.*
Great Gun Solicitor (to Registrar). Is the Commissioner not come yet?
Registrar (feebly). No, not yet.
Great Gun (boldly). Then, will you please to send for him.
Registrar (still more feebly). Yes—I—that is—hem! I really don't much think you 'll have to wait long, Mr. Banger.
[*Exit timidly in search of the* Commissioner. *Business as before. Parties in* re Sniggerly *arrive in haste and anxiously inquire for the* Commissioner, *and witnesses in* re *"The Milk and Mealy Potato Bread Purveying Company" come and are examined in a corner by their Counsel. Court very noisy.*
Dirty-wigged Counsel. You swear that, do you, Sir?
Dirtier-wigged Counsel. Why, of course, you know he swears it. Isn't he on oath?

Enter Registrar *in triumph, followed by* Commissioner. *Noise in Court increases.*

Registrar (entreatingly). Silence, pray. Silence! [*Noise increases.*
Usher (bellowing). Si-lence in the Co-o-ort!
[*Court still more noisy.* Commissioner *calmly takes his seat, unlocks his desk, and yawns. All the Counsel and Solicitors simultaneously endeavour to attract his attention. His Honour bears in mind the dictum, that an upright British Judge should never show a bias, and accordingly bestows his notice upon none of them.*
Great Gun (popping up, and going off as usual with a bang). I have to apply to your Honour for a certificate in the matter of John Josiah Blobbs. In the first place I must draw the attention of your Honour——
[*Fires away for some five minutes, the* Commissioner *remaining perfectly unconscious, and being occupied apparently with a calculation of the cost of whitewashing the ceiling. Noise in Court increases.*

Dirty-wigged Counsel (*examining invisible Witness*). Now, you swear that on the Thirty-first of February last——

Dirtier-wigged Counsel. No, no, how can he swear that. You mustn't put false statements into people's mouths in this way. (*Raising voice.*) I really must object, your Honour——

Commissioner (*who has completed his white-wash calculations*). What's the matter, Mr. Baggy?

Mr. Baggy (*in a breath*). PleaseyourHonourit'sthematterofthe Milkand MealyPotatoBreadPurveyingCompanyandifyourHonourwillallowme—

Great Gun (*sternly*). Mr. Baggy, I will thank you not to interrupt. His Honour is at present very deeply engaged in——

[Registrar *gets up and consults with* Commissioner. *Total eclipse of the latter for five minutes. Upon again becoming visible, his Honour is discovered to be deeply engaged in the perusal of his sandwich-box.*

Commissioner (*with his mouth full*). I shall now—mum, mum—give judgment in the—mum, mum—matter of John Jones, Crinoline—mum—maker and cow-keeper. This bankrupt commenced business in September 'Fifty-six—mum, mum—with a capital of three pounds thirteen shillings and eleven pence, and it appears from the—mum—evidence—

Great Gun (*interrupting, blandly, but with firmness*). If your Honour will remember, your Honour promised yesterday, your Honour would give judgment in the matter of the Wash-your-dirty-clothes-at-home Insurance Company, and, as I have to leave, perhaps your Honour would—— [Registrar *gets up and eclipses the* Commissioner.

Enter Official Assignee. *Everybody rushes at him, and covers him with papers.* O. A. *takes no notice, but takes snuff with the* Registrar. Usher *bellows "Silence!" and the Court as usual becomes noisier than ever.*

Dirty-wigged Counsel. I think, Mr. Snorter, you said you were a pig-sticker——

Witness (*angrily*). No, Sir, I didn't, Sir. I said I were a pork-butcher.

Dirty-wigged Counsel (*confused and searching papers*). Ah—yes—of course—yes—I meant to say a pork-butcher. Now, Sir, the price of sausage-meat, I think I heard you ssy, is generally higher in the dog-days than——

[*Noise in Court increases, and Counsel's voice is drowned.* Registrar *sits down, and* Commissioner, *becoming visible, is about to proceed with the business of the day, when Enters Messenger at back, and hands note to* Commissioner, *who reads it, locks his desk, and quietly goes out.*

Short-winded Usher (*swearing witness*). Now then—take your glove hoff—right 'and *hif* you please (*gasp*) the hevidence you give (*gasp*) truth th' ole truth (*gurgle*) hand nothin' but 'ruth (*gurgle*) so 'elp you (*gurgle, gurgle*) kiss the book now (*grunt*).

Great Gun Solicitor. You say then, that these accounts have all been duly audited.

Timid Witness. Y-Y-Yes, your Honour. S-S-ir, I mean.

Great Gun. And you say you've since discovered a deficiency of ninepence?

Timid Witness. Y-Y-Yes, your Honour—th-th-that is n-n-no, Sir. I said that the deficiency was n-n-ninety th-ousand p-p-pounds and n-n-ninepence.

Great Gun (*hanging fire*). Eh?—um—ah—O yes—ah—ahem! Of course—ah—Now——

Registrar (*loudly*). Well, what's this?

Small Solicitor (*meekly*). Wiggins's Audit at two.

Registrar. All right. Go on then. Any one here "re Stiggins?" (*No answer*). Any one here "re Scroggins?" (*No answer*).

[Registrar *goes out; but Business is still vigorously carried on before the* Usher.

Great Gun (*suddenly becoming conscious of the fact*). Stubbins, where's the Commissioner?

Usher (*feebly*). I think he's gone for the day, Sir.

[*Business nevertheless is still vigorously proceeded with, until the usual hour comes for the closing of the Court, when Mr. Punch, with the remaining dramatis personæ, escapes into the street amid the usual Grand Chorus of Messengers and Witnesses, Law Clerks and Retainers, who all sing out to each other, "Now let's have a drop of Beer!"*

N.B. The same performance will be repeated daily until further notice.

Vivat Lex Regina!] [*No Money returned!*

A-waiting for his Prey.

"Dear Mr. Punch,

"Hostilities with France would be a sorrow which may the Destinies avert. But if there can be any consolation under such circumstances, it may be detected in the fact, that as all the Savoyard Organ-men are now French subjects, of course, on the declaration of war, it would be a Duty as well as a Pleasure to make short work with *them.*

"Ever yours,

"*A Quiet Street, S.W.*" "Vivo in Spe."

EXAMPLE OF ITALIAN HEROINES.

Good Ladies of England, when you saw the following paragraph in the *Morning Post*, could you—or when you read it now, can you—believe your eyes?

"The Ladies of Aci and Garibaldi.—The ladies of Aci in Sicily have addressed a letter to General Garibaldi, announcing that from a wish to follow the noble example of patriotism given by the women of Upper and Central Italy, they intend to collect together and forward to him a sum of 6,000 fr., which they had intended for the purchase of their summer dresses. The donors express a wish that the sum in question may be employed in the purchase of muskets."

Is not this indeed a tremendous sacrifice of drapery? Fancy yourselves going without your summer dresses, and wearing winter clothes, or those of a year ago, instead! The idea is too shocking to think of, isn't it? The actual surrender of finery would kill you, would it not? There is no consideration external to your own houses, and scarcely any cause whatever, which would induce you to practise such self-denial. No; you would die for a beloved object, you would immolate life and health on the altar of domestic attachment; but not Crinoline—no—no—no—not Crinoline! You cannot spare an inch of muslin, or you might assist in the emancipation of Italy at a sacrifice much less tremendous than that of the enthusiastic Italian women. You might reduce your dresses to reasonable dimensions; and the money you would thereby save would suffice to buy as many muskets for Garibaldi as he can possibly require.

THE BENEFACTOR OF BONNIE DUNDEE.

The Scot, says the Southron, fares scanty and cheap,
Has varra sma' siller, but that sma' will keep;
I winna deny that the rule is nae lee:
But there's just ane exception in bonnie Dundee.

There's ae merchant prince in that canny Scotch town,
The noo that has pit fifteen thousand pund down,
A park an' a playgrun' the people to gie:
What a braw benefactor till bonnie Dundee!

To gie fifteen thousand pund sterling awa'
The wealth o' that merchant prince canna be sma';
A'm thinkin' 'tis somewhat abune a bawbee:
Ye'll perceive there's a Crœsus in bonnie Dundee.

A wad that a kent this philanthropist's name,
To blaw it abroad through the bagpipe o' Fame;
But baith rich and bounteous ae Scotchman ye see;
There's mair in, aiblins, mair out o' bonnie Dundee.

ST. GEORGE'S GOOD RIDDANCE.

The subjoined gratifying announcement has appeared in a daily paper:—

"St. George's in the East.—Yesterday morning the Rev. Bryan King left his parish for a twelvemonth's tour on the Continent."

It is highly probable that the reverend gentleman will go over to Rome; where he will be enabled to practise any postures, and wear any petticoats of the kind that he admires, and also to sing his prayers through his nose in the key of A flat, or the bray of a donkey. In the Eternal City he may intone *Pax Vobiscum* without causing a row. When he is at Rome it will be very proper for him to do as the Romans do, and once there it is to be hoped that there he will stay. We congratulate St. George on the flight of his dragon.

The Inveterate Politician.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer gives the House of Commons the same reason to complain as that which Paterfamilias affords the wife of his bosom at the breakfast-table. It is impossible to get him away from his Paper.

DECIDEDLY.

Small Swell. "Most 'bsurd row they 're kicking up about Equestrians in Kensington Gardens! Why they ought to be deuced glad of anything that adds to the Beauty of the Place—my 'pinion!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

July 23. *Monday.* The Lords were informed that the Metropolis requires extensive Poultry and other Provision Markets, and the Smithfield Bill was presented to them as the means for supplying the want. *Mr. Punch* has said his say upon civic greed, and has elicited the explanation that only 550 square yards of Smithfield are to be converted into poultry-yards, and about five times as much is to be let alone, for the present. He does not expect the City to make Ducks and Drakes of its money; but to convert into a Poultry-shop any of the limited space which might have been a recreation ground for the people, is a Foul project, and worthy of Cox (Finsbury). However, the site is near St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and he hopes all concerned in the plunder will catch the Chicken-pox from some out-door patient. If he could mark his contempt for the City by making any worse jokes on the subject, he would do so. The Bill was read a Second time. A Bill for relieving the Press from certain liabilities was opposed by Lord Chelmsford, as calculated to hinder the punishment of libellers, and was rejected.

Lord Palmerston announced to the House that we really must Fortify. He meant no disrespect to Anybody anywhere, and Nobody had any "call" to be offended; but it would not do for England to owe her safety to Anybody's forbearance, and she must be as strong as Anybody else. Therefore it was proposed to lay out about Nine Millions of money in the way recommended by the Fortification Commission. There is to be no attempt to defend London, Palmerston considering that *Mr. Punch's* residence in the E. C. (or Early Closing) District is sufficient guarantee for the impregnability of the City, which, moreover, Pam said would have to be saved by a Battle—and one Battle he thought would be sufficient for the purpose. But we are to make our military and naval storehouses so safe that, happen what may, we shall always have ample means of warfare at our command. The dockyards and arsenals generally are to be fortified. About Two Millions of money are wanted at once. Palmerston made a spirited speech, which offended Mr. Bright, who declared that, come what might, the money should not be granted off-hand, and who afterwards gave notice of a resolution against fortifying ourselves any more. Mr. Lindsay, a ship-builder, also, of course, sees no sense in stone walls, and means to oppose Pam.

The Monster Herbert then made an interesting speech on the details of the proposed works. The places that are to be fortified are Portsmouth, Plymouth, and Pembroke; and inasmuch as the Thames does not smell this year, and is therefore useless as an offensive force, about £180,000 is to be spent thereon. On the Medway, and at Chatham, there are to be works. Dover is to be made strong, as is Portland, and there is to be a good deal done at Cork. That is the Government proposal for defending the kingdom against Anybody, and it was arranged that it should be considered that day week.

On the Civil Service Estimates, our Wiscount came out. He wants the grounds of Hampton Court used for the training of Riflemen and as Shooting-Grounds for them. *Mr. Punch* thinks that visitors might like to be heard upon that subject, and that it should be a matter of inquiry how far it would be agreeable to a couple of lovers spooneyfying beside the fat gold-fishes, to have their sentimental conversation interrupted by a howl from Edwin to the effect that a conical ball had just gone through the am sangwitches in his coat-tail pocket, or a squeal from Angelina setting forth that a similar stray missile had knocked the steel of her Crinoline hind part before. The Wiscount made several other suggestions, which were also treated with the most perfect contempt. There was an idea for building a new house for the big Car which was the only ridiculous thing at the funeral of the Duke of Wellington. This the Prince of Wales is of course not going to have choking up the court-yard of his house in Pall Mall, and Mr. Cowper does not seem to know what to do with it. Considerable sarcasm was launched at the Car, and Mr. Cowper finally withdrew the vote, piteously declaring, however, that he must have some place to put it in. Why on earth, if it is to be preserved at all, is it not put into the Hall of Chelsea Hospital, where the old Land-Crabs might pick up an occasional sixpence by showing it, and lying about their own achievements under the Duke, just as the old Sea-Crabs do at Greenwich about Nelson?

Tuesday. The Lords got through a good deal of business, and Ellenborough made a little speech which deserves to be remembered.

À LA MODE FRANÇAISE.

Faithful Ally. "EH, MONS. BULL, YOU ARE NOT AFRAID OF ME?"
John Bull. "OH NO, NOT AFRAID IN THE LEAST—I ONLY FOLLOW YOUR FASHION."

Whether its grace is materially increased by the fact that the speaker's father was a law lord, is a matter for anybody who cares about it:—

"The Earl of Ellenborough said, he always felt a difficulty in understanding the state of the case when he had heard three or four law lords discuss it, especially if they spoke at any length. (*Laughter.*)"

The Commons had a fight on the Poor-Law Board Continuance Bill, which went through Committee, though not until the Government had been defeated on the question, whether the Board, like *Pompey* in the play, was to "continue" for five years or three, the latter alternative being carried by 147 to 92.

Lord John Russell had the pleasure of announcing to the House that the King of the Two Sicilies was, by his own act, the King of One Sicily only, he having been obliged to order that the island be evacuated by his troops. It is stated that this announcement is premature. It is also said that the King of Sardinia sent to Garibaldi to beg he would not think of attacking the mainland; but Garibaldi, curiously, happening to be out of the way, of course the King's message could not reach him.

Mr. O'Brien wanted the Government to make it a condition on board the mail-packets they subsidised, that there shall be none of that system of insulting coloured ladies and gentlemen of which we have lately heard so much. Mr. Laing replied, that all the colourable interest of Government in these ships' concerns is the safe conveyance of what is down in Black and White in the letters. A long debate on the present absurd system of Promotion and Retirement in the Navy followed, Sir John Pakington demanding an inquiry into the subject, which demand was successfully resisted by the Ministers.

Wednesday. Sir G. C. Lewis drew a whole row of the teeth of the Ecclesiastical Commission Bill, by withdrawing all the clauses on which serious fight was offered, and the measure being thus rendered almost useless, the House discussed it, in Committee, with much affability.

Thursday. In the Felony Bill it was enacted by the Lords that counsel for the prisoner shall have the right of reply only when the Judge thinks it necessary. *Mr. Punch* is rather inclined to agree with Lord Ellenborough, that this is rather unfair upon the Judge, who will very likely permit many a needless harangue rather than be charged with shutting up the advocate's mouth. As regards the interests of justice, there does not seem to be any harm in the arrangement, or that a criminal will be much more likely to get off because his man has the last word. Mr. Justice Punch would feel it his duty to be particularly clear in his summing up after such an address, and would certainly not be, as the Judge in old time, was called, Counsel for the prisoner.

The Bill with (or rather without) the Drawn Teeth went through Committee. The Chancellor of the X. informed Mr. Bright that the one and elevenpenny Rap just inflicted on Spirits was to be permanent spirit-rapping. Lord John Russell stated, that the King of Naples had begged the Government of England to insist on Garibaldi's accepting an armistice, and that the Government of England had informed the King of Naples that they would see him in Acheron first, and *then* they wouldn't, whereat the House cheered. Mr. Laing stated, that the Post Office Report was under consideration. *Mr. Punch's* private Spirits have informed him of one thing in it which, when disclosed, he proposes to make a precious row about. Lord Palmerston then, after a good deal of grumbling and growling from the Opposition and others, took away another large piece of the little time now left to independent Members. The Gas Tyrants Correction Bill was passed, on the motion of Sir John Shelley, who deserves the title of the Gas Garibaldi.

After a sentimental little motion of Mr. Hennessy had been squashed by 73 to 15, the important Bill about the Indian Army came on again, and after some debating, a motion for adjournment was made, to which Lord Palmerston assented, saying,—

"It is the duty of Her Majesty's Ministers to sit here and listen to any length of speeches that Honourable Gentlemen may choose to make, and to any length of extracts that they may tender us. (*A laugh and cheers.*) Of course, when an Honourable Member is at a loss for other arguments, it is very natural that he should make out his speech by reading. ('*Hear,' and a laugh.*) Her Majesty's Government attach great importance to this Bill. Our patience is inexhaustible, and we are quite prepared to *sit here until Christmas* in order to pass it. (*Hear, hear.*)"

This did not exactly tend to sweeten the tempers of some of the opponents of the Bill, which Colonel Sykes declared would greatly rile the 4980 British officers in the local service, besides ruining the Indian Empire. This debate was acrimoniously resumed next night, and again adjourned till the Monday, so that it might delightfully interfere with the Fortifications discussion.

A Bill for interfering with Theatres and Public-Houses had been introduced, but in consequence of the publication of a letter on the subject from the Christy Minstrels, who would be affected by its action, it was withdrawn, and the poetical person who writes the gibberish chanted by these begrimed parties received orders to prepare a song of jubilee. He sent an early copy to *Mr. Punch*, who is much pleased with it, and considers it quite up to the mark of the Christy poetry. The first of the fifty-three verses goes thus:—

"Take away dat Bill, Nigger,
Yaw, yaw, yaw,
Take away dat Bill, Nigger,
Him shan't be law.
Take away dat Bill, Nigger,
Yap, yap, yap,
Take away dat Bill, Nigger,
Dat's a good chap.
Take away, &c., &c., &c., &c."

Friday. The British Coroner savours a good deal of the British Beadle. He is usually either a spouting Doctor or a pushing Attorney, and he gets his place by a desperate canvass, with placards and all the vulgar machinery of a parochial struggle. When in office, his business is to hold as many inquests as he possibly can, because he is paid out of fees on separate cases. It is therefore to his interest that as many persons should make away with themselves or be made away with as possible. A Bill for making him a little less obnoxious to the public was this evening read a Second time. The Coronets avowed considerable contempt for the Coroners.

The Session and Season are now telling upon everybody. People get weary, cross, and careless; and even *Mr. Punch* himself is conscious of occasionally emitting an epigram whose excellent wit is not quite polished up to his habitually preternatural effulgence. He sometimes gives gold—the purest, doubtless, but only gold—instead of diamonds. The fact is, that it is time to leave town, and bathe the soul in shady woods. Any person who is up to his ordinary mark during the last part of the Season is a Snob, and not Elegant and Sought After. Any journal that is as well written in September as in May is written by Snobs. These remarks are not made in any Aristocratic spirit of Swell-dom—*Mr. Punch* conceived them while eating a cold sausage and leaning at the door of a country public-house—but to apologise for the House of Commons, which is just now dawdling, twaddling, and every now and then having a violent scold. Palmerston to-night rebuked the Opposition for hindering and talking, and advised Members to avail themselves of every opportunity of holding their tongues, whereat Disraeli blazed up, and said that all the loss of time and good measures arose from the Government-Coalition having, merely for factious purposes, and to keep their places, wasted the Session on an Illusory Treaty and a Moonshine Reform Bill. Even big Bentinck, of Norfolk, has grown nervous, and thinks all the foreigners in London are going to rise and pull up the telegraph-posts and tear up the railways. We must all get out of town.

THE PAPAL BRIGADIER'S RETURN.

The Irish Boy is come back from Rome,
In a seedy suit you'll find him:
He brings large holes in his breeches home,
And his coat slit up behind him.
"Land of bosh!" cried the downy card,
"Though Priests may howl, be aisy:
Some lads have cut the Papal guard—
Some greenhorns, duped, not crazy."

The Boy was done, but the Papal chain
Could not keep his shrewd soul under;
The swag he expected, he didn't gain;
So he found he'd made a blunder.
And said, "No Pope shall humbug me;
My soul abhors base knavery.
I'll never fight, gratis, against the Free,
For Popery and for Slavery!"

WE OUGHT TO BE CAREFUL.

In Forbes Winslow's new book, among some very singular accounts of the beneficial results of accidents to persons of feeble intellect, is a statement that a supposed Idiot, having received a violent blow on the head, became a practising Barrister. *Mr. Punch*, ever since reading this anecdote, has been puzzling over the Law List to try to find out who the party is. He has his suspicions on the subject, but it is premature to disclose them. Meantime he has resolved to be very careful for the future how he indulges his own favourite practice of giving idiots a rap on the head, lest he should be unwarily creating more barristers than at present afflict creation.

OUR SANGUINE FRIEND.

The Honourable Member for Birmingham opposes the loan for the fortification of our dockyards. He evidently takes too Bright a view of the armaments of our neighbours.

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER XXV.—LOVELY WOMAN IN THE REIGNS OF EDWARD THE FIRST AND SECOND.

LADY OF RANK AND HER ATTENDANT. TEMP. EDWARD THE FIRST.

IT is painful to reflect that in spite of all the boasted gallantry of man, ladies' dresses have at all times more or less been jeered at, or been sneered at by the gentlemen; perhaps because the latter think that, as they have to pay for it, they may as well from their wives' finery get all the fun they can. The time of the First Edward certainly formed no exception to this rule, and its long dresses and large gorgets were pretty nearly as much ridiculed as the wide dresses and small bonnets have been in our own day. For the credit of our countrymen, it should however be observed, that the French writers were certainly the cruelest of the critics: the famous *Roman de la Rose* being specially distinguished by the sharpness of its satire, which, unlike the shafts of ridicule from *Mr. Punch's* armoury, was sometimes shot beyond the boundaries of decency and truth. As it took a whole half-century to write this single poem,* there was plenty of time of course to correct it for the press, and we cannot excuse its authors for neglecting to have done so. Had their birth-time been postponed until this more polished period, they would have known that coarse expressions admit of no defence, inasmuch as want of decency, it is allowed, is want of sense.

The *Roman* was written in France and treated of French fashions: but of course these soon became adopted in this country, for we always take our fashions, like our farces, from the French. This importation was moreover much assisted at this period by a royal double marriage in the year 1298; when Edward the First espoused the sister of Philip the Fourth of France, whose daughter was united to Ned's son, the Prince of Wales. This Philip was distinguished by the nickname of "Le Bel," and as no doubt he "wery much applauded" his two sons-in-law for coming in to take a couple of women off his hands, there seems to be some cause to suppose he supplied each with a ring. How many clergymen assisted at this royal double marriage, we have not patience to search through the registers to learn: but we think were such a ceremony gone through in our day, we should expect at least a score of parsons to take part in it. Now that Mr. Smith can't get spliced to Miss Jones without the help of some half-dozen reverend assistants, we may assume that for a brace of royal happy couples, the hymeneal halter would hardly be thought binding, unless the knot were tied by twenty-parson power.

Leaving our lady readers to debate this knotty point, we proceed now to describe the costume of their ancestresses, who lived during the reigns of the First and Second Edward, in the sixty years, less five (we love to be particular), between the year 1272 and 1327. Their dress, we find, consisted of the robe or gown (which now was also called a kirtle) made with long tight sleeves and fastened high up in the neck, much as it was worn during the reign of Henry the Second, and, with but trifling variation, had indeed been ever since. A train was, however, now added to the garment, and this train appears to have fired the mines of satire of the cynical, and caused several explosions of wrath at its great length. One male wretch says: "Ye maydens doe moche resemble maggpyes, seeing both of ym have tayles which doe draggle in ye dirte;" and another monster hints that possibly long trains were worn to hide large feet, a sneer which is indulged in by a third insulting creature, a fiend in poet's form, who tells us:—

> "I knowe a maydene fayre to see:
> Take care! take care!
> Her robe is long—as hir feete may be:
> Bewa-are! Bewa-are!
> All ye who wolde hir suitors be,
> Truste not to more than ye can see!"

* William de Lorris, who began it, died in the year 1260, and John de Meun completed it *circâ* 1304.

The sleeveless cyclas or supertunic was still worn over the robe, and, we are told, was made so long that ladies were obliged to hold it up with one hand to prevent their treading on it. The mantle too was worn pendent down behind as it had been before: being fastened on the shoulders by silken cords and tassels, and bordered with a rich embroidery of gold. The ladies, we learn, used it "on state occasions only;" but whether formal morning-calls or stiff and stately tea-fights were included in this phrase, we have now no means of knowing.

Among the habits of the leaders of the fashion at this period, we must not omit to notice their bad habit of tight-lacing; which sad and silly practice, we have shown, was in existence in the reign of William Rufus, but since that time had very wisely been discarded. In "*ye Laye of Syr Launfal*," written about the year 1300, we find the Lady Triamore described as—

> "Clad in purple pall,
> With gentyll body and middle small;"

and the same poem thus speaks of a couple of "fayre damosels" whom *Syr Launfal* meets "by accident" (?) in the middle of a forest (!)—

COSTUME OF THE ARISTOCRACY. TEMP. EDWARD THE SECOND. (FROM A BEAUTIFUL ILLUMINATION IN "YE LAYE OF SYR LAUNFAL."

> "Their kirtles were of Inde sendel,*
> Y-laced small, jolyf, and well,
> There mote none gayer go:
> Their mantles were of green velvet,
> Y-bordered with gold right well y-sette,
> Y-pellured with gris and gros;
> Their heads were dight well withal,
> Everich had on a jolyf coronal,
> With sixty jems and mo."

What these two young ladies were up to in the forest in such gorgeous srray, is a point on which the scandal-monger if he likes may speculate. Our impression is, that they had been invited to a pic-nic, and fearing lest that dear *Syr Launfal* might absent himself, they enticed him into promising to meet them in the forest, where he might indulge in an innocent flirtation, under the plea of walking with them to protect them from the frogs.

A very ugly species of wimple called a gorget came somewhat into fashion in the first of these two reigns, and was worn occasionally also in the second. John de Meun describes it as a piece of linen wrapped some two or three times round the neck, and then, being fastened with a dreadful lot of pins, raised on either side the face as high up as the ears. "*Pardieu!*" he exclaims, "I have often thought in my heart, when I have seen a lady so closely tied up, that her neck-cloth was either nailed unto her chin, or that she had the pins hooked into her flesh." In further chaff he calls the gorget "la towelle," a name which seems to hint that ladies had been known to use it for a towel, first taking the precaution to take out all the pins. He also makes a not very delicate remark in stating that the horn-like projections of the gorget were stuck out, at a little distance from the face, so that,—

> "Entre la temple et les cornes pourroit passer un rat,
> Ou la greigneur moustelée qui soit jusques Arras."

* "Inde sendel" may mean either Indian silk, or light blue silk; for "Inde" was often used to designate that colour.

We omitted to record that in the reign of Henry the Third the mode of wearing the hair was changed, and that instead of being plaited in long tails as it was in the twelfth century, it was simply turned up behind, and confined in a gold net. This fashion continued in the following two reigns, and indeed remained in vogue throughout the fourteenth century. By some writers we find the net or fret is called a "caul," but since our dictionary defines this as the "network of a wig," our gallantry forbids us from applying such a term to the head-dress of a lady. Girls doubtless used these nets to assist them in the work of fishing for a husband, and seeing that the fashion has been recently revived, we may presume it has been found productive of net profit.

Viewed in the light of the old illuminations, the ladies of this period were either sadly shamefaced, or painfully susceptible to toothache and sore throat. A kerchief and a veil were often worn besides the gorget, and fair necks and faces really were so swathed and swaddled up that there were scarcely three square inches of their surface left salutable. Whence this anti-kiss-me-quick sort of mania could have sprung from, the learnedest of writers (we mean, of course, ourselves) are unable to determine; but the fashion appears certainly of oriental origin, and for some cause the Crusaders may have possibly imported it. A husband must be a great Turk, or else clearly a great muff, to muffle his wife's cheeks up so that scarce an inch is kissable; and had the Cruelty-Prevention Society been extant, it might fitly have prohibited so barbarous a practice. To the sensitive in mind it is afflicting to reflect what dreadful deprivations the ladies must have suffered from it; for one would as soon have thought of taking a mummy under the mistletoe, as a girl choked in the head-gear of the fourteenth century.

SICK OF THE SEASON, AND SICK OF THE SESSION.

A BUCOLIC FROM THE BACK BENCHES.

Who will take me out of London? Who will set me by the sea?
Who will plant my foot on heather, where the grouse rise strong and free?

Who will rid me of the dinners—Heav'n be thanked, more rare they grow—
Their épergnes and flowers and flambeaux—vapid gossip, fuss and show?

Who will save me from these stuffy, sweltering, stupid routs and drums,
Where the belles look limp and languid, as the wished-for August comes?

Who will free me from this tread-mill, with its weary, weary, grind,
Club and Commons, ride and crush-room, wasting body, wearing mind?

Who will find me air for breathing, innocent of London smoke?
Take the set mask from the features? Take the staleness from the joke?

Who the *Morning Post* will banish from my daily tea and toast?
Who will give me better music than the Opera can boast?

Titiens is a fine soprano, and Rose Csillag pipeth well;
And Alboni's a great creature—in her song and shape as well.

But I'm sick of foreign squallers—sick of Tweedles, dee, and dum,
Sick to wishing all brass silent, and all cat-gut stricken dumb.

And with more than common sickness, I am sick of Commons' prate,
Of the Morning sittings early, and the Evening sittings late.

Sick of strangling all the good Bills, which some interest offend;
Sick of passing all the bad Bills, which there's no time to amend.

Sick, oh sick of Mr. Horsman's "taking up" and setting down;
Sick of voting supplemental millions, under Mr. Gladstone's frown.

Sick of being whipped up, at all hours, to divide, or make a house,
With the knowledge that the Session won't respect the "sacred grouse."

Wherefore was I born to greatness, wherefore did I seek a seat?
I, whose tastes were stock and shooting, growing roots and fattening meat?

Hide, oh hide me, mother Nature, in thy glad and glorious green;
Take me back into the country, while a corn-field's to be seen.

Let me breathe the purple fallows—watch the waving of the grain,
Feel my Shorthorn's ribs and shoulders underneath my hand again!

But I wander in my fancies—there's that vile division bell,
To all hopes of calm and country tinkling an enforced farewell.

I am knit unto my party, I must sit at their command,
While Disraeli can find dodges, and Big Ben has words on hand.

I must sit, and barred from all that to my being pleasure yields,
Thus unto the blinding Bude-lights sadly babble of green fields.

A BURLESQUE AL FRESCO.

An Auctioneer in the North, who publishes his name as Mr. Donkin (but compositors are mortal men, and there may be some slight typographical error in the spelling of the respected name), has an estate to sell, whereof he thus sweetly discourseth in the *Manchester Examiner*:—

"The auctioneer feels relieved from a prolixity of details while introducing this fascinating property to public attention; yet so completely is he beset by objects of the most lively interest, no less to those in search of the materialism of a judicious investment of capital, than to minds soaring above the philosophy of the ledger, that for a moment the solid, the substantial, the positive, the real elements of wealth may be lost sight of in the contemplation of a scenery so associated with the past, and where memorials through the mist of ages offer a chapter upon the history of Chipchase Castle, grand in attitude, within the bosom of ancestral woods, and with a fortress grey in the heraldry of the herons of Northumberland, opening its rude portcullis into halls groined and marbled in the splendour of later times, this majestic structure stands the wonder and admiration of North Tyne, with parks so fat in pasturage undulating to the margin of the most pellucid of rivers. Shepherds upon its banks pipe their pastorals, while, to the Arcadian flute, Ceres waves her sickle over harvests that are in combination with untold mineral wealth, starting into active form, and proclaiming in the midst of a primitive people the immortal glories of the genius of George Stephenson.—Mr. Robson will show the estate."

The words of Mercury would be harsh after the songs of Apollo—or Ceres aforesaid, and *Mr. Punch* permits himself no comment. But he must congratulate Mr. Donk-in on having secured the services of Mr. Robson to show the property—we presume when the Olympic season is over. Nothing could be more proper. Mr. Robson's own health will be promoted on the banks of the "most pellucid of rivers," while, in reading aloud the above particulars, with which Mr. D. will supply him for the instruction of visitors, the great comedian will feel thoroughly at home, inasmuch as he will imagine himself reciting one of his own burlesques. He may even introduce, appropriately to the Castle, the song of *Ben Baxter*, with the burden—

"With a Chip-chase, chorry-cho, fol de rol do ride, O."

Mr. Robson's kind consent to show the estate does him great credit, and *Mr. Punch* trusts that Mr. R. will derive as much amusement from his novel occupation as *Mr. P.* has done from the above delightful announcement. The single part of it which he does not quite appreciate is the reference to the Heraldry of the herons, and he can explain it only by supposing that in the advertisement there is something herroneous.

Inscription for the Reverend Mr. King's Statue, when he gets one.—*Exit tyrannus*, Regum *ultimus*.

Now, what a good-for-nothing spiteful Girl that Jemima *must have been, when her kind Mistress (who could not put up with her goings-on any longer) gave her a Month's Warning, to serve her so with the Palmer's Candle, pretending the Spring slipped accidentally.*

ACCIDENTS AND OFFENCES.

At Lewes Assizes, the other day, a poor young man was indicted for the manslaughter of his mother. He had—having received a medical education—been in the habit of administering to her hydrocyanic acid for the relief of sickness. She died, after having taken what was conjectured to be an overdose, poured out by the merest accident. For having been supposed to have had the misfortune to kill his mother—whom he fondly loved—in the earnest endeavour to prolong her life, this good son was by some justice, justices, or coroner's jury, no matter which—sent to take his trial as a felon! There was not the slightest proof that he had given an excessive dose; and he was of course acquitted. But even if he had made a fatal blunder, it would have been not only unintentional, but most pitiably the reverse of intentional. Who but a fool would presume culpable negligence in such a case? Who with a particle of benevolence, with a grain of sense, would have sent such a case for trial? Aggravate the unspeakable misery of that dutiful unfortunate son by placing him in a felon's dock! What dense stupidity, and what monstrous cruelty!

Melancholy as this case was, the evidence for the prosecution can hardly well be conceived to have afforded occasion for merriment. A particular point in it, however, seems to have wonderfully diverted the hearers, who may have known the reason why. The fun, however, in the following question put to a surgeon about the strength of prussic acid, will be generally considered inscrutable:—

"The Lord Chief Justice. What do you say is the difference between a 'minim' and a 'drop?' (*A laugh.*)"

Where's the wit? Again—we quote the *Post*:—

"Serjeant Ballantine, to the witness. If you were told to give a patient so many minims, should you give him so many 'drops?' (*A laugh.*)"
"Witness. Certainly not. (*Renewed laughter.*)"

What joke is there in the question as to the difference between a minim and a drop? A minim is a drop of uniform size measured by a graduated glass, a drop is a variable quantity dropped out of a bottle. There is no quibble or equivocation in the words, and nothing loathsome in the ideas. What did the gentle dulness of Lewes see to laugh at?

But even if Mr. Merryman, in Merryman's motley, had stood in the witness-box, grinning from ear to ear, the piteousness of the case might have hindered his grimaces from setting on barren spectators to laugh too. Sorrow and indignation would possess any honest heart at the sight of a son standing his trial for felony, because he met with a mischance in practising the Fifth Commandment. No doubt there are those who would insist on enforcing responsibility in all cases of accidental homicide, with a view to public safety, and an especial eye to their own. "Prevent mistakes irrespectively of right or wrong. Never mind abstract justice—mercy, consideration, compassion be blanked! Punish a blunder as you would a crime. Treat an unfortunate man as a guilty one for the protection of the community in general, and particularly of myself." This is the language of these gentlemen; and it is the language of immoral selfishness. Trust nobody who talks it, unless in trusting him you can rely on his pride, vanity, covetousness, or other low motives. Such language is also the language of folly. It is calculated to deprive its utterer of medical attendance in any case of danger. Surgeons are not likely to risk a bold remedy, or venture a hazardous operation with the fear, in case of unforeseen misadventure, of an indictment for manslaughter before their eyes.

IO BACCHE!

The Emperor of the French has been fixing the price of cigars in France. This is to vary from five centimes to fifty—say from a halfpenny to fivepence. It may be held, therefore, that for fivepence a French gentleman may procure the very best cigar he need smoke. Then why, in the name of all that is Detestable, can't *Mr. Punch* get first-class weeds at the same price? Why has he to pay Ninepence, if he wants the real thing that does him good? Of course there are Penny Pickwicks and trash of that kind, but he smokes for enjoyment, health, and soothing. Mr. Bright is a smoker, and ought to have provided for this in the Treaty. *Mr. Punch* cannot trust himself to speak freely on so outrageous a state of things. Why are there no good cheap cigars in London? he asks once more: and Echo answers that there is a "want of system" somewhere, though not of a system of imposition.

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BLANK CARTRIDGE.

Musketry Instructor (at the conclusion of the Drill) "*Hullo!—but I say,* Mr. Polyblank, *pray what has become of your Ramrod?*"

[Polyblank tries to look as if he had not fired it off!

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

July 30. *Monday.* Lord Clyde, introduced by Lord Punch, took the oaths and his seat in the House of Lords, so that the saviour of India, though far inferior in rank to Cardigan, or Lucan, or Normanby, or Westminster, is now as good a man as most of the bishops, as Jones Loyd, or as Vernon Smith. But Lord Punch begs to say that he has no notion of leaving things where they are, and that he recommends those who have the means of setting the Fountain of Honour in play, to send a very handsome shower-bath of honour in the direction of Lord Clyde, or Lord Punch may turn the stream of his own indignation in the direction of the negligent parties. Fancy a Lucan having precedence over a Colin Campbell!

Lord John Russell has sent out Lord Dufferin as our Commissioner for settling the affairs of Syria. This nobleman is a very good yachtsman, and a man who is good at yachting is generally good at most other things. He is not—

"A slave,
Whose very soul would sicken at the wave,"

but usually a manly, wide-awake, intelligent, self-reliant fellow. One of this class of Englishmen saved Tyre the other day, by putting his vessel and his guns in such a position that the savage Druses were afraid to attack. We make no doubt that Dufferin will manage very well. After this appointment had been announced, there was a row originating with Mr. Horsman, who has got the combative element strong upon him, and who insisted on speaking, and blew up the Speaker himself for trying to put him down. *Mr. Punch* is far from regarding Mr. Horsman with any red-tapey dislike, and on the contrary, holds that it is very desirable that upon occasion Members should speak out their minds, and not let any bureaucratic swagger and self-conceit be too strong for them. But there is reason in roasting of eggs, and also in roasting of Ministers, and Mr. Horsman should be temperate. At present the Wild Horsman is about as terrible an apparition to an English Minister as the Wild Huntsman to a German peasant; but the chief end and object of a British Senator is not the scaring one of the Queen's servants into a fit.

Talking about the Fortifications, the Monster missed the opportunity of making a good and vulgar joke. Sir Charles Napier objected to the proposed defences at a certain place called Browndown, and the Monster Herbert replied, admitting the difficulty of getting there. If he had chosen to be at once low and irrelevant, he might have said, that the interruptions to the vote for the Fortifications money made the real difficulty in getting a Brown down; but we are very glad that he was not so coarse and objectionable. The Indian Army Fusion Bill Debate was resumed, and new objections were raised to the scheme, and a division took place, which *Mr. Punch* records, in order to show how many Members thought it worth while to stay and discuss the gravest business now before Parliament. Sir J. Fergusson's motion, in opposition to a plan which Lord Palmerston declared to be so important that he would sit till Christmas to carry it, was rejected by 88 to 50. Had there been a personal squabble, or some trumpery matter into which personality could be imported, the division would have been a couple of hundred on each side. The struggle on the Bill was protracted; but Palmerston saying that as long as health and strength permitted, he would resist a factious opposition, the House went into Committee, and the Bill passed through it. Sir Charles Wood promised that all pledges given to any of the Indian soldiers, or in connection with the local army, should be faithfully redeemed.

Tuesday. Lord Lyttleton opposed the New Zealand Bill; but the Government think it rather important that the Land question should be set at rest, as a system of conveyancing which is illustrated by the occasional killing the tenant for life, and eating the cross remainders over, is rather in arrear of the age. So the Bill was passed.

Lord John Russell was asked, whether the Emperor of the French had not sent an uncommonly affectionate letter to this country, as stated by the *Morning Post.* Lord John said that such was the fact, but that, as the letter was strictly private, he could not produce it. The following day, of course, the letter was in all the newspapers. *Mr. Punch* avows himself greatly touched by his Imperial Brother's missive, especially by the piquant bit: "*Eh bien,* Lord Palmerston knows me; and when I say a thing, he will believe it." *Mr. Punch* is rejoiced that the Emperor means nothing but peace,

liberty, conquest *in* France, and cordial co-operation with England; and in order that England may be worthy of such affection, she—just as a loving wife educates herself up to be worthy of her husband—will fortify herself with every increase of strength that may tend to place her on an equality with her adorer. Then, to pursue the conjugal metaphor, they will converse delightfully, because they will thoroughly understand one another.

Colonel French had been reading the *Rejected Addresses*, and had been evidently inspired by the imitation of Tom Moore:—

"For dear is the Emerald Isle of the Ocean,
Whose daughters are fair as the foam of the wave,
Whose sons, unaccustomed to rebel commotion,
Though joyous, are sober—though peaceful, are brave.

The Shamrock their Olive, sworn foe to a quarrel,
Protects from the thunder and lightning of rows,
Their sprig of shillelah is nothing but laurel,
That flourishes rapidly over their brows."

With these convictions strong upon him, the gallant Colonel demanded that the Irish should be allowed to form Volunteer Corps. Mr. Cardwell, for Government, said that we did not distrust Irish loyalty, but really ——. Up sprang Mr. Maguire, and testified to the extreme advantage of arming Ireland, by stating that if the French invaders came, they would not be received by the Irish as foes. Lord Palmerston is not the man to let such a speech go unimproved, and on division, 86 to 30 voted against Colonel French, or rather, the French Colonel. Mr. Ewart made an attempt to get Members to confine their discussion of the Principle of a Bill to certain stages thereof, instead of mixing up big and little matters in the present feminine fashion. But beyond a grumbling admission that things were badly managed, nothing came of Mr. Ewart's proposals. It occurs, also, to *Mr. Punch*, that an arbitrary rule might be difficult of observance. The extinct Reform Bill had no principle for people to speak on, and therefore, on Mr. Ewart's plan, must have been destroyed in solemn silence. The House treated itself to a Count Out, materially promoted by some oratory from Mr. Hennessy.

Wednesday. There was a fight over the Metropolis Local Management Bill. Mr. Brady, Member for Leitrim, and Licentiate of the Apothecaries Society, led the attack; but what this Hibernian Æsculapius has to do with the London parishes, it is not very clear. However, the Licentiate had only 13 votes, what he would call "a dirthy thirteener." Various clauses moved by private Members were rejected, and the dynasty of the Board of Works was confirmed in all its irresponsible tyranny. The despots, however, had better beware—there is yet existing the window in Whitehall which let in a new light upon the duties of sovereigns.

Thursday. The Lords merely shoved on business at a capital speed, as became sportsmen who had but nine days between them and St. Grouse.

In the Commons, Sir George Bowyer (copy the address, in order to remember that our friend the Cardinal's Cross-Bearer and the Pope's apologist is now a Baronet) tried to get up a story against Garibaldi, and Lord John's tone, as he replied that he had no information on the subject, was more supercilious than usual, and we can hardly blame his manifestation of contempt. Bowyer must be put into a curricle with Normanby, and then, if *Mr. Punch* holds the whip, he flatters himself that he will "make the raw material fly."

The debate on the Fortifications followed. Mr. Lindsay, the shipbuilder, opposed them, and was perfectly happified by the Emperor's letter. Henry Berkeley thought we ought to defend ourselves with our own good right arms, a bit of idiotcy that was very properly derided. The Monster had every confidence in the Emperor's intentions, but "circumstances were sometimes stronger than men." Mr. Bright joined Mr. Lindsay, and described those who had advocated the fortifications as a Set of Lunatics, for which Mr. Horsman, castigator-general to the House of Commons, laid into Mr. Bright pretty heartily. There was a long debate, and after Lord Palmerston had declared that the best way to maintain peace was to be in a position to defend ourselves against insult, a division was taken, and there were for Fortifying 268, against it 39.

Friday. For reasons of his own, which anybody may ascertain by sending a directed and stamped envelope and a £10 note, *Mr. Punch* knocks the report of this day's doings into the middle of next week.

RESTORATIVE IN SLUMBER.

Among the most wonderful of the inventions of the present day are the patent magnetic brushes and combs, in which an advertising philosopher, to quote his own words, has most beautifully developed the mysterious power of the magnet. This power, as developed by that philosopher in his brushes, is indeed truly mysterious. It is exerted by a magnet enclosed within the back of the brush; and acts as a remedy for grey hair, and also for weak or falling hair, and besides, for neuralgia, nervous headache, rheumatism, stiff joints, &c. The magnet is supposed to operate, in curing greyness, by its attraction for iron. Perfect hair contains iron. Grey hair does not contain iron. The magnet attracts the iron which the grey hair does not contain. According to this theory, therefore, the magnet raises the oxide of iron out of the blood, and draws it up into the interior of each hair. How easily this is to be effected any fool may convince himself by taking the blackest hair and the strongest magnet he can get, and trying how much of the hair the magnet will lift. Or he may chop the hair in minute pieces, and see if they will not stick to the magnet like iron filings. Of course neuralgia, nervous headache, rheumatism, stiff joints, and the numerous diseases comprehended under the head of, &c., are caused by an excess of iron, which the magnet eliminates from the blood.

As oxide of iron is rust, it might naturally be feared that the use of magnetic brushes would turn the hair rusty; but experience has proved that there is no ground for this apprehension.

The success which has been obtained by the magnetic brush has induced *Punch* to devise a much more eligible invention for the same purpose. This is a magnetic nightcap, which consists of soft cotton, enclosing a delicate mesh, or net-work of very fine magnetic steel wire. The immense superiority of this elegant contrivance is obvious from the consideration that the hair of the person who sleeps in the magnetic nightcap is exposed all night to the action of the magnetic fluid, a fluid much more efficacious than any other capillary fluid for beautifying the hair, which it affects by a peculiar capillary attraction.

During the day, the magnetic nightcap is folded up and enclosed in a neat iron casket, or it may be kept in an old saucepan or teakettle. The object of these precautions is to prevent its magnetism from escaping, which happens whensoever a magnet is not in action. The iron armature of the magnetic brush answers the same purpose; but unscientific ladies often forget to remove it when they use the brush, of which, in that case, it monopolises the virtue; whereas no such mistake can possibly be made with the magnetic nightcap.

Neuralgia, rheumatism, stiff joints, and &c., are much more effectually cured by the magnetic nightcap than they can possibly be by instruments which, subjecting the head for a few minutes only to the influence of magnetism, can extract but little iron from it at a time. Worn on the night after the most copious indulgence at the festive board, the magnetic nightcap will be found a never failing prophylactic against a headache the next morning. It is therefore invaluable to the gourmand and votary of Bacchus.

The magnetic nightcap may be had beautifully embroidered and adorned with a splendid tassel. All those gentlemen and ladies whom the cap will fit are recommended to wear it.

Archery and Rifle Practice.

The Rifle in the hands of Englishmen will soon be a weapon supplying the place of the ancient long-bow. It will be necessary to make a corresponding change in a popular idiom—to call, for example, our wonderful spirit-storytellers, long rifle-shots.

GIVE IT 'EM.

Punch reads paragraphs stating that the savage Druses "claim affinity with the Scotch." This is all bosh. But he is decidedly of opinion, that the sooner the Druses are scotch'd the better.

DARING FEATS OF HORSMANSHIP.

The Honourable Member for Stroud has acquired considerable celebrity by putting his spoke in the wheel of the Government.

SOLDIERING AND SHOPPING.

Your attention, if you please, ladies, to the following short paragraph which we take for your perusal from a morning contemporary, whose columns being devoted more to politics and commerce may not be so well familiar to you as are those of *Punch*:—

"A considerable number of the principal tradesmen of the West End have met and agreed to close their establishments early on Saturday afternoon, so as to give the young persons in their employ the benefit of a fair evening's holiday. This is a gracious and considerate resolution, and one that the public, which has helped on the Early Closing Movement by its warm approval, will not fail to sanction and support. It is proposed to close the shops on Saturdays at four in the winter and at five in the summer months. These hours are not too early, if the young people are to get out for a breath of air in the fields, or for a couple of hours' Volunteer drill. A great deal might be said in favour of two o'clock all the year round; but the measure is an innovation in the retail trade of London, and it is wise not to attempt too much. Of course it would be hopeless to attempt to carry out a measure of this kind against the wishes of the fair patrons of trade. But there is the less reason to suppose that this will be withheld, inasmuch as the proposed arrangement is to some extent an act of deference to their wishes. The Rifle Corps of the Metropolis, as we all know, are to a large extent constituted of young men employed in houses of business, and every one must wish that they may have in weekly drill opportunities of healthful active exercise while they qualify themselves to become, in case of need, defenders of their country. If then the ladies generally will kindly countenance a change which has been actively promoted by some who are the ornaments of their sex, the transition to new and better arrangements will be easily accomplished, and here, as so often happens with seeming difficulties, *il n'y a que le premier pas qui coûte*."

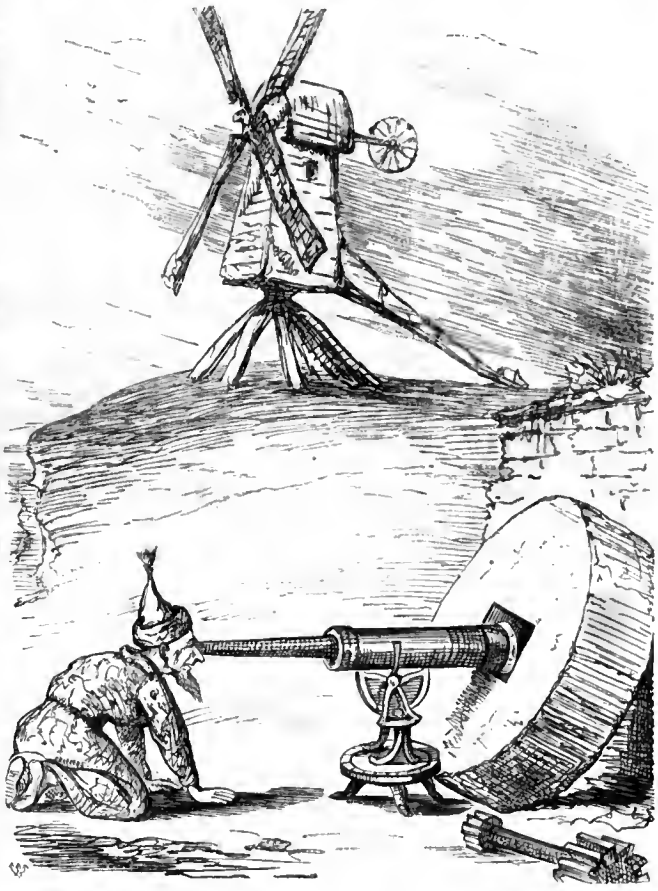
Gallantry forbids, ladies, that we should think that any one of you can be otherwise than sensible; and we hold therefore it cannot be "against your wishes" that they who would, if need be, fight in your defence should be well qualified to do so. Now counter-jumping may be labour, but it is not manly exercise; and although in some degree the muscles may be strengthened by it, no one can regard it as fit practice for a soldier. Unless therefore young shopmen have opportunities of drill, it is impossible that they can be relied upon as Riflemen. Volunteers they may be, but they cannot be effectives; and if the army were recruited from their ranks, our forces might be called more fittingly our weaknesses. With their eyesight dulled and dimmed by long confinement in close shops, "judging distances" can be by no means easy work to them; and blunted as their faculties must be by overwork, they cannot without practice be trained to act as sharpshooters.

It rests with you then, ladies, to assist the Volunteer, and the Early Closing movements by desisting from your shopping after two o'clock on Saturdays, and after five, as far as feasible, on other evenings of the week. Let every mother of a family who has a wish to see her family defended from invasion, not only rigidly abstain from shopping late herself, but take care to teach her daughters, as they grow, to do as she does. "*Shop Early*" should be one of the first texts in a girl's copybook, and no pains should be spared in impregnating her mind with it. Every "bargain" which is bought after two o'clock on Saturdays deprives a Rifleman, or would-be one, of practice at his drill, and diminishes thereby the defences of the country.

On the score too of humanity, late shopping should be stopped, and the Cruelty Prevention Society should see to it. To imprison fine young men upon fine summer afternoons cannot be regarded as otherwise than torture to them, and no one but a Bomba in Crinoline would perpetrate it. The fair sex will deserve to be considered the unfair sex, if they do not let our shopmen have the liberty they ought to have. Indeed the woman who would lay her hands upon a shopman, and forcibly detain him from proceeding to his drill, must in very truth be regarded as a Creature, whom it were gross flattery to call a Selfish Wretch.

THE SPIRITUAL "HUME"-BUG.

Giles Scroggins's Journal, or the *Spiritual Magazine*, keeps harping on the assertion, that *Mr. Punch* has been assured by several gentlemen with whom he is concerned or connected, of their belief in the reality of some alleged spiritual manifestations, witnessed by them in the presence of certain mediums This assertion is altogether untrue. On the contrary, the gentlemen impertinently named by our indelicate and credulous, if not fallacious, contemporary unite in assuring *Mr. Punch* of their conviction, that the phenomena exhibited to them as spiritual were all humbug. *Mr. Punch* is sorry to inform the *Spiritual Magazine*, that one of the mediums whose *séances* his friends have attended has been described to *Mr. Punch*, by a competent judge of deportment, as "a low American." Of two mediums of the other sex, the old party who asks for "sperrits," and her confederate the young female, an excellent physiognomist who tested their pretensions, speaks with the utmost contempt and scorn. This gentleman reports, that their performances are transparent fudge, and that they themselves are a couple of rank impostors. The *Spiritual Magazine* directly accuses *Mr. Punch* of impugning what he knows to be the truth. *Mr. Punch* must reply, "You're another!" Regarding himself and his friends, the *Spiritual Magazine*, at any rate, asserts what it does not know to be true. Giles Scroggins's Journal, however, may, to be sure, believe whatsoever it imagines. It may believe that *Mr. Punch* believes in the spiritual manifestations which he gainsays. It may believe that it believes in them itself when it really only wishes to believe them, and is vexed by the incredulity at which its own faith stumbles. It may be weak without being mendacious; but, wilfully or foolishly, it belies *Mr. Punch*. Certainly Spiritualists may claim credit for the innocence of imbecility. They do not seem to know what scientific demonstration is. If they knew, they would not expect their miracles to be believed by any but the most ignorant of the vulgar, high and low, until performed before competent observers, and subjected, in the presence of those judges, to the test of crucial experiment. When next *Mr. Punch's* contributors happen to be all assembled together, will any spirit, or "sperrit," at the request of any medium, or off its own book, come and rebuke our incredulity by pulling all our noses?



FORWARD CHITS.

"Among the Bills to come before the House of Lords the other day, I notice an Infants' Marriage Act Amendment Bill. Well, I'm sure, what next! What can the poor little things want to marry for, except wedding-cake, which would be far too rich for them, and make them ill? They had much better be kept to their tops and bottoms. The women of Andover and the neighbourhood, I am happy to see, have petitioned against any alteration in the law of marriage, Very much to their credit. Of course the alteration they object to is that which is to allow infants to marry. People ought to be ashamed of themselves for putting such things into children's heads. Talk of old women, indeed! Parliament would never dream of letting infants marry one another, if all the Members were of the age and sex of

"Your humble Servant,

"Martha Grundy."

A Rap at the Rappers.

We hear that several of the Spirit-rappers have written to Mr. Gladstone, complaining of the damage he is doing to their trade by his recent imposition of a higher tax on spirits. The tax is now so heavy that the rappers say the spirits are most terribly depressed by it, so much so, that the efforts which are made to raise them are daily more and more becoming unsuccessful.

Brown (*excited*). "Hi, Jones!—Net! Net! Net!—Make Haste, or I shall lose him!"

Jones (*who is rather giddy and nervous*). "Eh!—Ah!—Right!—To be sure!—Yes!—I—I—I—I'm coming—as fast—as—Oh! dear—as possible!"

THE IMPERIAL BILLET-DOUX AND THE ANSWER.

The Emperor *to* John Bull (*care of* Count Persigny).

My dear Mr. Bull,—Let me first beg to say,
That my letter is solely intended for *you*:
But as crowned heads must act in a round-about way,
I transmit through Count Persigny this *billet-doux*.

I've been pained to the heart at your lending your ear
To "Old Parties" who charge me with all sorts of crimes;
But my *genuine feelings* I hope to set clear
In this letter which *really* is meant for the *Times*.

Don't think in your eyes that I mean to throw dust,
But pray give full credit to all I aver:
There's Palmerston knows I am worthy of trust,
And to him I am kindly allowed to refer.

'Pon my honour—a thing, which you know I hold dear,—
Since I signed at Villefranche—with my back to the wall—
I have wished but for peace and for friendship sincere
With my excellent neighbours, and *you* above all.

Bless you, *I* never meant to take Nice and Savoy,
Till to lengths so alarming Sardinia *would* go,
Annexation I really was driven to employ—
(After all, they're essentially French slopes, you know).

With my soldiers and ships, you say, Europe I frighten;
Europe *ought* to know better, and you too, *mon cher*;
Cherbourg's nothing, in fact, but a sort of French Brighton:
As for soldiers—I haven't one man I can spare.

Of invasion by Louis Philippe did you dream?
Yet Napoleon of peace as he was—just like me—
He'd more ships under sail than I have under steam—
And of troops, when all's weighed, I have no more than he.

Indeed to speak plain, as a plain Emp'ror suits,
I've not nearly the force—land or sea—that I want;
What with China, Algiers, Rome, Gendarmes, sick, recruits,
Of bayonets I find myself frightfully scant.

Besides, you can't blame me for wishing to make
The best of the handful of men that I've got:
Less flatt'ring than *yours* is the view *I* must take.
You see what our troops are, *I* see what they're not.

Then as to the East—'Pon my honour again—
The only instruction I gave Thouvenel
Was, "Don't put the sick gentleman out of his pain—"
He's free to stay sick—so he doesn't get well.

In Syria again—where such sad things, alas, occur;—
You blame *me* for the mischief I seek to repair:
Mr. Bull, I've a heart, and it burned at the massacre
Of my dear Christian brethren, now suff'ring there—

Till I wasn't exactly myself, and my feelings
Perhaps may have hurried me rather too far.
Did I say "twenty thousand?" But Christian appealings
Are things I could never resist—so they are.

'Twas humanity urged the proposed expedition:
What profit from Syria *could* I expect?
My troops would have gone on their peace-making mission,
If *you* hadn't stept in, and the enterprise checked.

No—I say the same thing I said eight years ago,—
('Twas very soon after the second December)—
"*L'Empire c'est la paix*" was my text at Bordeaux,
And how I've lived up to that text just remember.

INJURED INNOCENCE AND HIS BILLET-DOO.

I have conquests to make—but *mon cher*, they're in *France:*
She's not yet nearly conquered, I'm sorry to say,
Though material interests have had every chance,
And "*L'Empire*," on the Bourse, has been really "*la paye*."

In Romagna and Tuscany, much to my sorrow,
I had ties which prevented my acting with *you;*
But for Naples and Rome—say the word, and to-morrow,
I'm your man: make your game: and I'll back you, true blue.

Do let us, at last, act like brother to brother:
And each pin his faith on what either may swear:
Not like rogues on the watch each to trip up the other,
And bone all the swag they, in honour, should share!

There—I've told you my thoughts, without bunkum or blarney;
From a heart I have spoken of friendship chock full:
There are *some* men can stoop to soft-sawder and carney,
But I'm not one of *that* sort—believe me, *cher* Bull.

John Bull's *Answer.*

Dear Emperor, here's my reply to your letter.
To a ream of soft words I prefer one hard fact.
And if you mean all that you say, why you'd better
Lose no time in putting your talk into act.

As to listening to what some "Old parties" have said of you,
I don't know at all what "Old parties" you mean.
My opinions I've formed, not from what I have read of you,
But—I'm sorry to say it—from what I have seen.

As a witness to character Pam you'd have summoned:
I'm afraid, if you called him, he *might* make denial;
And such witnesses often, when well cross-examined,
Only make matters worse for their friend who's on trial.

And don't swear by "your honour;" the weight of a straw,
'Gainst that oath would be heavy, as facts passed away show;
And "*De non apparentibus*"—so says our law—
"*Et non existentibus, ead' est ratio.*"

As for Nice and Savoy, p'rhaps 'twas nothing but proper,
To annex 'em—I whisper no word of *duresse*:
The encroachment was nothing, but wherefore the whopper?
Why the positive "No," which I found to mean "Yes?"

And as for your armies, and Cherbourg, and steamers;
We needn't waste time in discussing their figure:
But please don't set me and my lads down as dreamers,
If ours should grow big, as yours keep growing bigger.

Volunteers and Defences you think quite disgusting,
As implying mistrust of *your* word—All my eye!
I'll trust you as far as I see you; so trusting,
You'll excuse me for keeping my cartridges dry.

I *have* heard of oaths lightly sworn, lightly broken
Professions that ne'er to performances came;
Of vows cancelled almost before they were spoken,
Intentions now paving a place I'll not name:

But in one thing at least all are safe in confiding—
And that's a man's self, to himself that is true;
One promise at least gives assurance abiding—
That's where heart says to hand, "You back *me*, I'll back *you!*"

And such is the trust that I sooner would lean on,
Than the oiliest words Mocquard's pen can contrive;
Try your flumm'ry on others; but, please offer *me* none,
On diet more solid my friendship must thrive.

I have watched both your games, Sire, at home, making slaves;
Abroad—as you said and we've seen—making free;
While you cozened the fools, and bought over the knaves—
Under which of these heads do you classify *me?*

What *has* been *may* recur. Should a Brummagem Cæsar
Try a dash at John Bull, after conqu'ring the Gauls;
I intend he shall find the achievement a teaser,
What with Armstrongs, long Enfields, and stout Wooden Walls.

Suspicions I *may* feel, but not apprehensions,
As long as I've hands and a trigger to pull;
By deeds and not words I interpret intentions:
And so I remain, yours, etcetera, John Bull.

AFTER-DINNER ARGUMENT.

Mr. Punch presents his compliments to the Earl of Hardwicke, and requests his Lordship's notice to the following observations, which are reported to have fallen lately from his Lordship's lips:—

"Application had been made to him as Lord Lieutenant of Cambridgeshire, to allow an organisation of the humbler classes of society, but he had peremptorily refused; and he should continue to do so, because he held that that most intelligent, useful, respectable and important body of men had duties of another kind to perform. If they wished to carry a musket, or enter any military volunteer force, the militia regiments of the country were short of something like 50,000 men, and were ready to receive these most worthy candidates for military service. He also thought there was a great difference between arming men of property and men of none. He said not one single word against the character of the working classes, on the contrary he held it in the highest veneration; but if a weapon were given to a man who had no property, whether it were a civil weapon or a military one, his natural tendency would be to acquire a property which he had not got."

These remarks are said to have been delivered after dinner, and *Mr. Punch* can see no reason to disbelieve that statement. But for it, indeed, *Mr. Punch* would find it difficult to credit that Lord Hardwicke could so far have lost his senses as to say what is reported of him. The enemy that steals away the brains of those who put it in their mouths must clearly have abstracted those belonging to his Lordship before he could have uttered such unreasonable nonsense. To say one has the "highest veneration" for a class of men whom one believes to have a "natural tendency" to robbery, surely is to show that one is not in one's right mind, and has for the time at least said goodbye to one's senses. To imagine too that persons of importance and intelligence, and who are useful and respectable members of society, are not fit to be trusted with possession of a rifle, this clearly is an insult which applies to all the Volunteers who have enrolled themselves, and who hardly can lay claim to better qualities than these. It is no excuse to say, that poor men if they please may enter the militia. The militia is a paid service, and the Volunteer is not; and humble as they be, there are many of the "humbler classes" who are much too proud to enter it.

Commenting on Lord Hardwicke's after-dinner speech, the *Daily News* observes:—

"We will not do the late Government or the Tory party as a body the injustice of supposing that Lord Hardwicke represented them in his speech; but that a man in his position should have ventured on such language shows the sentiments which many of them really entertain towards the working classes, whom they affect to patronise but conspire to crush. After dinner and over their wine the ruck of the Tory party still think and speak, as in their provincial circles they still act, as they thought and spoke and acted half a century ago."

"*In vino veritas*" is an ancient axiom, and is as true now as it was a hundred years ago. But would it not be well if Tories like Lord Hardwicke were to take the pledge of total abstinence from public speaking, seeing that perhaps the weakness of their reasoning seems somewhat to betray their imbibition of strong drink.

NO BULWARKS FOR EVER!

There is something in the subjoined argument, advanced the other evening by Mr. Bright against the expediency of fortifying our dock-yards. Speaking of Mr. Whitworth, the Hon. Member for Birmingham is reported to have said:—

"He told me last night, that he would undertake to throw a 70 lb. shell, filled with molten iron, six miles. I see a gentleman opposite who seems startled at that assertion. Mr. Whitworth said he believed he could reach seven miles, but would guarantee six. The whole system of warfare is about to undergo a change as great probably, as that which took place when gunpowder was first used. (*Hear.*) And yet you have your Government in its fussy activity (*a laugh*), not having the courage to tell the people the truth upon these matters, rushing day after day into all kinds of expenses, not knowing in the least that all they are now doing will twelve months hence be found to be of no avail, and will have to be done over again."

Don't fortify your arsenals this year with defences which some new shell may explode the next. This advice is not devoid of reason. But what if the new shell should not happen to be invented, and an enemy should bombard our ill-defended Portsmouth and Plymouth with the shells now in vogue in the meanwhile? Suppose the new shell should happen to be invented, would Portsmouth and Plymouth, with their existing fortifications, be less liable to bombardment than they are now? If we cannot effectually fortify Portsmouth and Plymouth, we had better dismantle them. Why run up a tailor's bill, when you may as well go naked? It may be all very well for a Member of the Society of Friends to stick to his costume, but when the question is about covering our military and naval magazines and repositories, we may as well be out of the world as out of the fashion. Don't wash your hands now, because they will be dirty again by-and-by. Don't wash them by-and-by, because they will be as dirty as ever to-morrow morning. If Friend Bright acts personally on this principle, his best friends must surely refuse to shake hands with him. He ought to receive a compulsory order of the Bath, and in case of his perseverance in the neglect of ablution, to be indicted for a nuisance.

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER XXVI.—THE REIGN OF EDWARD THE THIRD.

BLOATED ARISTOCRAT. TEMP. EDWARD THE THIRD.

THE long reign of this sovereign, on whom such showers of eulogium have been poured by the historians, forms a most important era in the history of costume, and may therefore claim to occupy a few leaves of our Book. From the changes which are noticeable not less in the civil than the military habits, the effigies of this period are more markedly discernible than those, perhaps, of any other, from the days of WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR to the knights of Good QUEEN BESS. In lieu of the long tunics and robes of the last reigns, a closely fitting body garment buttoned down the front like the jacket of our "Buttons," and extending as far as the middle of the thigh, was adopted as the usual dress of the nobility. Being made of soft materials it was called a cote hardie, and its rich embroidery was set off and enhanced by the splendid belt of knighthood, which was commonly worn over it loosely girt across the hips. The sleeves of this new garment were fastened with a row of buttons between the wrist and elbow, whence depended a long slip of cloth, usually of white colour, which was called a tippet. Cotes with short sleeves were, however, often worn, the fore part of the arm being covered with an undergarment buttoned with a row of buttons like the cote. A long mantle was occasionally worn over this dress, fastened on the right shoulder by four or five large buttons, so that, when suffered to hang loose, it covered the bearer completely to the feet. In general, however, the front part was thrown back over the left shoulder, and hung in folds behind in the manner of a cope. Very frequently the mantle was indented at the edges in the form of leaves, but the reason why it was so history leaves us now to guess.

MR. STRUTT, who on the subject of costume is (next to *Punch*) the cock of the literary walk, observes that to their frequent tournaments and pageants the English chiefly owed the quick succession of new fashions, which especially distinguished the reign of this old King. The knights who attended came from all parts of the Continent, and endeavoured to cut out each other in their clothes as much as to cut into one another in the lists. In a wardrobe roll, still legible by those who have good eyes, and have a knowledge of black letter, an order is given for a jupon of blue tartan, "powdered," that is, embroidered thickly, "with blue gaiters, and decorated with buckles and pendents of silver gilt;" also for a linen doublet, "bordered round the skirts and sleeves with long green cloth, embroidered with clouds and vine branches of gold" (rather a queer mixture), and with the motto, "It is as it is," which is said to have been of KING EDWARD'S own dictating, and is a clear proof of his Majesty's great literary attainments. Upon another garment made for Royal use this interesting distich is commanded to be stitched—

> "Hay! hay! the whythe swan,
> By Gode's soul I am the man."

What the wearer was the man for, is left to be conjectured: indeed the meaning of the couplet is so doubtfully perceptible, that we think, were the word "goose" put as a substitute for "man," the introduction of the "swan" would, on the score of its antithesis, perhaps be more excusable.

Of course these continental fashions found but little favour in the eyes of the old gentlemen, who used to talk to one another about the good old times, Sir, when Englishmen *were* Englishmen, and knew better i'fackins than to ape those foreign monkeys. The clergy too were censurers of what they doubtless termed the "backsliding" of their flocks, and indeed they went so far as to beliken them to devils, for their devilish conceits. Says DOWGLAS, Monk of Glastonbury, speaking of the weathercocky ways of the *beau monde*:—

"The Englishmen haunted so much unto the foly of strangers that every year they changed them in divers shapes and disguisings of clothinggo, now long, now large, now wide, now strait, and everich day clothinggea new and destitute and devest from all honestyo (!) of old arraye or good usage; and another time to short clothes, and so strait walsted, with full sleeves and tippetea of aurcoats, and hodes, over long and large, all so nagged (jagged) and knib on every side, and all so shattered and alsoe buttoned [a grievous sin this!] that I with truth shall saye they seem more like to tormentors or devils (!) in their clothingge, and alsoe in their shoeing, and other arraye, than they seemed to be like men."

COSTUME OF A GENTLEMAN. TEMP. EDWARD THE THIRD. IMPROVED FROM A VERY CURIOUS SKETCH BY DOWOLAS, THE MONK OF GLASTONBURY.

These "knib" or "nagged" garments perhaps may have included the jagged or ragged quintis, of which we have made mention in the time of HENRY THE THIRD. But we find no special record of it in this reign, and we prefer therefore to assume, that it had been abandoned, being deservedly considered the quintis-sence of absurdity.

Such indeed was the extravagance of fashion at this period, that in 1363 the House of Commons made a formal complaint about the matter, and actually an Act of Parliament was passed to prohibit the excessive usage of rich clothing, which it was apprehended would impoverish the nation. Among the sumptuary rules which our Collective Wisdom thought proper to propose, we learn that—

"Furs of ermine and lettice,* and embellishments of pearls, excepting for a head-dress, were forbidden to any but the royal family and nobles who had upwards of £1000 a year. Cloths of gold and silver, and habits embroidered with jewellery, lined with pure miniver and other costly furs, were permitted only to knights and ladies whose incomes exceeded 400 marks per annum. Knights whose income exceeded 200 marks, and esquires possessing £200 in lands or tenements, were permitted to wear cloths of silver or of wool of not more than the value of six marks the whole piece; but all persons under the rank of knighthood, or of less property than the last mentioned, were confined to using cloth worth not more than four marks, and were prohibited from wearing embroidery and silks, or any kind of ornaments of silver, gold, or jewellery. Rings, buckles, ouches, girdles, and ribands, were all forbidden decorations; and the penalty annexed to the infringement of this statute was the forfeiture of the dress or ornament so worn."

This Act, it would seem, was directed not so much against the ladies as the gentlemen, although the former, we are told, "dyd far outstrip ye men in all mannere of arraies and curious apparell." Perhaps the House, however, was afraid to risk the chance of a female revolution, if they ventured much to interfere with ladies' dresses. We tremble to consider what a fearful reign of terror would infallibly result from such a daring venture now, and what a number of our members would be sure to get their ears boxed if they made it (say) illegal to wear military heels, or lessened by one inch the miles of crinoline now staggered under.

The Scots, who seldom have committed great excesses in expense, and who too well know the worth of siller to be so silly as to waste it in extravagance of dress, had a rhyme about this period which ran (or halted) thus:—

> "Long beirds hertileas,†
> Peynted‡ hooda witlesa,
> Gay cotes graceless,
> Maketh Englonds thriftless."

From this and other evidence, it appears that beards were generally worn both long and pointed, and that capuchons with long peaks or tails were made to match. Whether these pointed cloak-hoods were ever brought in front to protect a cherished beard from dirt, or dust, or wet, is a point which a debating club would do well to dilate upon. Our own idea inclines to think they sometimes were, and we recommend the dodge to the notice of the swells who seem to spend their life now in growing long cat's-whiskers, which on Derby days or drizzling ones, might be saved much hirsute injury by being bottled up in beard-bags.

* Disciples of LORD MAMSBERRY who are heedless of orthography, may be informed that the word "lettice" when written with an "i" does not mean the pleasant vegetable, but an unpleasant little animal, described by COTGRAVE as "a beast of a whitish grey colour."

† Some writers read "shirtless," but we are not so "hertiless," or heartless, as to copy them.

‡ "Peynted" may mean either pointed or painted: it being considered quite the thing to paint or decorate the hood, as well as the cote hardie, with flowers and quaint mottoes, as we have above described. Whether the word "dunce" was ever painted on the hood, we are unable to determine, but the epithet of "witless" almost makes us think it may have been.

THE RAGGED CLERGY.

Looking before and after, the mind of man (the mind of woman is nearsighted and regards only the present) at Midsummer, naturally both reverts and adverts to Christmas. Whilst we are consuming ice, and refrigerating our interiors with shandygaff or champagne cup—supposing ourselves to be blest with a modest competence—we are thinking of roast beef, and plum-pudding, and hot spiced elder-wine and ale. The coal merchant sends round his circular to say that his goods are getting as cheap as they can be, and in the midst of the dog-days—the cat-and-dog-days being now at last over—we lay in our winter's stock. As we kick off sheet and counterpane in composing ourselves to slumber, we remember what a load of bed-clothes we required during the frost, and wonder if we shall want as much this time six months. Coals and Blankets being thus brought within the scope of our consideration, suggest the subscriptions which the benevolent are called upon to disburse in order that their destitute fellow creatures may be provided with fuel and bedding. Ideas of soup-kitchens also present themselves, and, in connection with them, the unhappy people who want them, that they may not starve, and who must be supplied with firing and flannel, lest they should freeze to death. The present warm and sunshiny portion of the year is that which especially obtrudes on the thought of reflecting persons the fact that large multitudes of our fellow creatures are hungry and naked, and will therefore, also, in half-a-year's time or sooner, be wretchedly cold.

Heated as it were thus by the solar rays, Imagination beholds a vast crowd of lean, wan, sallow, sunken-cheeked, hollow-eyed, shivering, groaning, paralysed, convulsed, contorted, shrunken, tumid, and altogether miserable men, women and children, who are not only fellow creatures but fellow Christians most of them. Working people out of employ, with their families, constitute the reality which thus foreshadows itself in a Midsummer Night's Dream. Working people—but not all underpaid journeymen tailors, or distressed needlewomen, or even well-paid bricklayers' labourers on strike. These same working-people out of employ, or in employment at starvation prices, include a very considerable number of those labourers whose work lies in what is called the vineyard. It is a fact that many of them are working clergymen. These fellow Christians of ours comprise a very large number of Christian pastors—who may feed their flocks indeed with spiritual nutriment, but themselves actually want bread. Numerous fellow clergymen may be contemplated among these scarecrows by the bloated or the beneficent pluralist.

The above statements will be found to be warranted by the contents of a little blue book which has lately been written by the Rev. W. G. Jervis, M.A., and published under the title of *Startling Facts*. Mr. Jervis is Secretary to the Poor Clergy Relief Society, which advertises for cast-off apparel wherewithal to clothe naked Priests and Deacons. The demand for such aid may well be presumed from the fact, proclaimed in this work, that there are more than 5,000 Curates ministering in the Church of England whose incomes do not average above £80 per annum, and as many as the same number of beneficed Clergymen whose clerical incomes are under £150 a year. Poor angels! This is something like apostolic poverty—isn't it?

The following are specimens of the entreaties and supplications of various poor clergy for alms, as cited by the Rev. Mr. Jervis:—

"Within the last three months I have been wearing a coat in rags, and shoes which, from inability to get them mended, let in water every time I put them on; and for weeks together we have not been able to have a dinner from Sunday to Sunday, but have been compelled to allow ourselves but two meals a day, and those two composed of tea without sugar and bread without butter." "I solemnly assure you, that I have not food for more than to-day, and that I have not the means of procuring it till Friday next." "They" (an Incumbent's twelve children) "cannot attend divine service on the Sabbath-day for want of clothes and shoes."—"I ask to be supplied gratuitously with a donation of clothing."—"We never can afford animal food more than once a week."—"Frequently" (this was a clergyman whose wife was starved to death) "we have not had a mouthful of butcher's meat for months together, and have felt really thankful that we had a potatoe."—"I have a wife and seven children dependent on an income of £52 per annum, which I find inadequate for the maintenance of my large family; and I am in great distress."

Bishop, have you got a copper to relieve a poor clergyman?—a poor clergyman, bishop, who has not tasted food all this blessed day. That is the style of solicitation to which scholars and gentlemen are nearly reduced by clerical poverty. We shall have ministers of the wealthy Church of England lying about on the pavement, and illustrating the Gospel, which it is their vocation to preach, in coloured chalk, and writing under the picture thus delineated "I am starving." Or, perhaps they will perambulate Cathedral closes in torn surplices, singing psalms, in hopes to get a sixpence tossed to them out of the dean's window.

Statesmen object, that if the Church revenues were divided equally amongst the clergy of all ranks, there would be only £240 a-year for each parson; so that if there were no "blanks" in the Establishment, there would be no "prizes." But what necessity is there for prizes? What harm would be done if the clergy were levelled down to £240 a-year a-piece? Is it credible that one soul the less would be saved in consequence of that pecuniary arrangement? Rich bishops and deans are great ornaments to society, but they might be as useful as St. Paul on £240 per annum, as far as their utility depends upon their incomes. In the meantime, could not dignitaries, who generally leave large fortunes behind them, afford to endow a few ragged churches, to be served by ragged clergymen, provided by Mr. Jervis's society with old clothes? "*Startling Facts*" is a book which ought to lie on every prelate's library table.

THE BLOCKADE OF THE SESSION.

The Obstructives have been having a rare time of it in Parliament. Not content with having put a stopper on Reform, they have impeded every useful measure of the Session, and the car of legislation has been brought quite to a stand-still through the quantity of spokes—or, more correctly, speeches—they have put into its wheels. The Savings Banks Bill easily they knocked upon the head; and though the Bankruptcy Bill loudly was called for by the country, the Obstructives interposed, and would not let it pass. Quite early in the Session they stopped the measure for reforming the London Corporation; and now the same fate seems to threaten the Bill proposed for strengthening our forces in India. There is little doubt, indeed, they would have ended it long since, had not the Premier somewhat awed them by his dreadful threat that the House should sit till Christmas rather than not carry it.

Chief of the Obstructives is the clever Mr. Horsman, whose powers of obstruction are really quite remarkable. If there be any truth in the science of phrenology, we think were Mr. Horsman's bumps to be examined, he would be found to have a wondrous organ of obstructiveness. "Mr. Horsman's speech stops the way," may be taken as a summary of all the late debates, when anything important has been ripe to be discussed. What his constituents may think of him is a point which "hath no magnitude" (as saith Euclid) in his eyes, and which apparently he keeps out of sight as much as possible. Certainly were justice done to Mr. Horsman, it would be only fair to charge him with having done more to prevent the course of legislation than any other Honourable Member of the House: and the damage he has caused to the interests of the country might be laid before him in the shape of a small Bill, which should enumerate as items the Bills lost through his means. Mr. Horsman might be credited with the speeches he has made (some of which, in point of eloquence, have been really to his credit), and *per contrà* might be debited with all the valuable time which he has taken up in talk, and the many useful measures he has thus obstructed. The account we think should then be shown to his constituents, that they may see exactly what it is he owes to them. We think were voters saddled with the legislative debts which their Members owe the country, most probably when next he asked them for a seat there would be some talk of unhorsing the Horsman.

The Diggings of Suez.

At a late meeting of the Suez Canal Company, on the production of its accounts 1,000,000 fr. were found to have been spent in the costs of direction. Of this sum 500,000 fr. had gone for the journeys of M. Lesseps. To this was added a further sum for furnishing that gentleman's rooms at Paris; and, withal 400,000 fr. for the salaries of the members of the direction, namely, of M. Lesseps and one or two associates. If M. Lesseps does not make a canal out of the Suez excavation, he will have found it a mine.

A Spiritual Calling.

A Mr. Hume professes to have the power of calling spirits from the vasty deep, and shallow-minded persons put belief in his profession. As profession is not always accompanied by practice, it would be well if they would look a little deeper in the matter, for it may possibly turn out that they are being Hume-bugged.

Things have come to a pretty pass indeed, when a Drawing-room Table jumps up, and after Playing a Tune on its Accordion, offers its hand to the Housemaid!——

(Now, without any of the gammon of putting lights out, and darkening the room, this really *did* happen in broad daylight—you needn't believe it, of course, unless you like.)

A DUCK (O' DIAMONDS) OF A BONNET!

Among other highly interesting feminine intelligence, a fashionable contemporary, the other day, informed us that—

"Bonnets are just now less pretentious in their decoration; fewer flowers are worn, and those somewhat negligently; there is above all, a diminution in the amount of the gilt ornaments to which we have frequently alluded, and they seem likely to give way to another mode just coming into fashion: we mean imitations of precious stones, which will afford a wider range for the display of taste, and have a somewhat less appearance of tinsel. We may therefore expect shortly to have to describe the imitations of some of the most celebrated diamonds, opals, rubies, pearls, &c., which, if well executed, will throw much light around the heads of the ladies; but will, we are afraid, add materially to the weight and cost of their chapeaux. We really think that Benedict & Co. ought to make a demonstration against these continuous efforts to assault their purses, and try to convince their better halves that imitated precious stones will only injure the naturally much superior effect produced by themselves, who are the real jewels of the creation."

"*Rich and rare were the gems she wore*" is a bit of an old song with which our lady readers may probably be conversant, but which, if this new fashion become popular, will hardly be found applicable to those who may be followers of it. All are not gems that glitter; and as we hate shams, we certainly shall set our face against a fashion which cannot be regarded as otherwise than sham-full. Our love for lovely woman is very far too true for us to countenance a custom which puts ought of false about her, and the light of Koh-i-Noors would find small favour in our eyes if we fancied that those brilliants were of Brummagem construction. Indeed even could we manage to view the gems as genuine, they would not much enhance to us the value of their wearers. Holding as we do, that beauty unadorned is adorned the most, we really should not more admire our wife in a new bonnet, which entitled her in verity to be called a "duck o' diamonds." Nor do we think that she herself would feel the happier for wearing it, for probably the weight of it would soon give her a headache.

We trust the ladies then will show the wisdom of their sex by taking the advice which is given them in *Punch*, and neither wearing bonnets trimmed with false jewels nor real ones. To carry half a stone or so of precious stones upon one's head cannot well be other than a precious nuisance; and as it may prove, perhaps, a sort of capital punishment, we hope that the fair sex will not suffer themselves to suffer it. Jewels as they are to us, let them rest quite satisfied that we prize them for their own sake, and not for their fine fashions, and that it is their precious selves and not their precious stones we value. Were the dear creatures to wear a peck of Koh-i-Noors apiece, they could not be more dear, though they might be more expensive to us; and in the business-sounding name therefore of "Benedict & Co." (the Co. comprising fathers, brothers, uncles, cousins, friends, and lovers of the sex) we protest against our women wearing such rich things as may perhaps eventually bring us to the poor-house.

THE SYSTEM OF KINDNESS.

The liberal Government of the future, in pursuance of the policy of constitutional benevolence, will be open to receive tenders for the following Articles of Comfort and Luxury:—

Venison for Workhouses.
Pommade for Prisons.
Smelling Salts for the Navy.
Eau-de-Cologne for Her Majesty's Land Forces.
Crinoline for Female Refuges.
Sugar Candy for Charity Schools.
Caviare for the Million.

The Government does not pledge itself to accept the lowest tender.

A Fair Attempt.

Several jokes were made at the Dramatic Fancy Fair, and not the worst of them was made by a small wag in our hearing, who noticing how happy the young actresses all looked in their booths, said the place reminded him of Boothia Felix.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—Saturday, August 11, 1860.

Country Bus Conducton (with extreme politeness). "*Yes, Miss—quite full, Miss—in fact, we've one more than our number* now, *Miss.*"

THE ROYAL BLUE AND YELLOW.

The Seventh of August, 1860, is a day which will be everlastingly celebrated in the annals of Scotland. Latest posterity, as well as the present generation, will associate that memorable anniversary with the Edinburgh Review, where the Queen appeared as a Reviewer of the gallant Scotch Volunteers. The contributors to this great Review, composing the number which came out on that occasion, amounted to twenty-one thousand; and their entire force includes nine thousand more. There can be no doubt that such a host of slashing blades would effectually cut up the audacious authors of any foreign attack upon British liberty.

Multum in Parvo.

A Book has just been published under the title of *Astronomy in a Nutshell.* The whole system of Astronomy in a Nutshell? A nutshell may contain a nucleus, but can hardly be big enough to enclose even the smallest entire comet.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

August 6. *Monday.* On the day when Paterfamilias is going to take his family out of town, it may have been remarked by those who watch domestic interiors, that there is pretty sure to be something disagreeable before starting. P. F. himself, perhaps, loses his keys; and after he has raged for half an hour, and accused everybody of taking them, he remembers that he left them in the pocket of the pair of trousers which is at the very bottom of the big corded trunk. Or Materfamilias has collected and paid all the bills, as she thinks, when a dirty boy comes with a peremptory message from an impertinent newsvendor, demanding one pound eighteen and threepence on the instant; and Paterfamilias is furious at having to take the money out of what he had put into his purse for the journey. Or the children seize the opportunity—their legitimate guardians being all engaged in the last preparations—to ramp about the house like wild cats, make unusual and preternatural noises, pull about things they ordinarily dare not touch, and finally, just at the moment when P. F. is struggling frantically with a huge strap, and is irritable at not being quite sure that he has read *Bradshaw* rightly, they become so outrageous that Louisa is suddenly ordered into the back drawing-room, and threatened with no end of Aunt and Church, Robert is savagely shoved into a chair and forbidden to speak or move, and Arthur retreats to the stairs howling from a sound box on the ear. Then Materfamilias turns irate at these energetic police measures (though she has herself been scolding the children incessantly for three hours), and making a short answer to the next speech, receives a vindictive snub, and an order to be kind enough to recollect who is the master of the house; and so, when the time for starting arrives, the holiday begins in pouting and sulks.

This is just the sort of thing that has been going on in the House of Commons. We had nearly got to the end of the Session, and were preparing for a jolly holiday, when discomfort and a row break out, there is a fight, and everybody is now thoroughly discontented, and everybody is blowing up everybody else. Nay, Parliament is worse off than the private family; for P. F. with all his irritation, is a kind old fellow, and will not disappoint the household by postponing the journey, whereas Palmerston now declares that the Members shall not go out of town for a month, perhaps not for six weeks. Heavily are they being punished for the weeks consumed in gabble at the beginning of the Session.

To-night the Lords did mere machine-work, but the Commons had a desperate fray. Mr. Disraeli had ordered a whip on Mr. Gladstone's resolution for lowering the duty on the import of foreign paper. So Mr. Brand and his colleague exerted themselves to gather together the Opposition men, and the danger appeared so great that Lord Palmerston called a meeting of Liberals in Downing Street, and preached to them upon the necessity of sustaining the Government. As he was good enough to add, that he should regard the votes of his supporters as evidence of confidence in the Government and its policy, he was immediately assured in return, especially by the Members returned by the Irish priests, that the Government would be supported, but that there was no confidence in them. However, Pam laughed, and in the course of the meeting took the opportunity of further pleasing the Irishry by mentioning that he had just heard that Garibaldians had landed in Naples, and that he was sure everybody wished them success. How many Papist Members were driven away by this declaration may be doubtful, but out of 76 Irish who voted that night, 57 voted against Lord Pam.

Well, the night came, and Mr. Gladstone made a long and spirited speech, and moved his resolution. His special point was, that we were bound by the French Treaty to reduce the duty. Christopher Puller, a Liberal ex-Chancery lawyer, opposed him, and pleaded for the paper-makers, who expect to be hit hard, the manufacture duty being kept on, and the import duty being reduced so as to let in foreign paper. Mr. Childers believed, on the contrary, that the paper-makers would be gainers by the opening up wider fields of operation. Mr. Crossley, carpet-maker, crossly described Protection as the robbing somebody else, and was glad that the makers were to be unprotected. Mr. Maguire, journalist, opposed the resolution, and advised the House to wait, and do no more to please France until we had a stronger and more determined Government, who would do something to benefit England. Sir Hugh Cairns, lawyer, then delivered the crack speech against Government, but *Mr. Punch* seldom listens to these lawyers, and went into the smoking-room to chaff Mr. Bright. Somebody came in and said that the Attorney-General had walked into Cairns, told him he evinced far too much assurance, and also knew nothing of the subject. When *Mr. Punch* went back to his place, Mr. Norris, paper-maker, was complaining on behalf of his craft, and Mr. Henley, grumbler, followed with a big brief grumble at Gladstone. Lord John Russell took a larger view of the case, told the paper-makers that if they were like other Englishmen they ought to be able to help themselves without protection, and urged that on the grounds of treaty, wisdom, and policy, the resolution

was right, to which several allegations Mr. Disraeli demurred, and argued that the treaty did not bind us to the reduction, and that we ought not to be precipitate in a measure that would injure important interests. Lord Palmerston cleverly said, that he was not surprised that the lawyers could not understand the treaty, but that he was surprised that honest and straightforward men, "who looked at matters in a common sense light," could doubt about its meaning. He said that the French Government had acted in a liberal and handsome manner, and had offered us time to make the reduction, but that he thought that we ought at once to fulfil our engagements. We were too far advanced in the paths of free-trade to retrace our steps.

Then did the Committee divide, and the Government had 266 votes, and the Opposition 233, total 499, majority for Ministers 33. Puller wanted to fight on a second resolution, but was ordered by Mr. Disraeli to accept the situation, and so ended the great Battle of Papyrus.

Mr. Punch must not omit to mention, that Mr. Alderman Sidney has been elected for Stafford. *Mr. Punch* congratulates the respected Tea-party, and opes eel not find the orrible ours of the ouse ostile to is elth.

Tuesday. Lords at machine-work. Commons passed the Indian Army Fusion Bill. The Ministers have invented a capital way of evading the questions which Members want to ask. They stay away until it is past the hour at which questions may be put, and then come in with a dear-me-have-I-been-wanted-you-don't-say-so smirk on their faces, and smile blandly at the sold inquirer. We don't believe, however, that this sort of thing is prescribed in Magna Charta. Sir Fitzroy Kelly, the signer of ridiculous addresses to Gough, the teetotalling spouter, whom the *Morning Star* brackets with Byron and Haydon, but gives Gough superior praise—you don't believe it? Here is the passage from a leader of the 10th instant:—

"Such change of treatment has often before driven strong men to despair. It drove Byron to debauchery, and Haydon to self-destruction; but, through the power of living faith, Gough has risen on the wave intended to overwhelm him, brighter in spirit and stronger in his intellectual manhood."

Now then. No, come, while we are about it, here is another—

"Those who most appreciate the graphic power of Dante and the music of Shelly (*sic*) increasingly admire the growing power of Mr. Gough."

Are you satisfied?—Well, Sir Fitzroy Kelly, who signs ridiculous addresses to this compeer of Byron, Haydon, Dante, and Shelley, consistently made a fight for the maltsters to-night, but was defeated by 89 to 49. Seven valuable criminal Bills, which had passed the Lords, were withdrawn by the Solicitor-General, on account of the lateness of the Session. So much for cackle.

Wednesday. A Church Bill coming on in Committee in the Commons, of course there was some good fun. It was the Bill for enabling the Bishop and other authorities to deal with the City Churches which have no congregations. There is to be power to remove these. But Mr. Cavendish Bentinck (not the other one) insisted upon making four of the most beautiful City Churches quite safe, by scheduling them as tabooed. He was a good deal attacked, but he was quite right. "Who would pull down such Churches?" was asked. It might have been answered, "Why, miserable Vandals like those who were going to pull down the Ladye Chapel, a very few years ago, if London had not sent up a menacing yell of indignation." Moreover, none of the Church spires and towers ought to be touched—they are the ornaments of the City. *Mr. Punch* would like to see anybody lay a hand on his neighbour, St. Bride. In half a minute from his getting down his rifle, the respected Sexton of the parish would have a job. *Mr. Punch* applauds Mr. Bentinck, and does not applaud Mr. B. Osborne for pirating a Latin joke out of Hood's *Whims and Oddities*, and for making another joke of his own out of one of the most touching parables in the Christian's portion of The Book. Nor is he greatly delighted with Mr. Hubbard, for arguing that if *a* Church ceased to belong to *the* Church, it mattered not whether it were made a Dissenting chapel or a gin-shop.

Thursday. The Lords managed to get up a little steam over the Dean of York question. This affair looked like a job,—a large increase of salary suddenly given to a rich man,—but it is explained by the Bishop of London to be the right arrangement, and intended to prevent the appointment from becoming an appanage of aristocratic families. If Bishop Tait says the thing is right, Bishop Punch will not ask another question.

Captain Fowke, Royal Engineer, and of the South Kensington Museum, has devised a very clever and economical plan for improving the National Gallery. There are three reasons in that sentence why, of course, the authorities set themselves against it. Two are in the adjectives; the third is in the fact that the Captain is a practical soldier, and not a petted architect, who would make a bad job of the affair, and spend twice the amount of the contract. If Captain Fowke's plan receives fair play, its adoption will be called for by the public. To-night, Mr. Cowper expressed his dissatisfaction with it. The New Kensington Ride question came up, and was discussed with much fire. Lord John Manners and Mr. Malins abused the ride; Mr. Cowper defended it, and actually scoffed at The Vestries—and, we believe, still lives. A fight was taken, and 71 supported the Ride to 48 against it.

Lord John Russell explained to the House that Spain wanted to be considered one of the Great Powers. She is so proud of having paid one of her debts, and of having been only baffled, not beaten, in Africa, that she is ready to burst with glory. Lord John Russell intimated that he had no notion of yielding to such folly, and that at all events he should keep Spain in her place until next Session. Well said, author of "*Don Carlos*." Mr. Edwin James then opposed the Fortifications Bill, and after a debate, and a smart speech from Pam, who laughed at everybody for declaring his own profession to be the one that was to save the country, the Bill was carried, on Second reading, by 143 to 32, majority 111. Something about the Galway Packet contract naturally sent *Mr. Punch* to sleep, but he was waked by hearing Mr. Roebuck, evidently in a dreadful rage, declaring that he laughed everybody to scorn.

Friday in the Lords was noteworthy, because Lord Clyde came out in the character of a Maiden Speaker. The heroic maiden was not so fluent as Joan of Arc, but spoke much to the purpose, and heartily approved the Indian Army Fusion Bill. Lord Ellenborough opposed it, and incidentally rebuked the Anglo-Indian press for the mischievous ribaldry it is always launching at the natives and their religion and customs. Lord Derby had fears about the proposed change, but as the Duke of Cambridge and a large majority in the Commons approved it, he should not oppose it. So the Bill was read a Second time. Speaking on the elongation of the Session, Lord Redesdale strongly objected to being kept in town, and said that the Queen had set everybody a good example by taking her holiday, and going off to Scotland. There was some sense in this speech.

In the Commons there was a very miscellaneous discussion. The metropolitan Members abused Cowper for sneering at the Westries; Mr. Coningham abused Sir Charles Eastlake for being done, as was alleged, in a recent picture purchase; Mr. Bright abused everybody on the Paper Question, and was himself blown up by Lord Palmerston for reviving old grievances and making puling lamentations; the Irish Members abused the Government for letting coercion Bills be passed for Ireland, and Mr. Numb-Skully declared they were more needed in England; and everybody abused *Mr. Punch's* patience, and sent him out of the House in a rage, muttering; *Quousque tandem, Dog-and-Cat-alina, abutere, &c.*

ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Our young friend the Prince of Wales is likely to see some strange things, both in the country he enters as Viceroy and in that he approaches as Visitor. We hope that H.R.H. will keep a diary, as it promises to be a collection of curiosities. For instance, here is a little anecdote which *Mr. Punch* extracts from an American paper:—

"A Clergyman Fighting.—On Sunday last, the monotony of church-going was unpleasantly disturbed by a street-fight between a Wesleyan Methodist preacher named Bolton, and a pious man named Williams. The brethren had a fine fight of it for a while, and would probably have ended with a visit to the hospital, had not Mr. Williams thrown up the sponge at the request of the police, just as the Reverend Mr. Bolton was putting in some of his most scientific fibbers. This desperate affair took place in Toronto, Canada, and was witnessed by a large crowd of delighted citizens."

But this was a mere display of *odium theologicum*, and its termination was milksoppy in the extreme, a complaint which cannot be made in reference to the following little scene, also described in an American journal:—

"Indictment of a Critic for Killing an Actor.—We notice by late exchanges that Mr. George W. Overall, the theatrical critic of the New Orleans *Delta* (we believe) has been indicted by the Grand Jury of that city for manslaughter, he having shot an actor named Harry Copeland. If we remember the particulars of the encounter rightly, Copeland assailed Mr. Overall in the street, in consequence of some close criticism of his acting by the latter, when the critic shot him in self-defence. We are no advocates of the pistol business so common in the South; but it seems to us that the assailant, in this case, only got his just deserts. When a journalist cannot express an honest opinion without incurring the rowdyish attacks of the criticised, it is high time that some one should be taught a severe and useful lesson."

The Republicans far surpass the Colonists in thoroughly doing what they set about. If any national and characteristic scenes of these kinds should be got up for the instruction and delight of the Prince, *Mr. Punch* will feel that a delicate compliment has been paid to the Royal Family of England.

Natural and Supernatural.

A "Thirsty Soul" of our acquaintance avows his entire belief in Mr. Home's being lifted into the air by spiritual influences, as described in the *Cornhill Magazine* for this month. He declares he has more than once been elevated by spirits himself.

A Good Joke for Italy.—Garibaldi is getting on like a man with a wheelbarrow, carrying everything before him.

HOME,* GREAT HOME!

(Respectfully dedicated to all admirers of that mighty medium.)

THROUGH humbugs and fallacies though we may roam,
Be they never so artful, there's no case like HOME.
With a lift from the spirits he'll rise in the air
(Though, as lights are put out first, we can't see him there)
HOME, HOME, great HOME—
There's no case like HOME!

Of itself his Accordion to play will begin,
(If you won't look too hard at the works hid within;)
Spirit-hands, at his bidding, will come, touch, and go
(But you mustn't peep under the table, you know).
HOME, HOME, great HOME—
There's no case like HOME!

Spring-blinds will fly up or run down at his word,
(If a wire has been previously fixed to the cord.)
He can make tables dance and bid chairs stand on end
(But, of course, it must be in the house of a friend).
HOME, HOME, great HOME!
There's no case like HOME!

The spirits to *him* (howe'er others may hap),
Have proved themselves worth something more than a rap;
And a new age of miracles people may mark,
(If they'll only consent to be kept in the dark).
HOME, HOME, great HOME—
There's no case like HOME!

* Such, it appears, is the true orthography of this gentleman's name, whose flying exploits so far outdo those of *Peter Wilkins*.—See *Facts Stranger than Fiction*, Cornhill Magazine for August.

A PROTESTANT PANIC.

THERE is a MR. TURNBULL, a Roman Catholic, who has been appointed to the office of Calenderer of Foreign Papers in the State Paper Office. This does not, at first glance, seem to be a fact worth recording, except in the Red Book, or some such esteemed work of reference. But we must not judge by first glances. As the children say, "looky ear:"—

"A deputation has had an interview with VISCOUNT PALMERSTON, to present a memorial respecting the appointment. The deputation consisted of the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, LORD CALTHORPE, the HON. A. KINNAIRD, M.P., SIR W. VERNER, BART., M.P., &c. &c. The memorial presented by LORD SHAFTESBURY was signed by 2,500 persons, of whom 10 were Peers, 18 Members of Parliament, 10 Baronets, 85 Magistrates, 518 Clergymen, 558 Dissenting Ministers, besides several generals, admirals, and other officers in the army and navy, heads of colleges, literary and other gentlemen. MR. KINNAIRD at the same time presented a similar memorial from Scotland, signed by 3,500 persons. The memorials were very graciously received by the PREMIER, who promised that the subject should receive the attention it deserved. It appeared that MR. TURNBULL is distrusted even by the friends who appointed him, two competent persons (Protestants) being ordered to 'revise' all his abstracts."

This is the most astounding phenomenon *Mr. Punch* has witnessed since DONATI's comet. Six thousand persons in a state of agitation about one poor man, who, under other circumstances, *Mr. Punch* would have supposed to be a superior clerk, whose business it is to make a *précis* of a document, endorse it, and put it in a pigeon-hole, making a proper entry in an index-book, so that it might be easily found again. But the whole Evangelical world is up in arms against the party. What is the crime which he is suspected of meditating, or can possibly commit? Into the State Paper Office rush the Six Thousand, but who is the enemy? Are they afraid that MR. TURNBULL will translate the old documents wrongly, and forge evidence that this country really belongs to the KING OF NAPLES or the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA? Or is he suspected of intending to introduce passages into the love-letters of PHILIP to Sanguinary MARY, which will show that England broke faith with Spain in remaining Protestant? Or will TURNBULL turn Bulls from Rome into engines damaging to our national character. If so, it is quite right to set two Protestant sentinels over him; but why the Six Thousand to watch the sentinels? This is altogether a most inexplicable case of Protestant Terror, and *Mr. Punch* would much like to have it cleared up. SHAFTESBURY had better call at 85 some morning before 6.

Putting Louis Napoleon's Pipe Out.

THE French EMPEROR complains bitterly of the English Government's interpolation of a bar in his favourite air, *Partant pour la Syrie*. He declares it quite spoils his latest arrangement of that favourite melody, which he had intended to be *in five flats*. It seems the Five Powers did not exactly like the Imperial time, or tune either.

PROPOSED CREATION IN THE SMARTEST NATION.

WHO will bet *Mr. Punch* a red cent that in ten years time our American cousins do not create an American Peerage? The Upper Ten are evidently awakening to a sense of the distinctions between people. The *New York Herald*, the leading journal of the States, is perfectly disgusted with the snobbishness of the Aldermen of that City. Now that the PRINCE OF WALES is to be the guest of the President, QUEEN VICTORIA'S "good friend" is affectionately urged to take care that the young stranger is not approached by the "vulgar rowdies" who belong to the Corporation. It is particularly desired that he should not take to the old world such an impression of republicanism as he is likely to derive from seeing and hearing these vulgar personages. The Mayor of New York, whom LORD JOHN RUSSELL, blundering, called Your Excellency, is not an unworthy person, it seems.

"That *he* will discharge in a fitting and dignified manner his duties as host, and that he will convey to his guest an agreeable impression of the cultivation and refinement of the community of which he is the head, we are fully persuaded. Whatever MAYOR WOOD's failings may be, no one will accuse him of being wanting in the manners and bearing of a gentleman, and there is not, perhaps, a man in this city better qualified to play the part expected of him on this occasion."

But as for the Aldermen and such like, they are to keep off, and not disgrace the Republic. If a banquet is to be got up, it

"Should be entrusted to the management of a committee of *gentlemen* in whom the public have confidence; otherwise it might degenerate into another such scene of rowdyism and vulgarity as the Japanese ball presented."

As *Mr. Punch* knows everything, it is his duty to add, in justice to the Editor of the New York paper, that his opinion of the present municipal authorities of the territory formerly the property and still bearing the name of the DUKE OF YORK, is amply borne out by facts, especially facts which are occasionally elicited before the Police Magistrates of that locality; and on the part of the English nation, *Mr. Punch* begs to express his sense of the courtesy intended by the advocacy of the exclusion of the "rowdies" from the hospitalities that await the young Prince. On the whole, however, *Mr. Punch* strongly recommends the construction of a Peerage to the consideration of his American friends. When *Mr. Punch* himself next visits the States, he trusts to be welcomed by the EARL OF LINCOLN and the MARQUIS OF BENNETT, and is ready to bet his own Lincoln and Bennett (quite right, Wiscount, to explain that he means a At) that MR. DOUGLAS will look uncommonly well in a coronet, of which his Scottish namesake, the MARQUIS OF QUEENSBURY will be very happy to send him a pattern. The DUKE OF BRECKENRIDGE is a title that would sound nobly, and as that nobleman is, according to GARRETT DAVIS:—

"A gentleman of good intents, fine manners, easy and graceful elocution, while his habits are indolent, and his manners and thoughts superficial,"

the Duke must be the exact counterpart of the majority of our own titled Swells. Let America think of it, and open a Herald's Office in connection with the Office of the *Herald*.

A FACT.

Jeames. "If you please, Ma'am, here is *Master* Carlo! but I can't see *Miss* Floss nowheres!"

THE TWO SICK MEN.

In Europe two sick men do dwell,
Of whom there's little hope;
The Sultan one: as far from well
The other is the Pope.
This wreck a triple crown, and that
A Royal turban wears;
Too weak the head in either hat
To manage its affairs.

The first has been a sufferer sad
For many a weary day;
And loads of physic he has had
To keep grim Death at bay.
The second 'gan to limp and reel
Some dozen years ago,
When his French doctor threw in steel;
Maintained his system so.

Eruptions, here and there, about
Each leper's surface rage;
And either is well nigh worn out
By frequent hæmorrhage.
Yet their physician still declares
That both must more be bled,
And take more steel, by which he swears,
Exhibited with lead.

The Pope cries, "Heathen friend, I see
You've got my doctor too;
He hasn't done much good to me,
May he do more to you!"
"My Giaour," the groaning Turk replies,
"We're past physician's skill;
To cure us if your doctor tries
He'll all the sooner kill."

Gone are both systems to decay.
Effete old Pope and Turk!
No Constitution left have they
Whereon the Leech might work.
Could they but break up quietly,
And leave the world in peace,
Blest would the dissolution be,
And happy the release.

MISS MERMAID.

Miss Martineau wrote admirably (which indeed is tautology) upon the duty of teaching young ladies to swim. According to an advertisement which has caught *Mr. Punch's* eye, a very young lady follows in Miss Martineau's wake, and is setting the example. A little Miss Beckwith, aged six years, has, it seems, attained great skill in swimming, and disports herself, in the prettiest of costume, in the great Lambeth bath. A little Duck. Except that the pedigree would not be complimentary, *Mr. Punch* would suppose the fair little *baigneuse* to be a descendant of *Macheath's* friend, *Jenny Diver*.

"Who taught the little Nautilus to swim?"

is an improved quotation which occurs to *Mr. Punch's* well-regulated memory, but only to be immediately rejected; because, in the first place, she is not a naughty lass, but a very good lass, and in the second, because the question is superfluous, as she is stated to have been taught by her papa, a distinguished swimmer, to whom *Mr. Punch* tenders his congratulations on having a child who will always be able to keep her head above water.

CHEERING IF TRUE.

In these days of alarming and unpleasant rumours, the report mentioned in the following extract from the French correspondence of the *Times* will be hailed, as a lively variation of the melancholy air which has so long been resounding on the trumpet of common Fame:—

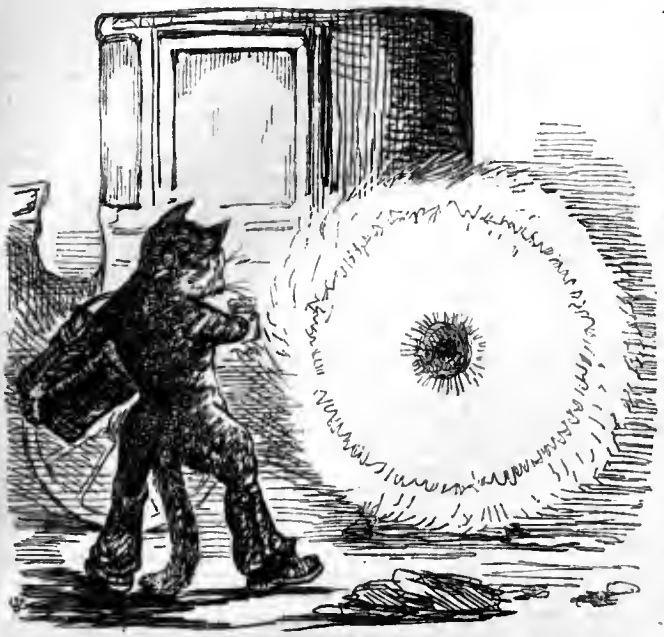
"As a prelude, it is said, to the total abolition of passports for foreigners travelling in France, the Emperor has ordered that foreigners coming to Paris to witness the festivities on the 15th of August, the Emperor's *fête*, shall not be required to show passports."

This tune goes nicely. Is it not too cheerful to be true? Is Pandora's box not yet quite empty? Are peaceable people still in a condition to entertain some little hope? Can we venture to give ear to any announcement of aught but impending calamity—war, plague, pestilence, famine, deficit and increased taxation? The Emperor of the French has written us a very promising letter. The abolition of passports would indeed be a great step in the direction of performance. Something like confidence would be created in Europe by the spectacle of such an Imperial stride accomplished in the Seven League Napoleon Boots.

THE TWO SICK MEN.

Pope. "THEY HAVE SENT YOU MY FRENCH DOCTOR, I SEE. HIS COURSE OF STEEL HASN'T DONE *MY* SYSTEM MUCH GOOD."

A GO AT THE GABBLERS.



H! What is to be done with our talkative M. P.s? This is a question which is yearly getting more and more momentous. Every session is more taken up and wasted by them than the last, and the more they sit and talk, the less the country is advantaged by it. Here we are in August, and their tongues are just as voluble as they were in April; and nobody except the grouse is any whit the better off for the clatter they keep up. As for any business being got through in their presence, one might as well expect to get an epic poem written within hearing of an organ-grinder. Their gabble is enough to distract the strongest mind, and divert from what engages it the steadiest attention. Who can hope to see a Bill safe through the House, when a hundred tongues are waiting ready primed to fire away upon it? The batteries, it is true, are mostly loaded with blank cartridge, but then they kick up such a ceaseless row, that no one possibly can work in it.

Talk, talk, talk,
Till the brain grows dizzy and dim:
And talk, talk, talk,
Till the cheerfulest face looks grim.
And it's oh! what a din they make,
In spite of the cries of "spoke!"
And in spite of the fact that each bottled-up Act,
Will be turned to a bottle of smoke.

Now, what is to be done to bring these garrulous M.P.s beneath the wholesome influence of the Eary Closing Movement, or, in language less circuitous, to make them "shut up" sooner than they have done of late? Everybody grumbles at the way in which the country's time is taken up, and nobody appears to know of any remedy to name for it. State physicians, if appealed to, blandly shrug their shoulders, and say they fear the case is past all curing. Hear, for instance, how the *Times* talks on the matter, and hints that a reform pill must in some shape be prescribed for it:—

"No greater service could be rendered to the efficient transaction of public affairs, and the maintenance of the high character of public men, than a scheme by which the House should be enabled to protect itself against its unruly members, and to find time for all its business by economising that which it devotes to the least important part. * * * * The man who shall invent any means by which Parliament can discharge efficiently the duties that it has undertaken, will be the author of a real Reform Bill, that will give a stability to our institutions which at this moment they do not possess, and avert the most formidable danger which can overtake an ancient constitution—that of being found unequal to cope with the circumstances of a society into the midst of which it has descended."

Thus appealed to, *Mr. Punch*, whose talents are devoted to the service of his country, has felt in duty bound to keep his brains upon the rack, until he could devise a scheme for silencing the gabblers, and removing the obstructives to the business of the nation. With this view he has nightly dosed himself with tea, and has supped off toasted cheese to keep himself awake, and unnaturally stimulate his powers of invention. The result is, he at length has hit upon a plan by which the workers in the House will be secured due peace and quiet, without shortening by one syllable the pratings of the talkers. *Mr. Punch* suggests, that henceforth the House should be divided, and that the talkers and the workers should be kept distinct and separate. As no Member is influenced by what he hears in Parliament, there can be but very small advantage in his hearing it. Votes, it is well known, are always cut and dried beforehand, and not one in a million is biassed by the speeches. Gabblers get upon their legs that they may use their tongues, merely, and never dream of getting workers to waste their time in hearing them. It is clear then, that for all the good they do in the House, the talkers might, in fact, be every whit as well kept out of it.

But *Mr. Punch*, who ever tempers justice with mercy, will not be so cruel as to hint that this is requisite. A Bill for the Removal of these National Nuisances would no doubt be vastly popular, and has much to recommend it. Nevertheless, *Mr. Punch* will not at present call for it, but will content himself with simply severing the House, and separating its productive from its unproductive Members. The former might still occupy the chamber they now sit in, being secured from any chance of interruption by the latter: to whom should be allotted a chamber by themselves, where they might gabble as they pleased without annoying anybody. Reporters might attend when they were specially engaged; and the luxury of seeing one's pet speeches put in print might thus be graciously provided for all who chose to pay for it.

By separating thus the really busy bees of Parliament from the idly buzzing drones by whom the business is impeded, the great hive of St. Stephens will be cleaned out quite sufficiently, and room be found to lay up goodly stores of useful Acts. When the drones can't interrupt them, the working bees, no doubt, will stick to work like wax; and will no more have their time wasted by swarms of gabbling good-for-nothings, whose only point of difference from the family of drones is, that now and then one finds that they are gifted with a sting.

FAST YOUNG LADIES.

Here's a stunning set of us,
Fast young ladies;
Here's a flashy set of us,
Fast young ladies;
Nowise shy or timorous,
Up to all that men discuss,
Never mind how scandalous,
Fast young ladies.

Wide-awakes our heads adorn,
Fast young ladies;
Feathers in our hats are worn,
Fast young ladies;
Skirts hitched up on spreading frame,
Petticoats as bright as flame,
Dandy high-heeled boots, proclaim
Fast young ladies.

Riding habits are the go,
Fast young ladies,
When we prance in Rotten Row,
Fast young ladies;
Where we're never at a loss
On the theme of "that 'ere 'oss,"
Which, as yet, we do not cross,
Fast young ladies.

There we scan, as bold as brass,
Fast young ladies,
Other parties as they pass,
Fast young ladies;
Parties whom our parents slow,
Tell us we ought not to know;
Shouldn't we, indeed? Why so,
Fast young ladies?

On the Turf we show our face,
Fast young ladies;
Know the odds of every race,
Fast young ladies;
Talk, as sharp as any knife,
Betting slang—we read *Bell's Life*:
That's the ticket for a wife,
Fast young ladies!

We are not to be hooked in,
Fast young ladies;
I require a chap with tin,
Fast young ladies.
Love is humbug; cash the chief
Article in my belief:
All poor matches come to grief,
Fast young ladies.

Not to marry is my plan,
Fast young ladies,
Any but a wealthy man,
Fast young ladies.
Bother that romance and stuff!
She who likes it is a muff;
We are better up to snuff,
Fast young ladies.

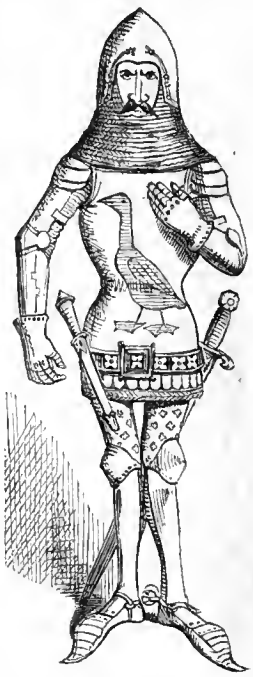
Give me but my quiet weed,
Fast young ladies,
Bitter ale and ample feed,
Fast young ladies;
Pay my bills, porte-monnaie store,
Wardrobe stock—I ask no more.
Sentiment we vote a bore,
Fast young ladies.

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER XXVII.—THREE WORDS MORE ABOUT THE REIGN OF KING EDWARD THE THIRD.

FROM THE INITIAL LETTER TO THE GRANT OF THE DUCHY OF AQUITAINE.

COMING now to the military costume of this period, we would direct especial notice to the beautiful initial letter which our artist has selected to illuminate this chapter, as throwing a clear light upon the armour of the time. The letter we should note is quite correctly copied from one that any antiquary at a glance will recognise; but as some few of our readers may not be so well acquainted with it, we may append a word or two by way of explanation. Looking to the left, then, you will perceive his Gracious Majesty KING EDWARD THE THIRD a-sitting in his easy chair (please observe the cushion on it) and a-holding in his left hand either a sceptre or a sword or else a kitchen poker, it is really rather puzzling to decide precisely which. With his dexter hand the monarch is handing what might possibly be thought to be a newspaper, but which really is the grant of the Duchy of Aquitaine. The figure to the right is EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE, who is a-kneeling on his helmet to receive the Royal gift. Some conjecture that the reason why he chooses that position is simply that his leg armour was made a little tight, and if he had knelt upon the ground he could not have got up again. The spectator will remark the pourpoint over the thigh-pieces, a prevalent way of wearing it in this and the next reign. It likewise should be noticed, that the Prince is not so Black as history has painted him, but for which there seems to have been no colourable excuse. As shown in this initial, his complexion is as white as a Serenading Ethiop's who has had his face washed.*



FROM THE EFFIGY OF WILLIAM OF WIMBLEDON. DATE 1360.

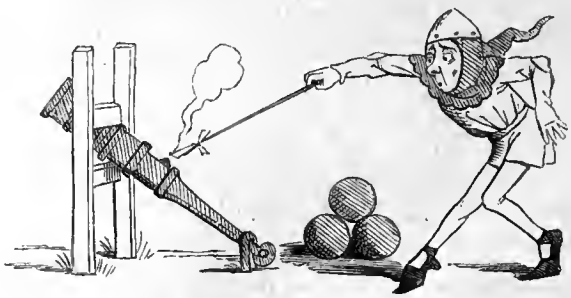
Plate armour came much more into use during this reign, the body indeed being almost wholly covered by it. The chief cause of its adoption was, that it was very much lighter than chain-mail, which, with its appendages, was found so hot and heavy that the knights were sometimes suffocated, or sank beneath its weight. A light steel back- and breast-plate proved fully as protective as the hauberk and the plastron, and the plate was not so liable to be pushed into a wound as were the links of the chain-mail when broken by a lance-poke. This improvement in our armour was, it seems, of foreign origin. By the Florentine annals the year 1315 is given as the date of a new Horse-guards regulation, whereby every mounted soldier was ordered to have his helmet and his breastplate, his cuisses, jambes, and gauntlets, all of iron plate: and as the Italians were famous for the way in which they kept their irons in the fire, we found it worth our while to steal a leaf out of their books.

There may be doubts if many readers will remember such queer names, but mention should be made that brassarts and demibrassarts, and vant-braces or vambraces were separate bits of armour worn upon the arms; cuissarts or cuisses were used to shield the thigh, and boots of steel called greaves or jambes were worn upon the leg between the ancle and the knee. We have no doubt that the jambes were found to act well as preserves, but we think at times the shin must have been sadly jammed in them. A similar objection too, we think, must have applied to the manner of affording protection to the feet; for we learn that they were cased in what were known as "sollerets" of overlapping plates, which people who had corns found most corn-foundedly unpleasant. Similar plates were worn upon the backs of the leathern gauntlets, which upwards from the wrists were mostly made of steel. Knobs or spikes, called gadlings, being fastened on the knuckles, the gauntlets were occasionally used as knuckle-dusters, if "jacket-dusters" would not be a more appropriate term. Thus in a trial by combat between one JOHN DE VISCONTI and SIR THOMAS DE LA MARCHE, fought at Westminster before KING EDWARD in close lists, SIR THOMAS gained the day by dashing in his gadlings on the mug of his antagonist, who went to grass minus three ivories, and with his dexter peeper closed.*

GAUNTLET OF SIR THOMAS DE LA MARCHE. PADDINGTONIAN MUSEUM.

Over the body-armour a garment called a jupon was much worn during this period, being lighter and less cumbrous than the cyclas or the surcoat, which had been in use with the wearers of chain-mail. The jupon was girt loosely with the gorgeous belt of knighthood, and was usually emblazoned with the arms of him who wore it, or else was embroidered with griffins or green geese, or any other tasty and fanciful device.

People well up in their history, as (of course) are all our readers, need not be told that there was plenty of fighting in this reign. Else might we remind them of how KING EDWARD, making war with PHILIP THE TALL, of France, landed with his army on the coast of Flanders, after gaining a naval battle in which the enemy lost upwards of two hundred and thirty ships and thirty thousand men; and how, marching thence towards Paris,† he took the towns and villages which lay upon his route, and, as one old writer tells us, "at Caen in especiall he didde give ye Frenchmen peppere." The names of Poictiers, too, and Cressy must alike be fresh in the remembrance of our readers; who will doubtless recollect that it was at the latter battle that cannon were first used, although they by no means as yet supplanted bows and arrows. The first cannon indeed would now be thought mere popguns,



ARTILLERYMAN. TEMP. EDWARD THE THIRD. FROM A VERY CURIOUS ILLUMINATION IN THE "ARMY AND NAVY GAZETTE" OF THOSE DAYS.

and, as arms, would be considered very weak compared with Armstrong's. We fancy, too, that what with their recoil and the chances of their bursting, they often did more damage to their own side than the enemy; while their range no doubt fell short of that attained by the long-bowmen, who, unless they drew the long bow in more senses than one, are believed to have killed their men at above four hundred yards with it. Our victory at Cressy was won mainly by the bow, our marksmen showing themselves markedly superior to the foreigners, who had the disadvantage too of shooting with wet weapons,

* That the Prince was called "the Black" from the colour of his armour is a notion which SIR SAMUEL MEYRICK has exploded: and it appears that the nickname was in truth a *nom de guerre*, being derived from the black looks with which he faced the foes whom he had put in his black books.

* We may note here, that the gauntlets of EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE were made of brass or laton, and the gadlings were fashioned in the shape of lions or leopards, the reader, if he pleases, may himself determine which. He will find the gauntlets hanging above the Prince's tomb in Canterbury Cathedral, together with his surcoat, shield, and tilting helmet, all of which are visible without increase of price; and we think the Dean and Chapter may very fairly calculate that after this announcement there will set in quite a rush of Canterbury pilgrims to see the interesting relics which are there on view.

† "What man has done," &c. We won't pursue the proverb; but should any future steps be taken in that direction, it will be seen by this that they are not without a precedent.

which materially damped the ardour of their fire. This we learn from various more or less authentic sources, and among them we may cite one of those curious old ballads which we believe that we have been the first to put in print. Herein it is stated that—

"Their bows hadde been washed, just washed in a showere,
And ye strings were so weited and traped,
That ye archers, who were of our foemen ye flowere,
Full soone were our prisoners made." *

It may be noticed here, that there has been much argument expended as to whether it was at the Battle of Cressy (which, from the rain that fell, has been by some folks called the Battle of Water-Cressy) that the Black Prince first adopted the sign of the Three Feathers, which has ever since continued the Prince of Wales his crest. Camden states in his *Remains* (which Cox of Finsbury believes were written in Camden Town)—

"The victorious Black Prince used sometimes one feather, sometimes three, in token as some saye of his speedye execution in all his services, as ye posts in the Roman times were called *pterophori*, and wore feathers to signifie their flying post haste. But ye truth is yt he wonne them at ye battle of Cressy, from John, King of Bohemia, whome he there slewe."

What authority he had for calling this "the truth," the learned Camden carefully neglects to let us know; and as contemporary historians make no mention of the matter, we cannot pin our faith on Mr. Camden's tale. The crest of John of Bohemia, as shown upon his seal, was the pinion of an ostrich; and whether the Prince plucked his feathers from John's wing is a matter of a pinion which we cannot well decide.† For his bravery at Cressy, the Prince received no end of praise from his father, who may have said his exploits were a feather in his cap: and the Prince may then have stuck three feathers in his cap to show how much he plumed himself on having pleased his parent. A single feather, we are told, was very often worn by civil people at this period, but whether the Prince led the mode or merely followed it, is a question upon which our means of knowledge are but mode-rate.

* The English, with more forethought, had taken the precaution not to take their bows out of their cases until they were wanted, it being then an excellent war maxim to "keep your bowstrings dry."

† "Strauss," the German word for "ostrich," was used in ancient times to signify a combat, although it is now obsolete in that old-fashioned sense; and this may have been a reason for the pinion of the bird being adopted by the King of Bohemia as a crest. Another reason possibly was that the ostrich, being blest with an extraordinary digestion, was used to typify a soldier's appetite for steel, which he was continually at the risk of having to bite. In one of the old descriptions of the battle of Poictiers, we find the Homer of the period saying "Many a hero, like the ostrich, had to digest both iron and steel"—without feeling much the better, we should say, for the steel mixture.

"IT BODES HIM GOOD."

"The shameful wrong which has so many years been done to an English gentleman, the Baron de Bode, is again to be brought before Parliament, and must eventually be redressed."—*Daily Paper.*

With just indignation one's fit to explode,
When one reads of the case of the Baron de Bode,
To whom this dishonest old country has owed
For years as much tin as you'd find in a lode.
His claim is undoubted, as oft hath been showed,
And proved by each treaty, each law, and each code;
Yet the twaddling Obstructive and Barnacle toad
Resists him in every conceivable mode,
And Circumlocution has jeeringly crowed
At every fresh obstacle thrown in his road.
Such treatment might almost to lunacy goad,
But that patience and courage the Baron has stowed
In his vessel, which one day will surely be towed
Into port, with a cargo of bullion to load,
While his foes look as blue as if painted with woad.
The seeds of success have been carefully sowed,
And one of these days shall the harvest be mowed.
Meantime *Mr. Punch* has indited this Ode
And bids the official Obstructives be blowed,
And pay up the claims of brave Baron de Bode.

Equipoise for Ever.

Spain wants to be admitted among the Great Powers, does she? And France and Austria are willing to receive her? Very good; no objection to six of Papist if that is to be balanced by half-a-dozen of Protestant. The Swedish Turnip is as big as the Spanish Onion.

SUPERNATURAL PHILOSOPHERS.

The Spiritualists pretend that their alleged miracles can be demonstrated. They confound demonstration with demonology.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

(*Tuesday, August 7th.*)

There's an ancient periodical, in blue and yellow bound,
That appears on old Whig tables as quarter-day comes round,
And many a good old-fashioned Whig would make a sad ado,
Were a quarter-day to pass without his *Edinburgh Review!*

But not in old Whig uniform of blue and yellow pied
Was clad that Edinburgh Review which now wakes *Punch's* pride:
And not in issue quarterly, four numbers by the year,
Came out the Edinburgh Review which *Punch* would welcome here.

But in sober greys and russets, and in plaids of sombre sheen,
The latest Edinburgh Review was welcomed by our Queen:
And more than twenty thousand were the numbers it poured forth,
Where, Lion-like, grim Arthur's Seat looks down upon the Forth.

From the storm-swept head of Dunnet, to Solway's level sands—
From the sea-firths of Argyleshire to where Arbroath castle stands—
From Lowland heugh, and Highland strath, from mountain, moor, and fell,
Trooped forth those sturdy thousands—the loyal throng to swell.

The clansman with his claymore, his kilt and belted plaid,
The Lowlander in hodden grey, or darkling green arrayed;
The crofter from the loch-side, the gilly from the hill,
The farmer from the furrow, and the weaver from the mill.

Came gentle and came simple, came wealthy and came poor,
All moved by one intent, all bound by one tie, strong and sure;
By leal love of the Lady in whose soft sway we stand,
And love more leal, it such may be, for this their native land.

There have been times when North and South stood foot to foot for fray,
But no blood-feud has summoned the gathering of to-day;
The sons of merry England with Scotland's sons are here,
Shoulder to shoulder marching—true step and tuneful cheer.

St. Andrew's Cross from Arthur's Seat salutes with stately show
St. George's banner waving on Holyrood below;
Two hundred thousand faces on the hill-sides hide the green,
Two hundred thousand voices ring out "God save the Queen!"

And before the Royal Standard and the Royal presence, lo!
Where twenty thousand Volunteers in martial order go;
With rifles trailed, and swinging stride, and port erect and free—
If such are Britain's citizens, what should her soldiers be?

An hour has gone, and still pours on that armed and ordered tide,
And well the Queenly face may flush and pale with sudden pride,
For such a body-guard as this had never Queen I trow—
From the days that Malcolm wore his torc of twisted gold, till now!

And never sent a country such a band of stalwart sons
To guard their hearths and household-gods, their wives and little ones—
And never had defenders such an awful trust to hold,
As that which lies on us and them—these peaceful soldiers bold.

The South had spoken out before—and now outspeaks the North,
In this many-thousand muster upon the shores of Forth:
May it be long ere Scotland forgets the bold and true,
That came out this Seventh of August in her Edinburgh Review!

A Vicarious Crack.

The new Report of the Lunacy Commission states, that out of every 600 persons, one is cracked. Now the House of Commons consists of 654 persons, and therefore must contain one person, and also the twelfth part of one, incapable of managing affairs. A Committee ought to be moved for, in order to ascertain who these parties are. Or, shall we accept the largest compound of the two things that make a senator, namely, Tin and Brass, as the representative of the House, and regard the crack in Big Ben as the case of Parliamentary Lunacy.

THE HOUSE OF CHATTERBOXES.

The Long Parliament made a name for itself in history, and the present House of Commons bids fair to earn a somewhat similar name. It will probably be denominated the Long-Winded Parliament.

Great Case of Table-Turning.—The Prince of Prussia turning the tables on Louis Napoleon at the Baden interview.

Sarcastic Conductor. "*Now, Sir; 'Ere y' are. Room for yer all inside!*"

A PRINCE OF A YOUNG FELLOW.

"Oh, my dear Mr. Punch, "*Verbena Villa, Friday.*

"I am *so* delighted. That dear *darling* Prince of Wales! Isn't he a *duck?* Only hear now how delightfully his charming Royal Highness is getting on in Canada. This is what the *New York Herald* tells us of the Ball which was given at the Colonial House, in the parish of St. John's,* to him:—

"The Prince arrived at about ten o'clock, and was greeted with loud, enthusiastic, and prolonged cheers—the bands playing '*God save the Queen.*' The Prince was dressed in the full uniform of a British colonel. He was accompanied by the Earl of St. Germans, who was dressed in blue, with a badge, and the Duke of Newcastle, who wore his full uniform. The Prince danced six times during the evening, and remained with the company until half-past two o'clock this morning. The dancing, on the whole, among the company was not very good. The Prince very affably and good-naturedly corrected some of the blundering dancers, and every now and then called out the different figures of the dance. He is himself a very graceful and accomplished dancer, as he fully proved in the way he whirled through waltzes, polkas, and quadrilles. While he danced he was repeatedly cheered, and he very properly took a new partner whenever he stood up to dance. The people everywhere are greatly delighted. The unpretending and genial disposition of the young Prince has gained him the affection of many true and worthy hearts."

"There! isn't that *delicious!* Only think now of our Prince of Wales having to turn *dancing-master!* Oh, how I should have *loved* to have been 'whirled through a waltz' with him! I'm sure His Highness wouldn't have found *me* a 'blundering dancer.' Poor fellow! I dare say that he was *sadly vexed* to find that the Canadians were so clumsy in a ball-room. Really, I've *no patience* with such ungainly creatures. My heart *bleeds* to think how terribly they trod upon his toes, and wobbled in their waltzing. Clearly something should be done to prevent such *stupid things* from troubling our Princes. Oh, if I'd been there! Wouldn't I have put their noses out of joint just! I should *so* like to show them how an *English* girl can dance, particularly when she gets a *Prince* to be her partner!

"I don't quite understand though what the paper means by saying that whenever the Prince danced he 'very properly took a new partner.' I confess I can't see what there is so '*very proper*' in this. I know myself I like to keep more to *one* partner, than to have to dance about with nobody knows whom, so that one never has the chance of a bit of a *flirtation,* and still less of arriving at the *interesting moment* when one *may* hear something *serious.* I'm sure that my Mamma knows much better than a *newspaper* what is 'very proper' for one; and I know that when the other night I danced *six times* with young Lord Crœsus, Ma whispered me *en passant* to try and dance a *seventh,* and told me when I had done so, that it was '*very proper!*'

"But variety, you know, isn't *always* charming, is it? at any rate, in Canada it doesn't seem to be so. At least, although the paper says that the Prince has 'gained the affection of many true and worthy hearts,' I don't much think His Highness has *lost his own* at present. And I hope he'll bring it back with him as whole as it was, doubtless, when he took it out; though for that matter, perhaps, if it really *is* the law that he musn't form a marriage with a nice good *English* girl, I don't know, but I'd like him to bring home a born Yankee rather than be forced for some ridiculous *State* reasons, to give his Royal hand to one of those *Smalt Germans,* who are doubtless looking out for it.

"I am, dear *Mr. Punch,* yours, and Oh! the Prince's, if he might but have me!

"With the fondest love and *reverence,*

"Georgiana Gushington."

* St. John's is not a parish, and is not in Canada. But never mind, Miss. Loyalty ranks higher than Geography.—*Punch.*

Hume's Historical Antecedents.

We are authorised to state, that Hume the spirit-rapper is no connection of Hume, the historian of England. The mistake probably originated in the miracle-mongering gentleman's connection with Ra[p]fin. His real name is Home, and certain fashionable ladies are constantly "at Home" for a little flying, or table-romping, or spirit-handing, or any other similar explosion of the anything but high spirits of the season.

"The Denominational Reason Why."

What is the Pope's warrant for demanding Peter's Pence?

His Holiness claims to have derived a power of attorney from St. Peter.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—Saturday, August 18, 1860.

IRASCIBLE OLD GENTLEMAN. "*Don't answer me, Sir! I repeat the Omnibus is in a disgustingly filthy statesir—the cushions are damp—abominably damp—IshallIshall—makeitmybusiness to complain to the Company—I'll I'll—write to the Ti——*"

DRIVER (impatiently). "*Now, Bill, what's the matter, who 'a you got there?*"

CONDUCTOR. "*Oh, only the Hemperor o' Roosher!—All right!*"

THE SONG OF SUPPLY.

(BY A ST. STEPHEN'S OVERLOOKER.)

DASH through the paper, boys; knock off Supply—
August is waning, September is nigh!
Six months of Session you wasted in talk,
You'd a Budget to bait, a Reform Bill to baulk—
But now the arrears of the work must be done,
By cribbing from slumber and cribbing from sun;
So all hands to the crank, boys,
And turn it in rank, boys,
All hands to the crank, boys, and round by the run!

Some sages maintain work and play both go quicker
For mixing, as topers mix lymph and strong liquor;
But you, gallant spirits, have voted it shorter,
First to drink all the spirits, and then all the water.
Let us see, now talk's alcohol's spent, you won't shirk
—Howe'er nauseous such tipple—the water of work—
Then all hands to the crank, boys,
And turn it in rank, boys,
And cough down all who prate, though 'twere CHATHAM or BURKE.

What if they are millions with which you've to deal:
'Tis you make the national shoe—sole and heel.
What odds if you stretch or screw in, ell or inch?
'Tis JOHN BULL has to wear it, and he'll feel the pinch.
He in law and finance trusts his cobbling to you,
So stick to your last, till Supply's rattled through—
Then all hands to the crank, boys,
And turn it in rank, boys,
Supplies we must have if we sit till all's blue!

This is no time for haggling, and shaping, and squaring;
A fig for each saved candle-end and cheeseparing!
Into items we'd rather you didn't look close,
Just give us the sums that we want, in the gross.
With your priv'lege of *voting* the cash be content,
And don't bother your heads about how it is *spent*—
So all hands to the crank, boys,
And turn it in rank, boys,
We must have Supplies, if we keep you till Lent.

NEW EDITION OF "EVELYN'S *Sylver*."—A fine of £500 in gold. Publisher, COCKBURN (not BENTLEY).

A PRINCE IN A YANKEE PRINT.

AN American journal has cut out our *Court Circular*. The special reporter of the *New York Herald*, appointed to watch and record the progress of the PRINCE OF WALES, relates, with wonderful minuteness the performance, by his Royal Highness, of actions of which the importance is immense. For instance:—

"At the Newfoundland ball he danced eleven of the thirteen dances; but last night he was the hero of seven quadrilles, four waltzes, four gallops, and three polkas."

Put that grand fact down, CLIO. Note this also, Muse of History:—

"This morning he was out in plain dress, walking with his suite."

Book also the following memorable relations:—

"At eleven he appeared in uniform, and held a levee at the Government House, which was attended by 300 persons. At half-past twelve he stood, hat in hand, with his suite, and was photographed in the private grounds of Government House. At half-past two the Prince drove in an open carriage with LORD and LADY MULGRAVE, the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE, and LORD ST GERMANS, to the dockyard, and embarked amid the thunders of a Royal salute from the batteries and ships, and the cheers of a vast multitude, for the Nile, to lunch with the admiral, and witness the regatta."

Of all the details in the foregoing narrative the most striking, perhaps, is the specification of the solemn circumstance, that the PRINCE OF WALES stood, hat in hand, with his suite, and was photographed in the private grounds of Government House at half-past twelve. It is much to be regretted that the republican chronicler of the princely movements was not, also, photographed at the same time. Standing, watch in hand for his part, to time every change and transition of occupation or attitude on the part of his Royal Highness, he must himself have presented a picture of considerable grandeur and dignity. Ah! if all historians had only paid equal regard to exactness in taking notes of the acts and deeds of illustrious personages, there would be much less controversy than there unhappily is about many vital points in history, sacred and profane. But now for an ascent to particulars, even exceeding in consequence the most tremendous things contained in the preceding narrative:—

"He afterwards went on board the *Hero*, and substituted for his uniform a pair of drab trousers, a dark-blue buttoned walking coat, with an outside breast pocket for the handkerchief, an ordinary black hat, and walking-stick."

Here is a specimen of glorious word-painting indeed! For to what nobler purpose could words be applied than that of expressing the colours of the clothes of a Prince, and informing a breathlessly attentive world that his trousers were drab, that his walking-coat was blue, and his hat black? The further information that our Prince's walking coat was buttoned, and that it had on the outside of it a breast-pocket for the handkerchief, will be perused with eager interest wherever the English language is spoken, and will excite the enthusiasm of generations yet unborn, especially when it is recollected that this attire was substituted for a uniform on board the *Hero*; because if that is not an heroic act, what is? We can only lament that the foregoing impressive inventory of his Royal Highness's costume contains no account of his cravat, and not any mention of his boots; so that we do not know whether the former was white, black, or coloured, and as to the latter, although we may safely conjecture that they were of patent leather, we are not enabled even to guess whether they were Wellingtons or anklejacks with elastic side-springs. The reporter of the *New York Herald* forgets also to tell us what gloves were worn by the PRINCE OF WALES, and if he wore two or only one; a question naturally suggested by the consideration that he carried a walking-stick, in which case he may have worn his left glove only, and held the right in his left hand, or *vice versâ*, or have had both hands gloved and his stick in either one of them.

Those who are not magnanimous enough to care about the boots or clothes in which the PRINCE OF WALES is astonishing the American mind, may yet rejoice to know that the wearer of those habiliments is comporting himself in such a manner as to increase the great popularity which he necessarily inherits.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

UGUST 13. *Monday.* THE FESTIVAL OF ST. GROUSE! and here were Lords and Commons blazing away in Parliament instead of on the Moors! As a warning to posterity, *Mr. Punch* would give due prominence to this disgraceful fact, and he therefore has employed it as the base of his Big Cut. Having gabbled away their time in the beginning of the Session, Members now are kept in town to do the work they have neglected; like a lot of lazy school-boys, who, having larked in school-time, are stopped from going out. Many a sportsman, surely, as he snoozes in the smoking-room, or snores on the back benches, must be haunted by the ghosts of the Keepers who are waiting for him, and must mistake the grumblings and the groanings over the Estimates for the yelpings and the growlings of his impatient dogs. The result of the day's sport may be told in no great space. A large covey of Bills was put up by their Lordships, some of which were done for (being Royally Assented to), while others, not so forward, were "advanced a stage," with the intent of being bagged the next time they were flushed. The EARL OF HARRINGTON got some sport out of the Ireland Refreshment Houses, by saying that the Bishops who opposed the Gin Bill were "Spiritual" Lords; and that the cheap wines which MR. GLADSTONE patronised were made from "grapestalks mixed with water and trodden with dirty feet." These statements both elicited the laughter of their Lordships; as did likewise the confession that the Earl had "in his earl-ier days indulged in no illiberal potations of wine, but he had never yet discovered that they had a sobering quality." Let the reader recollect this remarkable assertion!

The day's sport in the Commons was begun by SIR CHARLES WOOD, who fired away for some few hours upon the Indian Finances. All this verbal ammunition may be shot off in one volley: India wants Three Millions; will England let her borrow them? The interest taken in our finding capital for India was strikingly evinced by the aspect of our Parliament. When SIR CHARLES WOOD opened fire there was No House to attend to him, there being less than forty of our Statesmen who were present; and the Debate, which ended in the question being assented to, was conducted for the most part before less than thirty listeners.

Having thus resolved to fortify the Indian Finances, the thirty (or forty) turned their tongues upon the English Fortifications, and made their minds up, that if forts were ordered we must pay for them; and, therefore, that the Bill for Provision of Expenses could not well be smashed. In the discussion which took place, the Monster (MR. SIDNEY HERBERT) made a good defence for Government for the plans whereby it meant to make a better defence for Portsmouth; adding, in *Mr. Punch's* private ear, with liberty to print the joke, that with regard to placing forts about our ports, "*fort-iter occupa portum*" was the rule to be observed. Instead of going to bed by ten, as they doubtless would have done had they been out upon the Moors, the House sat up till half-past two; but nothing further worthy of recording passed, with the exception of the Bill imposing New Duties on Spirits, which MR. HOME and other Mediums would do well to peruse.

Tuesday. LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE, who has some knowledge of the Turks, wished to know if Government had sent a ship of war to Smyrna for the protection of the Christians; whereto Government replied, through the medium of LORD WODEHOUSE, that no ship had been sent to Smyrna quite direct, but that a strong squadron had orders to cruise along the Syrian coast, and if any row occurred they would assuredly be down upon it. The chances were though, that their presence would prevent such contingency; for no cur of a Druse would ever dare to show his teeth while he was in reach of the bite of British "bulldogs." On the Gas Bill being considered there was a bit of a flare-up, several noble lords opining that the measure was a bad one, and LORD LLANOVER explaining that it would [illegible] much better had not the companies put such a pressure [illegible] Commons.

Among the latter MR. JAMES produced a slight sensation [illegible] MR. COWPER, First Commissioner of Works, if he had delivered [illegible] course last Sunday in Hyde Park, and had harangued the British [illegible] on the subject of "Cowper's Folly," called otherwise his "Ride [illegible] reply, MR. COWPER confessed that he *had* done a little Sunday sp[illegible] for the Ride was such a hobby of his, that he couldn't well help m[illegible] it whenever he had a chance. But he declared that what he sa[illegible] quite on his own hook, and did not in any manner compromise [illegible] Government. *Mr. Punch*, however, cannot quite agree in this op[illegible] for he doubts if it comports with the dignity of senators to get [illegible] their legs among *al fresco* meetings, and let off fireworks about t[illegible] selves to amuse a London mob. *Mr. Punch* has little wish to see [illegible] friend LORD PALMERSTON step down from the Forum which he so l[illegible] has graced, to address a MR. BUGGINS on the subject of the Incom[illegible] Tax, or harangue a MR. HUGGINS on the policy of Turkey or the postu[illegible] of the POPE.

Having talked for a few minutes about Corporal Punishment (which MR. ADFIELD and the Wiscount thought was very much too frequently adopted in our gaols, and *Mr. Punch*, it is unnecessary to state, thinks the reverse), the House inflicted a small dose of it upon itself, by sitting on the Estimates until after two o'clock. During the discussion SIR JOHN PAKINGTON endeavoured to get Members to Resolve that ragged schools should be more aided by the Government; but Members (who had mostly good coats on their backs) did not seem to see the need of giving more help to the ragged, and so the motion, on division, was lost by 41 to 25. *Mr Punch* mentions the numbers to show how many there are in Parliament who really care about the Education of the People, this being the evening when the grant for National Schools was (through the people's representatives) nationally discussed.

Wednesday. The Commons in Committee were engaged in considering the Civil Service Estimates, which, strange as it may seem, did not include an estimate of the services of *Mr. Punch.* The discussion, like the Estimates, was somewhat miscellaneous, embracing several subjects quite foreign to the matter; such, for instance, as the recent squabble down at Guildford, between MR. JUSTICE BLACKBURN and MR. SHERIFF EVELYN, about which *Mr. Punch* may have something else to say. It should be noted, too, that though the Commons rose at Six o'clock, the Wiscount had been on his legs no less than twice six times. But when was WILLIAMS ever known to forget his country's interests? May the bump of his Economy never grow one atom less!

Thursday. The Lords had a rattling *battue* of little Bills; after which, the EARL OF HARRINGTON made a sadly silly speech, attempting to pit himself against SIR ALEXANDER COCKBURN in determining what evidence a Court of Justice should receive. The case was one which *Mr. Punch* has recently adverted to, of a medical man at Lewes, who was cruelly accused of murdering his mother; an accusation which (except in the eyesight of LORD HARRINGTON) there was not a scrap or shred of evidence to prove. With proper sternness was his Lordship rebuked by the LORD CHANCELLOR, who said his Lordship's motion was "utterly uncalled for," and that he ought to have known better than to cast doubts on a trial which "had been fairly conducted in the face of the country."

The other House was occupied in shovelling out Supplies; whereanent there was some talk about the British Museum, which MR. AYRTON said (to use an American expression) was sartinly a-gitten sorter bust up by the Bilers. The latter (known less commonly as the Kensington Museum) were open in the evening, and therefore could be visited, whereas the show in Bloomsbury was only visible by daylight, when working-men had little opportunity to profit by it. A question being raised as to whether Government knew that recruits were being enlisted here to serve under GARIBALDI, LORD PALMERSTON said that Government had no knowledge of the fact, but when they had he felt quite sure that they would "do their duty." As their duty seems to be to put the Foreign Enlistment Act in operation, Volunteers who talk of going to have a crack at BOMBA had better just read over the provisions of that Act. A resolution granting a sum of near three hundred thousand pounds for education of the Irish was the signal, not unnaturally, for a regular Irish row, more especially as MR. CARDWELL, the mover for the vote, showed most clearly that the money would be profitably spent. The vote being agreed to, after much verbal shillelaghing, the House adjourned at soon after half-past three A.M.

Friday. The Lords talked for two hours, but did not say two words which *Mr. Punch* deems worth reporting.

Although up late the night before, the Commons met at noon, when MR GLADSTONE said he wanted a couple of millions raised by Exchequer Bonds or Bills (he didn't much care which), and having explained that but for the wet weather he would only have wanted one, the House consulted its barometer, and agreed to his request. Shovelling out Supplies was then the order of the day, and in the evening this agreeable occupation was resumed. Time was, however, found for talk on some few dozen other topics on the *tapis*, and among them LORD

Fermoy called attention to the fact that a black blackguard named Badahung, who is at present king of Dahomey, is going to butcher in cold blood a couple of thousand prisoners, as a "grand custom" in honour of the death of the late king. In regard to this, Lord Palmerston said, that endeavours had been made to "persuade" the Royal miscreant to give up these little luxuries: his Lordship adding, that while the Slave Trade lasted there was little good in preaching to black blackguards about Cruelty: and so long as there were white blackguards who spent money in the Slave Trade, we could not well expect black blackguards to abandon it.

Saturday. At Two o'clock, A.M., the Parliamentary proceedings were closed by *Mr. Punch*, who walked home arm-in-arm with the juvenescent Premier; and having lately been engaged in brushing up his Scottish (no, don't say "Scotch," please, Wiscount!) with the view of holding converse with the keepers on his moor, gave vent to his disgust at the dulness of the Session in the following sad strain:—

There is nae spoort about the House,
There is nae spoort at a';
I wad I were amang the grouse,
Five hoonder' miles awa!

THE REV. ROBIN REDBREAST.

The Redbreast has acquired a good name which he little deserves. In point of fact he is a fierce and pugnacious little wretch, apt to kill the other small birds in an aviary, and peck their eyes out. His intrusive impudence, however, passes for affection towards mankind, and his requiem-like song has gained for him a peculiar character for tenderness and compassion; insomuch that the old ballad-maker is generally felt to have conceived a natural idea in relating of the "*Children in the Wood*," the pathetic circumstance that—

"Robin Redbreast painfully
Did cover them with leaves."

The truth is, that Robin Redbreast would never dream of doing aught approaching to sexton's work, except in order, on his own personal account, to pick up worms. However, he has a reputation for the piety which performs the last offices to humanity—has, as aforesaid, acquired a good name; a name for performing the charity of sepulture: and that good name may therefore be fitly transferred to the Rev. Stephen Rosse Hughes, of Llanallgo, near Moelfre, Anglesey, and also to his brother the Rev. Hugh Robert Hughes, of Penrhosllligwy, who, between them, interred about 230 bodies of persons lost in the *Royal Charter*. This herculean as well as Christian feat they accomplished with the least possible assistance. A horse, a cart, a sheet, and three or four men, formed all the appliances whereby the former of the above-named truly reverend gentlemen managed to unite the duties of the clergyman with those of the undertaker. At Llanallgo there lay at one time the corpses of 40 men and women requiring to be identified, and awaiting burial. They were both identified and buried by the Rev. Stephen Hughes, whose house in the meanwhile was crowded with their inquiring and distracted relatives. He buried 145 bodies; had to exhume several for inspection by friends; kept a pitch fire burning to disinfect the atmosphere, and a white surplice hanging at hand on his door; and had to write 1,070 letters. His reverend brother's labours may be pretty nearly expressed by the word ditto. Their arduous, melancholy, and unpleasant but generous exertions have cost them dear.

The foregoing facts having been considered, a subscription has been started, with a view to present the Rev. Robin Redbreast, *alias* the Rev. S. R. Hughes, and his brother, the Rev. H. R. Hughes, with a purse. Surely the fuller that purse can be filled, the better, that it may rather more than reimburse them for their actual expenses; and all those gentlemen and ladies who are of that opinion are at liberty to express it by remitting a sum of money to Prescott, Grote & Co., Threadneedle Street; the Commercial Bank, Henrietta Street: or the gentleman named in the *Times* advertisement whence the above particulars are derived.

The erection of a monolith at Moelfre to the memory of those who were drowned, is also proposed; and anybody can contribute to that object also, who considers that a gravestone is an advantage to the dead, a solace to the living, or an object of interest to posterity.

Carrying Coals to Newcastle.

A Paragraph has lately been "going the round of the Press," informing us that Prince Lucien Bonaparte has recently visited Norfolk, for the purpose of taking rubbings of some of the "brasses" in that county. Has Prince Lucien exhausted his own family resources in this respect? One would suppose that the Emperor and Plonplon would have furnished him with brass enough to satisfy the most inordinate appetite for portrait-rubbings in that material.

SPIRIT CONJURING.

There are some people in the world who daringly declare, however vulgarly unfashionable they make themselves by doing so, that the so-called "manifestations" of Mr. Home and other Spirit-rappers are manifestly merely the machinations of a conjurer. The trick of spiritual elevation, or rising in the air, they say is done in a like way as the aërial suspension by Robert Houdin of his son; while the show of spirit-hands, which is effected in the dark, they protest may be achieved by just a bit of wax or wood, displayed by the mere aid of lazy-tongs and phosphorus. In fact, they look upon a "Medium" as merely an accomplice, and say that spirits may be raised by the wonder-working magic of the Wizard of the North, or the almost supernatural *diablerie* of Dobler.

Now, disposed as *Punch* may be to coincide in their opinion, *Punch* cannot quite allow that he thinks it is a fair one; in so far at least as it tends to make comparison between a rapper and a conjurer. The spirit tricksters always do their chief tricks in the dark, and only in the presence of persons who believe in them. Sceptics like *Mr. Punch* are carefully excluded, or if admitted, obtain entrance upon such conditions only as preclude their fairly testing the trickeries they witness. In fact, knowing well what clumsy machinery they work with, the rappers live in constant dread of its detection, and by working in the dark they take precautions not to let the faintest ray of light upon it. They confess themselves thereby far inferior to the Wizards of the North, South, East, or West, and in no sense are they worthy to be named in the same breath with a Houdin or a Dobler, or a Wiljalda Frikell. No: Mr. Home may call himself a Rapper if he likes; but, whatever else he be, he clearly is No Conjurer.

Unspeakable Atrocity.

Those horrid snobs who deprecate the nice new horse-ride which Mr. Cowper has provided for the Superior Classes in Kensington Gardens—wretches who are unable to pronounce the letter *h* in its right place—have actually the bad taste and vulgarity to denominate that fashionable hippodrome an 'ossification of the lungs of London!

WORTH A RAP AND SOMETHING MORE.

It is evident, by what we hear of the gains of the Spirit-rapping business, that its professors must obtain a considerable command over one *medium* at least—and that is the circulating *medium*.

A SPIRIT DRAWING. BY OUR OWN MEDIUM.

MRS. GROUSE AND MRS. PARTRIDGE.

(An Autumn Eclogue.)

Mrs. Grouse.
Good morning, Mrs. Partridge, I hope that Mr. P.
Is well, and all the little ones?

Mrs. Partridge.
Quite, thank you, Mrs. G.
And how are all *your* family, and connections, in the heather?

Mrs. Grouse.
Why—what *can* one expect, with this miserable weather?
I've lost six of my last thirteen, and poor G.'s cough's quite hacking.

Mrs. Partridge.
You should try a change of air.

Mrs. Grouse.
Yes. We're thinking about packing.
But you know with a sick husband, and small family besides—

Mrs. Partridge (*sympathisingly*).
Ah! Indeed I do, my dear. When you and I were brides,
We thought little of the troubles and the worrits and vexations,
As thick as crows at sowing-time in married life's probations;
But really what with egg-stealers, and gamekeepers, and poachers,—
Not to speak of stoats and foumarts, and such four-footed encroachers,—
And those murderous breech-loaders, and those cruel patent cartridges,
I wonder one finds heart to lay, and brood and hatch young partridges.
Then there's that Gladstone too—the man is one of my specific hates—
Must be going and reducing the charge for Game certificates!
I suppose there weren't already guns enough—past keeping count of 'em—
Blazing and banging at us, that he doubles the amount of 'em.
One would think his *bottle*-conjuring, with all its crop of quarrels,
Might have made him somewhat scrupulous of so increasing *barrels*.

Mrs. Grouse.
Such Glad-stones may do for pavement, side by side with good intentions;
Of course you know *they* serve to *pave* a place one never mentions:
But one thing we *do* owe the man.

Mrs. Partridge.
Indeed? And pray what is it?

Mrs. Grouse.
Not one M.P. upon the 12th was free the Moors to visit.
Thanks to Mr. Gladstone's budget, and the way that it was gibbeted.

Mrs. Partridge.
And that cock-and-bull-Reform Bill—

Mrs. Grouse.
No doubt that, too, contributed—
Treas'ry Bench and Opposition, on the one ground or the other,
Instead of firing into *us*, have been firing at each other.
Spending their powder and their shot in squabbling, talk, and chatter,
As if time were so abundant that its waste could make no matter.
How John Bull stands that House, with all its blatancy and bubbles,
Amazes us up on the Moors—

Mrs. Partridge.
And us, down in the stubbles.
Think if *our* old cocks sat crowing and laying down the law,
When they should be picking grubs up for their ladies in the straw,
Or on the watch for keepers or beaters, or p'raps netters,
Not to speak of guns and pointers, retriever dogs and setters?

Mrs. Grouse.
Yes, indeed, dear Mrs. P.; and if *we* in *our* vocation,
Behaved like representatives of this poor British nation,
What hosts of ill-starred squeakers to death we should see paddled,
What number of good eggs, by bad sitting, would be addled!
What scores of bad eggs brooded that could never come to chicks,
However sanguine the mamma, and free from gadding tricks.
In short, G. says, if *we* did things "*in Parliamenti modo.*"
Partridge and Grouse would shortly be as mythic as the Dodo!

Mrs. Partridge.
"'Tis an ill wind blows no one good," so the old proverb runs,
The more M.P.s fire off their talk, the less they'll use their guns.
And when they do, it's well for us, though serious for their pots,
That, judging by their speeches, they're uncommonly bad shots.
And *we* shan't run much danger if our legislators' aim
Be as bad at grouse and partridge, as at House of Commons game.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

P—m—n. "IT'S NO USE YOU KEEPERS WAITING THERE; THEY WON'T 'BE UP' FOR A LONG TIME."

SINGULAR IF TRUE.

*(An extract from the Note-book of a Spiritual Enthusiast.)**

IN the name of the Prophet,—Figs!" was the oft repeated cry of the truly pious Mussulman; and a similar ejaculation may possibly be uttered by unbelieving Giaours who read this strange narration, and instead of being awed by it, incline to laugh at my expense. The fearfully appalling facts which I describe, these sceptics will regard as merely optical delusions, and of no moment whatever, even were they truths. But disbelief is the resource of uninquiring intellects. Sluggish minds decline to jump to a conclusion. They find such mental exercise very far too active for them. Scepticism is indeed the common characteristic of the vulgar English people. Your snub plebeian nose turns up at anything which is not stupidly conventional. It is the sharp, thin, highborn nostril that sniffs out novel wonders, and graciously inclines itself to persons who are elsewhere held in doubtful odour. Sweet to it is the propinquity of savans and philosophers whom the common *plebs* regards as charlatans and quacks, because it is too lazy to submit to be converted by them.

To begin at the beginning, it is needful I should state, that I thoroughly believe in all the mysteries of spirit-rapping, and have often turned my hand to the turning of a table, which science (so my friends say) has almost turned my head. All my life indeed, or at least since I have come to years of gin-discretion, I have had an almost daily acquaintanceship with spirits, and have summoned them whenever I have (*gratis*) got the chance. My last spiritual intercourse was, however, so extraordinary that I feel it is my duty to expand the notes I made of it: a feeling which I need not say is somewhat strengthened by the hope that my narration will be liberally paid for by the editor who has the fortune to be favoured with it.

Having thus taken the reader into my confidence, I must now take him, in spirit, to the parlour of a tavern, where the spiritual wonders occurred which I relate. The time is morning; and the only persons present are two gentlemen, one of whom, it must be needless to mention, is myself. The other is a friend of mine, whom I have ever trusted as far as I could see him, and if he gave me good security would even trust him farther still. We are at breakfast, and two bloaters have been placed before me, which I am requested by my friend to help. In one hand I hold a knife which is rather the worse for wear, having a split handle and a limp bent point; and in the other I have a fork which is not over clean, and has been in its youth deprived of one of its three prongs. Just as I am proceeding to obey my friend's behest, and am in the act of transfixation of the bloater which is next to me, I see the fish give a decided wriggle with its tail, as though it were endeavouring to escape my thrust; and at the same time a soft gurgle strikes upon my ear, apparently proceeding from the gullet of the fish. Startled, yet not appalled, by what is very obviously a spiritual phenomenon, I prepare again to thrust my fork into the fish; but lo! again there is a waggle of the spirit-moving tail, and again I hear a murmur of soft music from the mouth. This convincing me, of course, that a spirit must be present, I gain my friend's permission to use him as a Medium, and go through the usual dodges to place him *en rapport*. To the question, if the Bloater had anything to say why we should not demolish it, the response was given audibly, "*I guess you'd better not!*" and then, in explanation of this spiritual warning, we were told that it (the fish) had died a natural death, and it felt therefore pretty sure that it would disagree with us. Being asked, what it could do to show that we might trust it, the Bloater gradually raised itself, and stood straight up on its tail; and then most reverentially bowed its head to each of us, and placed at the same time its fin upon its heart. The Bloater then informed us, that its parents were both dead, and that the fish which lay beside it was its only brother; a cruel codling having swallowed all the spawn their mother laid, with the exception of the ova whence these two orphans sprang. On being further questioned as to its relations, the Bloater said it was descended on the side of its great grandmother from the singing fish inhabiting the waters of Ceylon; and proudly added that this ancestress had assisted in the chorus at the concert under water, which was given some few years since at the bottom of Lake Chilka, in the presence of a most distinguished auditory; among whom was the Governor, Sir Emerson Tennent, who was good enough to publish a report of the performance in his interesting book. This confession tempted me to ask the fish, if the ancestral talent had descended to it, and, a modest gulp and gurgle confessing that it had, I boldly asked the Bloater to oblige us with a song. Whereat with a slight show of not unnatural reluctance, the fish, in a faint treble, struck up this plaintive stave:—

"Some like coffee, some like tea,
Some like herrings just like Me!
I once was white: I now am red:
Just think of this when you go to bed.
Chorus. Sitch a getting up-stairs, and a——"

Here the singer was attacked with a violent fit of coughing, which it explained by telling us that some of the salt it had been cured with had got into its gills. Further conversation being thus precluded, our interesting *séance* was perforce brought to an end. I ought to add, however, that my friend, who as I have said had been acting as my Medium, had been throughout the interview in a most excited state, declaring every now and then that he believed I had gone mad, or else—I can't help smiling at the ludicrous alternative—or else he said, I had been dining out the night before, and had not yet managed to get over my debauch. To convince him how preposterous was this absurd impression, I asked him which of the four bloaters he would like first to be helped to, that I might show him that my hand and head were every whit as clear and steady as his own. On this he burst into a coarse laugh, and protested that there were only two fish in the dish; which of course was pure invention suggested by his malice at finding me the one most spiritually favoured; for it was I who first found out that there were spirits present, and thus had proved I was more influenced by them than himself.

* *Mr. Punch* need scarcely state that, though the writer of this narrative is perfectly well-known to him, he does not put the slightest atom of belief in it, nor does he expect that any of his readers will. They are, however, welcome to do so if they like, so long as they first *buy*, and do not meanly *borrow*, the number that contains it. In the words of the immortal showman (slightly altered), *Mr. Punch* would say: "My dears, first pay me down your money, and then I will concede you leave to take your choice."

THE SONG OF THE TALKATIVE MEMBER.

Air—"*Let us all speak our minds, if we die for it.*"

Punch tells me 'tis fit that M.P.s should submit
To be tongue-tied submissively, meekly:
That the nonsense we say for some eight hours a day
Should be cut down to one hour weekly;
We are begged, just for peace, our prattle to cease,
As there's neither a wherefore nor why for it;
But I can't and I don't, and I shan't, and I won't—
No, I *will* make a speech, if I die for it!

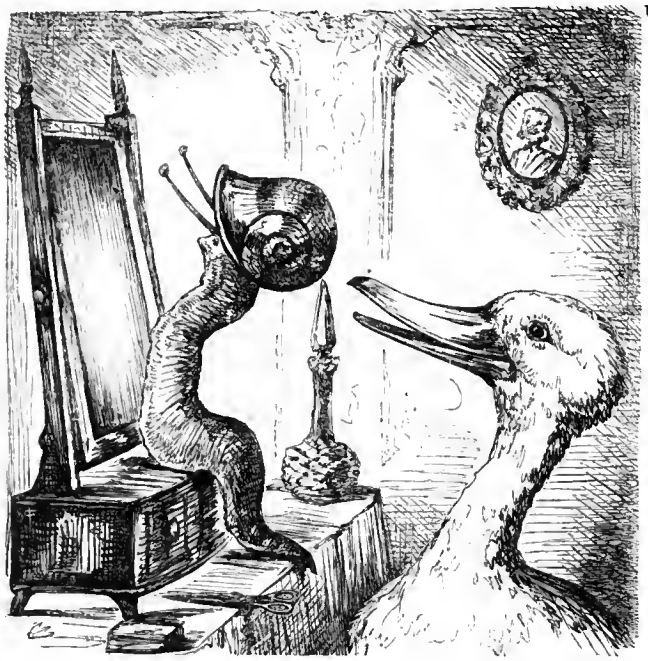
Friends who owe one a grudge say one's talk is all fudge—
Mere bombast and bunkum, and so on:
But you'll surely allow we've a right to say how,
We consider that matters should go on.
The business indeed would far quicker proceed,
If we simply said "No" or said "Aye" to it:
But we don't, and we can't, and we won't, and we shan't—
No, we *will* make a speech, if we die for it!

So all talkers, I hope, will take plenty of rope,
Nor care with what interests they trifle;
With ease, if we choose our tongues but to use,
We may all legislation quite stifle.
Let Pam, if he will, then bid us be still,
And silent, he'll have to pay high for it;
For we can't and we don't, and we shan't, and we won't—
No, we'll all of us speak, if we die for it!

The Pope's Own.

Pope's *Essay on Man* is a great work; but Pope's *Essay on* (*Irish*) *man* seems likely to turn out an alarming failure. We perceive that Major Laffan, the commander of these broths of boys,—broths that boil up at once, and require no stirring at all, at all—appends to his name the appropriate addition "of Knock Abbey," a name redolent of the Church-militant. He must find his duty of keeping down the Celtic exuberance of the Brigade anything but a Laffan matter.

COMPOSITION BY AN ENGLISH MASTER.



Out of all the curiosities of advertising literature few are much more remarkable than the subjoined advertisement:—

Mansion House School, St. David's, Exeter, will Re-open on Thursday, 26th July. Mr. Hyphen has a few vacancies to supply the places of Pupils leaving school.

This School educates Boys for the Civil Service, Military, and Oxford and Cambridge Local Examinations.

The instruction of the whole School is preparatory for these latter examinations, the highest class going in for the senior, and the next for the junior branch of them. At the Oxford Local Examination for 1859, Mr. Hyphen passed more Candidates than any School in England, and at the Cambridge Examination for the same year was second only to the Liverpool Collegiate Institution.

Mr. Hyphen's school educates boys for the "Oxford and Cambridge Local Examinations" as well as for "the Civil Service" and the "Military." That is, perhaps, to say, that Mr. Hyphen does not educate them without assistance. If Mr. Hyphen did "pass more candidates than any school in England" last year at the Oxford Local Examination, and (in passing candidates) "was second only to the Liverpool Collegiate Institution," it must be presumed that he did not educate them in all the branches of learning wherein he contrived to pass them. Indeed it is difficult to conceive in what department of education he could possibly have instructed them. Mr. Hyphen appears to be what is called an English master, and to merit that appellation by inability to write English. What does he mean by saying that he "has a few vacancies to supply the places of pupils leaving school?" Grammatically this is nonsense; but the sense which he would express, if he could, probably is simply that he has a few vacancies for pupils. Unless he keeps a staff of competent ushers, doesn't he wish he may get them?

A Song about a Sheriff.

The penalty which Mr. Justice Blackburn imposed the other day at Guildford on 'Squire Evelyn, the respected High Sheriff of Surrey, will long be remembered in that polite sphere of society of which the affable and learned Judge is so distinguished an ornament. In moments of postprandial conviviality, no doubt, Judge Blackburn will often be called upon to oblige the company with the song of "*The Fined Old English Gentleman.*"

MAKING GAME OF THE SPEAKER.

An enthusiastic partridge-shooter, who has the misfortune to be an M.P., and of course looks forward with horror to the prolongation of the Session into September, under the influence of his partridge prepossessions, the other day addressed the august occupant of the Chair of the House as "Mr. Squeaker."

OUR ROVING CORRESPONDENT.

"My dear Punch,

"When good Queen Bess, of pious memory, visited the well-known College of Saint Ulric's, Eastminster, the young gentlemen who were educated at that establishment used to pass in review before her.

"Who has not heard the pretty jest (all jests were pretty in those days) made by the scholar who, on one of these occasions was asked by her Majesty, when he had last been flogged? Quoting a celebrated Epic poet, as he dropped on one knee, the arch boy replied—

"Infandum, regina jubes, renovare dolorem,"

and was immediately rewarded with a groat from the Privy Purse, or, as some say, by a *buss* from the Royal lips.

"The anecdote was related to me as I pored over my Virgil in the fourth form at Eastminster, and I remember thinking the youth must have been a prodigy of wit and satire. For such a sally to so great a Bess, fourpence certainly seems an insignificant tip; but having my groat, I don't think I should have cared for the other portion of the *honorarium.*

"Grindley, whose fag I was at school, and who is now an undermaster at Eastminster, comes up to town for the holidays, and at breakfast with me one morning, suggested the above-mentioned subject for a picture.

"I don't think it would make a bad group. Fancy the maiden Queen in her Royal robes and ruffles (carefully studied in the Post-Peruginesque manner), Dr. Pedagogus, cap in hand, looking fat and smiling (as every Head-master ought to look in the presence of his Sovereign) and the chubby honest school-boy pointing to a flogging-stool 'of the period.'

"Full of the idea, I went down last week to the scenes of my youth, which I had not visited for many years. '*O Tempus edax rerum!*' what has become of the Tantivy coach, driven by Snaffler, ablest of whips, by whose side I was so proud to sit, as the vehicle rolled up to the College Arms? The journey which once occupied a day, is now accomplished in a couple of hours. The Tantivy has gone the way of all wood and varnish, and Snaffler—perhaps he too has driven off into Hades.

"There are moments in a man's life subject to sensations which it is impossible to define. What were mine on revisiting these Classic regions? Was the retrospect pleasurable or otherwise? I vow I cannot say. A host of old associations rise up to plead on either side, and make the verdict doubtful. When the author of *The Anatomy of Melancholy* felt unhappy, he rushed to the river-side, and listened to the bargemen's merry chaff. For my part I prefer a moral homœopathy, and earnestly recommend stinging-nettles for ill-humour. Was Burton gloomy at sixteen? I trow not. Schools never grow old. Schoolboys are always jolly—

"O fortunatos nimium sua si bona nôrint."

[you see I am quoting from the Latin Grammar, with which I was once tolerably familiar: don't suppose, however, that *I* wish to set up for a scholar, or can construe so much as a line of Ovid without a dictionary.]

"It is twelve o'clock, and the boys come rushing down from prayers, which, in accordance with ancient precedent are always recited in the heathen tongue. Two or three of the monitors in infinitesimal white ties (in *my* day we exhibited a bow of gigantic proportions) stalk up, and, with a sort of bashful impudence, characteristic of our British youth—inquire my business. 'An old Oppidan, eh?' says one, 'what name? Easel? O yes—it's *up school* in the fourth, along with Jones and Tryaggen.' (We all had our names painted up on the walls in mediæval characters by a High Church plumber who held hereditary office, and so only charged us a guinea a-piece for the job). 'I suppose you'd like to go over the old shop—and I say—come and dine with us in Hall,' added the Captain very graciously. 'Senior table you know—let me see—mutton to-day—here! You feller. Brown! run to Mother Hardbrake's, and get me a pot of red-currant jelly, and—hi, stop a minute! can't you—say the last was mildewy, and she'd better send it good this time—look sharp now, take it to Hall.' And here Mr. Brown, Jun., who in the holidays has a powdered retainer, six feet high, with tremendous calves, to do his bidding, set off on his errand without a murmur.

"Yes, Mrs. B., your son is undergoing his probationary term as a fag, as many a good fellow has done before him. Very dreadful, is it not? gentle youths treated as menials. Confess now, didn't you expect that in a community of gentlemen, '&c. &c. &c.' Gentlemen! Lord bless you, Madam, if I kept Burke's *Peerage* in my studio (I mean to get a copy as soon as ever I can afford it—it looks so very respectable)—I say if I had the *Peerage* or the *Palace Register* at hand, I could point out a dozen titled personages who, in the capacity of fags, have made coffee, brushed coats, and posted letters for Jack Easel, Esq., and I, in my turn have done a hundred like kind offices for Messrs. Bobtail and Tagge (the eminent button-manufacturers) before those gentlemen assumed the *toga virilis*, or succeeded to their parent's business. And are we not all the better for the discipline? If you had brought up Master Brown at home on the Sandford and Merton plan, or sent him to Pentonville Proprietary Academy, or to

read with a Swiss pastor at Zurich, or placed him at the Honourable and Reverend Meeley Mouther's Seminary for young gentlemen, he might have escaped 'the horrid system;' but permit me to say, that he would in all probability have grown up a milksop, and perhaps encountered worse evils than having to fetch a pot of jam. At a private school he might have been at the mercy of any tall dunce who chose to bully him. As for foreign establishments—I own I am prejudiced—but when I remember what an insufferable young puppy a French '*écolier*' generally is, when I think of German '*burschen*' ripping up each other's noses in honour of a yard of twopenny ribbon, I must say I am thankful my *Alma Mater* lived on British soil.

"As we enter the old building, Bob the porter looks hard at me and touches his hat. How many nights has Bob mounted guard at the College gates—the old Cerberus! (he has but one head on his shoulders, but it is a knowing one). Bob is stern and incorrupt. If young gentlemen will stay out after lock-hours, is it his fault? Bob has a son who is called young Bob, and is growing up the image of his sire. By-and-by he will hold the keys of office and become old Bob himself (the *sobriquet* is hereditary), 'and thus from hour to hour we ripe and ripe, and then—' pooh! the sentiment is an old one.

"A score of familiar objects present themselves, and set me a-thinking of old times. At this desk sat Dick searching for 'synonyms' in his *Gradus*, and composing those wonderful stanzas which were sure to be criticised so unmercifully the next morning. In those days it was the fashion to translate Pope into Latin elegiacs (we were rather famous for our verses at Eastminster), and I remember Dick's 'rendering' 'Lo, the poor Indian whose untutored, &c.' by

"Indicus ecce rudis *cujus mens* artibus expers,"

than which, perhaps you never read a more execrable hexameter. I thought Dr. Dactyl, the second master, would have gone off in a fit of apoplexy when he read the line, but his constitution survived the shock; and I read in the *Guardian* the other day that he had been raised to the See of Azov, in which episcopal and lucrative post he will doubtless be able to turn his attention to 'quantities.' Here sat poor Dick, I say, thumbing his *Gradus* or stammering over the woes of *Hecuba*—yet why '*poor* Dick?' if he made no use of his pen, he soon learned to wield his sword. In the shout of battle he forgot the horrors of a Greek chorus, and gained more laurels one morning in the Crimea than he might have gathered all his life hobbling over Mount Parnassus.

"What has become of the rest of 'our set?' Where is the studious Mugwell who read Hebrew better than the Doctor himself, and whose highest ambition was to gain the Scholarship awarded to proficients in that profound language? Where are the laughter-loving Jolliffe, and Trotman of the seedy highlows? Where is Swellington, the beauty of whose waistcoats so raised our envy that we called him, ironically, the 'Gorgeous Vest?' Some we have missed, and some we know, and some it is expedient to forget. I saw Lord Stonehouse cut Fred Stippler dead last year in Rome because the honest painter had adopted the easy dress and manners of the Café Hellenico, and yet I remember them together at the school-confectioner's, vowing eternal friendship and pledging each other in goblets of ginger beer. '*Tick me a puff*, Mother Hardbake!' I think I hear his Lordship say. Good Heavens! what a lot of pastry we could digest in those days!

* * * * *

"I dined in Hall at one o'clock—taking my old seat and drinking the old ale (Corks the butler knows my tap); afterwards went into the Fives Court, and was beaten in three games 'easy' by young Racket, of the fifth form, and at last came away, thankful in my heart for that fine Old English Institution—A Public School.

"There! I have made my sketch. The Limner's name goes in the corner—thus,

"Jack Easel, *fecit*."

A SWIMMING EXAMPLE.

We in general pay but small regard to penny-a-liner paragraphs, but here is one deserving of exception from our rule:—

"Presence of Mind.—A son of Mr. T. of Windsor, between ten and eleven years old, while fishing in the River Thames, fell into the water. Although unable to swim, the little fellow, having seen his father indulge in the amusement of floating down the stream, had the presence of mind to imitate him, by throwing himself on his back, head straight, and his hands in his trouser's pockets. He thus floated some distance when Mr. A. of Windsor, who was rowing up the river, hearing the little fellow crying out 'God save me!' 'God help me!' immediately proceeded to his rescue."

"Death by drowning" is so frequent a heading in our newspapers that a paragraph like this forms an agreeable relief, and we think that the more widely it is read the better. We should like all "little fellows" of ten or twelve years old, to get by heart this little anecdote of how one of their own age saved himself from drowning although he could not swim. The story should be added to the *Boy's own Book*, and girls as well as boys should be made more self-reliant by it. "*Learn to Float*" should be an early lesson in a copy-book, and "*Keep your hands down*" might be written as the one just next preceding it. Children of both sexes, until they have learned to swim (and the sooner national swimming schools are thrown open the better), should have their minds impressed with the easily proved fact, that their bodies cannot sink, if they do but keep their hands down, and throw their heads well back. Let them take example by brave little Master T., who we hope as he grows up will go on swimmingly in life, and always be as able as he has been in this instance to keep his head above water.

LEGENDS NO LIES.

At the final meeting of the British Archæological Association the other day, there arose a discussion, reported to have been one of considerable interest, relative to the cause of the remarkable deformity of several of the skulls found at Wroxeter. These skulls are twisted all manner of ways—one side of the face, for example, projecting very far in front of the other, insomuch that, as in the case of the youth described by the late Charles Mathews, both the eyes, at least their sockets, may be seen in profile. In a paper on the subject of the crania thus queerly shaped, written by Dr. Henry Wright, their distortion was attributed to posthumous causes; moisture and subsequent frost. Mr. T. Wright, on the contrary, was inclined to think that the heads had been deformed in infancy, they having belonged, not to ancient Romans, but, to some of the barbarians who had destroyed the city of Uriconium. In this opinion it is probable that Mr. T. Wright is not altogether wrong.

On the mind of which the early faith remains unperverted by modern scientific theories, there can be no doubt that the misshapen skulls in question are those of barbarians, whether born with lop-sided loggerheads on their shoulders, or having had their numskulls squeezed awry in their cradles; of which suppositions the former is by far the more probable. The universality with which *Blunderbore* and his brethren, in *Jack the Giant-Killer* and all the like illuminated works which antiquity has handed down for the instruction of youth, are represented with monstrous heads, whilst the same conformation has from time immemorial been given to similar characters in Christmas Pantomimes, evidences a constant tradition of the existence of an ancient race of savages whose heads were malformed and misproportioned, and who were also remarkable for prodigious noses and goggle eyes. To this class belonged the ogres and giants about whom we used to read, and who were no doubt all killed off by such heroes as the *Jack* whose adventures are recounted in the chronicle above quoted, and his celebrated namesake of the Beanstalk. The bulging and contorted skulls dug up at Wroxeter are doubtless the remains of some of the enormous louts who were destroyed either by one of those two Champions, or by one of the Seven, or by some other equally doughty deliverer. Perhaps it was *Guy of Warwick* who extirpated all those other Guys. Geology has already proved the literal correctness of those records of the nursery which allege the former existence of dragons; authentic animals whose relics we behold in the bones of the flying saurians. There is every season to suppose that they belched smoke and fire. Archæology, hand in hand with the sister science, demonstrates, in the amorphous skulls discovered at Wroxeter, the kindred fact, that this island was once the abode of a race of horribly absurd wretches at least closely allied to *Cormoran*, *Blunderbore*, and their gigantic brotherhood, by their ugly mugs. None but the obstinately incredulous can refuse to believe in the British griffins of old, and the giants who, physiognomically, must have very closely resembled the griffins.

List, List, Oh List!

Captain Styles should mind his eye. Enlisting Volunteers for Garibaldi is a noble enterprise, but had better be carried out "upon the shady side of the law." Otherwise John Styles may find himself restored to his old relations with John Doe and Richard Roe.

Prolix Talkers (*especially true of the Parleurs in Parliament*). They bore and bore, but with all their boreing, they never penetrate.

OBVIOUS!

Captain of Volunteers. "*Now, have you got any more Ammunition?*"
The Company (in Chorus). "*No—no—all gone!*"
Captain. "*Ah!—Well!—Ah!—CEASE FIRING!*"

THE PRINCE AND HIS PRESENTS.

The Prince of Wales seems having a hard time of it in Canada. Not merely is he daily bored with deputations, and nightly burthened with State-dinners, or bothered by State-balls where the folks don't know the figures of even a quadrille, and His Royal Highness has to teach his partners how to polk; but besides all this, it seems, the Prince is hourly pestered with inanimate annoyances, in the shape of presents made to him by advertising tradesmen, whose aim is that their names should be mentioned in the papers in connection with the Prince. As a sample of this dodge, and not the least unpleasant one, we find the following reported in the *Daily News*:—

"Presents for the Prince of Wales.—A Canadian paper says, our friend Robinson, the scissors-grinder, has prepared a rustic chair for presentation; and we venture to predict that His Royal Highness will not see anything in Canada with which he will be more astonished than he will be with this same chair. It is ornamented with snakes and serpents, as well as woodcuts of Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell, who are supposed to be waiting for an audience with the Prince. Mr. Robinson has also made two walking-sticks for His Royal Highness, one of which is painted black, and is intended to be used at funerals only."

Of course the Falls of Niagara will fall into the shade in comparison with the chair which "our friend Robinson, the scissors-grinder," has been preparing to "astonish" the mind of the young Prince. If the prediction of the Canadian reporter be fulfilled, nothing in the way of nature or of art will come up to this wondrous piece of sedentary location; with its fanciful adornment of snakes entwined with serpents (will the writer by the next mail teach us to distinguish them?), wherewith our two first statesmen are appropriately placed. The walking-sticks moreover were most suitably selected: for everybody knows how much our nobles use them, and how no funeral equipment is esteemed complete without them.

We could wish though Mr. Robinson, before he got his gifts in readiness, had considered if His Royal Highness could receive them, without sacrificing somewhat the dignity of England, and of England's Sovereign whom he represents. To make our Princes presents implies that they have need of the articles presented, and this clearly is an insult to the country of their birth. If Royalty wants rustic chairs John Bull can afford to pay for them, and need not be beholden to Colonial Mr. Robinsons to supply the Royal want. Mr. Bull did not send his eldest son to Canada to be treated like a beggar by whom the smallest contributions, walking-sticks included, would be thankfully received. Mr. Robinson no doubt had not the least intention of insulting Mr. Bull. All that he intended was, just to get his name put forward in the newspapers, as one of the 'cute traders who tried to do a stroke of business by toadying the Prince. But Mr. Bull will not allow his Royal boys in this way to be made commercial travellers, by being used when travelling for purposes of trade. And he therefore gives this scissors-grinder a rap upon the knuckles with one of his own walking-sticks, and assures him, that his absence from the Royal precincts will always be esteemed more highly than his presents.

A BULLYING BOY WELL WHIPPED.

Oh, weep for the hour,
When to Evelyn's bower
The Lord Chief Justice with a birch rod came;
Master E. he looked affright,
As very well he might,
And wished he hadn't played such a cheeky game.

Master E. has lots of tin,
And he thought to save his skin
By affixing to a cheque his extremely solvent name;
But Sir Alexander C.
Whipped the humptious Master E.,
And taught him that the Judges were not bumpkin's game.

Slavery.—A Black Thorn in the side of America.

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GOOD PLAIN COOK. "*Three Cattipillers in the Brockilow, Miss!!! Why, I thought, after all this rain we've had, one couldn't have been left alive!*"

NOTHING LIKE LEATHER.

LORD PALMERSTON well remarked, that it was amusing to see the different views which different Members took of the subject of fortifications, according to their different lines of thought. The plan of maintaining an efficient fleet and army, and, in addition, fortifying our chief dockyards and arsenals with stone walls and other defences calculated to enable a few men to hold them for several weeks is, in *Mr. Punch's* opinion, the best that could be adopted—next to that of applying to the defence of the nation those lighter works which are on sale at 85, Fleet Street.

An Impossible Compound.

SOME people affect to separate the spiritual from the temporal capacity of the Sovereign Pontiff, the Holiness from the Humbug. It is, however, difficult to conceive a personage who is half Humbug and half Holiness; and by far the more natural supposition is, that the Holiness of Rome is wholly Humbug.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

August 20. *Monday.* The Lords doing crank-work—grinding away with almost profitless exertion at the nearly needless measures sent them by the Commons. From this description of their labours must, however, be excepted their Second Reading of the Bill for providing Fortifications, which, with all due deference to LORD PALMERSTON'S French "friend," can neither be regarded as profitless nor needless. On this point spake LORD ELLENBOROUGH with his usual spirit, and perhaps with something more than his usual common sense:—

"I vote for this measure most willingly, because I entertain that firm distrust of the French Government which LORD JOHN RUSSELL frankly told the French Government months ago all the world would entertain if that Government persevered in its scheme for annexing Savoy and Nice. . . . And because when a man has once so committed himself by his conduct as to give reason to suppose that he does not act from pure motives, those who believe him afterwards—say what he may—deserve any misfortune that may befall them."

If this should catch the eye of Our Foreign Correspondent it may explain why his kind letter was not received so gushingly in England as he hoped; for nine Englishmen in ten are of LORD ELLENBOROUGH'S opinion, and the tenth would be so, too, if he did but read his *Punch.*

The Commons met at half-past three, and before they got to business had their usual go of gab. Among the hundred other interesting topics which were talked of, SIR W. GALLWEY complained of the condition of Victoria Street, where, thanks to the exertions of a Commission, called facetiously the "Westminster Improvement" one, houses are in ruins, and their inmates are in rags, and sites for building are so filthy they are not fit to be seen. As a climax to the horrors of this Carthage of a place, which deserves the word *Delenda* to mark it in the map, SIR W. GALLWEY said, that in a corner near the Abbey, the Dean and Chapter had constructed a most hideous erection, which "outside looked like a nunnery, and was inside, he understood, a den of attorneys" (!). If SIR W. really wishes to improve our public thoroughfares (which are many of them so foul that no fair one can walk thorough them), there are other hideous nuisances for him to try his hand on: such, for instance, as the organ-fiends, the singing blacks, and howling bellowers, who especially infest the "quiet" streets and squares, where decent people who pay taxes have to live, and work, and sleep—that is, if, having been born deaf, or being blest with nerves of cast-iron, they can contrive to do so. *Mr. Punch,* he need not say, will be "the man for GALLWEY," should that gentleman want help to bring all these street nuisances beneath the operation of the Nuisances Removal Act.

The Syrian question being opened, LORD PALMERSTON protested, in reply to MR. MONSELL, that he thought it was of vital consequence to Europe that *one* of the Two Sick Men should be kept still alive, and capable of kicking; for there undoubtedly would be a jolly row among his neighbours if he even were dismembered, or, worse still, became defunct. Then an Irish row of the first magnitude arose, in reference to the Irish Party Emblems Bill, which MR. HENNESSY protested was the "hoighth of insult;" while several other Members, who by their language owned the sister-kingdom as their mother, declared they felt the Bill a degradition to their counthree, and, bedad, they meant to foight it to the last dhrop of their breath.

Tuesday. Lords still at the crank. Commons in the morning got through a little business and a lot of talk. In the evening another of the Innocents was Massacred; but as the innocent was nothing more than a small Bill for doing something for the natives of New Zealand, (which, since you ask the question, Viscount *is* a long way off), of course the House was moved but little by the sacrifice, the only motion being that it should be made.

A discussion then took place upon the Bill for Naval Discipline, which LORD CHARLES PAGET explained was to supersede an Act passed in the reign of CHARLES THE SECOND, that had since then been the text-book of our naval law. It was thought that as this old Act had now seen service for two centuries, there might be some few holes in it which required repairing; but on being overhauled it was found, like the gunboats, in such a rotten state, that the Government resolved that it should be put out of commission, and that a new one should be launched, spick and span, to take its place. The Bill (which in the main was approved by almost all the great naval authorities, including MR. AYRTON and MR. WISCOUNT WILLIAMS), will usefully facilitate the holding of courts-martial, and will secure them an extension of their power to give punishment, by allowing them more liberty to sentence men to less of it. Traitors, and only traitors, will, without alternative, if found guilty, suffer death; but cowards and deserters, and all lesser offenders, including thieves and drunkards, will be punished by imprisonment, by flogging, or dismissal, it being left to the court-martial, in its judgment, to judge which. So when JACK has his Gill (and something more, perhaps) of spirits, and his grog by ill-luck happens to get into his head, he will not of necessity be made a marked man (on his back) for it. Eight-and-forty lashes is the maximum of flogging which can henceforth be awarded, and no one for a first offence

of any sort will suffer it. As the Cat has been considered one of the worst hindrances to the manning of our fleets, *Mr. Punch* would give due prominence to the above-recorded facts. He would note too, that LORD PAGET "could show, by sure statistics, that this degrading punishment is steadily decreasing, and is gradually but certainly dying out of the service." So cheer up, my lads! Take heart, ye hearts of oak! Your old enemy is clearly now on its last legs. Although the Cat may have as many lives as tails, there is no doubt that common sense will ere long be the death of it. "Jack Tar" is said to be derived from *jactari*, to boast: and certainly our Jack Tars may boast that by good conduct they are gradually driving the Cat out of the service.

With the exception of a word or two about the DEAN OF YORK, the doubling of whose snug little salary MR. BERNAL OSBORNE spoke of as "the great job of the Session," the whole remainder of the evening was occupied by what one can but call a Jolly Row, on the subject of the Bill about the Roman Catholic Charities, which was proposed to be "amended" by striking out Clause I. MR. HENNESSY declared that so far from being viewed as a charitable act, the measure now must rather be regarded as a penal one; and although his name, he owned, was on its back, he wished the Bill to be dishonoured and returned with "no effects." This wish was repeated by CARDINAL WISEMAN'S echo (need *Punch* mention SIR GEORGE BOWYER?), who indulged in such a quantity of kind remarks about the Government, that the SPEAKER had to tell him he was getting "unparliamentary," and LORD PALMERSTON accused him of "not being a master of his own language," which, as he talked the best of Billingsgate, was a rather cruel cut.

Wednesday. In the Commons MR. COCHRANE wished to know if MR. EVELYN, "the fined old English gentleman," would, because of his high character, be let off paying the £500 imposed for his late lark at Guildford. Whereto SIR CORNEWALL LEWIS replied, he had no doubt of the High Sheriff's high character, but that was no apology for his low behaviour. If he wanted to be let off, he should petition the Home Secretary, and not bother the House; but his better plan would be to make two notes in EVELYN'S *Diary: Mem.* To fork out the Five Hundred; and *Mem.* Don't insult a Judge again!

The Union of City Benefices Bill then came on for discussion, and was eventually ordered to be reported, but actually not until no fewer than fifty-nine short speeches had been made on it.

The House adjourned at 5·40, when the Government proceeded (by a *Citizen* steamboat) to discuss by far the most important business of the day:—viz., their annual Whitebait Feed at the Trafalgar Hotel, Greenwich. Covers were laid for thirty; nearly all of whom remembered that punctuality is the soul of dining; the only late arrival being the RIGHT HON. WILLIAM GLADSTONE, who, it was supposed, had been at work upon the Paper Duties, and who was greeted with a shout of "O, WILLIE, we have missed you!" *Mr. Punch* was the only favoured visitor invited, and occupied the post of honour at the right-hand of the Chair. The dinner that was served was worthy of the occasion, and so was *Mr. Punch's* appetite, which indeed but rarely fails him when there is something good to eat. It was, however, noticed that the bait were rather large; another penalty entailed by a late Session on our senators, and which, it may be hoped, they will not readily forget. The only toast worth recording was the health of *Mr. Punch;* and this LORD PALMERSTON proposed in an elegant oration, which *Mr. Punch's* modesty forbids him to report. Having gone into Committee on the Provisional Expenses Bill, which was not laid upon the table until rather a late hour, the Members of both Houses adjourned to *Mr. Punch's* residence, where the sitting, like the Session, had its end in smoke.

Thursday. Being up so late last night, both Houses adjourned early; Lords knocking off at six, and Commons being actually Counted Out at eight. But before they called their Hansoms, they passed the Bills for Naval Discipline, and for Union of Benefices, and (in spite of SIR G. BOWYER, who said that there was no morality in England now that divorces had become as cheap a luxury as pine-apples) they read a Second Time the Divorce Court Bill. Moreover, they found time for lamenting with LORD PALMERSTON, that the PASHA OF EGYPT had been sold by buying shares in the Suez Canal bubble; and they listened for some minutes to SIR DE LACY EVANS, who wants to see a biggish fort or two stuck on Shooter's Hill, and if he gets them (as a tax-payer, *Punch* wishes that he may!) will probably then ask to have the ditto done for Primrose.

Friday. The LORD CHANCELLOR brought in a Bill to repeal a heap of statutes which, although as old and obsolete as a Court of Justice jokes, have by some slip only been "impliedly repealed." This Bill he observed, would lop off a lot of useless limbs from the body of the law, so that what is now so bulky will collapse into a moderate and manageable size. His Lordship also called attention to the law reforms which have been effected in the Session, and delivered an affecting funeral oration upon such of his sixteen small legal children as had died. Of these he specially lamented the fate of all his seven little Criminal Innocents, who had been massacred most cruelly in the other House.

At half-past six the Commons were again Counted Out, there being only 3 and 20 Members present. This result was partly caused by some curious remarks which were let fall by SIR GEORGE BOWYER, on the subject of the doings of the hero GARIBALDI; whom, with singular consistency he first of all denounced as an "unprincipled pirate," and then fittingly belikened to that "patriotic" person, TANTIA TOPEE! *Mr. Punch* of course could not stop to listen to such balderdash as BOWYER'S, and so shut up his note-book, and hailed the nearest Hansom: an example which the Commons showed their Commons sense by following.

SHOCKING LANGUAGE IN THE LORDS.

THE House of Lords may assert its privileges; but if it wishes them to be respected, it must maintain its state. Bearing this maxim in mind, let us examine the subjoined remark, reported to have been uttered in the august assembly above-named by no less a person than the PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL. Is it possible that EARL GRANVILLE could have allowed the common, popular, mechanical, indeed I might almost say improper expression, contained in these words, to escape the enclosure of his Lordship's teeth?

"The other House had been sitting for an unprecedented number of hours every day, and it would not look very well for their Lordships to strike work five or six weeks before the end of the Session (*Oh, oh!*)—well, at any rate, a good month."

"Well, indeed may the very ignoble idiom, employed by the noble Lord to signify their Lordships' discontinuance of their legislative exertions, have excited, in the superior House of Parliament, the unusual exclamation of 'Oh, oh!' To speak of the cessation of labour as 'striking work' might not be astonishing on the part of an individual of no rank or position in Society, addressing an assembly of bricklayers; although indeed the adoption of the phrase would in that case involve a peculiarly objectionable allusion. But are the functions of the House of Peers to be degraded to a level with the manual occupations of journeymen, by being characterised, and that by a member of their own order, in language borrowed from the workshop? In what stonemason's yard did LORD GRANVILLE learn to represent the Peers of the Realm as proposing to 'strike work?' His phraseology was even less decorous than it would have been if he had described them as intending to shut up shop!

"EARL GRANVILLE'S mention of 'striking work' in reference to noble Lords, was certainly calculated to elicit ejaculations of remonstrance. But there is too much reason to believe that the protest of 'Oh, oh!' had a much less lofty meaning, and was intended to express, not any disapprobation of the terms which the noble Earl condescended to use, but, simply dissent from the statement which those extremely vernacular terms served his Lordship to convey. Where—as the late MR. LISTON might have demanded—where is the dignity of recognising such familiar forms of speech? Familiarity doth breed contempt, and contempt will entail political extinction. What would the great LORD CHATHAM have thought of speaking of the House of Lords as ready to 'strike work?' He would have probably fainted at the very idea, and thus have prematurely afforded the subject which he furnished to the pencil of COPLEY. At all events, before venturing to use such an expression, he would undoubtedly have exchanged the flowing and majestic wig of the statesman for the artificer's quadrangular and brown-paper cap. I have the honour to be eternally yours,

"THE SPIRIT OF SIR CHARLES GRANDISON."

"P.S. Make allowance for the Medium through whom I communicate, and correct my spelling."

A SPIRITED ATTACK.

BY A STRONG-MINDED ASSAILANT.

O MR. PUNCH,—

"ACCUSTOMED as you are to poke your fun at the most *solemn* subjects (have you not profanely cut your jokes about the *wide dresses* and *weather*, and punned your very worst upon a hundred other matters, which everybody else considers anything but laughing ones?) I am not at all astonished at the *ribald unbelief* with which the mysteries of Spirit-rapping have been welcomed in your columns. Scepticism is so frequent a resource of sluggish minds, and to ridicule is always so much easier than to reason, that nobody who knew you expected you would own yourself a convert to a faith which taxes to their utmost our powers of credulity. Instead of volunteering to come and be convinced by the arguments which nightly are extracted from our furniture, you hold yourself aloof in *lazy disbelief*, and refuse to let a Medium come across your threshold.* You turn a deaf ear to the *truths* which are rapped out of our tables, and when a spiritual enthusiast is lifted to the ceiling, you regard his elevation as the *height* of imposition, and rank it among one of a conjurer's *low tricks*.

"I must, however, grant that you do not cram your scepticism down the public throat, without adding now and then a bit of sugar to the dose. You are not quite so one-sided as are unbelievers generally, who when they choose to play *Sir Oracle*, allow no other dog to bark. By admitting to your columns the *interesting* narrative of the spirit-conversation of the Bloater and the Rapper, you let your readers have *some* knowledge of the wonders which are working, and gave them a fair chance of conversion to our faith. Although you sceptically headed the narration '*Strange, if True*,' you did not tamper with the facts that were so lucidly described in it, but allowed them, in the majesty of all their grand momentousness, to sink into the mind by the force of their own weight! For this you have my thanks, Sir, and the thanks of every lover of *justice* and of *truth*. But as you seem to cast some doubt upon the statement I refer to (every whit of which I need not say *I* thoroughly believe), I should like to be the means of allaying your suspicions, and convincing you that fish can *talk* and *sing* as well as *fly* and *swim*. Of the first of these four facts I need cite no further proof than the recent exhibition of the far-famed *Talking Fish*, whose premature decease was almost nationally deplored. The *second* interesting truth is stated in these words by SIR EMERSON TENNENT, to whom, as one of the distinguished patrons of its *grandmother*, the Bloater in the narrative so feelingly referred:—

"I distinctly heard the sounds in question. They came up from the water of Lake Chilka, in Ceylon, like the gentle thrills of a musical chord, or the faint vibrations of a wineglass, when its rim is rubbed by a wet finger. It was not one sustained note, but a multitude of tiny sounds, each clear and distinct in itself: the sweetest treble mingling with the lowest bass. On applying the ear to the woodwork of the boat, the vibration was greatly increased in volume by conduction. The sounds varied considerably at different points, as we moved across the lake, as if the numbers of the animals from which they proceeded was greatest in particular spots: and occasionally we rowed out of hearing of them altogether, until on returning to the original locality the sounds were at once renewed."

"Still further to prove the existence of these fish, which it appears are not confined to the waters of Ceylon, another eminent naturalist, DR. ADAMS, tells us—

"While in the brig *Ariel*, then lying off the mouth of the river of Borneo, I had the good fortune to hear the solemn aquatic concert of the far-famed organ-fish, or drum—a species of Pogonias. These singular fishes produce a loud monotonous singing sound, which rises and falls and sometimes dies away, or assumes a very low drumming character: and the noises appeared to proceed mysteriously from the bottom of the vessel. This strange submarine chorus of fishes continued to amuse us for about a quarter of an hour, when the music, if so it can be called, suddenly ceased, probably on the dispersion of the band of performers."

"Sir, the statements of these naturalists are, to my mind, quite as strange as the tales of *supernaturalists*, which, instead of crediting, you hold in sad contempt. DR. ADAMS says that *he* has heard a singing fish, and you believe him. Your narrator says the same thing, and you disbelieve him! In the name of common sense and common justice, why is this? Why doubt that there are singing-fish existent here in England as well as in Ceylon? SHAKSPEARE speaks of calling *spirits* from the 'vasty deep,' and is not this, Sir, I would ask, the *clearest proof* that he believed in their marine existence? and will you, Sir, dare to pit *your* knowledge against *his*, and cast your grovelling doubts upon the grand truths *he* believed in? Sir, the story of the *Singing Bloater*, as narrated in your columns, may have possibly seemed '*Strange*' to you, but there cannot be a shadow of a doubt that it is '*True*.' And if, after all the pains I have taken to convert you, you still question if a herring can be really heard to sing by a person who is *under the influence of spirits*, come and take a cup of *tea* with me, and let my Medium box your ears for you, and I'll wager that you'll hear a most decided singing in them.

"I remain, Sir, yours expectingly,
"SOPHONISBA SMITH.

(*A strong-minded Woman, and by no means a weak-handed one, as my table-turning trials have repeatedly made manifest.*)"

* This is not the fact, Madam, *Mr. Punch* has more than once said that he should be most happy to see any of these gentlemen (or ladies) at his official residence. He will likewise be delighted to see them go through what he still must persist to call their "tricks," on condition that he really is allowed to see them; but, as his sight is not a cat's, he cannot be expected to do this in the dark.

"AND SO SAY ALL OF US."

IN the Lord Mayor's Court, a few days since, an action peculiarly fit to be adjudicated on by that tribunal, was tried before the Recorder and a Common Jury. It was brought by MR. WILLIAM SAWYER, the landlord of the London, at the corner of Chancery Lane, against MR. JERVIS, a barrister, and Treasurer of an Institution called the Social Club, to recover £14 6*s*. 11*d*. for a supper had at the London in December, 1859. In the report of the case it is stated that—

"Thirty-three sat down to supper, and they managed to dispose of no less than thirty-eight crown bowls of punch, besides beer and wine and spirits, for which they paid at the time. There were also items for pipes, tobacco, and broken glass, which were not disputed."

The Social Club is described as composed of "members of the bar, military officers, merchants, and gentlemen." They are stated to have "proceeded with their merriment and enjoyment until four o'clock in the morning."

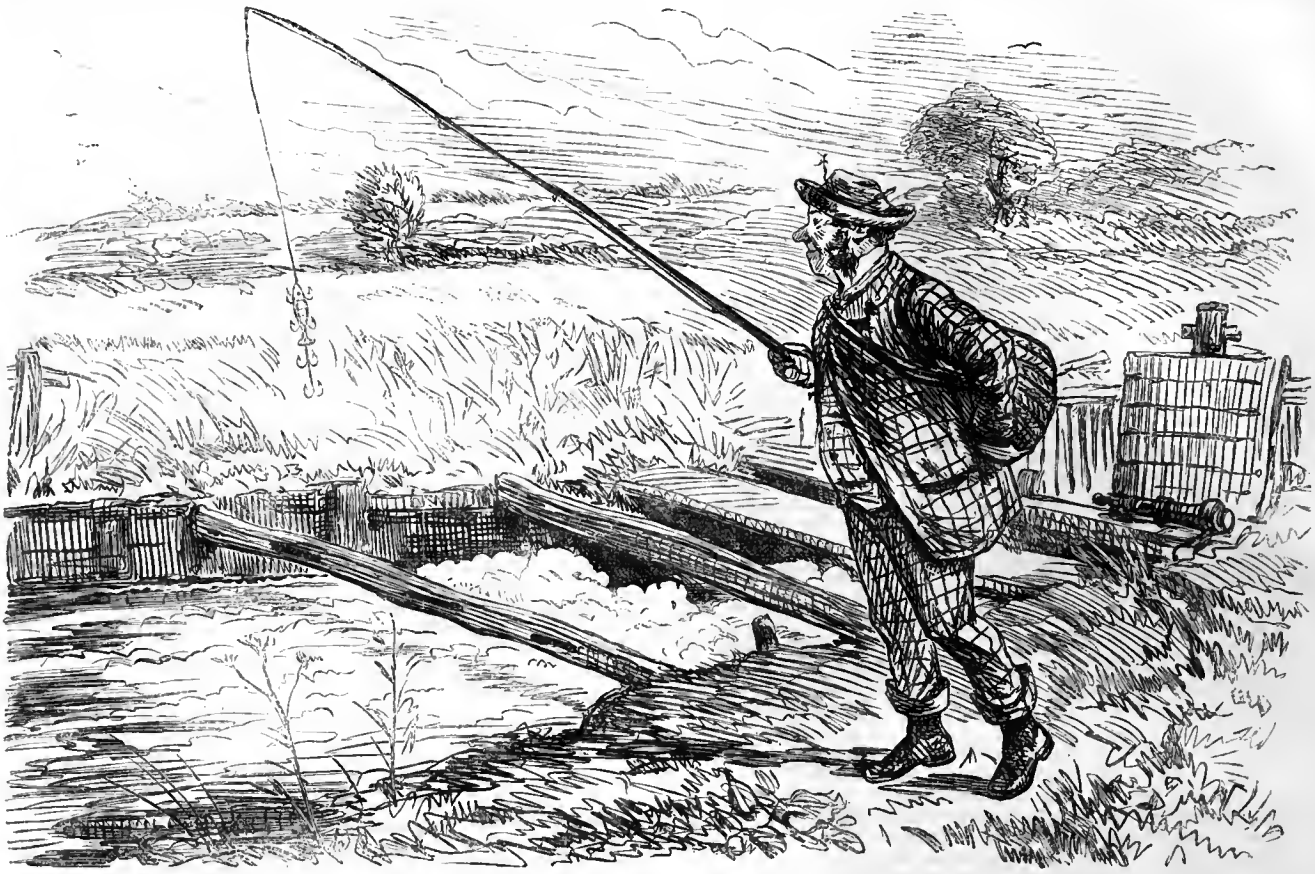
The item for broken glass in MR. SAWYER'S account was probably very considerable. Thirty-eight crown bowls of punch alone, imbibed by thirty-three persons, might be expected to involve a very large breakage of that fragile article. Add to all that punch an indefinite quantity of wine, beer, and spirits, and the result will in any case probably be the comminution of every vitreous and fictile vessel on the table, and indeed in the room. On the occasion in question the crown bowls most likely went as well as their contents, and it was a mercy if no cracked crowns, as well as cracked bowls, were the consequence. The charge for broken glass was wisely not disputed—it was no doubt indisputable. It would be satisfactory to know that glass vessels were the only tumblers that sustained any damage on this festive occasion.

The Dangers of Steeple-Chasing.

IF the Union of Benefices Bill be carried out, "Woe," cry the Architects, "to all WREN'S exquisite City steeples." In fact, when these architectural master-pieces are pulled down, we may give a new interpretation to the famous epitaph on the great designer of St. Paul's. "*Si monumentum quæras, circumspice*."—"If you ask for his Monument, don't you wish you may find it."

LATEST CLUB NEWS.

SPAIN, put up by France and Austria, as a candidate for admission to the United European, has been blackballed by England, who declines to associate with an Uncertificated Insolvent. Spain is so frantic that she is half inclined to pay her debts, but will probably think twice over so rash an act.



Piscator. "OHO! THIS IS THE PLACE WHERE THE BIG TROUT ARE, IS IT? THEN THIS IS THE SORT OF FLY, I THINK!"

THE WARNING OF THE WHITEBAIT.

IN th' *Arabian Nights Entertainments*,
Is a tale of a little fish talking,
And though such piscatorial attainments
May be nothing to tables a-walking,
And Mediums revealing themselves at the ceiling,
Pulled up, through unlicensed and grave spirit-dealing,
And arm-chairs up ottomans stalking—

And though he who wishes to hear vocal fishes—
If we credit SIR EMERSON TENNENT,
Needn't seek them in magic Egyptian dishes,
Nor beneath MENDEZ PINTO's broad pennant—
But in Chilka's fair lake may hear the fish make
A concert at dusk, which for rhyme's urgent sake,
May best be described as "*surprenant*."

Still one can't quite expect to be heard with respect,
When one states that on MR. HART's premises,
There've been cases of Whitebait—served up as the right bait,
To a party who'd just steamed down Thamesis—
Giving vent to discourse full of logic and force,
Though such tales we accept as mere matters of course
In the regions once ruled o'er by RAMESES.

Yet this, I've heard tell, very lately befell,
In the course of that Cabinet dinner,
Which is held when the Session—with languid progression,
And House growing thinner and thinner,—
O'er Saharas of speeches, that Pisgah-point reaches,
Whence the green land of leisure tired statesmen beseeches,
To enter and take up possession.

For this feast, as all know, the Cabinet go
To Greenwich, and every dish is
(From the carp, souché atewed in, to Cabinet pudding)
Emblematic of loaves and of fishes;
But flounders and plaice are forbidden, in case
Of their prompting a pun to some blunderer's face—
An omission that's highly judicious.

The initiate assure us that Cabinet jollity,
As displayed with discreetly-closed doors,
If you measure by quantity rather than quality,
Unofficial facetiousness floors.
And through key-holes and chinks oose out hints of high jinks,
When official reserve at wild rollicking winks,
And the soul red-tape's band over-soars.

'Twas just—in the dinner of Wednesday last,—
As the fun to this maximum drew—
When the mirth ministerial wax'd furious and fast,
And e'en LEWIS was almost warm'd through;
While PAM slapp'd GLADSTONE's back, LOWE hailed RUSSELL as "JACK,"
And ARGYLL tickled BETHELL in playful attack,
And SOMERSET courteous grew—

The Whitebait—course first—had gone round, and the burst
Of voracity drew to a pause,
When, an extra-sized fish from the half-emptied dish
Expanded its sore-battered jaws,
With a "List, list, oh, list!"—and in ev'ry fist
Knife and fork hung suspended, hairs slowly uprist,
As the fish thus 'gan pleading its cause:—

"Broil ye not in your shame! shades of UDE and CARÊME!
With the pang that your spirits must own,
To see thus shovelled down wretched Whitebait done brown,
Of dimensions till this year unknown!
Fish, fated as fecund, on this Twenty-second
Of August—a month past the time when we reckoned
The perils of Greenwich outgrown!

"In the House week by week, it was still speak, speak, speak;
Ev'ry ill had its measure, but talk;
And Bill after Bill, howe'er puff'd, turned out ill,—
What the House could not bungle, 't would baulk.
There sat Bunkum, enthroned in Reform *à la* RUSSELL;
Ambition, in GLADSTONE-Finance; Bounce and Bustle
Incarnate in BETHELL did stalk.

RETRIBUTION, OR THE GREENWICH DINNER.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL. "THIS CAN'T BE WHITEBAIT?"

LORD PALMERSTON. "OH, YES! YOU WOULD MAKE IT SO LATE IN THE SEASON."

"And all to no good!—'Ere she's out of the *Wood*
There's India sets up her halloo,
And stakes her advance upon WILSON'S finance,
And making one army of two.
The Reform Hustings-cry is put quietly by;
Law-Amendments hung up, like waste-paper, to dry;
The Bankruptcy Bill's fallen through.

"Oh, sure such a Session of empty profession,
So barren of work dared or done,
Old England saw never since MONTFORT'S endeavour
Her earliest Parliament won.
Such waste and such weariness, dulness and dreariness,
As Report and Debate in the readin' and hearin' is,
I never have gone through for one!

"'Gainst taste and time sinners, with this last of dinners
Your circle of blunders you crown—
And come here to eat Whitebait, our claims when we quite bate,
To be worth e'en the fork of a clown.
When we come here in dudgeon, as large as coarse gudgeon,
To be battered and devilled by some curst curmudgeon,
For snobs who spend August in Town!"

TIT-BITS FROM THE "TABLET."

SOMETIMES a dig into the *Tablet* Roman Catholic newspaper will reward the humorous explorer with many absurdities. Subjoined are a few gems of precious quality and various kind, derived, all of them, from the mine formed by the last number of that wonderful journal. The first, to be sure, occurs in a letter from Rome, quoted from the *Cork Examiner*. It relates to the "Pope's Own;" the soldiers of the Irish Brigade in Rome; of whom its author thus reports:—

"I can say that one is struck by their religious attitude, not a nominal but a genuine one (sono religiosi non di nome ma di opera)."

These Irish are, of course, enthusiastic papists. The religious attitude of such devotees is very peculiar. An idea of it may be obtained by an inspection of the pictures of saints exhibited in the windows of Roman Catholic bookshops. Many of the canonised gentlemen and ladies are delineated praying with twisted necks or dislocated limbs, in quite miraculous postures. One species of the religious attitude displayed by those pious but grotesque personages is that of ogling a skull, another that of making an obeisance to an image precisely similar to the curtsey which ballet-dancers are accustomed to drop before pachas and princes, apparently meaning, "See how submissive I am, and at the same time how very interesting and pretty I look." Considering this last variety of the religious attitude in question, one might almost suppose that a joke was intended by the statement that the Pope's Irish soldiers are religious "non di nome ma di *opera*."

The next good thing lies in the simplicity with which the desire quoted verbally in the following piece of foreign intelligence is treated as something extraordinary:—

"At one of the late public feasts in Modena, the astonished population read the following inscription inscribed by the scholars on a brilliant transparency:—"Vogliamo la vera Religione senza Papa a senza Preti.'—'We wish true Religion without either Pope or Priests.'"

As if this wish were a very unreasonable or very novel one.

Finally the *Tablet* treats us to the ensuing outbreak, in which a remarkable strength of language will perhaps be considered to be curiously blended with a corresponding weakness in every other respect but that of bigotry:—

"We are not prepared to deny that there may be a diabolical cunning and an infernal sagacity in the policy pursued by which NAPOLEON THE THIRD has been outbidden and overreached, and by which the Italian revolution, unchained by him for his own selfish purposes, has been converted into a danger and a difficulty for him from which it is hard to discover any means of escape."

Grant that the policy of wishing the deliverance of Italy from caps of silence, noisome dungeons, bastinado, hot-bottomed chairs, and Bourbonic and Austrian rule which rests on these appliances, together with papal domination, which is allied with that of Bourbon and Hapsburg, is diabolical and infernal. Admit that the policy is altogether infernal and diabolical, still where is the cunning of it? Did England ever make a secret of its desire to see the pontifical despotism and the absolute monarchy of Naples abolished? Is it particularly cunning, at least, to go about roaring "No Popery!" or chalking that popular exclamation up openly on the walls? Infernal straightforwardness and diabolical downrightness are the sins of which the *Tablet* should accuse British policy. Our outrageous contemporary perhaps regards as a master-stroke of diabolical cunning on the part of LORD PALMERSTON and LORD JOHN RUSSELL the Government's connivance at the enlistment of the poor Paddies who went out to fight the Pope's battles for a consideration which proved to be "monkey's allowance," and who have returned wiser and leaner men, and ragamuffins more squalid than they were when they started. This result the *Tablet* may believe to have been contrived by the Ministry with the diabolically cunning and infernally sagacious view of destroying the confidence of the faithful Irish in their priesthood, and thus as it were diminishing the verdure of Erin, or opening the eyes of Hibernia and abating the green in them.

A SONG BY A SABLE SCEPTIC.

ME go to Swarry oder night,
To see de man fly out ob sight:
By spirits he would rise, dey said,
But first de room must dark be made.

Chorus.
Sich a gettin' up a stare, and a playin' de accordion:
Sich a gettin' up a stare, when nobody can see!

De table first dey try to turn,
And bery soon de dodge I learn:
You move de knee beneath, and so
De table's taught to jump Jim Crow!
Chorus. Sich a gettin' up a stare, &c.

De spirit-hand it next appear,
And how dey work de ting is clear,
Of wax or wood de hand is made,
And by de phosph'rus light displayed.
Chorus. Sich a gettin' up a stare, &c.

An accordion on de ground dere lay,
Which all at once him 'gan to play:
P'raps de spirits don't know dere are such tings
As de snuff-boxes dat play by springs.
Chorus. Sich a gettin' up a stare, &c.

And den de fools dey gape and stare
To see de floatin' in de air,
But though it look a human figger,
De fact is doubtful to dis nigger.
Chorus. Sich a gettin' up a stare, &c.

For first of all dey dowse de gas,
De window den de form it pass;
But what de figger really be
'Tis difficult in de dark to see!
Chorus. Sich a gettin' up a stare, &c.

But if dis child some oder night
Go see de Spirit-movin' sight,
Him take a *spirit-lamp*, and so
Some light upon de subject throw!
Chorus. Sich a gettin' up a stare, &c.

A GEM FROM THE EMERALD ISLE.

REDUNDANCIES in writing are not considered elegant: and in advertisements especially they are to be avoided, for unnecessary words are not printed without cost. Had the writer of the following borne this fact in mind, he would not have afforded us a laugh at his expense, which luxury we enjoyed on Thursday the 9th ultimo:—

INQUIRY.—D. A. S., late of Dublin, is earnestly requested, by his Irish correspondent in Paris, to WRITE (if living), regardless of circumstances, 20th of June being long since passed.

There is something so Hibernian in requesting that a person will please to write "if living," that the advertiser scarcely need have said that he was "Irish," the fact being quite patent from the two words introduced. Whether these two words cost the writer something extra, we need not waste our space in endeavouring to guess: but if they did, he will at least have this great consolation, that without them what he wrote would not have gained a place in *Punch*.

FROM OUR COCKNEY CORRESPONDENT.

"*York, August, 20th.*

O my request to be kind enough to allow me a holiday, dear *Mr. Punch*, you obligingly replied, 'Oh, be off;' and added that in consideration of my long and invaluable services, you would gladly defray all the expenses of my endeavours to recruit the health wasted in your service,* so I feel myself bound to send you a few flying notes of my journey.

"Having never been out of London before in all my life (except on occasion of a single visit to Gravesend, when I suffered so severely from sea-sickness, that I resolved never again to tempt the billowy ocean) my letters may be the more valuable to you, because they will convey the fresh and vivid impressions made upon a young, enthusiastic, and intelligent individual, who is not a Blazey, as the French say. I do not affect to suppose that I shall cast a new light upon the condition of England; no person but my gifted friend the Editor of the *Morning Advertiser* can make himself thoroughly acquainted with a country during a run across it in a railway carriage; but I trust that the navetey of my sketches may atone for their possible want of originality.

"At present, Sir, I am in York, which you are aware is an ancient and celebrated city in Yorkshire, the see of an Archbishop, and the Deanery of a Dean, to whom, because he was already a very rich gentleman, the Church authorities have given a very large increase of income. Into the history of York I do not know that it is necessary for me to enter at any length, but I think it right to state that the sanatory reformers have a good deal to do there—comparisons are odorous, SHAKSPEARE says, and I should think that there must be a good many comparisons in York, although there is no comparison between its Cathedral and anything in London or Gravesend.

"But, Sir, what has astonished me most, is the extreme inaccuracy of the ideas which I—and I suppose thousands of other inhabitants of the Metropolis—have been accustomed to entertain in respect of the Yorkshire people and their habits. I have been accustomed to visit the theatres a good deal, *Mr. Punch*, and we all know that the stage holds the mirror up to Nature. Well, Sir, wishing to compare the verities of Nature with the transcripts of Art, I took the earliest opportunity of placing myself upon a bridge which forms the principal thoroughfare of York. Here, Sir, with a note-book in my hand, and a pleasant smile on my face, I prepared to be amused, but in a kindly way, with the sterling honesty and rough humour which so delights us in the mimic scene. In order to give the Yorkshireman the opportunity of developing his nature, I accosted the first who seemed likely to be a good specimen of his race. He was a tall, stalwart, broadfaced, powerful fellow.

"*Your Correspondent.* This is indeed a noble city, my friend, interesting in its archæological features, which present so remarkable a combination of Pagan and Catholic type; and favoured in its locality, which enables it at once to invite agricultural and mercantile contributions to its prosperity.

"*Yorkshire Individual.* Ay, it be a main foine place, but to my moind the foinest thing about it loike be the honest hearts that beat beneath the bosoms of its sons, and that lift 'em as high as yon Minster above aught that is debasing and degrading, mun.

"At least, *Mr. Punch*, that is what I expected him to say, with a slap on his waistcoat. I regret to add, however, that what he said was,

"'Thee be dom'd!'

"And that what he did was, to shove your correspondent into the gutter, and walk on without the least allusion to the latter's being a stranger, to whom it be our duty to show koindness like, if he bain't too proud to accept the humble fare of the honest peasant, whose roof may be lowly, but who would bend to no haughty lord that ever hid his head in his spangled coronet.

"But we must not judge of a whole county by a single individual, and having witnessed upon the stage the frank and hearty hospitality of the Yorkshireman, and being moreover uncommonly thirsty, I crossed the bridge, and observing through an open window a family at their early dinner I approached, and putting my head in, said, gaily:—

"'I am a stranger in these parts, and have travelled far, and am hungry and thirsty. Need I say more?'

"The Paterfamilias, a very respectable looking person, rose from the table, and I expected to hear him exclaim,

"'Coom in, mun, what dost stond there talking for—eat and drink first, and talk after if thee be so minded, but do not wrong the warm-hearted Yorkshireman by utterin' a doubt like whether all he have be not at the wayfarer's service. Dom it, SARAH, stick feyther's old chair for the gentleman.'

"But I am sorry to say that instead of this, he approached the window, and pointing across the road, said,

"'You will find excellent hotel accommodation at that house, Sir.'

"And he closed the window so rapidly, that if I had not drawn back my head with considerable speed, I should have been guillotined.

"Still, I resolved to make another attempt, and entertaining (as you are aware that I do entertain) a very favourable opinion of the female sex, I determined that I would next ascertain how far the stage portraiture of the Yorkshire girl resembled the original. So I walked up Micklegate to the Bar (where the heads of the DUKE OF YORK and the young DUKE OF RUTLAND were placed; but I suppose they have been removed, as I could see no traces of them), and meeting a pretty, rosy-faced, dark-eyed girl (whose hat I must say was uncommonly like any lady's hat in Oxford Street), I began, smilingly,—

"'I am a stranger in these parts, my pretty lass, but where such bright eyes and such ruby lips are found, I am sure that gentleness and kindness must reign supreme, and the stranger may dispel his terrors.'

"The young lady looked at me for a moment, and did not seem to know what to say. So I went on, as I have heard MR. JOHN COOPER do in a score of comedies of English manners.

"'Doubtless, fair one, you were expecting a more welcome arrival—nay, never let the blush of shame mantle on thy cheeks for an honest attachment, and sure am I that no other could be inspired by those dear eyes. Tell me, is it ROBIN, or LUBIN, for whom thy minutes lag so heavily?'

"Well, Sir, why did she not say, as she ought to have said, taking up the corner of her apron, and looking down,—

"Oh, Sir—I assure you—but will you not, if a stranger, come into my mother's cottage, and rest in the old arm-chair—we have no dainties, but if a dish of cream, and strawberries of my own gathering can tempt you, they will be welcome as the flowers of May diamonded with jew.'

"And at least, Sir, if she could not say that, she needed not to have said to a great policeman, B. 54, an exact *fac-simile* of a London Bobby, only bigger—

"'This person is annoying me.'

"And why did that stupid and powerful owl walk me off, despite all my clamour, to the police-station, whence I was not delivered until late in the evening, and then through the good offices of the landlord of my hotel, who got me out, civilly enough, but would not in the least believe my story, and who, when he had taken my eager orders for supper, went out of the room, saying, slily,—

"'This isn't London, you know, Sir.'

"Confound it, *Mr. Punch*, I knew it was not London, but neither was it Yorkshire, so far as I had been taught. I begin to think these play-writing people are humbugs.

"Rain is falling—not so the esteem in which you are held by

"Your devoted servant, and

"*Mr. Punch.*" "COCKNEY CORRESPONDENT."

* It is hardly necessary for us to say, that no such ridiculous recognition or preposterous promise ever escaped us. Our reply terminated at "be off."—ED. *Punch.*

SMITH O'BRIEN'S CONVICTION.

THE *Morning News*, Irish paper, publishes a letter, addressed to "MONSIEUR MARIE MARTIN, Paris," thanking that Frenchman for his pamphlet on *La Question Irlandaise*, and for the complimentary language which accompanied the present thereof. In conclusion, the writer assures M. MARTIN of "the existence of a disposition on the part of the Irish people to appreciate his desire to champion their rights and to defend their character;" adding:—

"Such being my conviction, I venture in their name to thank you for your past labours in their cause. I have the honour to be yours, very faithfully,

"WILLIAM S. O'BRIEN."

MR. SMITH O'BRIEN's conviction was a conviction for High Treason, for which he was not hanged by a contemptuous mercy which appears to have greatly affronted him. In corresponding with an enemy of the United Kingdom, the captive of the cabbage-garden appears desirous of showing what a mistake was made by the QUEEN's Government.

LATEST FROM NEW YORK.

WHY is a fast girl like the *Great Eastern* Steamship?
Because when she goes ahead, one is sure to see a Swell after her.

MR. SPURGEON'S TOUR ON THE CONTINENT.

My dear friends and hearers, who, constant appearers
In this Tabernacle, are purposed, I trust,
Me long to sit under, whenever I thunder,
Who to build up these walls have come down with the dust,
To edification my peregrination
Would tend, if related, you seem to suppose,
I omitted to book it, as easy I took it,
But some few rough sketches to give you—here goes!

For Antwerp from London, in health somewhat undone,
I started, attended by many a friend,
I say that I started, but we were soon parted,
Because my companions left me at Gravesend.
Of blessings a cargo—thereon no embargo—
Did freight the steam-packet that bore us away;
An Essex man Captain, rich anecdote apt in,
We kept telling tales to each other all day.

At Antwerp we landed, and when we commanded
A view of the noble Cathedral, behold,
Out came a procession—perhaps from confession—
Of peasants and priests holding candles—large mould.
The consumption of tallow intended to hallow
The festive occasion was truly immense;
Some lamps, too, were bearing; the sun meanwhile flaring,
But when folks burn daylight their darkness is dense.

Now Antwerp's a city which we can but pity,
Though some for its wondrous religion extol,
Full of carved Virgin Maries; and each of them varies
From a Queen on her throne to a little black doll.
In each street and alley presides this Aunt Sally
Over shops; and a tar of the true British type
Declared, honest JACK, he had purchased his 'backy
At a shop where the Virgin sat smoking her pipe!

Our vessel exported a gang, ill-assorted,
Of Irish, to serve in the Papal brigade,
And thanks to their sender, and skipper, I tender,
For such a lot out of the country conveyed.
Their luggage was lighter than e'er loaded fighter,
They had one pocket handkerchief—there the list stops—
The Captain well prized them—thus characterised them—
He said "they were not fit to cut up for mops."

Such tatterdemalions to thrash the Italians,
Oh, doesn't the Pontiff just wish he may get?
His guards to be guarded will have, or discarded;
I never beheld such a beautiful set.
May Ireland's brave nation soon find occupation
More noble than propping a rotten old throne,
Which stands but to crumble; I pray it may tumble,
And brave GARIBALDI o'erthrow the "Pope's Own."

Some things I can't mention repelled my attention,
Exposed in that Catholic Antwerp for sale;
But I found a strong feeling all Belgium revealing
'Gainst LOUIS NAPOLEON; a symptom I hail.
Our ties are more German: I heard a good sermon
At Brussels, although it was preached by a priest.
Men smoking, toil shirking, I saw women working:
If their husbands they whacked, they'd have my leave at least.

Cologne, so high is it, I'll never revisit;
Such smells insupportable poison the air.
Than the eye more the nose is affected, with roses
By no means, but quite with another thing there.
Each yard still excelling the last in vile smelling,
As onward I travelled—I don't know of what—
I had ne'er before smelt it, severely I felt it,
I cannot say whether 't was Pop'ry or not.

At experience aiming, I witnessed the gaming
At Baden; ne'er saw a more terrible sight.
At rouge-et-noir playing, their precious souls slaying,
Why even the women there sit up all night!
Oh! none of you gamble, for if, in the scramble,
You lose, serve you right, 'tis still worse if you've won:
For in that case Old Harry the winnings will carry
Away with the winner, as sure as a gun.

THE FLIGHT OF THE EAGLE OF NAPLES.

No wonder AQUILA flies to his brother Eagle at Paris. Society in Paris, we hear, is rotten—and "where the carcase is," there we know "The Eagles will be gathered together."

A HORSE-CARPET FOR KENSINGTON GARDENS.

THE petition against the new horse-ride in Kensington Gardens has received the signatures of so many pedestrian snobs that it extends to the length of half a mile. HORSE COWPER—as the originator of the equestrian improvement in question deserves to be entitled for his chivalry—should show the wretches whose plebeian names are affixed to that mean parochial document at what a price he estimates them, their opinions, and wishes, by causing it to be unrolled and laid down along the tract of beautiful soft mud into which he is turning what was formerly mere turf, between the Round Pond and the Palace. The petition would be so nice for the horses' feet; and in trampling thereupon, by an act of graceful defiance, MR. COWPER and the 'Ossy party will, with a pardonable ostentation, indicate that they have got the ridiculous admirers of "beauty and repose" under their hoofs.

THE GENTS OF THE PRESS.

WRITERS for the newspapers are called in common parlance the Gentlemen of the Press. There are, however, some among them who, if they had their rights, would more properly be known as the No Gentlemen of the Press. These "parties" care but little for their duty to their neighbour, and can no more keep their pens from lying and from slandering, than they can keep their ears from eavesdropping and their eyes from keyholes. They are no respecters of persons or mahoganies, and whenever they accept a private invitation, it is with the intention to make public use of anything that happens to occur. If their memory should fail, they have recourse to their invention, and as they have to please the palate of a morbid class of readers, who are without a healthy appetite for wholesome literary food, they season what they scribble with a spice of gross impertinence, and are rather apt to flavour it with a sprinkling of scandal, and a *soupçon* of *gros sel*.

To show the estimation in which the labours of these literary "gents" are held, we cite the following extract from a letter by MR. COBDEN, who has personally had reason to complain of what they write:—

"The paragraph you enclosed, giving a conversation o mine, is one of those rascally acts of eaves-dropping for which American newspaper writers are so notorious. There is a good deal of the paragraph which agrees with what I have *thought*; but whether I expressed it in private conversation is more than I could swear to, as no one expects to be made responsible for private gossip. There ought to be the punishment of the pillory or the stocks revived for those who publish in newspapers the unguarded remarks which fall from a man in private conversation, when he frequently speaks merely to provoke a reply and keep people from going to sleep over too serious an interchange of views."

If we remember rightly, MR. COBDEN used to stick up for the Yankee press-wrights, and declare that their cheap papers were far better than our dear ones. But MR. COBDEN has seen reason to alter his opinion, and now acknowledges that cheapness is sometimes found in union with that which is not niceness. In this era of refinement there is little hope of clapping scandalmongers in the stocks; but *Mr. Punch's* public pillory will always be found open for any literary blackguard who deserves to be exposed in it.

"NOT UP TO HIS BUSINESS."

CROSS BUS DRIVER. "*Now, why didn't you take that there party?*"

CONDUCTOR. "*Said they wouldn't go.*"

CROSS BUS DRIVER. "*Said THEY wouldn't go? THEY said they wouldn't go? Why, what do you suppose you're put there for? You call that Conductin' a Bus. Oh! THEY wouldn't go! I like that, &c., &c.*"

STARTLING INTELLIGENCE.

WE have been for some weeks daily startled out of some of our five senses by the sight of a small paragraph in big type in the *Times*, which every morning occupies a most conspicuous position, and cannot fail to catch the eye of constant readers like ourselves in glancing down the page. The paragraph flits dodgily about the inner sheet; now appearing just at the end of the last leader, and anon being inserted at the close of the Court Circular, or with the maniacal returns of conscience money to the Exchequer, or as a tit-bit to wind up the very Latest Intelligence. Our interest and excitement are thus artfully kept up, for we cannot always at a glimpse recognise our old acquaintance, as we might do were it always printed in one place. We therefore every morning seize upon it with avidity, expecting to discover a most interesting announcement, such for instance, let us say, as any one of these:—

We rejoice to state the fact, that GARIBALDI has stormed Naples, and has taken BOMBA prisoner. The Royal miscreant is now in one of his own dungeons, and will be beheaded (it is hoped) on Monday next.

We are requested to announce that the EARL OF DERBY is now staying with his old friend MR. BRIGHT, and that LORD PALMERSTON will join them in the course of a few days. The meeting of these three statesmen is a political arrangement, of which a new Reform Bill is said to be the base.

It alarms us to have learned that the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH has completed his arrangements for invading England, and the ceremony will come off in the middle of next week. The troops will simultaneously effect an unmolested landing at Portsmouth, Dover, Plymouth, John o' Groat's House, and Sheerness; and after having devastated the outlying districts, will at once proceed together to demolish Windsor Castle, and then march on the Metropolis, which they intend to sack.

We believe that we may state, without much fear of contradiction, that VISCOUNT WILLIAMS is engaged in completing a big blue book, showing how many cheeseparings he has this year saved the nation, and what amount of loaves and fishes have been wasted by the Government since they first came into place.

It charms us to announce that MR. COBDEN is preparing a new Treaty of Commerce, whereby the EMPEROR will pledge himself to general disarmament; provided only that, to show him our intentions are pacific, we first disband our Army, sink our Navy, and disarm our Volunteers.

We are requested to make known the highly interesting fact, that *Mr. Punch*, who is about to complete his Thousandth Number, is making splendid preparations for this national event. Without undue divulging the secrets of the press, it may be confidently prophesied, that this his Thousandth effort will far exceed in every estimable quality the nine hundred and ninety and nine which have so happily preceded it.

Instead of some such startling pieces of intelligence, only just conceive how disappointing it has been to discover only this:—

"We beg to inform our readers that *The Times* may now be purchased at all railway stations in England and Wales where newspapers are sold at the *price of fourpence per copy*. Travellers who are unable to obtain *The Times* on demand will oblige us by making immediate complaint to the publisher."

Without presuming in the least to dictate to our contemporary, or interfering in the slightest with its business arrangements, may we not just drop the hint, that however vastly interesting this statement may have been when it was first put forward, it has now rather lost its freshness, and is becoming mere stale news? Moreover, now that we have given it insertion in our columns, we have of course secured for it a world-wide circulation, and there can therefore be no longer the least need to repeat it.

ANOTHER RAP AT THE RAPIERS.—One of those humbugs who are called "Mediums" has been heard to express a fear that, in consequence of the attacks which have been made on it by *Punch*, the business of a Spirit-rapper will be soon not worth a rap.

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PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

TUESDAY, *August* 28. At last the weary Session, which like a wounded snake, had been dragging its slow length along since January the Twenty-fourth, was this day put an end to by PROTECTOR PUNCH, to whom the labour was confided of proroguing the Long Parliament. The ceremony took place at a little after two, in the presence of ten Ladies, three Bishops, and eight Lords, flanked by a scant sprinkling of the ever faithful Commons. This enumeration will serve to show what interest was taken in the proceedings, which were fraught as usual with the most intense excitement.

Upon arriving at the House, PROTECTOR PUNCH was formally conducted through the Commons, and observing there were actually forty Members present, he elegantly complimented them upon their courage, in being seen in London on the twenty-eighth of August "*Forties creantur fortibus*," said he, as he good-humouredly shook hands with the juvenescent PREMIER, and whispered something about Nestor looking like Narcissus.

Coming to the Woolsack, the PROTECTOR who had put on the big wig of the LORD CHANCELLOR (which *Lady Judy* said became him charmingly, and he therefore felt quite proud in it; although, not being used to wear it, he found the horsehair *would* tickle his ears), in the usual manner signified the Royal Assent to exactly fifty bills; counting them upon his fingers to make quite sure they were all right, and that he had not by some accident dropped one in his journey from Balmoral down to Fleet Street. Then amid the breathless silence of the House, the PROTECTOR PUNCH proceeded in his usual silver accents, as HER MAJESTY'S Commissioner, to spout this Gracious Speech:—

"My Lords, and you Gentlemen, too, of the Commons,
Pray lend me your ears; as to MARK did the Romans;
We come the misdeeds of the Session to bury,
To praise it, methinks, were preposterous, very.
'Twas a Session of fussing, of talking, not working,
Real business all shelving, and promises shirking;
And though I may speak on't as 'long and laborious,'
In such *strenua inertia* there's little that's glorious.

"To begin my stale news, I am happy to state
That my friends are all friendly, both small ones and great:
France, Russia, and Prussia, and Norway and Sweden
(Of our runaway rascals, which latter is *the* den),
Holland, Austria, Turkey, and Belgium, and Spain
(Whose people, tho' free, still in bond-age remain),
In fact all the Powers are peaceful I hope,
Excepting young BOMBA, and p'raps that old POPE;
Little wonder that o'er them the battle-cloud lours,
For such weak silly fools can be hardly called Powers.
Far more worthy the name is the brave GARIBALDI,
Who is dealing the death which all tyrannies shall die;
Right well he makes head, e'en his worst friends must own,
And the best *we* can do is to 'let well alone.'
(Cross the Channel, I trust, will be wafted this hint
Though the 'Boot' may pinch BOMBA, *Nap's* foot is not in't).

"I own I've scant love for those tatterdemalians,
Who send us our organ-fiends, Northern Italians;
But I must say it caused me a moment's vexation
To see through the trick of their late annexation.
Yet now the deed 's done, the best course to pursue
Is to register simply that it *was* a doo.

"Of the Syrian slaughters I have heard with great grief,
And, with just indignation, have sent quick relief;
With Austria, and Prussia, and Russia, and France
I have joined, to the SULTAN some troops to advance,
Whereby of the Christians the terrors to end,
And the dastardly Druses to Hades to send.

"Another small matter I have for regret,
Viz.:—My China account is not quite settled yet.
That the Chinese care little for music 'tis clear,
To my overtures lately they turned a deaf ear;
As in harmony, therefore, to live they refuse,
I must see whether discord will long suit their views.
With the French, a few instruments lately I've sent,
Which will make these rash Pigtails their deafness repent—
One or two eighty-pounders, from ARMSTRONG's dark caves,
Will rather astonish the minds of the 'Braves;'
And I fancy ere long, as our force there increases,
If she don't sue for peace you'll find China in pieces.

"Coming now to home subjects, I say to your faces,
Your conduct in Parliament quite a disgrace is:
In a jiffy I'll count up the work that you've got done,
Rather longer 'twould take me to tell what you've *not* done.
You have made a French Treaty; you've voted Supplies;
At legal abuses you've had some small shies:
And to show you're at peace now with all foreign nations,
You've passed a small Bill for some fortifications.
You've united my forces in India at length,
And I trust that the act will show 'Union is Strength:'
Irish landlord and tenant you've placed on fair footing,
So I hope we shall hear of no more landlord shooting;
You have smashed party Emblems: and after long trying,
You have saved little children when bleaching from dy(e)ing;
Relief you have granted to Catholic charity,
Which, tho' SPOONER thinks otherwise, is not a rarity;
You've amended the law touching banks for Small Savings,
(Still for further amendment I own I've great cravings);
Naval Discipline too you have taken in hand,
And made it more easy to get my ships manned:
The Cat's the chief hindrance, half an eye can see that;
But more 'care' for my men *must* ere long 'kill the Cat.'

"Thus in few words I've summed up the year's legislation,
And shown what odd jobs you have done for the nation;
But your strenuous idleness, as I've declared,
Has but kept you at work that you well might have spared.
Half the Session, and more than two weeks of the Grouse,
You have wasted in talk of Reforming the House;
While the wisest of measures, there can't be a doubt of it,
Were to turn all the talkative Members clean out of it!
For which sensible hint thank my friend with the hunch,
I need surely not name him—you *know* I mean *Punch!*

"Now for pleasanter themes. I am happy to say
That my boy is in Canada making a stay,
And there taking such steps (you have heard of his dancing)
As prove in the right path that he is advancing;
Indeed, such is his conduct, it must be allowed of him,
That his Mother has every right to feel proud of him.

"And not less deserving my high commendation
Is my Volunteer Army; whose organisation,
Both on leaders and men, hath great credit reflected,
For they've both done their duty, as England expected;
And have made so remote the bare chance of invasion
That no shade of alarm it need henceforth occasion.

"Now, good-bye; and go home to your children and wives,
And show them your taste for home comfort survives.
Give an eye to your farms, and your tenants, and neighbours,
And let care for the poor be not least of your labours.
You'll not get much shooting;—the birds are all drowned;
But the means of time-slaughter may elsewhere be found:
There are schools to erect—there are horses to tame—

There are commons, and criminals, too, to reclaim;
There are oak-trees to plant; there are poachers to catch;
There are poor lands to drain; there are poor roofs to thatch;
At law-framing moreover your hands you may try,
(Pick a wet day for that, as the work's rather dry).
I 'd say more, but I see you are wanting your lunch,
So to sum up—*Mind weekly you study your Punch!*
If you want good advice, *that's* the shop to afford it ye:
So my Lords, *Vos Valete!* I need not add, *Plaudite!*"

At the conclusion of The Speech, PROTECTOR PUNCH received the thanks and gratulations of Both Houses on being happily released from the labours of his Essence. After this affecting ceremony, the PROTECTOR flung his big wig at the head of the LORD CHANCELLOR, and went to watch the Lower boys pack up for the holidays; where he was mightily amused at seeing little JOHNNY RUSSELL make a terribly wry face, because PAM wouldn't let him take his old Reform Bill hobby-horse to play with. When the last cab had departed, the PROTECTOR locked the doors, and put the keys into his pocket; thereby showing he had read History, and was not too proud to imitate his namesake. Then after bonneting a small boy who happened to be staring at him, he hailed a special Hansom, and flew away upon the wings of love—a poetical expression for the fastest express train—to join the Grouse and *Judy*.

FROM OUR COCKNEY CORRESPONDENT.

To Mr. Punch.

"*Drumnadrochit Inn,*
"*Inverness-shire, Scotland.*

"SIR,

"I ADDRESSED you last from the interesting, though misunderstood regions of Yorkshire. I now write to you from the Highlands. The inn whence these lines are dated faces a scene which happily is not too often to be observed in this planet. I say happily, Sir, because we are all perfectly well aware that this world is a Vale of Tears, in which it is our duty to mortify ourselves, and make everybody else as uncomfortable as possible. If there were many places like Drumnadrochit, persons would be in fearful danger of forgetting that they ought to be miserable. The most glorious scenery, *Mr. Punch*, here surrounds a most delightful inn, and an inn, Sir, where not only are you made thoroughly comfortable, but where (unlike the vast majority of Scottish hotel-keepers) your kindhearted Landlady does not endeavour to revenge Flodden upon us English by charges as tremendous as those we made, upon that glorious day, on the army of KING JAMES THE FOURTH. Your health, Sir, in a dram.

"From York, Sir, to Drumnadrochit, is a considerable distance, and inasmuch as I have been receiving for the last week every kind of Scotch hospitality, and also every kind of Scotch information, it is possible that the notes I have been able to make may not convey very precise notions to your mind. I own to being in a Paradisaical muddle. Still, I have done my best, and have struggled up against the influence both of the Tumbler and the Eke, to write down facts for you, after retiring, (with slight assistance from my hosts) to my sleeping chamber. I can but transcribe those notes for you, being far too much occupied with fishing, theological discussion, and other diversions, to attempt anything like style. Your health, Sir, in a dram.

"I say then, Sir, that the harvest is in better condition than the English one, and the strawberries I got at Aberdeen, which is built of granite and celebrated for strawberries (also *Dugald Dalgettie* was educated at the Marischal College) were very fine indeed. As to the vexed question between the Highlanders and their landlords, and the clearings away of the population, there seems to be a good deal to say on both sides, only the fact is certain that the Highland population is increasing, and not diminishing, and that if you eat the salmon at once while it is firm and curdy it is perfectly delicious. *Duncan* was not murdered by *Macbeth* in Cawdor Castle, and the latter reigned seventeen years, and was killed at Lumphanan, in Aberdeenshire, and DUNCAN was killed at Elgin, where there is a tall column, like the DUKE OF YORK'S, to the late DUKE OF GORDON, the DUKE OF RICHMOND'S predecessor, which I saw from the railway. MACBETH very likely had a castle at Inverness, at all events there is a high place where anybody might have had a castle, but this is not the place where Inverness Castle stands, quite different. In the latter is a very good picture of MR. CHARLES GRANT, father of LORD GLENELG, but they do not hear very well in the Assize Court. Inverness bridge fell down, but there is another now, a suspension one, and you do not pay anything to go over it. Your health, Sir, in a dram.

"*Smeddum* is a good Highland word, and means spirit and pluck, and Gaelic is the language Highlanders talk, when they do not talk English. There is great talk in Scotland now about the Volunteer Review, which must have been a very splendid sight, because the costumes of the North are picturesquer than ours, and the people quite covered Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags. This reminds me of Holyrood, where I saw the room in which MARY was sitting with RIZZIO and some others, when DARNLEY and the lot came in and finished off the arrogant fiddler. But as to that being the Italian's blood on the ground, I don't believe a bit of it. Why, the Queen had the audience apartment altered, that she might not see the place where the party fell, and is it likely she wouldn't have the floor planed, or a new bit of planking put in? However, I bought a glass copy of her seal, the original CARDINAL WISEMAN has got, and I will change with his Eminence if he likes. There is not much to see in Holyrood Palace except the Chapel ruins, and they are not in it, but next door, and very interesting. Your health, Sir, in a dram.

"As I did not stop at Perth, I cannot say anything about it, and the same remark applies to several towns. The sandwiches at Keith are not good, nor is the coffee, and they charge threepence a-piece for penny cheese-cakes. All the railway officials are uncommonly civil, and I consider that railways have been a great boon to Scotland. You do not require passports to travel in this country, but your pass-book will show pretty clearly when you have been here, and I cannot think that the high charges at the hotels are wise. The Caledonian Canal is a truly grand work, linking the lakes, which are extraordinarily deep, at least Loch Ness is, being in some parts 150 fathoms, or 900 feet, which is nearly five times as much as the Monument is in height, and the Caledonian Canal may be considered a monument to TELFORD, whose name was TELFER, but he altered it. The drive along the side of Loch Ness to this place is lovely, but there are awful precipices on one side, and in many points not a bit of parapet, so that if the horses are restive, your pleasure in contemplating the placid waters of the lake is a little interfered with by your feeling at every kick that you are extremely likely to descend into the said still waters by an exceedingly short road. However, there would be no pleasure in travelling without adventure. Your health, Sir, in a dram.

"I will now enter into a somewhat elaborate, but I hope lucid statement of the theological differences in Scotland, and especially upon the points of dispute between the Establishment and the Free Kirk. In the first place you must understand that JOHN KNOX——

* * * * *

"PUNCH, OLD COVE,

"Do you send chaps like the writer of the above to observe life for you? You old Pump! Choose decenter lads. I am reading with a couple of men in the same inn (which deserves all your fellow has said of it, and more) and hearing a great bump, we came in to see what was up. Nothing was up, but your chap was down, having previously sent down the contents of a whiskey decanter. We've put him to bed, and he'll be all right to-morrow. Thinking your packet might be important, though the above stuff don't seem worth postage, I make it up, and if you've any manners you'll send us *Punch* while we're here.

"Ever yours,
"You old Bloater,
"*Monday Night.*" "HORACE M'DACTYL."

Men who have Helped Themselves.

THERE are various ways of helping yourself. You can do it *à la* STEPHENSON, or *à la* ROBESPIERRE. If you want to know what is the final reward of such men, read two great books:—*Self Help* and the *French Revolution*. The first you will find a glowing history of SMILES, the second a saddening record of THIERS.

HARBOURING MYSTERY.

WE read that they have been preparing a "gridiron" at Milford Haven for the reception of the *Great Eastern*. What can the gridiron be wanted for? We are sure the *Great Eastern* has had broils enough in its day, and doesn't want being hauled over the coals again. Above all, we hope the gridiron hasn't been laid down for the purpose of cooking the ship's accounts? We must rush off to some spiritualist and despatch instantly a message to old CONBETT to ask him what, in the name of his celebrated *Register*, this gridiron means? Perhaps it has been called into requisition, in order to give the Big Ship, on its safe return, a warm reception? The shareholders, who have embarked so large a stake in this new enterprise, can now have the pleasure of seeing their stake being slowly done, as in a City cook-shop, on the gridiron. We only hope it may be done to their satisfaction, though shareholders are proverbially difficult customers to please. What a size, too, this culinary instrument must be, if it is anything in proportion to the delicate *morçeau* that is to be placed upon it! Quite large enough, we should imagine, to cook even one of the Chops of the Channel?

REFORM YOUR MEMBERS' BILLS.

WE think it might keep Members more up to the mark, were they in some way made responsible for their conduct when in Parliament; as well for what they do, as for what they don't. Our public servants might in some things be treated like our private ones, and as we charge our maids-of-all-work with their breakages of crockery, so might we charge our M.P.s with their breakages of faith. At the close of every Session a Bill might be made out, showing all the promises broken by each Member, and the Bill might *in terrorem* be held by his constituents, who of course might claim exemption from publicly supporting him until he cleared it off. A Bill of the same sort might be preferred against the Government, setting forth the work which they were pledged to do, but which through negligence and chattering they had as usual failed to finish. The remanets, or leavings, might therein be enumerated; and each item might, if needful, be attended with an estimate, showing what amount of damage the neglect had caused the country, and in what manner the injury might be best repaired. This Bill it would of course be the business of the Opposition yearly to bring in; and to show they had read history, and knew something of law, we think that in distinction from the Bill of Rights, it might with some propriety be called the Bill of Lefts.

Kill-me-Quick.

AT the shop of a celebrated Perfumer in the Strand there is a card in the window whereon is inscribed "Garibaldi Bouquet." Of course, with all true Englishmen, the gallant GARIBALDI is in the very best of odour, because his exploits are performed in the cause of Liberty; although the only scent with which we can connect his name is the smell of gunpowder.

SMITH O'BRIEN SUB ROSÂ.

THAT honourable and useful gentleman, MR. SMITH O'BRIEN, has just published a letter, inspired with the most grateful loyalty and the sincerest patriotism, having for its object the suggestion of a device whereby the insidious intention of the British Government to prevent the Irish population from arming themselves and getting drilled under the name of Volunteers may be frustrated, and the law which forbids the unauthorised training of soldiers evaded. The following is the ingenious and ingenuous proposition of estimable O'BRIEN:—

"The existing law does not prevent individuals, except in proclaimed districts, from learning the use of arms. The law prohibits regimental training, but it does not impose a penalty on the practice by individuals of the art of rifle-shooting, and I conceive that any number of persons may meet to try their skill as marksmen. Let the leading gentlemen of Ireland, without distinction of party, offer prizes for marksmanship in rifle-shooting; and in case of need the organisation of such marksmen into military companies would be effected without difficulty in a few weeks, perhaps in a few days."

In the meanwhile there stands on the Statute Book a certain Act, to wit 1st George IV. c. I.; which, no doubt, MR. O'BRIEN has read, and is quite satisfied that his brilliant scheme, for making riflemen of his trustworthy compatriots in spite of the ruling powers, is not threatened with the least discouragement by the following portion of that enactment:—

"All meetings and assemblies of persons *for the purpose of training and drilling themselves*, or of being trained or drilled *in the use of arms*, or for the purpose of practising military exercise, movements, or evolutions without lawful authority, shall be and are hereby prohibited as dangerous to the peace and security of HIS MAJESTY'S liege subjects and his Government."

Imprisonment for two years, or transportation for seven, are the penalties provided for disobedience to the foregoing prohibition. People who assemble and meet together for the purpose of drilling and training themselves in the use of arms are liable to those punishments, which need not, however, MR. O'BRIEN thinks, deter any number of persons from meeting to try their skill as marksmen. If, in accordance with MR. O'BRIEN'S advice, there should take place in Ireland any assembly of would-be organised combatants, with the view of learning to shoot, under the idea that training or drilling themselves in the use of arms is one thing, and co-operation in rifle-practice another thing, let us hope that MR. O'BRIEN will venture to test the correctness of his opinion to that effect by constituting himself one of the party. Let the experiment be tried on SMITH O'BRIEN. If it succeeds he will rejoice—if it fails he will be transported. One expatriation has taught him not again to risk the consequences of being taken in arms against the Crown among the cabbages. Another may teach him that a pardoned traitor made a great mistake when he attempted to levy rebellion under the rose.

THE THEATRICAL CENSUS OF EUROPE.

ACCORDING to a statistical work recently published on the Continent, it appears that at this moment there are in Europe no less than 18,640 actors, 21,609 actresses, 1,773 managers, and 21 manageresses. It is not stated whether England is included in the above enumeration. We should doubt it, for it is well known that we have so many actors in England that MR. BABBAGE'S calculating machine would certainly be brought to a stand-still, as effectually as though an Italian organ-boy was grinding away outside, if called upon to give an account of them all. In fact, so numerous are they, that if we were asked to give the name of a single actor at the present day, we should feel extremely puzzled. The best plan would be, to ask the very first actor you met. Be he high, or be he low; be he CHARLES KEAN, or be he HICKS—he would be sure to tell you that there was unquestionably *one* actor on the English stage, and that one was himself.

BIDDLE FOR A TOBACCO-PAPER.

Q. WHY does a Tobacconist invariably take his wooden figure of the snuff-taking Highlander in-doors overnight?

A. For fear there should be a *Scotch mist* before the morning.

SUBJECT FOR RUMINATION.

ON a board at some of the Railway Stations is advertised "Original Food for Cattle." One would think this was grass.

GOING OUT OF TOWN.

Paterfamilias. "I WAS THINKING, DARLING, THAT PERHAPS, AS IT IS A VERY LONG JOURNEY, IT WOULD BE BETTER IF I WENT *FIRST*, AND GOT EVERYTHING COMFORTABLE; YOU COULD THEN TRAVEL DOWN WITH NURSE AND THE CHILDREN AFTERWARDS."

[*Mamma doesn't seem to see it, and Nurse and Mamma-in-Law think him a Brute.*

GARIBALDI'S ASSES.

THE sympathy with GARIBALDI which *Punch* has always entertained was so enthusiastic, that it seemed capable of no increment. The little but interesting circumstance, mentioned in the following extract from the letter of the *Times* correspondent on a voyage with the Italian Liberator, has raised the enthusiasm of *Mr. Punch* on behalf of that glorious fellow, to a heat which would be many degrees above boiling, if *Punch's* enthusiasm could boil, which it cannot, because boiling necessarily involves evaporation, and his sentiments with regard to GARIBALDI are fixed and not to be volatilised. The Dictator of Sicily is not only a hero, but a wag. At the illustrious General's own place in the islet of Caprera, where he had landed with a select party, the scenery and the crops having undergone inspection:—

"Presently some of the domestic friends of the solitary landlord came up—sheep, goats, and pigs, which he knew and recognised one by one, four donkeys, one of whom he hailed by the august name of Pio Nono, and the others by other names equally illustrious in contemporary history which I shall not write down."

"Do," the KING OF NAPLES will doubtless say, when he reads the words last foregoing. "Write me down one of the asses." "And me another," the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA will as probably exclaim; addressing the other young tyrant, let us hope, at Vienna. "Oh, that he" (the *Times* correspondent) "were here to write me down an ass:" cries the young Neapolitan *Dogberry*, and the wish is echoed by the juvenile *Verges* of Austria.

GARIBALDI, by thus playfully assigning the names of his enemies to jackasses, indicates that he bears them no malice, and that, in his struggle to emancipate men from asinine despotisms, "nought is done in hate but all in honour." And if those poor despotic creatures would but accept their proper situation, and submit to their natural master, they would no doubt receive at his hands the same kind and gentle treatment as that which he is described as having extended to their representatives on the above-mentioned occasion:—

"The harmless creatures came forward to be petted by their kind master, and rubbed their long-eared heads against his legs."

If PIO NONO would only imitate this sensible as well as amiable conduct on the part of his quadruped namesake, instead of kicking against the prickles, he would show considerably more wisdom than he does in proposing his toes to the lips of the faithful. The other human counterparts of GARIBALDI's asses might also just as well submit as it were to be patted by the benevolent conqueror, and rub their long-eared heads against his legs.

But we have been confining our consideration all this time to three asses, and GARIBALDI has four. Who is the fourth Ass? What other name illustrious in contemporary history is it likely that a good and great man would confer on a jackass? LOUIS NAPOLEON is not an ass—although he is said to believe in Spirit-rapping. Yet GARIBALDI has evidently ideas of greatness which might induce him to regard many a personage great in the world's eye as merely a great donkey. Perhaps the fourth of his Asses bears the name of LAMORICIÈRE. Or can it be that GARIBALDI's fourth ass is LORD NORMANBY? If he has a fifth ass, to do any equally meritorious gentleman the honour of naming it after him, the POPE's Brass Band might bray for that distinction, to be awarded to the utterer of the loudest "ee-haw!"

Mechi in the Literary Field.

FIRED with emulation by the success of the *Garden that paid the Rent* (query? was this Covent Garden?), *Our Farm of Four Acres*, and from *Haytime to Hopping*, MR. MECHI, the great agricultural blade of Boot-tree Hall, is about publishing an agricultural treatise, entitled, *From Crops to Strops*.

THE WRONG WOMAN.

MR. O'BRIEN has addressed a letter full of French sympathies, and Milesian nonsequiturs, to M. MARIE MARTIN—the author of the silly pamphlet called "*La Question Irlandaise*." MR. O'BRIEN must have misdirected his effusion. At all events it reads as if it had been meant not for MARIE MARTIN, but for BETTY.

PACKING UP FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

MASTER JOHN RUSSELL. "PLEASE, PAM, FIND ROOM FOR THIS."
MASTER PAM (THE BIG BOY OF THE SCHOOL). "NO, CERTAINLY NOT. YOU MUST LEAVE THAT OLD HOBBY OF YOURS BEHIND."

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—THE REIGN OF RICHARD THE SECOND.

RICHARD came to the throne when not quite twelve years old, but little as he was, there is reason to believe he was a great fop even then. A curious illumination in the Argentine Collection represents him in the act of "overing" a playmate, to whom the boyish King is crying (in a scroll) "Tucke in your Tuppennye!" and here the Royal pinafore is shown to be embroidered with the tastiest devices, and short as is his stature, the Royal youth is got up in the very height of fashion.

The boy being proverbially the father of the man, we find that as the King grew up, his love of finery grew with him. One of his coats was valued at thirty thousand marks, a fact which marks, we think, the Royal disposition. This high value arose chiefly from the quantity of needlework expended on the garment, and the precious lot of precious stones with which it was embroidered. Another of his robes, and very probably a Sunday one, is depicted in the portrait of him which is still on view, being preserved in Westminster Abbey, in the Chamber called "Jerusalem." This robe is adorned with an elegant embroidery of capital R's and roses: it being quite the fashion with the dandies of this period to have either their initials or a motto on their dresses, perhaps, as we have hinted, to mark them for the wash. Were the custom now revived, we can conceive what stupid mottoes would be sported by the gentish, who always mock and maul the fashions of their betters:—

"I wish my Gal to please:
O, ain't I just the Cheese!"

would doubtless be a popular device for a new shirt-front: while a couple of lines stating that—

"Yes, Moshesh is a Brick:
This cost but ten and a kick!"

might be fittingly embroidered on the back of a gent's paletot, displayed upon the dummy of an advertising slopshop.

Under a foppish sovereign, foppery, of course, became the order of the day, and the lowest orders even became visibly infected by it. One writer hints, that servants dressed as finely as their masters; but accustomed as we are to be dazzled by the grandeur of our CHAWLESES and our JEAMESES, there is nothing very novel or surprising in this fact. KNIGHTON says, "Ye common people everich one dyd showe such vanitie in dress, yt in good sooth by their appearance it is well-nighe impossible for to distinguish riche frō poore, laitie frō clergy, high estate frō lowe." If this was then impossible, what must it be now? and how can we attempt to do what writers of the time confessed they shrank from trying? However, all the penmen of the period were not Knightons. Some of them were bright'uns, and saw clearer than the Knightons, and were able to distinguish persons of distinction. Not being a Jesuit, KNIGHTON possibly had not the word *distinguo* in his dictionary. But other writers had, we find; and scarcely need we say, that one of these was CHAUCER, who wrote his *Canterbury Tales* about the close of this short reign, and dropped therein some interesting hints about the clothes of it. On one point his opinion coincides with that of KNIGHTON, in so far that he makes his ploughman chaff the clergy for riding on high horses glittering with gold, and being armed with swords and bucklers like to men of war, so that it was not easy to distinguish them from knights. To the latter charge the parsons might have not inaptly answered, that as part of the Church Militant they had a right to go well armed: and as for the offence of riding the high horse, that has been in all ages a clerical amusement, and in some parts of the country is said to be still extant.

COSTUME OF A CLERGYMAN. TEMP. RICHARD THE SECOND. FROM MR. PUNCH'S OWN ILLUMINATED COPY OF CHAUCER.

In further illustration of the fashions of the clergy, CHAUCER has introduced a monk among his Canterbury Pilgrims, dressed plainly in defiance of the clerical regulations, inasmuch as he was anything but plainly dressed. The rich sleeves of his tunic were "edged with fur de gris, ye finest in ye land:" he wore bells upon his bridle, and a pair of "supple" boots; and under his chin his hood was fastened with a golden pin, which, as a climax to his fopperies, was actually fashioned "like a true lovere hys knotte!" Nor were the clerks, it seems, a whit less foppish than the parsons; for in the description which is given of one in the same poem, it is said (in other metre) that—

"Hys hose were red, hys kirtle blewe,
Hys surplice whyte as snow-droppe new:
Hys shoon were broidered lattice-wise
With Paule's windowes, a quaint devyse:
In sooth hys togges ye world dyd telle
What paines he took to come out swelle."

Exceptions there were, doubtless, to the general clerical rule; for we find preachers complaining of the vanities and pomps of dress in which the laity indulged: and this they could not well have done if they had been themselves attired in gorgeous array. CHAUCER's parson has two charges to bring against the people: the one accusing them of superfluity, and the other of unseemly scantiness of dress: for it appears that both these fashions were in vogue at the same period.

NOBLE SWELLS. TEMP. RICHARD THE SECOND. FROM ALL SORTS OF VALUABLE MSS. OF THE PERIOD.

After speaking rather savagely of the first of these two "sins," which "maketh ye gown to draggle in ye mud and mire" (a miss-chance that is by no chance ever witnessed now), he condemns no less severely—

"Ye horrible disordinate scantinesse of clothyng, as be these cut slops or hanselines, that through their shortness, eke and through ye wrapping of their hose, which are departed of two colours, white and red, white and blue, white and blacke, or blacke and red, make ye wearers seeme as though ye fire of Saint Anthonie or othere suche mischance hadd cankered and consumeddc one halfe of their bodies."

The "cut slops or hanselines" mentioned in this passage were shortened coats or jackets introduced about this time, and which were apparently of German importation. Among other vastly interesting historical intelligence, FROISSART has left on record, that when HENRY,

Duke of Lancaster, came back from the Continent, he made his entry into London in a "courte jacques" of cloth of gold, cut "*à la fachon d'Almayne.*" As another proof, moreover, of its German derivation, the "courte" or shortened coat is said to have been called "hanselein," from the German "HANS," or "JACK," whence the garment became known in England as a "jack-et." The word "slop," as applied to an article of dress, occurs for the first time in the passage we have quoted, and is probably derivable from the German *schleppe*, which signifies a something "trailing." Whether our cheap and n—not nice tailors, who are commonly called "slop-sellers," have any claim to be considered of German derivation, is a question which debating clubs may argue if they like, but which we have neither space nor inclination to discuss. But we may hint, that there is certainly some ground for the hypothesis: for the word "British" we know is synonymous with "brickish," and as slopsellers are never known to act like bricks, they clearly cannot claim that their origin is British.

Mention has been made in the last preceding extract of the fashion now of wearing "hose departed of two colours," and we find that parti-coloured robes were made to match—or rather, *not* to match would be speaking more correctly. Very quaint and queer were these parti-coloured dresses, which must have looked as though their wearers had left half of themselves at home, and had somehow got a moiety of some one else stuck on to them. The hose too being quite dissimilar, could hardly with propriety have been called a pair; and must have made men fancy that their right leg had by some mishap become a wrong one. Our circus "fools" have frequently adopted this strange fashion, without being aware perhaps that it had been devised by the wisdom of their ancestors. Could the latter now be summoned by the aid of Spirit-rapping, we can fancy with what horror they would see upon what shoulders their mantles had descended. We cannot think though, that our clowns are to be viewed in their stage-dress as greater fools than were their forefathers, for the latter set the fashion which is so ridiculous.

The parti-colours sometimes had political significance, and like those worn at elections were really party colours. In an old illumination representing JOHN OF GAUNT, who was the uncle of RICHARD THE SECOND, gravely sitting to decide the claims upon his nephew's coronation, the gaunt one wears a funnily grotesque appearance, by wearing a long robe divided down the middle, the one half being blue and the other being white, which we all know were the colours of the House of Lancaster. We think that great good might result were our M.P.s to revive this curious old fashion, and to show by their costume what party they belonged to. Were this hint to be acted on, not merely would the House present a much gayer appearance, by the magpie black and white in it being turned to peacock hues; but there would be far less chance that Members would enter the wrong lobby, as in the now expiring Session, has unluckily occurred. Unstable minds, moreover, might indicate their waverings, by wearing rainbow pegtops and coats of many colours; which with a variegated vest, and a tie of neutral tint, would show they were in-vest-ed with the freedom of a weathercock, and could veer round independently of any party tie.

FOND DELUSION.

First Tourist (going North). "HULLO, TOMPK——"

Second Ditto (ditto, ditto). "HSH——SH! CONFOUND IT, YOU'LL SPOIL ALL. THEY THINK IN THE TRAIN I'M A HIGHLAND CHIEF!!"

The Sultan's New Symbol.

THE following remarkable statement is contained in the foreign intelligence of a contemporary:—

"The Sultan has sent the Grand Cross of the Medjidie to ABD-EL-KADER."

Unless a quite unlooked-for change has taken place in the views of both ABD-EL-KADER and ABDUL MEDJID, we may say, that the decoration which the latter is above stated to have conferred on the former involves a curious amalgamation of the Cross and the Crescent.

UNDER CANVAS.

(A SIGH FROM A DAMP SUB.)

YOU volunteering gentlemen
  Who live at home in ease,
How little do you think of us,
  In mud up to our knees—
While in the huts at Aldershott,
  Or on the Curragh bare.
'Neath the canvas damp, we curse the camp—
  It's lucky we're free to swear!

A campaign in the rain is a trifle,
  When glory's to be got:
Who'd grudge to clean his rifle,
  When a foe it has sent to pot?
But this marching out to flounder about,
  And afterwards march in,
Till your arms show a crust of dirt and rust,
  And your company's wet to the skin—
With all complaining "it's always raining,"—
  Is really letting one in!

When first I joined as Ensign,
  My heart it did aspire,
In the mouth of a gun, at the word, to run,
  And stand no end of fire.
But I certainly never bargained
  For water to this extent,
Any pluck 'twould damp to live in camp,
  With a shower-bath for one's tent.

The Camp campaigning duties,
  Would teach us, we were told,
So day and night we have waged a fight,
  With General Catarrh and Cold.
The command that gives most trouble,
  And is heard in every quarter—
Is "Tallow your noses—double!"
  And, "By the right—feet in hot water."

It seems so inconsistent,
  This pitch to which we've got—
Feet in cold water every day,
  And every night in hot!
Though honours fall but rarely,
  On Glory's laurelled path,
Of one order, at least, *we've* had quite a feast—
  The Order of the Bath!

So I sit, and my teeth they chatter,
  And I mope like a half-drowned rat;
And the rain falls, patter, patter,
  Through my tent on my Mackintosh mat.
And my damp clothes lie in a huddle,
  Giving out a frowsy steam,
And my feet are in a puddle,
  And my bed seems the bed of a stream,
Where I dream that I'm dry, and wake to sigh,
  And find it is only a dream!

From my Swamp, The Curragh, Ireland.

THE TERRORS OF TABLE-TURNING.

REALLY, if this Spirit-moving mania be carried on much further, it will be necessary for persons who are about to marry to take steps to secure themselves from buying haunted furniture, and from possessing chairs and tables which are themselves "possessed." When we hear of wardrobes "manifesting signs of the most lively emotion" on being approached by the mistress of the house; of sofas "undergoing throes" and swaying to and fro with "tumultuous energy" when invited by a Medium to join in a *séance*; of heavy easy chairs standing up on their hind legs, and wheeling about and turning about like so many JIM CROWS, when informed through the same means, that there were "sperrits" present; of tables rising unsupported some three feet in the air, and then descending to the ground with such a "dreamy softness" that it rendered their alighting "almost imperceptible;" of tables "rearing themselves up at an angle of 45°," without letting the vases and things placed upon them topple over; of tables clambering up ottomans and jumping into beds, and performing such "strange antics" with such "violent vivacity" as clearly showed they were "infected with a wild rollicking glee," and "inspired with the most riotous animal spirits;" when we hear, we say, of furniture behaving itself in this way, we cannot but consider that people should be careful how they run the risk of contact with it, and that great pains should be taken to avoid the chance of accidents resulting from its getting into an excited state. After what has actually been seen by living witnesses (at least if we believe their tongues, and they themselves believe their eyes, without using their other senses, common sense included, to test the "truths" to which they testify), we should hardly think it safe to let a table cross our threshold without having some knowledge of its character and habits, and feeling guaranteed in some way that when a spirit moved it we need fear no ill effects. Having a wife and a large family of ten or twelve small children, from whom we daily are obliged by business to absent ourselves, it would never do to leave them at the mercy of strange furniture; which for aught we know might prove addicted to an intercourse with spirits, and be liable to get elevated, and suspended in the air, and alarm the household by the madness of its freaks.

Obviously, therefore, some measures must be taken whereby the peace of mind of parents may be thoroughly secured, on the point as to how far their tables may be trusted, and their chairs and sofas left without being strictly watched. Upholsterers must be eyed as jealously as horse-dealers, and whatever article of furniture they sell will have to be submitted to most scrutinising tests. When they turn out a new table, they will have to guarantee it as being free from rapping, tipping, or any other vicious tricks; and no father of a family will think it safe to buy an old one without asking the shopkeeper what character he had with it, and whether it had ever shown a restive disposition, or had betrayed a tendency to back-jump, rear, or kick. Prudent persons will require that their easy chairs and sofas should be similarly certified; and unless they can be warranted as sound and safe from spirits, of course they will not be allowed to come into a drawing-room, where ladies, not strong-minded, might be frightened into fits.

Nor, while the Spirit mania lasts, will such precautions be less needful with regard to bed-room furniture, which must equally awaken one's suspicion and alarm. After what has been detailed of tables jumping upon beds, and chests of drawers being seen to undulate and vibrate with emotion, and curtain-rods, for aught we know, to quiver with excitement and rotate with remorse, surely nobody would dream of purchasing a wardrobe without a proper warranty that it was all serene; or of suffering one's upholder to send one home a dressing-table, which, being addicted to show spirits in the looking-glass, might shake one so while shaving as to make one cut one's throat. In fact, as spirits don't seem proud, but condescend to take possession of things most insignificant, the smallest household articles will be objects of suspicion, the while one fears there may be "sperrits present" in one's house. For ourselves, we frankly own, that as we have by nature a somewhat nervous temperament, we would never even purchase a second-hand perambulator without having a full knowledge of its parentage and pedigree; nor could we with any comfort use so small a piece of furniture even as a footstool, if we fancied that a spirit-hand had (in the dark) been seen on it.

CAMPS AND DAMPS.

THERE are grievous complaints of the state of the cavalry horses in the Curragh Camp. It seems as if some biped wanted a good *curragh combing*, as well as these poor starved out quadrupeds. A "French Soldier" writes to the *Times*, declaring that the people most to blame are the soldiers themselves, who have not the *nous* to drain their camp, and pave sloped standing-places for their horses. Perhaps there may be some truth in this; but are we sure that the soldiers have been permitted—much more taught—to set about such works? Let us take care, before we blame them, to be sure that we put the saddle on the right horse—even though the saddle be a Cavalry one, and the horse a Dragoon.

A PROFITABLE LINE OF BUSINESS.

WE read that a certain Railway pays its Lawyers £30,000 a year. This is very pleasant for the Lawyers doubtlessly, and must pay them remarkably well to keep up a running account of such an agreeable magnitude; but how about the poor Shareholders? We do not allude to the preference, or the preference preference Shareholders with their 6, 7, and 8 per cent. guaranteed interest, but to those who originally invested in the speculation? It strikes us (we are talking of *Bradshaw* generally, and not picking out any separate line) that many of the Shareholders have to starve in order that one or two favoured Lawyers may be fed. Of all Railway branches, and but few of them pay, the Legal Branch is the most expensive, and yet Railways are always running to law, and thousands have to be paid as the penalty of the numerous Railway collisions that are continually taking place in consequence in the Courts of Law.

To no professional class, not even excepting the Engineers, has the establishment of Railways been so profitable as to the Lawyers. The Engineer finishes his line, and there to a great extent his interest ends; but you have never finished with your Lawyer. Once allow him to put his iron fingers on your line, and with the well-known tenacity that iron has for iron, he will not let go his clutch in a hurry. A mother-in-law in a household is not more difficult to be got rid of than a Lawyer who once gets his red-bag inside a Railway carriage. He is there, you may be sure, for life, and he takes the line in any direction he pleases, and, not only rides free of expense, out pockets every half-year the handsomest dividend that the Company pays. A cabman is not paid more than sixpence a mile, but a Railway Lawyer's fare, we should say, was cheap at the rate of a hundred a mile. The sooner the Shareholders put down such legal conveyances, or else keep a tight cheque-string on them, the better they will find it for their pockets. Our words for it, these furious-driving legal Phaetons, if not pulled up in time, will infallibly run away with all your money.

Of all the paces, there's none like the Lawyer's pace for killing. In their time Lawyers have killed more than Railways. When the two combine, poor men must lose their own. In the meantime, the Railway axiom can safely be laid down, that Railways were established in this country for the special emolument of Lawyers and Directors. They take the first spoil; if anything is left (*if*), it is divided amongst the Shareholders.

CHILDREN, GOODS AND CHATTELS.

AT the Westminster Police Court we are informed by the *Morning Post* that—

"ALLEN FAIRRIE JOHNSTONE and SARAH ELLIOTT were further examined charged with stealing a valuable child."

A dear child we often hear of; but a valuable child is something apparently new. The fact is, however, that JANE SMITH, the valuable little article which MR. JOHNSTONE and MISS ELLIOTT were accused of purloining, draws large audiences by singing at various concert-rooms. She being only five years old, her value consists in the attraction which she exerts on the more intelligent portion of the British public in the character of musical prodigy or phenomenon and infant wonder. For stealing a child of this value how would the indictment run? The accused might perhaps be charged with having stolen, taken, and carried away one child, value £1000, for instance. A singing baby is at least as valuable as a singing mouse; but if it were as dear as it is valuable, its friends would take care of it, and the way to do that is not to let it go about singing at concerts at a time when it ought to be playing at home, or lying fast asleep in bed. Valuable children who are allowed to ruin their health by excitement and want of natural rest are very apt to be lost, if they are not stolen.

Is the punishment for stealing a child, whether of little or great value, as severe as that inflicted for stealing a sheep? The answer is not easy; for although numerous cases of kidnapping have occurred lately, the offenders, and especially the arch-offender, who stole the little Jew, appear all of them to have escaped justice.

The Bonapartist Claque at Naples

IT seems that one can sing, as well dance, on a volcano. For instance, the Imperial *claqueurs*, in the pay of the Bonapartes, are trying to get at Naples a new song, entitled, "*Murat pour la Patrie.*" They sing it with a great deal of warmth, but can get very few of the natives to join in the chorus. Apparently the Neapolitans do not think MURAT worth a song.

A LATIN ROOT.

WHY is an Irishman's dinner always ready?

Because (says the spirit of MURPHY, speaking through a whiskey Medium) it's "*Semper* pratics."

PASSENGER (Rowin' Man). "*I say, Porter, just look after my Luggage, will you?*—Small Carpet-bag and Four-Oared Cutter—*and look sharp, I don't want to Lose this Train!*"

DWARFS AND GIANTS.

WHAT a blunder to talk of NAPOLEON THE GREAT!
No offence to the head of a neighbouring state;
The NAPOLEON here meant is NAPOLEON THE FIRST,
By whose plague of war-locusts all Europe was cursed.

NAPOLEON THE SLAYER, NAPOLEON THE THIEF,
His idol was glory, which brought him to grief;
Great mischief he did—there his greatness I own.
Must we honour old Nick for his fiery throne?

If the spirit that did, in the flesh, demon's work,
Is under our tables permitted to lurk,
There's a question to which I would bid it reply,
By raps, if it could, and not rap out a lie.

I'd ask it, now glory's true worth it has known,
Would it have GARIBALDI's renown or its own;
Its career yet to run, if its choice it could make
Between fighting for Conquest and Liberty's sake?

The Hero who battles for Freedom and Right,
Is Day to the self-seeking Conqueror's Night;
Of the first let the memory be sweet as the rose:
Of the other, a deathless offence to the nose.

I'm content with my cudgel and proud of my hunch,
But I'd be GARIBALDI if I were not *Punch*.
Despise, World, the monsters that filled thee with groans;
Extol the subverter of tyrannous thrones!

What a Fool he must be!

A SMALL punster of our acquaintance who seems to know more of French history than he does of English spelling, says the battle which has recently been fought upon the Paper Duties, in some degree, reminds him of the famous Siege of Reams.

A PINCH OF CURRAGH POWDER.

CORRESPONDENTS from the Curragh Camp keep on painting their position in the wateriest of water-colours, and write as though their military ardour were quite damped by it. It seems, their tents are full of water, while their hearts are full of fire, burning as they are with the desire for drier quarters. As little, except sickness, can be gained by three months' soaking, we think the *venue* of the trial they have had might now be changed, and the heroes be allowed the chance of wearing a dry shirt, which is a luxury that lately they have not been indulged with. At any rate we think that while the soldiers have to soak, they ought to be supplied with an extra go of grog, which perhaps might counteract the evil of wet feet, and save the troops from catching influenza and sore throat. Could the old DUKE OF NORFOLK have been consulted in the matter, he would doubtless have prescribed a pinch of Curragh powder, as a means of giving warmth, and warding off the chills which even soldier's flesh is heir to. But a glass of grog "hot with" would better serve to keep the cold out, and would palatably raise the pecker of our troops. A soldier cares not for wet feet if he can but wet his whistle; but we think his thirst for glory is likely to be lessened, when the glory is presented to him as a doubtful sort of negus, consisting of a mixture of bad Tent and water.

The Vatican in Leicester Square.

WE understand that negotiations are on foot for purchasing the premises and building of the Great Globe in Leicester Square, in order to the conversion of that celebrated structure into a Palace for the POPE, who is shortly expected to emigrate from Italy, and, as we announced some time ago, take up his residence in this capital, and the above-named quarter thereof. The Great Globe will be just the place for his Holiness, as he will be able to get out in front of it over the door whenever he likes, and impart a benediction "*Urbi et Orbi.*"

THE GAME OF CHANCE AT THE DIVORCE COURT.—Double, or Quits.

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WHAT IT *MUST* HAVE COME TO, IF THE RAIN HAD CONTINUED MUCH LONGER!

"IS THERE ANY SPERRITS PRESENT?"

To the Editor of Punch.

"SIR,

"SEE what you have brought upon yourself by deriding and denying the wonderful facts of Spiritualism! Read the subjoined paragraph concerning you, extracted from the 'Notices to Correspondents' in the *Spiritual Magazine*:—

"INQUIRER.—'*A Word with Punch on the merits of his three Puppets, Sleekhead, Wronghead, and Thickhead*,' is, we believe, out of print. The exposures in it were certainly very damaging, but they answered the purpose. *Punch* never attacked MR. BUNN afterwards; perhaps the quiet intimation on the corner of the title-page, 'To be continued if necessary,' made *Punch* discreet rather than valiant. You are right in supposing that '*Thickhead*' is the present Editor of *Punch*."

"Besides deterring you from saying anything more against Spiritualism, the foregoing reference to yourself ought to convince you of its truth. Surely you must see that the passage above quoted is a communication from the spirit of the late BARNARD GREGORY, sometime Editor of the *Satirist*. Expect more, and worse, from the same quarter, if you keep on making jests of Mediums and talking tables. Your ridicule of quackery will be met with personal abuse, the author of which you may call a dirty blackguard, but you will disdain to answer him, and he will go about boasting that he has shut you up.

"The ribaldry with which you assail Spiritualism is nothing new. It is as old as Spiritualism itself. The Spiritualist and the Scoffer have co-existed from the beginning. Let me call your attention to evidence of this fact, contained in some lines of doggerel (much like the verses of your own contributors), with which an insidious naturalism, from time immemorial, has sought to poison and prejudice the mind of infancy:—

"High diddle diddle,
The Cat and the Fiddle,
The Cow jumped over the Moon;
The Little Dog laughed to see such sport;
And the Dish ran away with the Spoon."

"Let us analyse these despicable nursery rhymes, in order to expose their covert meaning. 'High diddle diddle.' This first line is commonly, but erroneously, supposed to be nonsense. It embodies a general denunciation of Spiritualism as delusion. 'High' means supreme; 'diddle' is a familiar synonym of imposture or humbug. The repetition of the word 'diddle' is intended to intensify the force of it, so that 'diddle diddle' is as much as to say 'humbug double-distilled,' or 'transcendent humbug.' The whole line amounts to a sweeping assertion that Spiritualism is regular out-and-out humbug.

"I shall make this statement clear as we proceed. 'The Cat and the Fiddle.' This is ribaldry. It is just the same sort of ribaldry as that with which you attack the high and holy truths of Spiritualism. The words are intended to insinuate deception in the case of a spiritual performance on a violin. The fiddle was played by spirit-agency; but the poetaster attempts to account for a phenomenon which he cannot deny by suggesting that the sounds were produced by a cat, that twitched the strings of the instrument with her claws under the table.

"'The Cow jumped over the Moon.' More ribaldry. As much as to say, the alleged fact of spirit-fiddling is as improbable as the legendary relation that a certain ruminant quadruped overleapt the satellite of this planet.

"'The little Dog laughed to see such sport.' Ribaldry again. Of course a dog could not laugh; though the so-called laughing hyæna is a brute of the dog kind, and such puppies as your *Toby* may laugh at humble women for inquiring, in the unaffected language of the lower classes, whether there *is* any *sperrits* present? By the sport mentioned in this line are intended Spiritual manifestations; and the pretended laughter of the little dog is an innuendo, signifying that they were so monstrously absurd as even to excite the derisive merriment of an animal of the canine species.

"We now come to the last of the five lines which compose this piece of stupid scurrility. 'And the Dish ran away with the Spoon.' This is the simple statement of an unquestionable Spiritual fact, which the preceding buffoonery is calculated to discredit.

"You will live to believe in Spiritualism, if you live till you are a day older—as DR. LARDNER lived to see the Atlantic crossed by steamers. Spirits will, of course, immediately disclose the authors of the Road and Stepney murders. You have put them on their mettle by defying them to reveal anything whatever, and, though in eternity, they will lose no time in rapping out the names of the murderers by the alphabet.

"Is there no sperrits—to borrow the homely language of commu-

nicants with the supernatural, and therefore supragrammatical, world—is there no sperrits in all the sperritual world as is able and willing to communicate them two very simple pieces of information? And, while they are about it, they may as well answer the long-pending and almost given-up question, 'Who stole the donkey?'

"I am, Sir, your exceedingly disgusted Reader,

"AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM."

"P.S. 'The Dish ran away with the Spoon.' I know you will say that the subject of this Spiritual asportation was the Editor of *Giles Scroggins's Journal*."

PROPRIETIES OF PENNY-A-LINING.

IN the report of a recent execution published by a contemporary, there occurs, immediately after the description of an attempt on the part of the prisoner to commit suicide, the following remark:—

"The prisoner appears to have conducted himself exceedingly well since he has been in Horsemonger Lane Gaol."

The endeavour to destroy himself seems not to have appeared to the reporter an exception to the prisoner's good behaviour. In continuation we are told that—

"He attended chapel every day, and seemed to be very much pleased with the religious discourses of the REV. MR. JESSOPP, and paid great attention to them."

In a previous part of the narrative we find that MR. JESSOPP "exhorted him to tell the truth, and not go out of the world with a lie in his mouth." He, however, did go out of the world asserting his innocence. If it was really the fact that he paid any attention whatever to the religious discourses of the clergyman, that fact would suggest a shocking doubt of his guilt. But, to our relief, we are informed, not only that he paid great attention to those discourses, but was also "very much pleased with them." A man about to be hanged might be terrified or comforted by ghostly exhortations, but could hardly be likely to be "pleased" with a religious discourse; like a serious gentleman at large sitting under MR. SPURGEON. We may safely conclude that the attention paid by the convict to the discourses of his spiritual adviser was about equal to the pleasure which he derived from them.

What a wonder that, in penning the passage next subjoined, the narrator did not think of instituting a comparison which it suggests to anybody who is in the least acquainted with LEMPRIERE'S Dictionary:—

"He conversed freely with the warders who had the charge of him, and upon one occasion, in reference to the punishment of death, he said he objected to it 'upon principle,' and said he did not think the law was justified in taking life for any crime."

This philosophical behaviour is really quite analogous to the conduct of SOCRATES in his last moments.

We seem to have read the ensuing description, or something very like it, more than once before; indeed, very often. Like nearly every criminal, an account of whose execution for murder we have ever perused, the condemned man, having taken leave of his friends,—

"Went to bed at the usual hour, and slept soundly till yesterday morning at seven o'clock, when he got up and dressed himself, and had his breakfast, which consisted of cocoa and bread and butter. He ate the whole of the allowance given to him apparently with great relish, and asked for an additional quantity, which was supplied him, and he finished the whole of that also."

If the reports of executions in general can be believed, the last breakfast of a murderer is almost invariably a good one, and he seldom fails to ask for more; which is always "supplied him," in most cases "promptly" or "immediately." The items of the meal also, as in the present instance, are constantly specified. Somebody must be interested in this sort of detail, instead of being disgusted with it. We wonder if the chronicler of such particulars would be sensible of recording anything incongruous with the solemnity of the occasion in stating, if an eccentric malefactor gave him occasion for doing so, that the prisoner "expressed a wish for shrimps, which was instantly gratified," or "requested a bloater, which was at once supplied him."

In the extract which shall conclude this anthology, however, there is one word, which, if not absolutely novel in the composition of such a narrative as that in which it occurs, may nevertheless suggest a new idea to thinking minds:—

"The chaplain then commenced reading the imposing service for the dead, and the mournful cavalcade proceeded across the yard to the place of execution, which is at some considerable distance."

Equestrian tragedies have been performed in a theatre; but even on the stage it is at least unusual for a prisoner to be led to execution in a cavalcade.

SONG OF THE IMPERIAL PREFECT.

COME on my friends, look here, this pair of boots you see,
Attend, approach, assist, in cleaning them with me.
Whom do I you invite from dirt to free them for?
Aha! and can you doubt? It is our Emperor.

These boots which I embrace, as if they were my sons,
What do they call themselves? You know. Napoleons.
'Tis well, therefore, to clean and make them gaily shine,
Because the name they bear effuses light divine.

Yes, glory from that name as from bright Phœbus shoots,
Well, then, will you refuse to wipe its owner's boots?
No; raising cries of joy, in eager haste you'll press
To cleanse their very soles of all unpleasantness.

To him who wears them think how vast a debt you owe,
And all your bosoms then with gratitude will glow.
What! dares some voice exclaim, that France is no more free?
The Empire is for her the Tree of Liberty!

For chains with garlands she is to that poplar bound,
A Maypole decked with flowers, which she can dance around.
So let us dance; but first remove the spots impure
Of these Napoleon boots the radiance which obscure.

What, is not Paris grand, almost indeed rebuilt?
Are not your eyes regaled with painting and with gilt?
Of splendours such as these be happy in the face;
If Britons are not slaves, their statues are all base.

But most of all reflect on what a height we stand,
In terror and alarm maintaining every land.
Our neighbours fear lest we should force them to enjoy
The happiness of Nice; the fortune of Savoy.

See England all in arms; JOHN BULL up to his eyes
Taxed, lest we some fine day his seaboard should surprise;
His wealth, his hearth, and home, should plunder and profane
Of glory thus possessed, of what can we complain?

Come help me then these boots—to polish shall I say?
No; simply they require defilement wiped away.
Of patent-leather formed, their stains removed, they glow:
Now has arrived the hour devoted zeal to show.

Lend me—your hands? Ah no! These boots demand of us
A nobler sacrifice—idea more generous!
With blacking's acrid taste no palate will be wrung,
Let me request you all to aid me with the tongue.

Hereditary Bondsmen who are Always Striking the First Blow.

MR. HERMAN LANG (the name reads like the German for LONGFELLOW) writes to the *Times* to state that a Volunteer Band, if good for anything, cannot be kept up for less than £1,000 a year. (Bosh!) We venture to say that the Pope's Brass Band, proficient as they are in blowing their own trumpets as well as those of their harmonious master, manage to keep themselves up for a much less sum than the above. We doubt if the poor fellows draw much beyond their own breath. The reward is certainly not great, tending to empty the chest rather than fill it, but then the POPE, who has not kept an old rag-shop so many years for nothing, says it is the BEST Price that can be GIVEN for OLD BRASS.

Inhuman Attempt at the Floral Hall.

A FRENCHMAN'S love of the ridiculous exceeds even his love of the truth. An apology was made the other evening for MLLE. PAREPA'S absence:—"*Ah! il paraît donc que* MLLE. PAREPA *ne paraît pas.*" The Frenchman, who was the unnatural parent of the above absurdity, was so proud of his misshapen distorted offspring, that he went about introducing it to every one he met. How true it is, that parents love their deformed children the best!

POOR BEASTS!—It is decided that the Natural History of the British Museum is not to go out of town this year.

STOP HER!

WE read a short time ago, in a contemporary the following strange want:—

"WANTED, A SINGING CHAMBERMAID."

Now of all the nuisances in one's establishment, we should fancy a domestic who could not hand one the *Times* newspaper without burating into a bravura song, would be unexceptionably the most intolerable. Any one who goes singing about the house is a bore. One instinctively longs to fling the brute over the bannisters; but to have MOLLY constantly humming about one's ears—to warm your bed the last thing at night with "*We're all Nodding*," and to bring you a cup of tea at daybreak with "*Behold how brightly breaks the Morning*"—would have such an effect upon our sensitive nerves, that, by St. Barnabas! we would as soon live under the same roof with a party of Puseyite priests who were practising intoning all day. We know we should very soon have to rush off to the nearest tailor's, who had the private custom of the Lunacy Commissioners, and ask to be measured without delay for the straitest of strait-waistcoats. We should only want a facetious butler, a dancing porter, a crockery-smashing footman, and an Irish valet, who never spoke to you without slapping his thighs and saying, "Lord bliss yer 'oner!" to complete our mundane happiness.

Perhaps, however, the "Singing Chambermaid", was wanted for the stage, and certainly the stage is welcome to her so long as she doesn't come near us. When all our wives and daughters sing at the present day, we certainly don't want chambermaids who can sing also, unless they were sure to charm our hearts and ears like MISS PATTY OLIVER, or MISS LOUISE KEELEY, as often as they play the part of one.

THE SOLDIER OF THE HOLY SEE.

PUT this and that together. This is one of REUTER's telegrams:—

"*Perugia, Aug.* 30.

"GENERAL LAMORICIÈRE, in an order of the day, has directed his troops to plunder any town which, on the approach of the enemy, should rise in insurrection."

That, which follows, is a paragraph from the *Times*:—

"A LORETTO VOW.—GENERAL LAMORICIÈRE went on the 15th of last month to the famous chapel of Our Lady of Loretto, and having, like other pilgrims, offered his devotions at the shrine, solemnly engaged to present there *ex voto* the sword which he now brandishes on the POPE's behalf, as soon as he shall have delivered the Pontifical throne from all its enemies."

LAMORICIÈRE's order of the day, appropriately dated at Perugia, would, if it stood alone, seem the proclamation of a miscreant. Taken, however, in connection with the gross and monstrous act of fetichism which he performed at Loretto, it enables charity to hope that he may possibly be a madman.

SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS.

"It is the EMPEROR who has saved the POPE."—*Persigny's Speech at Rouanne.*

WHO raised up Italy (no matter why)—
The Austrian legions to defy?
Who *spoke a speech*, (as under Milan's *duomo*
He rode with *Il Ré Galantuomo*)
That on the heart of Italy so wrought,
(No matter what he *thought*).
It fused a rush of units to a nation—
Furnished cement to annexation—
Gave GARIBALDI room and verge to grow—
An avalanche from flakes of snow—
And fixed the *point d'appui* to twist the rope
That soon or late must hang the POPE?

Let us not stay to ask the "how" or "why,"
This man, for once, looked high,
And spoke, as one with faith in a good cause,
Who champions Heaven's laws:
But own the hand that did what his has done,
Sure as light follows sun,
Sowed seeds of death in that old Papal power
Which France props at this hour.

Let PERSIGNY employ his special pleading,
His priestly gulls misleading;
'Tis no less true the Church's eldest son
The deed of parricide has done;
That his sword undermined St. Peter's chair,
Which now his bayonets up-bear.
That PIO NONO's prayer, on bended knee,
Is, or at least *should* be,—
"'Gainst foes leave *me alone* to gain my ends,
But save—oh save me from my *friends!*"

A COLOSSAL BORE.

WE wonder that MONS. FERDINAND DE LESSEPS, with his wonderful powers of boring, has not yet been able to construct the canal across the Isthmus of Suez. With so powerful a bore at the head of the works, the job should have been of the easiest nature, and ought to have been constructed at the very smallest expense. How tired we are of this everlasting surging, up-heaving, Isthmus! If it only had been worked half as well in reality as it has been on the press, French men-of-war might be sailing across it at the present moment, on their way to take possession of India. We can understand M. DE LESSEPS holding on to it with all his teeth, for it is a kind of alimentary canal to him, so long as any subscriptions keep pouring in; but we do wish that he would bore quietly like a mole underground, and not disturb the peace of Europe as though all the mountains in the world were in labour. M. DE L. has been hammering away again at poor LORD PALMERSTON, who does not seem much hurt by the puny blows he is perpetually receiving from this effervescing little Frenchman. He has been sending his Lordship some more "Observations" as striking as those he has dealt him five thousand times at least before, but they do not appear to have made any greater impression than their feeble predecessors. Nettled at no notice being taken either of them or himself, he sent to Cambridge House under all possible forms and disguises, until his servant, who seems to be as great a genius at boring as his master, brought back the following answer:—"LORD PALMERSTON's final reply on the subject of M. DE LESSEP's canal is simply—CUT IT." Nothing could be more expressive, or so laconic, or kinder, and yet we are told that M. DE LESSEPS is in a greater rage than ever. There are some men whom it is impossible to please.

Verbum Sap. Verbum Nap.

THE EMPEROR LOUIS NAPOLEON is composing a *Life of Julius Cæsar*. This is well; for he can hardly fail to overlook the awful warning latent in the first line of the *Commentaries*. If France should attempt a new career of conquest, and Europe, indignant, should take her in hand, who knows but that a future historian may have to record that *Omnis Gallia divisa est in*, &c.

PARTRIDGE SHOOTING IN THE HIGHLANDS.

ON HIS WAY TO THAT TURNIP FIELD, OUR DEAR OLD BRIGGS PASSES THROUGH THE PARK IN WHICH HIS FRIEND'S FAVOURITE BISONS ARE KEPT. HE SAYS TO GEORDIE THE KEEPER: "I TRUST, MY GOOD FELLOW, THIS IS NOT THE SEASON YOU SPOKE OF IN WHICH THESE CREATURES—YOU KNOW—EH—WHAT—A—A—ARE DANGEROUS!"

JOHN BULL'S BLUNDERS.

THE City of Montreal, in Lower Canada, has been thrown into an uproar by a proposition brought before its Municipal Council for changing the name of one of its squares from Commissioner Square to Victoria Square, and by the circumstance that a monument to LORD NELSON has been erected in another square named after JACQUES CARTIER, the original founder of Canada. It certainly does seem wonderful that, considering how punctiliously the British Government has respected and protected the institutions and laws of French Canada, the people of Montreal should abuse us like pickpockets for proposing to name one of their squares after the British Sovereign, and setting the image of a British hero up in the other. But this is just the way we always do offend people after having done our utmost to deserve their gratitude. We confer on them inestimable benefits, and then unwittingly inflict on them some petty slight, or exasperate them by some unintentional insult. We consult their interests, but overlook their prejudices; do our best to promote their moral and material prosperity, but tread by accident on their sentimental corns. To pamper Sepoys and give them larded cartridges was a regular British blunder; and it was a blunder still more regularly and truly British to call a square in Montreal by the name of our QUEEN, and to post an effigy of NELSON among the descendants of French people in a place which would have been appropriately occupied by that of a distinguished Frenchman.

How shall we make amends to the susceptibilities we have wounded? Shall we implore the City Council of Montreal to call the square which was to have borne the name of British Majesty, Bourbon Square? Shall we invite them to remove NELSON from Cartier Square and put CARTIER on NELSON'S pedestal? It would be as well perhaps if we were to endeavour to disarm the animosity we have unawares provoked among foreigners, and particularly our next neighbours, if we were, as a set-off against our Waterloo Places and Trafalgar Squares, to call several of our streets Bonaparte Street, and to name the new bridge at Westminster Austerlitz Bridge. It is true that we have Napoleon as well as Wellington boots. The more general adoption of such nomenclature would show that we intend no affront to those who feel themselves aggrieved by the clumsy ineptitudes—*gaucheries* don't they call them?—which they mistake for insolence. The fact is, that we, being extremely deficient in pride and vanity, cannot conceive how others can be irritated by trifles, of which we in their places should take no notice except that of a smile. They should pity our obtuseness. As to NELSON'S statue, the French Colonels themselves might be content to see it in the Place de la Concorde, on the condition that it should be made by one of our own sculptors. They might admit WELLINGTON'S on the same terms. Both Waterloo and Trafalgar would then be more than avenged.

Tribulation Cumming.

THE REVEREND DR. CUMMING has published a new book and some prophetic sermons, in an advertisement of which he styles himself "Author of *The Great Tribulation Coming on the Earth.*" DR. CUMMING, by his own account, would seem to be a very ill-natured person; but let us hope that his machinations will be frustrated, and that his malevolent hopes will be disappointed by the non-arrival of the calamity which he appears to anticipate so confidently as to call himself the author of it. At least, we may trust that he will inflict upon the world no greater tribulation than a great bore.

Waste of Print.

"LORD GRANVILLE'S errand to Madrid is in connection with recent efforts to put down slavery."

"The KING OF NAPLES has been offered an asylum by the QUEEN OF SPAIN in the event of his being expelled from his dominions."

Except as regards the names, these paragraphs seem to *Mr. Punch* to be tautology.

CORN VERSUS CHAFF.

John Bull. "THIS IS MORE PROFITABLE WORK THAN ANY YOU HAVE BEEN DOING FOR SOME TIME, OLD BOY."

DE MORTUIS NIL NISI BONUM.

OME of the descendants of CAPTAIN COOK, the great circumnavigator, are advertising for subscriptions to a monument which it is proposed to erect to that distinguished man. COOK needs no monument beyond the Archipelago he opened to civilisation. Every missionary, every colonist, every clothed native man or woman, every educated native child, nay, every pig in the islands of the South Seas, is a figure in COOK's monument—a nobler one than ever was reared to conqueror. Anything the surviving COOKS may do in the monumental line must fall far below this. Too many Cooks, in fact, in this, as in other cases, are likely to spoil the broth.

Floods of Talk.

IN one of his prefaces, COLERIDGE says: "There are such things as fountains in the mind." From the way in which M.P.s give their minds to talking, we should say that every unappreciated Demosthenes in the House must have a good-sized fountain concealed about him. It must be so, or else they could not be so incessantly spouting.

THE TRAVELLING SEASON.

THE KING OF NAPLES has decided upon taking a long journey. As Vesuvius was getting too hot to hold him, he has been recommended change of air by his physician, DR. GARIBALDI. The atmosphere of Naples was found a great deal too oppressive for one of his feeble constitution. In this instance, the formality of a passport was entirely dispensed with. It has been kindly intimated to His Royal Highness, who has been suffering a great deal lately, that he need not hurry himself in the least about his return: and the friendly advice has likewise been given to him that, for fear of meeting with any annoyance on his journey, he had better travel strictly *incognito*. Should it even be suspected who he is, the public curiosity, which, in cases of persons of illustrious birth and renown, cannot always be repressed, might seriously detract from his enjoyment. We wish him joy of his trip.

The Houses of Idleness.

AT the Prorogation of Parliament, it seems, as each Clerk bows four times to each Bill, no less than two hundred obeisances had to be given before the work was got through. A deal of bowing and scraping, and no advance made. A porcelain mandarin on a mantel-piece couldn't wag his empty head more unmeaningly. Heads may well fall low when they have so little to be so proud of. In one House, it is all idle ceremony; in the other, all idle talk. Our Lords employ their learned pates in bowing, and our Commons in bow-wow-ing.

HOMEBUG OR HUMBUG.—The Spirit-rapping mania may be a moral disease indeed; but it has also a material aspect. May it not be considered as a species of impost*hume?*

DOUBLE MEMORY.

IN the pages of *Once a Week* we read the particulars of the case of a young lady who was afflicted with what is called "A Double Memory." One day she was as ignorant as a Member of Parliament, and the next she would be as accomplished as the object of your affections that you have an appointment with at eleven o'clock to-morrow in front of the "hymeneal altar," at St. George's, Hanover Square. On Monday her fingers would be quite sore from not knowing how to handle her pot-hooks and hangers; but on Tuesday she would write you a book almost as clever as any written by MRS. GORE. This two-fold state, in which one was alternately a child and a young lady, must, however, have possessed certain advantages. It is sometimes so convenient for a young lady to forget to-morrow the beautiful things she has been promising you to-day. Moreover, is the case so very wonderful after all? Cannot every one recall to memory innumerable instances of old ladies who have fancied themselves almost young children, and, under that delusion, have acted most childishly? It was once our happy lot to know a friend who owed us a certain sum of money (say £1000). Not only for five long years did he recollect that he owed us the money, but at last, when hope had almost grown into despair, he also, by some miracle or other, *recollected to pay it!* It is true that the second recollection was of very slow growth, but the two facts, taken together, authorise us in saying, that we look upon the above phenomenon of our friend as the most wonderful illustration of "Double Memory" we ever met with.

The Prince of Wales in Canada.

ON Tuesday, the 21st ult., his Royal Highness drove out to see the Falls of Montmorenci, near Quebec. Whilst he was contemplating the cascade, a bystander remarked that the noise was deafening. "Ah," said another, "that is indeed extraordinary. Cataract is generally blinding." The speaker was a Surgeon; and his observation was rebuked with a universal cry of "Shop!"

PATRON GODDESS OF THE SKITTLE GROUND.—Flora.

THE VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT.

ANOTHER admirable phase of the above movement was the wonderful precision with which, to a minute, several of the leading establishments in London closed their shops last Saturday week. When the "close" order of "Put up Shutters" was given, not a man lagged behind. It was another ebullition of the strong Volunteer spirit which animates the entire country. If we are "a nation of shopkeepers," it is but right that the shopkeepers themselves should do something to defend it. If they cannot exactly give their bodies, they are right, by thus closing early, to prove that they are perfectly willing to lend their "hands." These closed shutters are an addition to the Wooden Walls of England. If LOUIS NAPOLEON should ever become our customer (and there is no doubt that in one sense he would be a very "ugly customer" indeed), a notice might be written on each shop-front that he would be "served," not behind the counter, but in the open field, where all military orders would be executed on the shortest notice. Should it ever come to a measurement of weapons, we are positive that the English yard-measure would teach the French pretty forcibly to mind their "*aune*."

The Two Extremes.

AT some public meeting we read, that "the thanks of the Meeting were given to the Press and SIR GEORGE BOWYER." This convinces us more than ever, that there *is* only one step from the Sublime to the Ridiculous. How strangely astonished SIR GEORGE must have been to have found himself thrust into such intellectual company. The poor fellow must have felt very uncomfortable!

"COMING EVENTS," ETC.

WE have learned that apartments have been taken at the Clarendon for one JOHN SMITH. Knowing how like one Bourbon is to another, and recollecting how certain family traits *run* in that interesting family, we should not be in the least surprised if the KING OF NAPLES was already on his way to this country. We do not envy him his welcome.

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER XXIX.—TWO WORDS MORE ABOUT THE REIGN OF RICHARD THE SECOND.

FROM A CURIOUS MS. ENTITLED "YE FOOTMAN'S FRIEND." DATE 1390.

ANOTHER eccentricity to be noticed in the civil costume of this period was the wearing of wide sleeves, which were "shaped like a bagpipe," and were known in common parlance by the name of "pokys." This they probably obtained from the fact that odds and ends were now and then poked into them; for the Monk of Evesham tells us that they were also known as the "devil's receptacles," because of their convenience for hiding stolen goods. In spite of this, however, servants were allowed to wear them like their masters; and we have no doubt their example was followed by their "followers." The sleeves were made so long and wide that they reached down to the knee, and sometimes even to the feet; and it is easy to imagine that any snapper-up of unconsidered trifles could make a decent living by the perquisites he pouched. Another nuisance in these pokys was, that they continually were dipping into dishes, for the Monk expressly tells us that servants when engaged in bringing in the sauces, "dyd saucilie contrive to lett their sleeves have ye first taste."

Fully as absurd as these foolishly wide sleeves were the sillily long shoes introduced about this time, and which were known commonly by the name of "crackowes." It is likely they were called thus from the city of Craeow, whence there is some reason to believe they were imported. Shoes with long points, we have seen, were worn in England as early as the reign of WILLIAM RUFUS; but from these the crackowes differed somewhat in their shape, and in having their points fastened up with chains of gold or silver to the knees of those who wore, but could not otherwise have walked in them. Mention of these crackowes is made by an old writer in a work called the *Eulogium* (probably because there is so very little praise in it), and as it likewise throws some light on other fashions of this period, we are disposed to let the passage have insertion in our Book:—

"Aboute this time ye Commons [i. e. the people, not the House] were beaotted in exceedinge excess of apparrell, some in wide surcoats reaching to their loins, some in a garment reaching to their heeles, close before and struttinge out on ye sides, so yt at ye backe they make men seeme like women, and this they doe call by ye ridiculous name of *gowne*. Their hoodes are little, tied under ye chinne and eke buttonedde like ye women's, but set with gold or silver and precious stones. Their lirripipes or tippets do pass round ye neck, and hanginge downe before reach to ye heeles all jagged. They have another weed of silk which they do call a paltock.* Their hose are of two coloure, or pied with more, which they tie to their paltocks with white lachets called herlots, withouten any breeches (!). Their girdles are of gold and silver, and some of them worth twenty markes. Their shoes and pattens are snouted and piked, more than a fingere long, crookyng upwards, which they do call crackowes, resembling devil's clawes, and fastenedd to ye knees with chains of golde and silvere."

For further information respecting the clothes worn by civilians at this period, we may well refer the curious to the *Canterbury Tales*, where CHAUCER, who combined the penny-a-liner with the poet, has described a lot of people of both high and low estate. They may learn here how the Squire wore a short gown with long sleeves, and a robe embroidered—

> "As it were a mede
> Alle fulle of freshe flowres white a rede:"

—how the Yeoman was "yclad in a cote and hoode of grene," had his horn slung in a green baldrick, wore a dagger on one side and sword and buckler on the other, bore in his hand "a mighty bow," and carried a sheaf of arrows winged with peacock's feathers underneath his belt; how the Franklin, or country gentleman, is simply spoken of as wearing an anelace, or knife, and bearing at his girdle a gipciere or purse of silk, which, being "as white as milk," for aught we know may in reality have had the colour of sky-blue; how the Merchant is described as being dressed in "motley," (a term which CHAUCER aptly gives to the parti-coloured costume we have previously described, and which must have made a man look vastly like a fool), and as wearing a forked beard and a Flaundrish beaver hat, and boots which, we are told, were "fayre and fetously yclasped;" how the Doctor was clothed "in sanguin and in perse" (*i. e.*, purple and light blue), and the Lawyer wore a medley coat striped with different colours * and y-girt with silk: how the Reeve or Steward (who though called a Reeve may really have been somewhat of a Rough) was adorned with a long surcoat and a rusty sword, had a closely shaven beard, and hair rounded at the ears and docked upon the crown in the manner of a priest's; how the Ploughman wore a tabard and a hat and scrip and staff, and the Shipman was attired in a gown of stuff called falding, falling to the knee, and had a dagger under his arm slung by a lace thrown round the neck; how, for reasons of his own which it is needless to inquire into, the Miller wore a white coat,† a blue hood and sword and buckler, with the addition upon holidays of hose made of red cloth; and how the Haberdasher, Carpenter, Weaver, Dyer, and Tapestry Worker, all wealthy London burghers—

COSTUME OF A COAL MERCHANT. TEMP. RICHARD THE SECOND. FROM THE BEST AUTHORITIES.

> "Were yclothed in a livery
> Of a solemne and grete fraternitie;"

—a phrase which might induce one to imagine them ancestrally related to our flunkeys, and first founders of the solemn Brotherhood of Plush.

In this reign, as in the last, the hair was worn rather long and very carefully curled, and the beard long and forked, "like the tail of a swallow," a fashion which can hardly be considered inappropriate, seeing that the swallow has connection with the throat. Whether the dandies had a habit of twiddling their moustaches is more than we can say; but they wore them long and drooping upon each side of the mouth, as one sees is not infrequently done even to this day.

With regard to the military costume of this period, we find there was but little noticeable change in it. The gradual substitution of plate armour for mail, which had been proceeding in the previous two reigns, was continued and brought almost to completion under RICHARD. Of the complete suit of ringed mail, which had been in use at the beginning of the century, all that now remained were the apron edge, the gussets which were made to shield the joints, and the camail or chain neck-guard that was added to a

FROM THE FAMOUS EFFIGY OF PETER OF PIMLICO. DATE 1380.

* This "weed" it would appear had sprung from Spanish soil, and had been somewhat in use with the flower of the nobility in the time of EDWARD THE THIRD. The word paletoque is still extant in the Spanish dictionary, and is there said to be "a kind of dress like a scapulary," which instructive information leaves us little wiser than we were before. DU CHESNE describes a scapulary as a monk's frock without sleeves; and as the word paletoque is obviously compounded of *palla* a cloak and *toque* a kind of head-dress, we are encouraged to conjecture that the garment had a something like a monkish cowl attached to it. As *paleto* in Spanish signifies a clown, it is likely that the paltock was first worn by common people; and as the modern paletot is obviously descended from it, we think that advertising tailors should advertise the fact.

* A Harleian manuscript (marked 980) informs us that the robe of a Serjeant-at-law was formerly particoloured "in order to command respect;" but whether this result was extensively attained, the writer of the manuscript does not proceed to state.

† "Why does a miller wear a white coat?" is a question which will doubtless occur to learned readers as having been in everybody's mouth about this period, having been introduced perhaps by the *Joe Miller* of the day.

kind of skullcap called a bassinet, which was introduced in the time of EDWARD THE SECOND. Milan was the place whence the best armour was imported: Italian iron being perhaps considered the most suitable for welding into suits. The preference thus given to plate of foreign make may have been one of the grievances of WAT TYLER the blacksmith, who having killed the tax-gatherer for trying to tax his daughter * was knocked down by LORD MAYOR WALWORTH, "whose mace dyd give him peppere for hys murderous as-salt."

A curious kind of bassinet came into fashion at this period, having its vizor sharply pointed and shaped like a bird's beak. The advantage of this form it is difficult to tell; and the sole cause we can think of why it was adopted is that, as it made the wearers look like fighting cocks, it may perhaps have urged them to crow over their enemies. The vizor, ventaille, or bavière, as it was variously called, was perforated with small holes, just big enough for breathing through; but unless, which is not likely, the wearers lived on air, we presume they took their beaks off whenever they felt peckish.

FAC-SIMILE OF A VERY CURIOUS DRAWING IN MR. PUNCH'S POSSESSION. AN INTERESTING EXAMPLE OF THE VIZORED BASSINET OF THE PERIOD.

In his poem of *Sir Topas*, CHAUCER gives us a description of a swell knight at his toilette; and we feel a little tempted to copy out a bit of it, if only to show the reader how thankful he should be that one need not copy nowadays the costume there described. *Sir Topas*, when he dressed himself, first of all put on:—

> "Of cloth of lake fine and clere
> A breche and eke a sherte,
> Ful next his sherte an haketon,
> And over that an habergeon
> For piercing of his herte.
> And over that a fin hauberke
> Was all ywrought of Jewes work.
> Full strong it was of plate,
> And over that his cote-armure
> As white as is the lily flowre,
> On which he wold debate."

"Over that," and "over that," and "over that!" only fancy what a lot of things to have to wear, and what a bore they must have often been to those who bore them. We complain a good deal of the discomforts of our clothing; but the miseries of *Sir Topas* must have far exceeded ours. Just imagine our M.P.s "debating" in the dog days in such attire as his! We are told too that his leggings, or, as they were then called, jambs, were "made of *cuir bouilli*, a choice kind of leather much in use during this period," which we think must have increased the inconvenience of his dress. However "choice" it may have been, we don't think we should choose to have our legs jammed in boiled leather; and we think that poor *Sir Topas*, in the summer time especially, must have found that this queer *bouilli* put him sadly in a stew.

* The state purse being emptied by the wars of EDWARD THE THIRD, by the expenses of the armaments entailed upon the country, and (give ear, O ye Commons!) by "a want of dee economy in voting the supplies," a new tax of three groats on every person, rich or poor, was imposed soon after RICHARD had ascended the throne. This poll-tax, GOLDSMITH tells us, "kindled the resentment of the people to a flame," which was brought to a white heat by WAT TYLER's flare up. When the riot first broke out, nervous people thought the country was going to the dogs, and some one named some of the rioters in the following dog Latin, which is as bad a bit of doggerel as we have ever read:—

> "Watte vocat cui Thoma venit, neque Symme retardat,
> Batque, Gibbe simul, Hykke venire subent;
> Colle furit, quem Bobbe juvat, nocumenta parantes,
> Cum quibus ad damnum Wille coere volat.
> Hudde ferit, quem Judde terit, dum Tibbe juvatur,
> Jacke domosque viros vellit, en ense necat:"

FINE WRITING AND FISTICUFFS.

"MISTER PUNCH, "*Broadway, Te-uesday.*

"SNAKES and Pumpkins! *Mister Punch!* Guess as heow you have jist got the wrong ind o' the stick neow! Reckon as you've bein and pitched in-toe our scrawlers, and said as heow they weren't no gentlemen and aint fit for smart society, and all because they blabbed a bit about that old hoss COBDEN, and his notions of the Treaty which that critter GLADSTONE haeve been all this blessed Session a-crammin' down yar throats. Wal, I won't deny the bhoys *du* sometimes let a cat out which they might as well keep bagged, and you Britishers air all so 'nition screwy of your talk (excep' them chaps in Parliament; *their* tongues *air* greased, I reckon!) that it takes a darned 'cute hand to scriggle out yar secrets. But as for sayin' as our Press writers don't du the thing that's tall, and air a lot of low-bred blackguards, jist you listen here, Sir-ree; I reckon here's a bit of pe-owerful fine writin', and there ain't a shade o' doubt of its being slick-up gentlemanly. This is heow, accordin' to the *New York Herald*, we welcomed back our Champion, MISTER JOHN C. HEENAN, after his victorious visit to your shores. The *Herald* calls it a 'Grand Fête of the Muscular Christians,' and after saying that some five-and-twenty thousand bhoys showed up, the peowerful penny-a-liner goes a-head like this:—

> "On arriving at the Wood, [that's 'JONES's Wood,' old hoss a crack resort for shindy stirrers, it was found that a temporary circus had been fitted on the ground. Likewise our enraptured gaze rested upon an arch, presumed to be triumphal, and bearing the champion's motto, 'May the best man win!' In front of the amphitheatre, a stage twenty-five feet square had been erected, and fitted up with posts, ropes, &c., to represent a ring. No other arrangements except those for liquor selling, were apparent. Nature was kind to the boys, and smiled upon the affair. The day was one of the finest of the season, and gentle breezes from the south-south-east fanned the gladiators' velvety cheeks."

"Tall writing, that, I reckon! But our literary bhoys haeve all'ys bein first chop at poetry. Guess you Britishers are far too plain and matter-o'-fact for toe talk of zephyrs fannin' of yar 'velvety cheeks,' when you git a brisk sou'-easter a blowin' in yar mugs. But it shows what corn-fed critters we raise for common scrawling, and heow they can't touch nothin' which they don't make ornamental. Listen a slice more:—

> "Now for the champion. Lo! the conquering hero comes! The conquering hero rides in an open barouche, surrounded with a large amount of flags and policemen. On the box sits an M.P., with a 'grave and reverend seignior,' proprietor of a most respectable weekly. The barouche circulates about the grounds. The champion is urbane: he bows on either side as the crowd shout loud hosannas, and cheer him most lustily. Now the détour is completed, and he stands on the stage still smiling and bowing in response to the popular voice, which is raised to a tremendous pitch in his honour."

"Thar, talk of your MACAULAY! Frogs and nutmeg-graters! Guess as heow our 'liners whip him holler at description. And they air jist as grand at drawin' of a full-length portrait as a picter. See here if they ain't:—

> "A bright, cheerful, pleasant-looking young fellow is this same champion. He has a clear honest eye, and but very little of the bull-pup appearance, for which gentlemen of the P.R. are in general distinguished. As he stands there bowing (and his bow would pass muster in MRS. HAUT-TON's drawing-room), one would take him for anything but a prize-fighter. We have seen many a Congress man who was not half so well mannered a man as the champion—though that is not saying much."

"Rippers and re-volvers! that's a boldish bit, I reckon. But our scribblin' bhoys have all'ys their duellin' tools handy. And their Classics, tu, old hoss, air at their fingers' inds, as well as air their Bowie-knives. Here's a sorter sample for schoolmasters to copy:—

> "Even in the Greek statues, we have never seen a finer model of manly beauty, from the throat down to the waist. The chest is perfect, and the arm is like that of the Farnese Hercules. If he had lived in the days of PHIDIAS, HEENAN would have been chosen as a model for a statue of the Olympian Jove."

"Applesquash and airthquakes! That's no small chalk of figger-paintin'! You Britishers air allfired proud toe crack up MISTER BURKE; but where's the bit in his *Sublime and Beautiful* that's haafe so sublime and be-eautiful as this? And yit you say our Press writers air common-minded 'coons, with no more elegance of feelin' than a Mississippi alligator. Wal, if this here I haeve quoted don't open up your eyesight, you must be 'bout as blind as a bat in A eclipse!

"'Taint no sorter good my sayin' more abeout the subject, seein' that the *Herald* is read by all En-rope, and there ain't a livin' critter from a 'possum to the POPE as hasn't read the rest of this here HEENAN Presentation. Heow the Champion set toe with an 'obese' old hoss named OTTIGNON, and 'danced about him like a fly coquetting with a honey-pot;' heow, after the sparrin', 'the gladiators disrobed and indulged in the sponge-bath, appearing subsequently arrayed like SOLOMON in all his glory;' heow 'the admirers of Muscular Christianity' (guess you Britishers haeve cribbed that air poetical expression) had 'made up for its Prophet a solid purse of 10,000 dollars,' which was given to MISTER HEENAN by 'that ornament of the New York Bar, MR. BLANKMAN;' heow MR. B. said MR. H., 'by the verdict of his countrymen, really *was* the victor in the great fight he had fought,' and so he begged to hand over the dollars aforesaid, and, 'in recognition of his gentlemanly conduct,' toe hand him a gold ring toe adorn one of his mauleys with, and as a prize that should 'remind him he belonged to the Prize Ring' (a neat joke, that, I calc'late); and heow the orator at length wound up his 'honeyed periods' by A crying to the Bhoy: 'Sir, ten thousand welcomes to you! and may a curse begin at the root of his heart who is not glad to see you!'

"Yours, *Mister Punch*, toe command (at siven paces),

"JONATHAN MARCELLUS JOSH GOLIAH BANG."

YOUNG SCRAMBURY *of the Guards, his Forlorn condition, with not a soul in Town; and, as he says, so "precious dull dining alone at the 'Wag,'* that he is positively wedooced to take his Dessert outside, and have a Chat with the Old Party who sweeps the Cwossing, for the sake of Company!—Ah!"*

* We presume the so-called Rag and Famish Club-House.

EXIT BOMBALINO.

THE Earthquake growls beneath his feet,
Vesuvius banks her fires, o'erhead,
Bewildered *Sbirri* through the street
Slink with a tamed and timorous tread.
The priest holds up his trembling hands,
In vain to sainted Januarius;
The Despot's hungry hireling bands
Begin to deem their pay precarious.
Armed Retribution pours its force
From Spartivent to Porto Fino,
Resistance melts before its course—
Et exit Bombalino!

No friend in this, his hour of need,
No hope or hold in his despair!
Each stay turns out a broken reed,
Each safeguard hath become a snare.
The rogues who were so swift to serve
Are even swifter to betray,
Each back that bent in supplest curve
On readiest hinges turns away.
What faith is bought by fear or gold,
'Tis time, at length, that even *he* know,—
His soldiers false, his courtiers cold,
En exit Bombalino!

His dungeons have giv'n up their dead,
Or, worse, their living-dead restored.
Truth lifts, amazed, her muffled head,
Unchecked for once by stick or sword.
And from the light that beams about
Her sorely-scarred yet stately brow,
Shrink back, abashed, the loathsome rout
That battened in the dark till now.
Amidst such greeting and good-will,
As subjects unto King or Queen owe,
Who've ruled but by the powers of ill—
Sic exit Bombalino!

And GARIBALDI's face is worn
Where this King's image ought to be:
And GARIBALDI's name is borne
On wings of blessing o'er the sea.
At GARIBALDI's summons spring
Men's ready hearts, and hands, and treasure,
Before him Italy doth fling
Her new-roused life in stintless measure.
But now alone against a host,
And now a host, as land and sea know,
Unboasting he caps CÆSAR's boast—*
Et exit Bombalino!

So be it still, when powers of Ill
And powers of Good, for issue met,
Hand against hand, and brand to brand,
In Armageddon's fight are set!
May Evil show what rotten roots
Its hugest upas-growth confirm,
And Good make known what mighty shoots
Are latent in its smallest germ.
With jubilee and joyous din,
From Sicily to San Marino,
Lo! GARIBALDI enters in,
Et exit Bombalino!

* *Veni, vidi, vici.*

EX QUOVIS LIGNO.

MR. PUNCH is favoured with the following paragraph from a Northern journal:—

"EDINBURGH THEATRE ROYAL.—This house is now being taken down to make room for the new Post Office. MR. CHARLES KEAN has applied or has intimated his intention of applying for a couple of the boards of the old stage on which he achieved his early triumphs, to be manufactured into some article of furniture which shall remain with him as a pleasant memorial of the past."

There is not the slightest reason why MR. KEAN should not indulge himself with this little bit of wooden sentiment, if he likes. But is not the memorial he contemplates rather an anachronism? Surely in his early Edinburgh days MR. KEAN endeavoured to succeed by force of acting, not by force of upholstery, as in later life. However, *c'est son affaire*, and not *Mr. Punch's*, who has only to deplore, that where the Posture-master used to stamp, the Post-master will stamp in future.

Chinese Worsted.

THE Chinese have an expressive proverb, that says:—"Patience—and the mulberry leaf becomes a silk gown." However, we know a medical man, with extensive theory, but limited practice, who has improved upon the above. He cries out:—"Patients! Patients!—and the Pill-box soon becomes a brougham."

POLITE, BUT TRUE.

WE read that an American has invented a Milking Machine. We are not going to describe it, as every *pump* must know what is the best Milking-machine.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, September 15, 1860.

IMPATIENT PASSENGER. "*Come, I say, Driver, you've no right to creep along at this Slow Pace. It's too bad. I'm in a hurry, and I insist upon your going faster.*"

CAREFUL DRIVER. "*Oh, yes! and Frighten the Insides out o' their Vits, and be'ad up before the 'Beak' for Furious Drivin'. Why, you ought to be ashamed o' yourself. — Drive Fast!—Not if I know it.*"

PORTER ON POLITICAL ATOMS.

THE free and independent electors of the city of Exeter met the other day at the London Inn, having been convened by circulars "to hear a further exposition of the political views of WHITWORTH PORTER, ESQ., the Conservative candidate for the representation of the city, in the room of MR. DIVETT, who is about to retire." The following is a specimen of the political views regarding Reform exposed by MAJOR PORTER:—

"He observed upon those who were endeavoured to be added to the franchise by the two statesmen alluded to, and said that he thought those who were mentioned in MR. DISRAELI'S Bill were better than opening the flood-gates and letting in those which LORD JOHN RUSSELL desired. The bill of that statesman was an atom of a bill from an atom of a man. (*Laughter.*)"

If LORD JOHN'S Reform Bill was an atom of a Bill, and a measure of which the strength was proportionate to the size, how could it have been powerful enough to open flood-gates? Is MAJOR PORTER a disciple of HAHNEMANN, and does he imagine that atomic Bills possess the virtues which Homœopathists ascribe to infinitesimal Pills?

MAJOR PORTER calls LORD JOHN RUSSELL an "atom of a man." This is just the phrase in which a tall officer, superior to the biggest blockhead in height and nothing else, would be likely to express his contempt for a political opponent of small stature. Is the gallant Major six feet high? Or does the candidate for the representation of Exeter look down upon the Secretary for Foreign Affairs from an intellectual altitude?

WHITWORTH PORTER, ESQ., in propounding the above illustrations of his Conservative Atomic Theory, may perhaps be considered not only to have delivered an exposition of his political views, but also to have exposed himself. Do the electors of Exeter require him to afford them any further exposition of politics or self-exposure?

Dove Sono.

AN eminent Pigeon-Fancier writes to say, that when, after supper, a set of husbands insist on brewing one more glass of grog before parting, and a set of wives thereupon look reproachfully at their lords, he is inclined to call it a collection of Tumblers and Pouters. He is an idiot.

THE BEST FEMALE EMPLOYMENT.—To mend the linen of forlorn Old Bachelors.

A SALVO TO ST. SWITHIN.

OFF with your rain-clouds, evaporate! mizzle!
  Wat'riest, weariest, wettest of saints;
O'er your blue nose draw your night-cap of drizzle,
  Hence, with your chorus of coughs and complaints!
Take your catarrhs, with their snufflings and sneezings;
Take your bronchitises, whistlings, and wheezings;
Take your congestions and pleurisies hence, as
Well as your agues and slow influenzas—
Go with a whoop, and go with a call—
Go with a murrain from each and from all!

Sorely the wheat on the uplands you threatened,
  Sadly you rotted the hay in the dells;
The market for light summer muslins you flattened,
  As the poor draper's stock-book too certainly tells;
You thinned the hotels, and you town-tied the tourists;
You made the Lake car-men perforce sinecurists;
E'en the Volunteer movement you aimed at restraining,
But it went on full gallop, in spite of your raining;
And the soldierly spirit, in Curragh and Camp,
Like JOHN BRIGHT, by your spouting you struggled to damp.

Our peaches you stonily hindered from swelling,
  Washed out all the savour from pear and from plum,
Made our peas so insipid they scarce were worth shelling,
  Persuaded the swallows that winter was come.
What lady adventured a daring new bonnet,
But you threw, unfeeling, cold water upon it?
Who tried garden-party or open-air *fête*,
But *you* without orders, sent *your* heavy wet?
And all in these islands were singing one song:—
"Here 'a Down with Saint Swithin—his rain is too long!"

Till we deemed in our blindness blue sky was abolished,
  And summer transported to Botany Bay;
That the dogs, for some cause, had had *their* days demolished,
  And Sirius been muzzled, or minced like Dog Tray.
And the world seemed a vista of weary wet Sundays,
And mankind's occupation to chant "*de Profundis;*"
And barometers stood as if fixed at "much rain;"
And we thought we should never see sunshine again;
And all of our blindness and bitterness, too,
Was owing, oh soppy St. Swithin, to *you!*

But the sun in the heavens was steadily shining
  Behind the dark rain-clouds, for all who could see;
And the grain we deemed perished, the fruit we thought pining,
  Kept their faith in the future more constant than we;
The rain-cloud must pass, and the growing things knew it,
And garnered each glance of the sun that pierced through it;
For now that St. Swithin is chased from his hold,
They don feasting garments of green and of gold:
And waving glad welcome to sun and blue skies,
Bid even St. Swithin God speed, as he flies!

The World Knows Nothing of its Greatest Men.

THE man who invented the corkscrew (and his name is lost in the fogs of obscurity—such is the base ingratitude of this world!) may be said to be almost as great a man as HARVEY; it is true that the latter genius discovered the circulation of the blood, but hasn't the invention of the former tended more than anything else to promote the circulation of the Bottle?—*George Cruikshank.*

EXTRAORDINARY FEAT IN NATURAL HISTORY.—In Canada they are making a Lion out of Wales!

A CHINESE CUSTOM.

To the Members of the Society of Friends.

OBER FRIENDS,—A letter in a newspaper from an English resident at Chusan, contains the passage following:—

"I saw a washerman this morning, and asked him why he made himself peculiar in plaiting his pigtail with drab-coloured silk. He replied, 'I lose my moder.'"

The writer of this remark was evidently a gentleman of your way of thinking, for he represents the act of the Chinaman in plaiting his pigtail with drab-coloured silk on account of his mother's death as something absurd. The habitual wearing of drab, of course, he does not consider more ridiculous than you do; but he deems it folly to put on that, or any other particular colour on the death of a relation—inanity for a man to illustrate a solemn grief by changing the fashion of his clothes. He would not himself, willingly put a piece of crape round his hat if he lost a parent, or a brother, or a sister, or a wife; much less would he attire himself in a suit of black cloth for a few months, as though to display what there is no occasion for displaying—sorrow; and to show that sorrow to be temporary. To be sure, if not quite one of yourselves, he might, against his will, go into what is called "mourning" for the very reason that made him laugh at the Chinese for doing so. If, in this country, he were to lose a relative, and did not, as it were, plait his own pig-tail in the mode prescribed by Society on such occasions, he would "make himself peculiar." He would also be considered to fail in "showing respect," as the cant phrase is, to the memory of the deceased, and would be abused and shunned for an unfeeling brute.

Thus it is, Friends, that when poor people have the sad misfortune to lose anybody who is near and dear to them, the misery of their situation is greatly aggravated by the necessity of buying new clothes which they do not want, in addition to incurring a monstrous bill run up by a harpy of an undertaker for the supply of a vast number of unnecessary articles, and the performance of idle, unbecoming, and intrinsically ludicrous, pomp and ceremony. This fine is inflicted by custom on a poor man, the father, perhaps of a family dependent upon his industry for support, and who has nothing to look forward to in his old age beyond what he can save out of his hard and precarious earnings, whereas every farthing which he ought to lay by is run away with by the Income-Tax.

O Friends, of whom plain drab is supposed to be the only wear, what a blessing it would be if you could prevail on the British Public to leave off demonstrating their woe by plaiting their pig-tails, so to speak, with a material of a particular colour, or at least to cease to impose upon others the obligation of going to the expense of so bedizening themselves on pain of social excommunication! I am, friends, yours verily,

PUNCH.

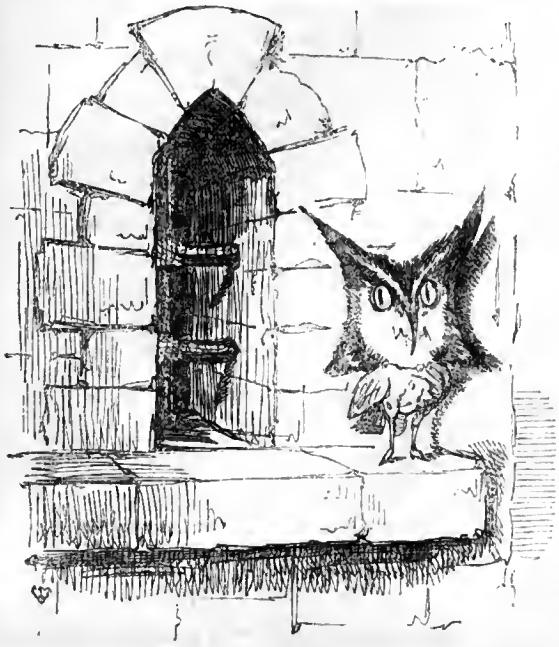
A GENEROUS IDEA.—France goes to war for an idea. Ha! that reminds one of SWIFT's saying, that a Nice man is a man of nasty ideas.

MR. JOHN THOMAS AT A SPIRIT SOIRÉE.

"DEAR JEAMES, this year comes open you and yours is hall serene,
Which the frase is raypher wulgar, but you know praps what I mean,
It seems a' most a Sentry since I've ad a line from you,
And so thinks I i'll take my pen and jist say 'Ow de doo?'
Which now as you've left Town in coorse you're glad to ear the news,
Though I earnt say as hive much as may a Blazzy man enuse.
For as U've been in soeiaty you'll pawsibly remember
That of times to be in lunding far the wussest is September;
'Tis the wery dullest deadest month of all the dull dead year,
(Hif that line ain't like TENNYSSON hime sure its preshus near.)
Which I dessay as you wonders why our Town Ouse we aint qvittink,
But its eos o' that ere parlymiut as *wood* keep on a sittink:
And the Guvnor avin daily 4 to go down to the Ouse,
He wornt able till the 20 hate'th to go off to the Grouse.
So he ses as ow the Ladies might as well remane in town,
Which he'd jine M in a fortnight, and to Grublands then go down.
"Well, the ladies dint complain much, but in coorse *we* cut up rough,
But the Guvnor when apealed to, why, he ses it were all stuff
For a Gentleman in livry for to feel it a disgrace,
In Belgravy out of season for to ave to show is face;
But you see as ow our Govnor he ave got a wulgar mind,
Hand cant understand the feelinx of a gent who's more refined.
"Well, bein kep in town—in Purga Tory I may say—
We've been driven to our Wits end how the time to parse away.
Hand among the fashinnable games and pastimes we ave learnd,
Our &'s to Table-Turnin we have bin and gone and turned.
Last nite we gave *A* swarry, which was in my privit room,
As we oped to have been Honored by the Mejum mister Ome:
"To tell you what oeurred, leastways has well as I am able,
You must no our small Teaparty all set round a small square Table:
Which, when we'd laid our ands on it, mysteeronsly did move,
Leestways, it *might* ave seemed mysteerius if I adn't give a shove!
A Mejum, who sat oppersite (which er looks weren't over plesent)
Then put the hawtle question, 'His theer any sperrits present?'
Wheerupon beneath the table we immeejet heerd a rappin,
Which I don't mind tellin *you* it were my walking-stick a tappin.
On heink hast the question then the Sperrit did proclaim
That it were my Great Grandma, which it didn't no er name!
And when we terrogated as to wheerabouts she lived,
'I ain't a goin to tell you!' were the hanser as she gived.
This here famly hinformation were so precious interesting
That i can't say as it tempted me to put a third kivesting;
But JANE she asked if er young man were livink in good ealth,
Which the Sperrit said as he were dead—not knowing *twoz myselth!*
"Next Cook she ast the Sperrit if her love he were all right,
Which you know he is a Pleaceman, as she sups im hevry night:
And the sperrit ses, O yes he were, it knowed him very well,
He were ired now as a orsler at the Arrowgit otel!
Well, at this hi bust out larfink, and Cook she did the same,
So the Mejum ses she wouldn't stop, of her if we made game.
Cos she knew as ow them sperrits could be Wiolent, hif they chose,
Which as she spoke, the table up—from *her* side on it—rose!
'There!' ses she, 'I told you so, you see they're gettin in a rage;'
But a boy a-sittink by her, which he is my lady's page,
He told me the next mornink as the Mejum's knees he ad
Distinkly felt a shovin and a pushink hup like mad!
"Then the Mejum ses the sperrits they had given her commands
To say as they were willing with the cumpny to shake auds,
But as they was raypher hashful, and the gas it hurt their I's,
They'd like to have the lights out, and we weren't to make no nise!
Well, on this, as you may phansy, we jist had a bit of fun,
Which I wish you'd heerd the shrieking when the shaking it begun.
Hin course I caught JANE's and in mine, hand then her lips I kissed,
Which I said the Sperrits moved me, so she'd better not resist!
"I needn't say much more about our spiritmovin game,
Which in fashinabble suckles now they ses its played the same;
And I spex as Gals enjies it more than going to the Hopperer,
Cos kissin in Society is reckoned more unproperer!
For one can't expect them woming, when the light's out, to sit still,
Leastways you may *expect* M, but I knows they never will.
So as blindman's Buffs thought wulgar, why they takes to sperrit rapping,
As a means may be of kissink, and may be of usbings trapping.
Which its that ere spirit swarry as to JANE ave made me slavey,
As sure as hever my name his

JOHN TOMAS OF BELGRAVY."

MUSIC AND MATHEMATICS.



MANY a time we have said, "When we have nothing else to do (a condition which we fear will postpone the act we contemplate to a rather remote period), we will knock off a pamphlet which shall enumerate the barrel-organs wherewith we daily are afflicted, and shall show by some statistics the damage that the country is annually sustaining by them."

Considering the value of our literary labours (for how long could Society survive without its *Punch?*), it becomes a point of really national importance that we should never in the least be interrupted in our work. As our nerves are rather delicate (fine minds are in general attended with fine nerves) the faintest and most distant squeaking of a hurdy-gurdy is sufficient, so to speak, to knock us off our perch. The very instant that we hear it, the fear of coming horrors completely overpowers us; and throwing down our pen we make a frantic rush to our remotest coal-cellar, where with cotton in our ears we tremblingly abide until we think the danger past. From this our readers may imagine how street-music in general tormentingly affects us, and we need not undergo the pang of giving more particulars. Suffice it to add, that were a vagrant pair of bagpipes to strike up, before we could escape from our study to our coal-hole, the chances are that Bedlam would receive us the next morning; and it makes us ill to contemplate the probable result, were a brass band on a sudden to bray beneath our window, selecting *Poor Dog Tray*, or some such fiendish tune, to bring out the full effects of four trombones and a cornopean, in which well-balanced combination about nine out of ten of our street orchestras consist.

Levity apart,—and street music is no joke to those who, like us, suffer from it,—a headache is a luxury which men who live by brain-work seldom can afford themselves, because indulgence in it totally unfits them for their business. It is no wonder, then, that writers should complain about street music; for they suffer in their pocket as well as in their patience from it. How many more good books might have been given to the world, had German bands and barrel-organs never been imported, is a point for the Statistical Society to argue, but which we cannot spare our space at present to discuss.

To take but one example of the losses which are visibly occasioned through this cause: a considerable proportion of the life of MR. BABBAGE has been wasted in his sufferings at the hands of these street miscreants, and in his laudable exertions to summon them to justice. This is no novel story, and critics may accuse us of commenting on stale news. But in the latest case reported of him there was a fresh grievance, to which the notice of the Magistrate was specially directed, and which appears to claim the notice of MR. JUSTICE PUNCH. It appeared from the evidence adduced in the Police Court, that certain most unneighbourly neighbours of MR. BABBAGE took delight in hiring vagabonds to play under his windows, and thus to interrupt the studies which they had no brains themselves to value. On this disgraceful conduct, MR. SECKER spoke as follows, with an amount of indignation which all right-minded readers certainly must share:—

"The complainant was, no doubt, entitled to the peaceful occupation of his home, and so far as he (the Magistrate) was concerned, he should have the protection he properly claimed and required from annoyance while in the exercise of his calling. It was not to be endured that neighbours should continue to encourage street musicians for the sole purpose, as it seemed to be, of preventing the complainant from studying in his own house; and if they persisted in it, they would perhaps find that they were liable to an indictment for assisting and abetting in the nuisance."

There is a childish little game which we remember to have played at, whereof the fun consists in your obliging the player who sits next you to go through a great number of corporeal contortions, which you are gratified to think you have the power to inflict. The game is called "*Neighbour, Neighbour, I'm going to torment you!*" these words being uttered as a prelude to the mandate which throws your neighbour's person into a contorted state. Now some such pleasant game as this appears to have been indulged in by the neighbours of MR. BABBAGE, who have malignantly enjoyed the fiendish pleasure of tormenting him by hiring hurdygurdy-grinders to disturb him at his work. The only drawback to their pleasure must have been their inability to witness the contortions which poor tortured MR. BABBAGE must have suffered through their means.

To have seen him in despair pacing round and round his study, with his fingers in his ears, or else fruitlessly endeavouring to sit still at his desk and bear his torments like a martyr, suffering a fresh twinge of pain as every new squeak reached him, this would have been doubtless as pleasant to his torturers, as were the shrieks which reached KING PHALARIS from the victims he confined in his burning brazen bull. A picture of MR. BABBAGE as the Enraged Mathematician must no doubt have been continually present to their minds, and have afforded them most probably great pleasure to contemplate. The thought that what is play to them is death to his desk-labours, doubtless adds an extra zest to their enjoyment of the fun. Such persons pay no heed to their duty to their neighbour, and by urging on the organ-fiends to worry and torment him, they rob him of his labour as they rob him of his peace. To a man like MR. BABBAGE time of course is money, and any one who robs him of it should be punished as a thief. In dealing with the organ-men this should be borne in mind, and culprits who abet them should, as *criminis participes*, be made to suffer for their guilt. There is no excuse to be made for such offenders, and no extenuating circumstances to mitigate their punishment. Were MR. JUSTICE PUNCH to be entrusted with the sentence, he would condemn them to confinement in a solitary cell, where the fiends they have invoked to torture MR. BABBAGE should be the sole "companions of their solitude" allowed them. Instead of the hard labour of grinding at the Crank, they should be made to grind away at the hand-organ or the hurdy-gurdy, until they were made sensible of what torture could be caused by it. If the turning of an organ-handle did not ere long turn their brains, it would simply be, we think, because their heads were empty; and this, considering their conduct with regard to MR. BABBAGE, is a conjecture which there really seems fair reason for our hazarding.

SUDORIFIC POPERY.

A BLASPHEMOUS rogue of a Roman Catholic Priest at Naples attempted to create a diversion in young BOMBA's favour at the last moment by getting up a miracle, consisting in the perspiration of an image meant for the Virgin. The hoax of the "sweating Virgin" was exposed; as will, let us hope, be the humbug of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius. What was the object of the priest in "sweating" the statue, beyond that of creating vague terror and alarm among the Lazzaroni, it is not easy to understand. Such a prodigy would most naturally be interpreted into a hint to the Bourbon that Naples was getting too hot to hold him, or else to consider where he expected to go to, lest his ultimate destination should be a place where such monsters of wickedness, as the porter in *Macbeth* says, have to "sweat for it."

Practical Joke at the Expense of Public Creditors.

WE have often pointed out the absurdity of sending money to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER on account of Income-Tax which has not been demanded. Now you see the result of this injudicious practice. The Government demands a double Income-Tax, the British impost and the Indian too, on the interest of Indian stock. The object of MR. GLADSTONE probably is to render that stock as popular as he is making himself.

HOW TO GET A RIDE FOR NOTHING.

PURCHASE a penny paper. By jumping on the steps of the various omnibuses, and pretending to offer it for sale, you can easily get a ride from the Bank to Hyde Park Corner for nothing. If you wish to return, you have only to take the same steps backwards.

"THE PLAY'S THE THING."

"ALL work and no play, makes JOHN a dull boy," as MR. BULL remarked to the languid Mourner over the prosperity of the Drama.

HUMANE ASPIRATION.—MAY more blood be spilt in the establishment of Italian liberty, but may it be only the blood of S. Januarius!

THE IDEAL.

From OLIVIA *to* MARY JANE.

"And so, *dearest*, you have married *an Artist!* How like you, who was always such an admirer of the *beautiful.* * * * I can see you '*in my mind's eye;*' your ALGERNON (his name *is* ALGERNON, is it not, dearest?) seated like *another* APELLES at his easel, whilst you, his own CANTASPE, make the most graceful of models. You remember——

'APELLES, when CANTASPE'S form he drew,
Bade her remove the look of love she wore,
Lest others should adore,'" &c. &c.

[*For "The Real," see page* 120.

THE SAINT AND THE HERO.

YE holy knaves, to whom the crowd
In stupid adoration knelt,
To see, whilst abject heads they bowed,
The blood of Januarius melt:
A greater miracle behold
Than that of simulated gore,
Which melts when hot, congeals when cold,
But which your silly dupes adore.

Ye know how Italy has been,
Thank most yourselves, for weary years,
Of slavery a mournful scene—
A wretched land of blood and tears.
Her best blood ne'er had ceased to drip,
Her tears continued still to flow,
Beneath the rule of sword and whip,
Since Freedom perished long ago.

But now, as GARIBALDI speeds,
To Italy, from hills to shore,
Restoring Liberty, she bleeds
And weeps, except for joy, no more.
False jugglers, he outdoes your art;
His honest truth excels your lie;
His hand has healed her wounded heart;
Her blood is staunched; her tears are dry.

NEW IRISH EXODUS.

THE Dublin Correspondent of a morning paper states that:—

"The English steamers sailing from Belfast, particularly those trading to Fleetwood, convey weekly to the sister island upwards of 1000 young and lean geese."

His Holiness the POPE, therefore, does not get all the Irish geese, and by far the greater number of those which are good for anything at all are exported to England. Moreover, the young and lean geese that go to England get fat and fit for the table, whereas, of those which Ireland sends to Rome, the greater part return leaner, and not much older, than they went.

A Good Suggestion.

LET the Statues, which at present encumber the streets of London, and the antiquities, which are lying *perdus* in the cellars of the British Museum, change places. The Metropolis would be sure to be the gainer. It would be a sweeping bargain, that would have the singular merit of resulting in a profit to both sides. The cellars could not lose, and the streets must win. Our only regret would be, that by this exchange we should lose our beautiful idol, *George the Fourth!*

GEOMETRY OF THE FASHIONABLE WORLD.

AMONG the fashionable announcements of the *Post* one day lately, the peculiar properties of the circle in relation to the superior classes were instanced in the cases of several members of the aristocracy. A right honourable gentleman and lady, and a duke, were represented as about to receive, respectively, "a select circle of friends." Another duke was described as "surrounded by a select family circle." In reading this last sort of notification, we are sorry to say we are always reminded of an incident which occasionally occurs in that not very select circle the ring at Astley's, when the Clown tries to slip a hoop over the Riding Master, but the Riding Master slips it back over the Clown, before Mr. Merryman has time to stop himself from saying, "High diddle diddle the fool in the middle." In this case the fool is surrounded by a circle, and so is the duke in the other, only the Clown's circle is that through which the horseriders jump, and the Duke's is a select family one. Yet both circles may be said to be of the equestrian order. The Duke is the centre of a circle, so is the fool; they are alike in that point which the centre of a circle is defined to be.

Now if a fool is the centre of a circle of spectators, the circumference of that circle must consist of persons who are some degrees removed from a fool, if they are not very wise; but this remoteness from the fool is simply local, and they may be all as great fools as the fool himself. But the circumference of which the Duke is the centre is a circumference formed by persons of quality, and their quality ought to be uniform, because every part of the circumference of a perfect circle is equidistant from the centre, and if a select circle is not a perfect circle, what is? Therefore, if they are not all Royal personages, so as to be distant from the Duke by a degree of superiority, they ought to be all Earls, so as to be one remove from his Grace inferiorly, or else all Marquesses, or Earls, and so on, and the lower their rank the larger the circumference would be, because the farther distant from the centre; which is absurd.

Why will fashionable newsmen persevere in the solecism of denominating the guests of individuals of the upper ranks circles? Divers of the nobility and gentry might be properly said to represent a square in which they are householders; but if this is the square of a circle, there has been solved a problem which will soon be followed by the combustion of the Thames. Why resolve high life exclusively into spheres? Why not as well say that such a nobleman entertained a select oval, or a distinguished ellipse? Would that be too eccentric? Why not arrange the society entertained by a given aristocrat into oblongs or rhombs? Perhaps because it is necessary to imply, that the great creature around whom visitors revolve as it were in a circle or orbit is a sun, the source of light and warmth to the planets which he entertains.

NOTIFICATION TO THE FAITHFUL.

S. S. ALBAN AND LEGER.—In consequence of the event of the 12th instant, the Festivals of these saints will henceforth be celebrated on the same day.

N. WISEMAN, his × mark.

THE HERO AND THE SAINT.

LOGIC FOR LADIES.

BY ONE OF THEM.

You will excuse any apology for my present dissertation, and I shall assign only one particular reason for writing on Reason in general. Ladies ought to be fine logicians; for, whether they deal with Majors or Minors, they have, generally speaking, a perfect mastery over the premises.

Logic teaches us to train our mental faculties, so that we may firmly hold the thread of our discourse, and prevent it getting into a tangle. Under its guidance alone we draw from sound premises a safe conclusion. If people's premises are untenable, they must necessarily break down, just as if an Alderman and his august consort were to dance a *pas de fascination* in one of our modern compoed villas; assuming (as we may) the premises to be unsound, one can easily predicate with what a disaster such an imprudent step must conclude.

Of mental operations there are these three: simple apprehension, judgment, and discourse or reasoning. Thus, if a lady's hoop should entrap a gentleman's hat and carry it out of a church-pew, it is simple apprehension; but it requires judgment to drop it gracefully at the porch, and logical *acumen* to prove that such an abduction is sanctioned by the law of licensed carriers.

A syllogism is reasoning expressed in propositions, and every argument brought on the *tapis* is reducible to that scholastic form:

You say, CARRY, that at eleven o'clock
I ought not to commence another cigar;
But it is not eleven—it wants three minutes.
By your own showing, then, I ought to commence another cigar.

This is manifestly a *reductio ad absurdum*, and if CAROLINE, under such an insult to her reason, were to remain dumb, it would be still more absurd. She rejoins, mildly of course, "You know, CHARLES, my feelings as to cigars: the smoke enters the nursery, and makes little ELLEN cough!"

Charles (*loquitor*). Oh! very well; if you object to cigars, I'll put up with my hookah.

What logicians call this mode of reasoning I cannot precisely say, but I strongly suspect it must be the *argumentum 'baccolinum!*

In every syllogism we find an antecedent and a consequence, which sometimes lead to strange and contradictory results; for example:—

Wealth is an essential antecedent to consequence.
DOBBS's wealth is clear, though his antecedents are very obscure.
DOBBS's antecedents, therefore, are of no consequence.

Syllogisms are simple or compound. A dear friend at whose suggestion I undertook this essay, has favoured me with some simple syllogisms from her elegant pen—here is one:—

All men are heartless.
A Parrot is not a Man.
A Parrot, therefore, is not heartless.

Again:—

Red whiskers are deceitful.
LIONEL LYNX's whiskers are tawny.
LIONEL LYNX is very deceitful.
Therefore—Tawny whiskers are red.

This (*par parenthèse*) I may observe is one of SOPHY's sophisms.

One more:—

Young married people cannot live on less than six hundred a-year.
EDWIN and MARIA married on five.
Therefore—EDWIN and MARIA cannot live.

I must beg pardon for introducing my urbane reader to so dogmatic an author as DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON, whose works, let me note (*en passant*), hold a lofty though not very prominent position in every modern bookcase. I have heard that DR. J. wrote a romantic drama called from its biting humour *Irony*, but, never having read it, I cannot say confidently that he did. To this sonorous Pundit, however, we are indebted for a charming syllogism, which all lovers of real enjoyment will, I feel certain, cheerfully endorse:—

Matrimony has its cares.
But—Celibacy has no pleasures.
Those will embrace matrimony, therefore, who prefer pleasure to care.

I regret, from a humane feeling, that my kind printer cannot conveniently illuminate these glorious truisms with letters of gold.

Some compound syllogisms are very ridiculous. Here is one in which absurdity and conceit are equally mixed:—

Fanny's pin-money, under her settlement, is so much a year.
Mamma thinks this too little.
I think with Mamma.
Papa thinks it too much.
HENRY thinks with Papa.
Whatever, therefore, may be the value of my opinion and Mamma's,
The opinion of Papa and HENRY is not worth a pin. Q. E. D.

Reasoning in a circle is very fashionable; for instance:—

Those who marry for rank alone, are certain to repent.
MISS LOFTY married for rank alone.
MISS LOFTY, then, is certain to repent.
But—LORD TODDY is very old.
Oh! then LORD TODDY, not MISS LOFTY, is certain to repent.

This, I think, might more properly be called Tea-table logic, as I have frequently met with it at *Soirées*, both in London and Bath.

The *suppressio veri* and the *suggestio falsi* next merit our attention.

When LADY OGLE tastefully trains her auburn ringlets over one eye, so as to conceal a certain visual aberration, I call this a *suppressio veri;* but when SIR NATHANIEL assures me he has no need of glasses, it is a *suggestio falsi*, because I know that he has one, and a very good imitation it is too.

Of dilemnas, properly so designated, I shall not treat; for, as little RUPERT, my nephew, would say, it's no treat for any lady to handle them—looking at their terrible horns. In lieu of a dilemna, however, my gentle student will please to accept a tender perplexity.

A white hand shows a tender heart.
That should be loved which shows a tender heart.
A young Divine has a white hand.
A young Divine then—
But no; that young Divine a wealthy widow woos.
Therefore—A tender heart must not be loved.

In conclusion, let me add that, much as I admire Logic, I would rather praise my Nieces for making mince-meat than for chopping it. Woman has her mission, and it is better that her mind should be absorbed in knitting than in gathering wool. Of course I do not recommend either pursuit, as Woman's special province is making ties.

FATHER TOM'S HINT TO ST. JANUARIUS.

OH, blessed St. Bridget, it's you that should fidget,
And for Holy Church look mighty solemn and sarious,
Now thim snakes in the *Times* are completin' their crimes,
By abusin' that darlin' ould Saint Januarius!
Deridin'—the vagabones!—each holy bag o' bones,
Relics of martyrs and Saints of antiquity;
They're for puttin' his phial on chemical trial,
As if testin' Saint's blood wasn't haythin iniquity!

On that holy KING FRANCIS the wicked advances,
Under black GARIBALDI—the Church's worst inimy—
But it's they'll catch a Tartar, when that blessèd martyr
Roises up in his shroine to arrest them *in limine!*
The 19th of September—it's well to remember—
Is the day that his blood undergoes liquefaction:
It's myself will go bail, it's been ne'er known to fail,
Since the Saint *was* a Saint, and the Church was in action.

But with heretics wroitin', and heretics foightin',
To sweep down the Church and the King that's set o'er them,
Was I Saint Januarius, I'd sure be contharious,
And see them at blazes afore I'd melt *for* them.
Though all Naples was lyin', a-roarin' and cryin',
"Holy Saint be propitious, and melt as you used to do!"
I'd say, "*Retro Sathanas!* my blood shall remain as
The hard clot that's in it, in spite of *your* deuce to do."

For the miracle shown by the Church to its own,
Is that clot turnin' liquid, widout foire to melt it;
But the miracle wanted to make sinners daunted,
Is the clot's keepin' hard, till their hard hearts have felt it.
Sure the heretic crew will cry out, it's a doo—
That it don't melt, because no priest's hand warms the phial;
But lave them to prache—sure the faithful 'twill tache,
That our Saints won't have heretics put 'em on thrial!

MUSICAL ANNOUNCEMENT.—The *Court Circular* informs all persons enjoying an ear for sweet sounds, that "PRINCE ARTHUR went to the Falls of Quoich." This is a waterfall where one would expect to find no end of ducks.

CAP-A-PIE.

"Oh, look here, Billy; here's a Swell with a Pork-Pie on his head!"

THE NON-PRODUCTIVE CLASSES.

BY A DOMESTIC ECONOMIST.

WHERE is that solitary Stoic who can contemplate without emotion those rusky mountains (with summits and bases equal in breadth and digestibility) which are annually consumed by our native infantile population?—or who can look unmoved upon those Comos of caudle, and Mediterraneans of milk and honey, which serve to mollify so large and tender a body of Vegetarians? Breathes there a man with soul so dead in modern Babylon? If such there be, go mark him well; and remind him, with a tender gravity, how lambs offer their dewy fleeces that rosy feet may be comfortably shod,—how pine forests make their best boughs supply the mimic cuckoos, milkmaids, and arks by which tranquillity is ofttimes not dearly bought,—while ocean's darkest caverns resign without a murmur the coral (sweetest of anodynes) which cools the fiery temper and soothes the irritable gum.

From official sources, we learn what vast additions are continually being made to the large section of our Non-Productive Classes. Surely for all these tiny hands our sagacious statesmen could devise some employment that would come within their grasp. We have various lighthouses maintained at much trouble and cost. Suppose in place of them we were to establish nurseries into which the Martello Towers on our Kentish coast might readily be converted. I'll be bound that my MARY ANNE (*ætat.* seven months) if a hurricane were blowing in-land, would warn off a vessel at the distance of a mile—her voice being of such penetrating *timbre*, and her passion at bed-time above all praise.

Another useful end might be attained by these Martello nurseries. Not only might a fleet be saved, but an enemy frightened away. Those who were cradled on the land would have little to fear from those who were cradled on the deep. My MARY ANNE alone, with her piercing treble, could shield Folkstone from invasion, for CÆSAR himself would pause ere he attempted to seize her. Nor let our patriotic Riflemen despise these vocal Volunteers. Though in point of discipline they may not quite come up to that high standard which some stern old Generals demand, I think with a little training this new body of infantry would at all times be ready to present arms; and, ticklish as they may be, I feel assured that no prudent parent will make light of their charge.

LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

A PIQUANT Report has just reached us from that loquacious little Bird of nursery fame who is so notoriously given to eaves-dropping. It describes a conversation, at which our twittering reporter was present, having promiscuously dropped in among the sprigs of floral fashion, with whose diction young Bird, from his position, is conversant in most of its branches. Their language, somewhat flowery, is cast in a good garden mould, and would not discredit colloquists in any walk, —gravel or grass; while their knowledge of political *on dits* might lead one to surmise that they were mixed up more with Clubs than Spades. We confess that the peep thus afforded us into the secrets of the *parterre* has largely opened our literary eyes; for we never expected to find so much genuine fun cropping out among the pinks of botanical society.

SCENE—*On the borders of Mignonette.*

TIME—Break of day.

ROSE, VIOLET, LILY, *and* TULIP *discovered couchant. Buds-in-Waiting in the background.*

Tulip. Oh! dear Lily, that clumsy Gardener hasn't tucked me in properly. I really feel as if I should tumble out of bed.

Lily. Don't be alarmed; there's no danger, my Tulip.

Tulip. Well, this will be my last night here. I'm going up tomorrow for examination.

Rose. I suppose, then, you are prepared for being plucked?

Tulip. Perhaps I am; but, at any rate, people won't squeeze me to death, as they do all your family. How I should hate to be fondled by some fantastic old Dowager with a parrot nose.

[ROSE *sheds a tear, which has been for some time due.*

Lily. Never mind, Rose, dear; he is only jealous because, like a limping drummer——

Violet. Listen!

Buds (*with tremulous delight*). All attention.

Lily. Like a limping drummer he can't be scent to the vase.

[TULIP *very naturally shuts up.*

Violet. Lily, look at that poor learned Blue-bell; nobody takes any notice of her. How strange it is that mankind in general should stand so much in fear of a Blue.

Lily. It is very odd, but many strong-nerved men pause before giving one of those bells a ring.

Violet. It's lucky Monsieur the Sergent de Ville did not hear you, or he would certainly have taken you up.

Lily. Pourquoi?

Violet. Because you are addicted to play——

Lily. Gambolling, you mean—on words, for smiles, instead of sixpences—how very illegal!

Rose. As for Monsieur, he's not worth a Bachelor's Button—he's a married man.

Violet. You surprise me!

Rose. It's true, *ma chère*—he gave his hand last night to one of the Peaches.

Tulip. I know her, and they are well matched—she always looked a downy one.

Violet. Do you see poor little Box over there? I do pity him.

Lily. On what ground?

Violet. He is so very green.

Rose. Hush! here comes that tipsy old Bee again—how sweet he is upon the Hollyhocks.

Lily. I suppose he expects to get something out of them.

Tulip (*loftily*). A set of proud upstarts holding their heads so high, and looking down as if we were dirt under their feet.

Violet. Bee is a shocking old fellow—he's always in his cups. Rose, are you asleep?

Rose. No, dear, I'm only reading a heavy novel, and nodding over a leaf.

Violet. Hm, should you like to be MRS. BEE? I'm told he beat his first wife.

Lily. Resolved at any risk, I suppose, to escape from Bee's-wax.

Violet. If I were to change my condition, I'd be a Butterfly.

Tulip. For my part, I'd rather not mix with individuals of such humble extraction.

Rose. Nor I.

Violet. Not when they have got up in the world?

Rose (hesitating). Well—

Violet. Ah! Rose, did you not confess to me that you were never so delighted, as when you were kissing the grub?

[ROSE *colours deeply, wishing meantime that she belonged to the privileged order who are born to blush unseen.*

Tulip. Well, if I had any interest at Court, I'd be a Bishop. How jolly to be able to roll about on your own lawn!

Lily. And the higher Æolus raises the wind the fonder you'd be of the See.

Violet. Suppose we were HER MAJESTY'S Ministers, couldn't we dine without taking fish?

Lily. Certainly not; to taste whitebait is a duty partly official, unless indeed you became Lord Chancellor.

Violet. What should I eat then?

Lily. Oh! then you would have on your table a great seal.

Violet. How nice!

Lily. Chacun à son goût. I shouldn't mind being Lord Paramount if they would give me that large House (fitted up to please my own fancy) near Parliament Street.

Tulip. That house, I hear, is not a particularly clean one.

Lily. Indeed? It ought to be, considering how much rubbish has been thrown out of it.

Rose. I thought it was converted into a Reformatory for boys.

Lily. So it is, and many of them are very much corrupted.

Violet. Else I suppose they couldn't get in—how do they chiefly occupy their time?

Lily. Oh! standing on forms and making speeches!

Tulip. Is that all?

Lily. Well, I believe they are employed occasionally in making out Bills for the country, but the Bills are seldom fit to be seen, they are so covered with blots. [*Sensation.*

Violet. I pity their poor master, for how can he see his way clear, when one of his pupils is Dizzy and the fighting boy only is Bright.

Tulip. Hear, hear!

Buds (omnes). And so say all of us.

Rose. Let us not be too severe on those who have been so badly brought up, and though it is to some extent a National School, it suffers a good deal, I suspect, from mis-representation.

Violet. Hark! who is that singing "We won't go Home till Morning, till Daylight does appear?"

Tulip. Oh, it's that stupid old Owl, who pretends to be over head and ears in love with a Swedish nightingale.

Lily. He? I should have thought from his jocund strain, that he had been more fond of a lark.

[ROSE *observes that it is very unbecoming, and that she should have expected some purer air from one of his High Church Eminence, and with this remark the conversation, attended by a shower of rain—drops.*

THE SWORD OF M'MAHON.—BY A BARD OF ERIN.

SING the ancient glories
Of the ould KING BRIAN—
Story of all stories—
For his great French scion!
Tell how O'MAELACHGLIN,
Chief through Ireland's borders,
He in chains was shacklin,
Wid his lower orders—
How "*Boroimhe*" * imposin'
—Tax, whose name he borrows,—
He thrust Danish nose in
Bitter cup of sorrows.
How from Clan O'DONNELL,
Hogs he drew in plenty;
Cows from fair Tirconnell,
Twenty times twice twenty:
Ruddy wine from Dublin,
From Tyrone rich raiment;
He would stand no throublin'
In regard of payment!
If the tax they flung off,
He but laid it on again,
And defaulters swung off
His gallows-tree in Monaghan.
Sure his hand was heavy,
And his Court uproarious;
Kings came to his *levée*,
And with him got glorious.
So in state and bounty
Reigned he from Kilcora,
(Killaloe, Clare County)
Or the halls of Tara,
Held in small account he
Leinster's King MAELMORA:
Till that wicked thraytor,
Envying his splendour,
Riled the noble natur
Of Erin's great defender,

* The *Boroimhe* was a tax in kind, imposed by KING BRIAN, and from which he derives the addition by which he is generally distinguished.

And to guard his valleys
From the mighty BRIAN,
Summoned Danish allies—
KING BOROIMHE defyin'!
Many times the warriors
Drove each other's cattle,
Ere at Clontarf's barriers
They drew out to battle.
How produce an image
Of that great desthruction?
How describe the scrimmage?
How portray the 'ruction?
Wid their battle-axes,
Fiercely both did strain 'em,—
One to fling off taxes,
T'other to maintain 'em.
Till BOROIMHE's heart bursted,
He his foe did maul so,
But the Danes were worsted,
And MAELMORA also.
BRIAN's corse was hurried
Unto Armagh's borough,
There the King they buried,
Likewise his son MURROUGH!
Royally they waked him,
Twelve days and twelve nights there,
The big *rath* * they staked him,
Still doth glad our sights there!
There the great KING BRIAN
In his vestments royal,
To this day is lyin'—
Watchin' Erin's throial—
Waitin' till the glory
From the Sass'nach passes,
Lavin' Whig and Tory
For the Celtic masses!
Sure BOROIMHE's great sperrit
Stirs him in his coffin,
When M'MAHON's merit—
Spite of Sass'nach scoffin'—

* A tumulus or monumental mound, usually built up of earth, walled or staked round.

Shows his sons inherit,
The mantle of his doffin'.
When the great M'MAHON,
Draws the sword of Erin,
BRIAN will be sayin',
To the Bard's quick hearin'—
"On thou great descendant,
Of O'BRINE, O'CONNOR—
March on, independent,
In the path of honour!
Sure the Chief you follow,
If not quite my equal,
Bates most monarchs hollow,
In my hist'ry's sequel.
Nothin' ever stopp'd him
On the way to plundther;
No lay-flattery sopp'd him,
Frayed him no church-thundther:
Over Revolutions,
Over oath and o'er word,
Over constitutions,
He has still pressed forward!
Blood has had no terrors,
Conscience no reprovins,
Policy no errors,
Pity no wake movins!
Silent, self-relyin',
Still his word is "thorough,"—
Such was I, KING BRIAN,
Such was my son MURROUGH!
Oaths it's we would kick at,
Plots—we would out-plot them;
Ends once fixed, we'd stick at
Nothing till we got them!
Such the chief, M'MAHON,
—If he's my true scion,—
Well may help his way on,
Blessed by me, KING BRIAN.
While the land 'tis laid on,
My Boroimhe still gathers,
To gird the chief a blade on
Worthy of his fathers!"

ELEGANT EXTRACT FROM AMERICAN LITERATURE.

THE following choice bit is too good to be lost in a New York journal, and we accordingly transplant it to our own flowery columns, in order that the whole world may enjoy the rich *bouquet* of it:—

"MALE-GOSSIPS.—A female gossip is bad enough in all conscience; but a male gossip is, by all odds, the more detestable of the two; spending his time in collecting, from street-corners, saloons, and business places, all the parentheses of small talk, to scatter broadcast wherever there is a field to sow mischief. The male gossip is always a coward. * * *. The toe of a boot is the best thing with which 'to point the moral and adorn the tale' of this venomous animal."

The above is signed "FANNY FERN." We always had our doubts as to FANNY's sex, but after the above choice specimen, we are now morally convinced that FANNY is decidedly *no gentleman*. The difficulty then remains:—Being no gentleman, is she a lady?

Brighter than Venus.

THE *Star*, according to the *Sun*, is to be incorporated with the *Dial*. Accordingly the *Dial*, instead of being a Sun-Dial, will become a Star-Dial. If it will enable anybody to tell the time of day, BRIGHT's particular Star will be wonderfully luminous.

THE REAL.

MARY JANE *in reply to* OLIVIA.

"The same romantic creature as ever! His name is not ALGERNON, but plain ROBERT; and he's not an APELLES, but a hard-working fellow, with enough of genius to make me proud of him. As to his Model—" &c. &c. [*For "The Ideal," see p.* 114.

LADIES' HUNTING SONG.

BRIGHT MADELINE skips like a fawn,
GRACE from her book is torn;
Pa checks his far too frequent yawn,
Alone I sit forlorn.
Girls round the handsome Cornet throng,
To catch that sparkling eye;
Be mine the nobler task by song
To win his ardent sigh.
With a heigh-ho, MINNIE!
Alas! no glance, I win—he
Still ogles like a Ninny,
Those girls so tall and thin—he
Won't look this way,
Though loud I play,
"*Good bye, Sweetheart, good bye!*"
With tuneful art I grace my song
To wake his ardent sigh.

In fancied wreath of laurel crowned
I mark his brow so pale,
And muse on his moustache renowned
For thereby hangs a tale.
Some whisper and with accent strong,
He'd for his country *dye;*
Let martial airs then, aid my song
To win his ardent sigh.
With a heigh-ho, &c.

Poor me! why did my heart adore
A beau in gilded lace,
I'll be a silly belle no more,
But hide my burning face.
Girls! if you'd not be single long,
Some other measure try,
And learn by sweeter notes than song
To win a Cornet's sigh
With a heigh-ho! &c.

"CHACUN À SON TOUR."

THE papers are recording the progress of the EMPEROR through the Provinces he has lately been annexing. As the heading is no other than the "Imperial Tour," we infer it must have a sly reference to the *tour de force* by which the EMPEROR got possession of them. In the latter case it must be, or ought to be, *un bien vilain tour.*

GOGS AND MAGOGS.

WE see with great pleasure that the Government has refused an application made by some well-meaning gentlemen for a quantity of metal wherewith to make a statue to the memory of SIR JOHN FRANKLIN. The monument which FRANKLIN has made for himself is more durable than brass, and his fame would derive neither extension nor prolongation from a molten image erected in the market-place. But even if it would, in case the image were well made, the proposal to make one would remain objectionable, because we know that the image would not be well made. There is not one modern statue about Town that is not a disgrace and an insult, as far as it can be, to the hero or statesman for whom it is meant. St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey are full of statues of illustrious persons, nearly all of which have no merit whatever but that of comicality, whilst many of them are draped in the ludicrous dress of the last century; and it is fortunate that they are situated in the naves and aisles, and transepts of those churches, and not in the choir, where service is performed, the solemnity of which would be entirely destroyed by the sight of figures apparelled like old gentlemen in a farce.

Even if our sculptors could make good statues of nude or elegantly draped figures, they would be unable to make any but absurd dummies out of the suits of clothes with a head at the top of them of which all likenesses of personages of the present time must consist, represented either in ungainly uniforms, or civil coats, vests, and pants marked by imagination with Sydenham 17*s.* 6*d.* It does not mend the matter to put your hero into a toga. He only looks as if he were going to be shaved. We can't look, and can't be made to look like ancient Greeks and Romans. The classic age was the age of sculpture. That was the marble and brazen age. This is the wooden age. The propriety of statues ceased when mankind began to Mister and Monsieur and Signor, and Herr each other, and the world became comfortable and ridiculous.

For ANTINOUS, for JUPITER, for HERCULES, statues are all very well. *Ut sunt Divorum,* MARS, BACCHUS, APOLLO; *vivorum* also, such heroes as CONON and LYSANDER and ALCIBIADES. But they won't do for the British Grenadier or the British Sailor. Should CROMWELL have a statue? Perhaps. CROMWELL, in his habit as he lived, was picturesque—may even be looked upon as statuesque. Shall FRANKLIN? Not by any means, if *Punch* can help it. SIR JOHN FRANKLIN was a gallant commander; but he was a stout middle-aged man, and, figured as such, in a naval uniform, his statue would be neither useful nor ornamental, but on the contrary, a grievous eyesore in any situation wherein it could be placed, except upon the top of a column like Nelson's, where its ugliness would be out of sight.

A Lamentable Case.

IN the money article of some paper we were painfully struck with the following distressing fact:—

"No Gold was taken to the Bank to-day."

Poor old Lady of Threadneedle Street! Doesn't the reader feel for her! Fancy her going one entire day without any gold being taken to her! How did she sleep that night after such an overwhelming blow of destitution? Might we inquire if it possibly disturbed her "rest"?

A BALMORAL OBSERVATION.

THE *Court Circular* says, that the QUEEN drove the other day to the Colonel's Cave in Glen Eye. Is this the glen where the Falls of Quoich are? If there is a place in all Scotland where one would expect to find a cataract, it is surely Glen Eye.

THE BLACKEST HYPOCRISY.—America pretending to be a land of Freedom so long as Slavery exists in it!

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex. Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, September 22, 1860.

Old Tourist. "PRAY, WAITER, IS THERE ANYTHING TO WILE AWAY THE TIME UNTIL THE DINNER-HOUR?"

Waiter. "YESSIR; WHICH WOULD YOU PLEASE TO TAKE, SIR?—WINE OR SPIRITS, SIR?"

THE LAY OF THE LAST ARTIST.

Kept in Town, September, 1860.

OH! how grimy the trees that one everywhere sees,
As one's rounds in the Squares now one happens to go;
Oh! how hot and how crabbed, and almost gone rabid,
Is the artist imprisoned in dingy Soho!

Law has quitted his COKE, and has "sported" his oak,
E'en Police Reports now are most wretchedly slow;
There's nought in the papers to drive off the vapours,
And gladden the artist in dismal Soho.

I make calls on old friends, but in sorrow that ends;
"Left town, Sir!"—alas! yes, I feared it was so;
MAULSTICKE is from home, and M'GUILP's gone to Rome—
Ah! a Village Deserted is gloomy Soho!

There's SMITH, and there's BROWN, and there's young TONEMDOWN,
And old TOMKINS, whose "high-lights" are sadly so-so,
Off this autumn again to Wales, Scotland, or Spain,
While I am imprisoned in dreary Soho.

Models all are at rest, and not one's in request,
From piquant MISS POSER to pretty MISS SNOW;
And the Pugilist brawny, and Hindoo so tawny,
Lounge at large now in publics in vacant Soho.

I avoid the display in the windows so gay
Of WINSOR AND NEWTON, and ROWNEY also;
And I shun as the measles the portable easels,
And other art-nicknacks to tempt poor Soho.

My picture's not sold: bad luck to those old
Curmudgeons who placed it so horribly low;
To the Hanging Committee is due this sad ditty,
Of the artist imprisoned in stagnant Soho.

But for this, the nice girls, whose far-flowing curls
In the breezes of Brighton so pleasantly blow,
Would (in spite of my wife) have been sketched to the life
By the Wretched One pent up in dismal Soho!

RAILWAY CALLS.—It is a call for which we are always expecting some return, but rarely get it.

BETTING ROGUES AND THEIR BETTERS.

AT the Old Bailey, the other day, a MR. ROBERT BATTEN, aged 26, a poulterer, having pleaded guilty to the charge of embezzling £75, the money of EDWARD WEATHERBY, his master, received sentence of eighteen months' seclusion, with the addition, we may presume, of compulsory bodily exercise. Perhaps MR. BATTEN would have had to apply muscular power to the crank for a somewhat longer period if he had not made restitution to the amount of £36. He attributed his deviation from the path of rectitude to that of roguery to the practice, which he had adopted, of betting on horse-races.

The example set by noblemen and gentlemen, patrons of the Turf, is sometimes represented as the cause which induces shopboys, warehousemen, clerks and other persons in such a situation as that of MR. BATTEN, to turn first gamblers and then, by the most natural of transitions, thieves. This representation may be true, but if we did not know that inferior snobs are prone to ape superior snobs, we should think it was a mistake. A poor snob lies under a greater temptation to gamble than a wealthy snob, just as he is subject to a greater temptation to steal. Betting, as one form of gambling, might, like theft, be expected to be the peculiar vice of the necessitous. It seems reasonable to believe, that many a betting man, and many a thief, in narrow circumstances, would have been a respectable member of Society if he had been well off. The presumption is, that he bets or steals, or first bets and then steals, from the incentive of want. On the other hand a Swell has no motive to induce him either to steal or to bet except mere covetousness; so that if he steals it is because he is naturally a thief. But then he would also be a natural born fool to steal whilst surrounded with pleasure and plenty, and risk reputation, liberty, luxury, and even comfort. Therefore he bets instead of stealing, because by betting he hazards only money, which, being of a sanguine temperament, he does not expect to lose. If you can assign any more reasonable explanation of the fact, that gentlemen of wealth and station do addict themselves to betting, like the poulterer's man who got eighteen months, candidly impart it, if not, adopt the foregoing together with *Mr. Punch.*

A WISE COUNCILLOR.

"NAY, if thou art joking Deputy-Lieutenants,"—roars *Sir Tunbelly Clumsy,* feeling that audacity can go no further. *Mr. Punch* regards the art of joking Town Councillors as almost as atrocious, and in no light spirit extracts the following from a letter read before the Council of Rothesay, in Scotland. That awful body has some shooting to let, and a gentleman named COMRIE was one of those who offered to take the same. He wrote:—

"I make offer of two guineas a year for the shootings on the grounds belonging to the burgh of Rothesay. I consider the above a fair rent for the first year, as MR. EWING has hardly left a foot or wing upon the ground, but as it is necessary for me to have some exercise and excitement to enable me to fulfil the duties of a councillor in a proper and becoming manner. Should there be a *bona fide* offer, or offers, higher than mine. I am willing to give a few shillings above the highest offer."

The construction of the most interesting sentence may be defective, but *Mr. Punch* can see no reason for the "loud laughter" which is reported to have followed the perusal of this letter. *Mr. Punch,* who is the "Councillor" of the nation, feels that even He requires "exercise and excitement" to enable him to fulfil his duties "in a proper and becoming manner," and he heartily sympathises with MR. COMRIE. Moreover, he admires that gentleman's wide-awake-ishness, which led him to suspect that the Rothesay Town Council would try the dodge of pretending to receive higher offers, in order to "run him up." The stipulations that he would advance on a *bonâ fide* proposal only is truly charming. For their own reasons, however, the Council would not let him have the shooting, and *Mr. Punch* hopes that the worthy Councillor will find feet, wings, exercise, and excitement, elsewhere; for nobody can work without holidays—the grandest discovery of modern science.

The Support of Italy.

THE Italians, desirous of having only One Italy, keep shouting "*Una! Una!*" If Italy is alluded to as the *Una,* then GARIBALDI must be the faithful Lion that is to carry *Una* through, and protect her from all danger.

THE POLITICAL HARVEST.

ROPS are getting safely housed throughout the country, thanks to the fine weather, and the harvest is a better one than might have been expected. Indeed we learn, that on the whole, it will turn out very little, if at all, below the average; and the croakers who predicted that famine would ensue, will now have to eat their words in the shape of good substantial quartern loaves, or cottage ones. We regret to say, however, that nothing has occurred to cause any amendment in the legislative harvest, which, as our readers are aware, has fallen sadly short of the public expectations, and has severely disappointed those who held high hopes of it. The crop of measures that was promised was unusually plentiful, but several of them were blighted very early in the season; and of those which have survived, but very few we fancy will prove to have been worth the cost and labour of their housing. Whether the deficiency has been caused by the wet weather, which may have somewhat damped the legislative ardour of our senators, is a point which we may leave to those who like it to debate. It is quite certain, however, that much less corn than chaff has been produced this year in Parliament, and until some steps be taken to check this growing evil, we incline to fear that future legislative harvests will be scarcely more prolific than that which is just past. Chaff is certainly at times a serviceable commodity, but we hardly think it right to waste a session in producing it; and indeed there is no question that, like as in the corn-field, so in the field of politics, a lot of chaff is found attended with a length of ear.

THE GUNNER'S RULE OF THUMB.

A LETTER in the *Times*, signed WILLIAM KENRICK, S.F.V.G., contains a statement of the fact, that three sailors in HER MAJESTY'S Service have had their thumbs blown off in firing salutes, through stopping the vents of 68-pounder cannon with those members instead of spikes of brass, lignum vitæ, or boxwood, covered with India-rubber or gutta-percha; implements which would effectually and safely render the vent air-tight. The writer wishes that, if there is any better method of serving the vent of a cannon than that which he proposes, some scientific engineer should be invited to devise it. Certainly a sailor's thumb is the most expensive of all possible vent-stoppers for a cannon; to say nothing of the inconvenience of losing his thumb to the sailor. Bereft of his thumb, he ceases to be an able-bodied seaman; and the Naval Service has not yet become so popular that it can well afford to lose a hand, which it does lose when an able-bodied seaman loses his thumb. Besides, when one able-bodied seaman at the vent of a 68-pounder loses his thumb, another at the muzzle runs a great risk of losing his arm. So great is this risk, that any reflecting man would strongly object to load a piece of ordnance which he knew was perhaps only prevented from going off in the process by the accurate pressure of another man's thumb on the vent.

Sailors, now-a-days, are reflecting men, many of them, insomuch as to be unwilling to expose themselves to quite unnecessary mutilation. Intrepid as the British sailor is, he is much more likely to hold a gutta percha stopper steady on a cannon's vent, than a stopper consisting of his thumb. The rule of thumb is generally objectionable, but never can it be more so than when it is applied to stop the vents of great guns, which, it is to be hoped, the Admiralty will adopt some more scientific, effectual and cheaper method of stopping than that which frequently exposes the sailor to the risk of having his thumb blown off. An invitation to enter the Navy, addressed to a seafaring but judicious youth, may otherwise very commonly be replied to by an extension of his fingers from his thumb applied to the tip of his nose.

A BULL OUTROARED.

To the Beyrout Correspondent of the *Times* the British Public is indebted for the publication of an edifying pastoral, said to have been issued by the Maronite Bishop of Tyre and Sidon, and breathing the most pious sentiments, of a species similar to those which are expressed in the passage following:—

"Now there has been a general meeting on the mountains of Lebanon of the Chiefs of the people of Zahleh, Deir-el-Kammar, Keserawan, Jezzin, and of the neighbouring places, that they will be as one hand against this nation (Druses), small in numbers and weak, in destroying them, in shedding their blood, and in taking their goods and possessions, and in driving them from out of the land which before was that of your forefathers, the orthodox nation."

The apostolical author of the above evangelical announcement goes on to inform his flock—of sheep or wolves?—that

"There has come a letter from his Holiness our Lord the exalted Patriarch, instructing us to aid the aforesaid people (Maronites of Rasheya) as they may determine; and for this purpose came the letter, that you may be every one of you provided with the necessary arms."

This holy exhortation bears the signature and seal of the "humble SEPHRONIUS, Bishop of Tyre and Sidon;" the seal no doubt being one of pantomimic magnitude. It is indeed a very good imitation of a roaring papal bull. The affectation, bombast, and mock humility which it is replete with, give it a close similarity to the "allocutions" and "encyclical letters," of which Europe is sick. The subjoined brief extract reads, however, like an Irish Maynooth Priest's interpolation in a pontifical edict:—

"It is determined here that on Monday next there shall be fighting."

The writer here drops down from the flowery height of ecclesiastical rhetoric to the expression of common ruffianism in the vulgar tongue. He had probably assumed a character that he could not sustain. Possibly, then, his alleged episcopal epistle was the forgery of a clever Druse, who wanted to get the origin of the late massacres in Syria imputed to the Maronites. He describes himself as writing under orders from his Holiness our Lord the exalted Patriarch. Now his Holiness the Lord of the Maronite mongrel Christians happens to be not the Patriarch of Constantinople, but on the contrary, his Holiness the POPE OF ROME. A Druse would be likely enough to confound those two hierarchs. We can hardly suppose that PIO NONO personally commanded SCHMIDT to sack Perugia, or has ordered LAMORICIÈRE to subject the towns of his insurgent subjects to pillage. As little can we imagine him capable of issuing such instructions as the above, declared to have been received by the humble SEPHRONIUS. And then the Sephronian imitation of the Papal balderdash is a little too strong of savage Orientalism. Let us cherish, therefore, the charitable hope, that the self-styled "humble" SEPHRONIUS was, in reality the humbug SEPHRONIUS, or some other designing humbug of a heathen who assumed that name. But, heathen or bishop, SEPHRONIUS is evidently a humbug.

GARIBALDI PAINTED BY A YOUNG LADY.

A YOUNG Lady, writing as enthusiastically as young ladies generally do, portrays GARIBALDI as "a dear old weather-beaten angel." We doubt if angels care much about the weather, considering they are always living in the open air, and are not generally represented as having much clothing about them, though, on the other hand, it is agreeable to picture GARIBALDI as an angel—an avenging angel for the long-endured wrongs of Italy—the angel of deliverance for the long-suffering martyrs of Naples. However, granting (and to a young lady we are always ready to grant everything) that GARIBALDI is "a weather-beaten angel," it is a comfort to know that as yet he has never been beaten by anything else.

The Grandest Work of Fiction.

Ferdinand de Lesseps. Might I venture, Sir, to inquire, what you think of the *Mysteries of Paris?*

Cockney Shareholder. Oh, my boy, they're nothing to the *Isthmus of* SUE'S.

NEW HORSE-DOCTRINE.

WE see a Book advertised under the name of *Veterinary Homœopathy.* We suppose the homœopathy consists in giving the horse the smallest *bit* in the world?

FOREIGN LYRICS OF LOW LIFE.

"SIR,

"BEING at an evening party lately, and having sustained a severe infliction of young-lady singing, a thought came into my head. I said to myself, 'These British Ladies have been for the last two hours chanting about the supposed characters, feelings and habits of continental parties of the inferior class. We have heard *The Muleteer. The Gondolier, Il Pescatore, Le Postillon, The Boatman of the Dardanelles, The Sledge-Driver, The Tauridor*, and a heap of other sentimental portraitures of people who, if they were not foreigners, we should never think of singing songs about. I wonder whether foreign ladies and gentlemen pay our humble classes the same compliments, and do so with the accuracy of detail with which our Lyric Bards describe the folks our vocalists are so fond of?' And, Sir, prosecuting the subject, I learned, on inquiry at foreign music-shops, that the same class of subject is as popular abroad as at home. I have obtained a mass of songs much chanted in Paris, Madrid, and St. Petersburgh, in which our cabmen, policemen, engine-drivers, beadles, watermen, and others, receive the same elegant and accurate treatment for the continental saloons, as the corresponding classes on the continent receive here. In the hope of promoting good feeling among the nations by illustrating this reciprocity, I have translated three or four of these Foreign Lyrics, and I place them at your service.

"I am, Sir, yours very truly,
"PINDAR SMITH."

The Cab-Driver.

A merry Cab-driver am I,
And a merry Cab-driver am I,
Through lanes and blind alleys,
To Park and to Palace,
Loud singing my ditties, I fly.

Oh, a merry Cab-driver am I,
And a merry Cab-driver am I,
With my plume on my bonnet,
My true-love's knot on it,
A knot not so blue as her eye.

For a merry Cab-driver am I,
And a merry Cab-driver am I,
And the Mayoresses, winking,
Invite me to drinking,
When they hear me cry, joyously, "Hi!"

The Drayman.

The Drayman is sturdy, the Drayman is stout,
And the floggers of women he puts to the rout;
But his voice is as soft as the breeze on the spray,
When his horse is unharnessed, and housed is his dray.

Then the vows of the Drayman are sweet on his tongue,
And his love gushes forth like his ale from the bung;
And happy the Lady whose charms can inspire
The Song of the Drayman of MEUX's Entire.

The Bride of the Drayman hath all she can ask
When she cushions her head on her favourite cask,
And lists to the hymn of her Drayman so dear,
Or pours him the goblet of rich-scented beer.

The Lighterman.

Light is the Lighterman's toil,
As his delicate vessel he rows,
And where Battersea's blue billows boil,
To his port at fair Wapping he goes;
Yet deem not the Lighterman's heart is as light
As the shallop he steers o'er the Severn so bright.

For Love he has kindled his torch,
And lighted the Lighterman's heart,
And he owns to the rapturous scorch,
And he owns to the exquisite smart;
And Thames Tunnel echoes the Lighterman's sigh
As he glides 'mid the islands of soft Eelpie.

The Beef-Eater.

Why so sad, thou bold Beef-Eater,
Why dost wander through Hyde Parks,
Comes she not who bade thee meet her
On her ride from Bevis Marks.
Has the Mayor, her haughty guardian,
Vowed her to some Beadle dark,
Or some fierce and wild Churchwarden,
Proud of lineage from the Ark?
Answer made the brave Beef-Eater,
Glancing sadly at Saint Paul's,
"Truer maid than JANE, or sweeter
Walks there not by London's walls.
But my office, gentle stranger,
Calls me from my lady sweet,
Of this Park the Irish Ranger
I must haste to join the Fleet."

"STEP IN, AND BE DONE, SIR!"

A PRETTY SAFE PROPHECY.

IN the *Memoirs of Bishop Hurd*, recently published, we meet with the following prophecy. It is rarely that prophecies are so strictly fulfilled, and this rarity is the cause of our alluding to this particular one. DR. CUMMING must gnaw his fingers with envy:—

"Shortly after his arrival at Hartlebury, she said to him one day, 'How do you think your pupil, his ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES will turn out?'—'My dear Cousin,' the Bishop replied, laying his peculiarly small white hand (*en parenthèse*, is it not a great peculiarity with Bishops that they mostly all have peculiarly small white hands?) upon her arm, 'I can hardly tell; either *the most polished gentleman, or the most accomplished blackguard in Europe*,—possibly an admixture of both.'"

And we all know how the Bishop's pupil, his Blessed Majesty GEORGE THE FOURTH, did turn out. The prophecy was a pretty safe one, it was sure to be true on one side or the other, and the result proved it. Was he not universally acknowledged to be the most polished gentleman in Europe? polished, as a boot is with blacking—for his memory has received nothing else. It is true that Europe has since reversed its own verdict, and rather leans now to the opinion that, instead of being the most accomplished gentleman, the Prince was rather the reverse. Thus, BISHOP HURD was doubly right with his double-barrelled prophecy—the Prince was "possibly an admixture of both"—a kind of "Prince's Mixture," that contained a very large proportion of "Blackguard." It is not often that Bishops can see so far; but then BISHOP HURD had such a brilliant pupil!

The Art of Correspondence.

WITH men, the great difficulty is in beginning a letter—with women, the great difficulty is in leaving off. A woman's letter is best expressed by the algebraical "x," for it's a letter that always denotes an unknown quantity. Every postscript is a problem of itself.

SERVANTGALISM.

Lady. "THEN, WHY DID YOU LEAVE?"
Domestic. "WELL, MA'AM, IF YOU ARST ME, I B'LIEVE THE REEL REASON WERE, THAT MISSUS THOUGHT I WERE TOO GOOD LOOKING!"

BRENNUS AT THE SCALES.

AGAIN the hills of Italy
Echo the din of war,
Again the eagles gather
To Rome, from near and far,
Again the seven-hilled city,
The conqueror's guerdon stands,
But not, as erst, with conquest's sword
Held in Barbarian hands!

When Rome, an infant giant,
First crowned her seven-fold height,
The stalwart North its swarms poured forth
To crush the rising might.
There strode the swarthy Cymry,
The red Gaul at his side,
And tower and town went helpless down,
Before the sweeping tide.

But Heaven's high purpose needed
That rising Roman power,
And nerved the stately senators
To meet the awful hour.
In robes of white, on chairs of state,
They barred the invaders' way—
'Gainst Cymric fire and Gaulish ire,
A weaponless array!

How changed the men, how changed the parts!
The scene alone the same.
Now Heav'n strikes with the invaders,
And works the invaded shame.
For patriot hands, see hireling bands,
The mass-hook for the glaive;
A fluttered, epicœne old priest,
For senate stern and grave!

Still holdeth well the parallel—
Like in unlikeness all—
On what is done doth still look on,
A Brennus, chief of Gaul!
Not frank and bold like him of old,
That led the Cymric horde,
But a masked brow—a muffled hand,
That grasps a doubtful sword!

Again the steel-yard is brought forth,
Again Rome's fate is weighed:
Though other weights are in the plates,
Than those of yore displayed.
Old Rome went free—her ransom-fee,
A thousand pounds of gold,
Now, Europe's hopes against a Pope's
Unequal balance hold!

Strange, how despite the ill-matched freight
The scales uncertain play,
While still as death, with bated breath,
We watch them as they sway.
And well we know—be't weal or woe
That in the upshot lies—
The scale where BRENNUS flings his sword
Will be the scale to rise!

Were this a man our wit could scan,
The choice might easy seem;
Small doubt were there which scale would bear
To earth, which kick the beam.
With fear and lies, before our eyes,
'Gainst truth and valour hung,
Were his a hand at *our* command,
Long since the sword were flung!

But what is truth and what is ruth,
What human hopes to him?
Whose tortuous ways elude our gaze,
So molelike, dark, and dim!
One thing alone to faith is known,
Heaven wills whate'er befall—
And this man's hand, and this man's brand,
Are God's that guideth all!

Lying by Lightning.

THE Telegram which said that LOUIS NAPOLEON had been shot at, said the thing which was not. Really telegraphic announcements are often so romantic, the electric wires do tell such stories, that any astounding message transmitted by them will soon come to be called an electric Tell-a-cram.

Rather Too Much.

IT is too bad of Members to do the talking in Parliament, and out of Parliament too. If they hold forth to the extent they do when the House is open, they might have the decency to hold their tongues during the recess. Not a single M.P. seems to possess what TALLEYRAND called *un grand talent pour la silence.*

A GOOD OFFER.

Garibaldi. "TAKE TO THIS CAP, PAPA PIUS. YOU WILL FIND IT MORE COMFORTABLE THAN YOUR OWN."

VALOUR PROMPTLY REWARDED.

AN officer, under the signature of HARD UP, complains in the *Times* that, although the third anniversary of the capture of Delhi has now elapsed, the prize-money taken on that occasion has not yet been distributed. Can this be true? Many brave fellows to whom some of this money was due are dead, and how long will those who are living have to live to enjoy their share of it? If there is any one labourer who is worthy of his hire, surely it is that one whose labour consists in fighting, and who has especially earned a reward by helping to take a city in his country's service. What difficulty can there be in the distribution of money in hand? If there is none, or none which is insuperable, in the present case, what words can express the height or depth of the rascality on the part of those Jacks or Knaves in office who are responsible for that infamous procrastination which has kept the heroes who are entitled to the Delhi prize-money out of it so long?

SNOBBISM AND SPORTING.

"*Cato Cottage, Peckham.*

"PRAY *Mr. Punch*, are you not fond of deer-stalking? I can't say I am myself; but that's the fault of my *physique*, and is not to be regarded as a mental blemish. People generally like best the sports which they excel in; and nature, when she gave me a protuberance of person, with a couple of short legs, and—I *must* add—wind to match, very clearly did not intend me for a deer-stalker. My long-limbed friends assure me that the sport is splendid fun, and are so good as to invite me to their lodges to partake of it; but I don't quite see the 'fun' of scrambling over boulders; of panting up a mountain merely to pant down again; of scampering over plains, and shambling over stones, and floundering about in heather some three or four feet high (which may be easy work, no doubt, to persons with long legs, but is terribly hard labour to people who have stumpy ones); of sliding down a precipice, or wading up a waterfall, or crawling along a stream as flat as you can stoop, with your waistcoat in the water and your very whiskers wet with it; of sitting in damp clothes upon rocks as hard as adamant, and crouching behind corners until you get the cramp, and waiting hours and hours for the chances of a shot, with the odds at ninety-nine to one that you won't get it, and if you do the odds are that your priming has got wet and that your rifle will miss fire, or that you'll feel so nervous when the creature comes in sight that you'll blaze away by accident while you are taking aim, and so almost get imprisoned for having bagged a gillie, or knocked over a gamekeeper. All this may be preciously good sport to those who like it, but it would be certain death to a man of my *physique;* and I think I am quite justified in restricting my enjoyment to the eating of the game, without attempting to partake of the pleasure of pursuing it.

"Having a healthy appetite, it delights me nevertheless to hear of slimmer persons indulging in the sport; not merely because I think it is a manly, healthful exercise (for those, I mean to say, whom Nature has adapted for it), but because there is the chance that I may profit by their labours—venison sent gratuitously being at all seasons pleasant to receive. Of course I own this last reflection cannot influence me in hearing of H.R.H. PRINCE ALBERT, still, as a loyal British subject, I am always charmed to hear of his successes as a deer-stalker; and I annually devour with an increasing relish the accounts which the *Court Circular* affords us of his sport. The history, I must confess, is somewhat bare and meagre, being limited in general to the statement that 'the Prince this morning went out deer-stalking,' without informing his admirers how many stags he mastered, or how many shots he missed. Still, the stalest of stale crusts is better than no bread; and, hungry as I am for whatever crumbs may fall to me from the Royal table, the smallest contributions in the way of sport intelligence I thankfully receive. Every now and then, though, I come across a paragraph which I find grows yearly more and more perplexing to me, and as you know everything, I am driven in despair to ask you to explain it. The following is the passage to which I would refer, extracted word for word from the *Times* of the 15th. Those who study the *Court Circular* must be doubtless well familiar with it, for, with but little variation, it annually recurs, and is repeated some half-dozen times in every shooting season:—

"The PRINCE CONSORT, attended by the Gentlemen-in-Waiting, drove to the Abergeldie woods, which were driven for deer."

"The driving of the Prince, and the driving of the woods, are things which I am competent, I think, to comprehend. The only part which puzzles me in this perplexing paragraph is the yearly introduction of the Gentlemen-in-Waiting. For the life of me I can't conceive, Sir, why the Gentlemen-in-Waiting are lugged into the account. As I read it, the statement bears no sort of reference to any courtly ceremony, in which the presence of the Gentlemen-in-Waiting is needful. When perusing it, I picture the Prince Consort as a sportsman not a court's-man; and what have deerstalkers to do with Gentlemen-in-Waiting? is the question which quite naturally rises to my mind. Do Gentlemen-in-Waiting attend His Royal Highness for the purpose of officiating in the place of gamekeepers? Do they carry the Royal powderflask, and load the Royal rifle, and instruct the Royal sportsman where he ought to stand, and when he ought to fire, and what he ought to do supposing he should miss? Or do the Gentlemen-in-Waiting perform the part of waiters (as their name seems to imply), and scamper about at lunch-time with napkins on their arms, handing the Royal sandwich, to subdue the Royal appetite, or the Royal pocket-pistol to wet the Royal whistle? To an inquiring mind like mine, and one loyally inquisitive about the Royal movements, a hundred other questions instantly suggest themselves, of fully equal interest with those which I have named. But I confine myself to asking—Do you think, Sir, as a deerstalker, that the Prince gets better sport by going out attended by these Gentlemen-in-Waiting? And do you think, Sir, as a subject, that your loyalty is heightened by having mention of such escort yearly dinned into your ears?

"One of the charms of shooting, at least so far as I, a Cockney, understand it, is the freedom it affords from the forms of courts and cities, and the solacing relief of the hour or two of solitude which in places like the Highlands it is certain to secure. Whether his Royal Highness appreciates this pleasure, it is not for me to ask; but I am certain if he does he cannot possibly get much of it, seeing that he never can enjoy a day out deer-shooting without a pack of Gentlemen-in-Waiting at his heels.

"Believe me, *Mr. Punch*, with the sincerest loyalty to the Prince and to yourself,

"A thoroughly Good Subject, though I may be

"A BAD SPORTSMAN."

An Invariable Rule.

WHEN an M.P., at an agricultural dinner, or a cutlers' feast, or a county gathering, or an archery meeting, tells you that he is not going to intrude politics, because politics by the rules of the society are excluded, you may be sure that he is on the point of introducing them, and that he will do so the very next minute; and, furthermore, that he will talk of nothing else but politics during the remainder of his speech.

HOW TO TRIP IT.—The PRINCE OF WALES promises to be as great a traveller as he is an accomplished dancer. His next intention is to go through all the Steppes of Russia.

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER XXX.—THE FASHIONS OF THE LADIES OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

FROM THE ANCIENT BALLAD OF "ROSABELLE AND SIR ROBERT THE RASPER," TEMP. EDWARD THE THIRD.

LOVELY WOMAN in the reign of KING EDWARD THE THIRD showed as usual that in point of finery and fashion she naturally belonged to the weaker-minded sex. Her habits at this period are described as being sadly sumptuous and extravagant, "far passing ye men in all mannere of arraies." "Neat, not gaudy," was a maxim that she paid but little heed to; and she hardly gave a thought to the cost of her costume, so long as she could manage to get somebody to pay for it. It is by habits such as these that Woman makes herself so dear to all who have to do with her, and we have no doubt that the dressmakers during the fourteenth century were as terrible to husbands as they are in the nineteenth.

In EDWARD'S time the gown or kirtle was still made with tight sleeves, much the same as it had been in the two preceding reigns; and the mode remained unchanged throughout the reign of RICHARD THE SECOND, which ended (ask the nearest charity child) with the last year of the century of which we are now treating. The sleeves sometimes reached the wrist, and sometimes stopped short at the elbow, and in the latter case had pendent streamers, which were called tippets, attached to them. We have noticed the same fashion in the male dress of this period, and as lovely woman is an imitative creature, we incline to think she did not set the mode, but followed it. Perhaps it may be interesting to some of our fair readers, if we specially make mention, that the gown was now cut rather lower in the neck, and was worn so long in front as well as in the train as to require to be held up when the attempt was made to walk in it. Indeed the fashion of long trains was now carried to such lengths, that actually a tract was written by some dreadful old divine, entitled "*Contra caudas dominarum*," in plain English, that is, "Against the Tails of the ladies." Another point moreover to notice in the gown was, that instead of being worn all loose and flowing, it now fitted closely to the waist, and a protuberance was added which we dare not more than hint at, further than to say, in the smallest of small type, that a reference is made to it in a riddle of the period, which belikens a fine lady to a careful housekeeper, for "shee maketh a grete bustle aboute a littel waste.' That horrible old fogy, DOWGLAS, Monk of Glastonbury, says the women of his time "dyd wear such straiten cloathes that they had foxtailes (!) sewed within their garments for to holde ym forth;" but this surely must have been a scandalous invention of the holy father, who being a single man, of course could have known nothing of the secrets of the toilette.

FROM A VERY RUDE DRAWING OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

Like the gentlemen, the ladies took to wearing at this period the garment called a cote-hardie, which we have previously described. For the benefit, however, of readers with short memories, we may again state, that the cote was a somewhat graceful garment, not unlike a long pea-jacket, fitting closely to the figure, and reaching about as far as the middle of the thigh. It was fastened in the front with a row of large-sized buttons,* had sometimes streamers from the elbows, and sometimes had a couple of small pockets in the front, in which the fast girls stuck their hands, no doubt, and did their best, we dare say, to swagger like the swells.

Another point of resemblance between the dresses of the gentlemen and ladies at this period was, that the latter often came out in that parti-coloured clothing to which the notice of the reader has already been directed. It was no uncommon thing to see a beauty with one sleeve of blue and the other sleeve of white; and if by any accident her stockings became visible, it would have been found they were made also not to match. Like their husbands too, the ladies often bore their armorial bearings emblazoned on their gowns, which were rendered thus as hideous as heraldry could make them, with all its curious menagerie of blue griffins and green geese.

A loose garment with long skirts, bordered and faced with fur, was introduced about this period, and worn over the kirtle. The chiefly curious point about it was that, generally speaking, it had neither sleeves nor sides; the armholes being made so large, that the girdle of the kirtle which was worn beneath it was visible at the hips. An interesting specimen of this sideless sleeveless garment is shown in an old drawing in the Argentine Collection, representing QUEEN PHILIPPA (who has let down her back hair) interceding for the lives of the six burgesses of Calais; who with halters round their necks are kneeling to KING EDWARD, with the piteous looks of aldermen when panting a request for a third helping of turtle, or pleading that their venison has been sent them with no fat.

EDWARD THE THIRD AND QUEEN PHILIPPA. FROM A MS. IN THE ARGENTINE COLLECTION.

MR. STRUTT, who as a writer on the subject of costume must clearly be regarded as one of the first walk, quotes an interesting story from a manuscript of this period, which shows that ladies were at times not much more sensible in dress, in the reign of EDWARD THE THIRD, than in that of QUEEN VICTORIA. As the story, although French, has an admirable moral, we may without imprudence transfer it to our print:—

"The eldest of two sisters was promised by her father to a young and handsome knight, who owned a very large estate. The day was appointed for the gentleman to introduce himself, he not having as yet seen either of the ladies; and they were duly informed beforehand of his coming, that they might be properly prepared to receive him. The affianced bride, who was the handsomest of the two, being desirous to show her elegant shape and slender waist to the best advantage, clothed herself in a cote-hardie, which sat very strait and close upon her, without any lining or facing of fur, although it was winter, and exceedingly cold. The consequence was, that she appeared pale and miserable, like one perishing with the severity of the weather; while her sister who, regardless of her shape, had attired herself rationally in thick garments lined with fur, looked warm and healthy, and as ruddy as a rose. The young knight was fascinated by the girl who had the least beauty and the most prudence, and having obtained her father's consent, proposed to her instead of marrying her sister, who was left in single blessedness to shiver in her finery, and sigh at her sad fate."

This affecting anecdote is related by a Norman knight, named GEOFFROI DE LA TOUR LANDRY, who recites it in a treatise on morals and behaviour, which he composed expressly for the use of his three daughters, and in which occur some curious details respecting dress. It is not now the fashion for fathers to write books for the instruction of their children (who would probably not dream of reading anything so "slow"), but were any Paterfamilias to venture so to do, we should advise him to insert the story we have cited, and to devote a page or two to fit remarks upon the salutary moral that it points. The anecdote we think might be most profitably repeated, if it only be

* Buttons were at this time very generally used for whatever wanted fastening; and indeed were often worn in such profusion that people must have wasted a great part of their lives in buttoning their clothing. FAIRHOLT speaks of the cotehardie as "having nought extravagant about it, except buttons;" and judging from the look of them in some of the old drawings, it seems to have been the cheese to have them made as big as cheese-plates. If History repeats itself, so assuredly does Fashion. This fondness for big buttons was certainly revived by our "gents" a few years back; and many of our fast girls, if we remember rightly, copied it.

to illustrate the evils of tight-lacing, which is still one of the weaknesses of the weaker sex. Indeed a stronger term than "weakness" ought to stigmatise such folly, seeing that it sometimes amounts almost to suicide, for it entails a certain sacrifice of health if not of life. A "good figure" is no doubt an enviable possession, but its attainment is too commonly attended with bad health; and husbands as a rule think far less of fashion than they do of flesh and blood, and are less likely to be caught by a pair of well-shaped stays than by a pair of rosy cheeks.

Girdles handsomely embroidered and embossed with gold and silver were generally worn over the kirtle and cote hardie, and were girt loosely on the hips, and not round the waist. A sort of pouch or reticule, which was called a gypsire, was worn pendent from the girdle, occupying much about the same position as the chatelaines which lately were in fashionable use. As it was tastefully embroidered, no doubt the gypsire was at times merely worn by way of ornament; and we learn that a small dagger was occasionally stuck through it, which doubtlessly was likewise only worn for decoration, or if ever it was used, it surely must have been for some such peaceful purpose as piercing a few button holes, or stabbing a plum cake.

The hair was still worn in a fret or caul of golden network, which sometimes was surmounted by a coronet of jewels, and sometimes by a wreath of flowers, or else simply by a veil. At tournaments, however, and at picnics (if there were any) ladies mostly wore short hoods, and wrapped round their heads like cords the "lirripipes," or "tippets," which were the long streamers depending from the hoods. Wimples still remained in vogue for the protection of the throat, although they were not worn so commonly as during the last century; but the ugly clumsy gorget, which, we have seen, was introduced in the reign of EDWARD THE FIRST, appears to have been kicked into the dust-hole of oblivion, for we find no mention that it was still in use. Coverchiefs or kerchiefs were still worn by way of head-dress among the middle classes, but by the swellesses it seems they had mostly been discarded. CHAUCER'S *Wife of Bath*, he tells us, wore them once a week; and if she had any tendency to headache, we can scarcely wonder that she did not wear them oftener, for he expressly mentions that they were "full fine of ground" (whatever that may mean) and he adds:—

PORTRAIT OF "YE WIFE OF BATH." FROM MR. PUNCH'S COPY OF CHAUCER.

> "I durste swere that they weighed a pound,
> That on the Sonday were upon hir hedde:
> Hire hosen weren of fine scarlett redde,
> Ful streit yteyed, and shoon full moist and newe."

We learn too of this lady:—

> "Upon an ambler easily she satte,
> Ywimpled well, and on hire hedo an hat
> As brode as a bokeler or a targe.
> A foote mantel about hire hippes large,
> And on hire feet a paire of sporres sharpe."

With the exception perhaps of the wimple and the spurs this description might have fairly been applied to the MISS BROWNS, MISS JONESES and MISS SMITHS, who a season or two since were wont to amble about on donkeys by the sad sea-waves at Ramsgate; for the round hats which they wore were every bit as broad as bucklers, and really looked as though they ought to have been worn in a broad farce.

The Long Vacation.

THE KING OF NAPLES has had so many troubles lately, and has been oppressed with so much business of a most moving and distressing nature, that it is not to be wondered at if he has gone into the country just to enjoy a little Gaëta.

CHARACTER READ IN A WEED.—The thistle is a fit emblem for Scotland—it is so remarkably downy.

CLUBS AND CHARITIES.

To Mr. Punch.

"SIR, "*Club, Pall-Mall, Friday.*

"I AM ashamed to put a more specific address, for it is a disgraceful thing to be in town at such a time as this, but an Irish friend's having unaccountably forgotten to remit the money for a bill which I accepted for him as 'the merest matter of forrum' has compelled me to come up, and all my business friends having in the most unbusiness-like manner taken themselves off to Southend, Switzerland, and similar places, I am unhappily obliged to remain and collect my funds *viis et modis*. I am sure that you will sympathise in my humiliation, and be content to forego the inclosure of a card, which I am aware you usually insist upon. I *am* a gentleman, Sir, although in town at the end of September.

"Having much leisure, I read all the papers at my club, as much to avoid the contemptuous looks of such of the servants as are not grouse-shooting as for any interest I can take in literature at such a time.

"I perceive that a Reverend Gentleman by the name of KEMPE (which reminds me of Kemp Town, which is bad enough, but better than London in the autumn) has been publishing a complaint that the Clubs of London occupy the best parts of the best parishes, but do not contribute to parochial charities, except by sending out their broken meat to the churchwardens, and such like. The Reverend Gentleman wants the Clubs to come down handsomely with benefactions.

"Now, upon my life, Sir, one always knew that of all the unhesitating mendicants the parsons are the most unblushing, and that out of every dozen letters on a fellow's table there is sure to be one from a Reverend, inclosing a statement that in the parish of St. Miasma, or St. Fetida-cum-Drains, there is no Church accommodation for eleven hundred heathens and a half, for whose benefit he sends you a perforated card, into which you are to insert a shilling of your last winnings at billiards or poker, and thus bless the residue and remainder. But, really, when a Reverend Gentleman asks a Club to apply its subscriptions in aid of the poor-rates, I can only say that he is a cooler card than the perforated pasteboard.

"Why, Sir, does the Reverend K. know that at this very moment half the Clubs in London want more billiard accommodation? Does he know that port wine is getting dearer and dearer every day, and that it is the bounden duty of every Committee to lay down every good pipe they can hear of? Does he know, Sir, that we want more warm baths built? Is he acquainted with the price of tobacco? or does he need to be told that very few Club cigars are fit to smoke, in consequence of the dearness of the article and the reluctance of men to give more than eightpence or ninepence for a weed? Is he aware that our libraries, especially the French novel departments, are far from complete, and that from the absence of duplicate sets a man has often to wait a couple of days for the last Paris story, especially if an English dramatic author gets hold of it? Can he have been apprised that Club servants are very expensive, and that, owing to the insufficient attendance, a fellow has often to wait three minutes before his table can be cleared and the wine brought? I am not hostile to the Clergy, Sir, far from it, and I willingly assume that the Reverend Gentleman is uninformed of these facts, and that his preposterous proposition would never have been made had he possessed ampler knowledge. But in the face of this painful destitution, in the presence of these revolting details, it is mockery to ask the Clubs to squander funds in charity.

"I do not insist, Sir, upon the impropriety of a Club's making a public contribution, and proclaiming its almsgiving, though such a thought might have occurred to a minister of the Establishment. But charity should be a secret matter, of which the world should have no knowledge. 'What I give is nothing to nobody' was the admirable remark of one of the most distinguished Members of Parliament. The ostentation which would be manifested by Club donations would be most objectionable to the feelings of Club-men, who are celebrated for practising the truly Christian virtue of retiring modesty upon the subject of any good deeds they may do, should they happen to do any.

"I will only add, Sir, that should the plausible but most improper appeal of the REV. MR. KEMPE produce any effect upon our Committee (not that I would wrong them by believing it possible), I, for one, will leave no stone unturned to eject that Committee from office at the earliest opportunity, and I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your very obedient Servant,

"THOMAS ANTIKEMPIS."

"P.S. The poor, I am given to understand, have Clubs of their own. Let them apply there for assistance, if they want it. *We* occasionally send the hat round for a Swell—properly recommended by Swells—so it is unjust to accuse us of illiberality."

THE MOVEMENT OF EVENTS IN ITALY.—"St. Peter's Chair stops the way."

"CUM MARTE MINERVA."

(WITH A VENGEANCE.)

Our friend Maulsticks (38th "Artists") devotes himself to Strengthening his Left Arm, which he fears is of the greatest importance in order to make himself a Good Shot; he therefore uses his Rifle as a Maul-stick, to accustom his arm to the weight of it.

A Glass that will not bear the Morning's Reflection.

AN American has patented a glass in which a man can see himself as plainly as others see him. At present he has not sold a single specimen, for everybody who has looked into the glass will not believe that the plain object before him could possibly be himself. Loud and bitter and unmitigated has been the disgust and indignation of everybody, and the consequence has been, that the poor American, believing in his innocence that the object of the world was to arrive at the truth, has lost largely by his foolish speculation. He is now trying his hand on a glass that flatters, and expects in a very short time to realise a considerable fortune. To the ladies he intends charging double, for he knows well enough that, let them be ever so beautiful, they will never be able to do without it. He has not yet fixed the price for girls who squint.

SERMONS AND SORE THROATS.

UNDER the signature of T. B., a correspondent of the *Inquirer* discusses a peculiar complaint to which preachers are liable, and which appears to be known to those whom it concerns by the name of "Minister's Sore Throat." T. B. observes that singers, who exert the vocal organs much more powerfully than preachers do, are not subject to this affection, and attributes their exemption therefrom to the modulations of sound wherein their performances consist, as contrasted with the usual monotony of sermons, which he supposes to be the cause of the ministerial malady. It is possible that harping upon one string, as it were, of the *chordæ vocales*, may produce a soreness of the part overstrained. It is desirable to know whether the "Minister's Sore Throat" is confined to Dissenting Ministers, or whether it is an orthodox ailment.

There are certainly some divines other than nonconformists, who in preaching are wont to utter such uncouth tones as to grievously offend the ears of the listener. In the effort of producing such painful sounds they may also perhaps hurt their own throats, and serve them right. But who ever heard a parson of the old school complain of any injury to the throat sustained through preaching? Did the plump old pluralist with a red nose ever suffer from "Minister's Sore Throat"? Yet surely he was monotonous enough in preaching. But it must never be forgotten that this kind of clergyman was in the habit of keeping the immediate neighbourhood of that mechanism which is liable to be deranged by preaching well moistened with a fluid which is an excellent gargle—port wine. It is very true that he always drank his gargle. Perhaps also he did not preach too long. How if the pastors who suffer from "Minister's Sore Throat" were supplied by the liberality of those who sit under them with plenty of the parson's preservative against that complaint, on condition of their observance of the same moderation as that which, on the parson's part, may be supposed to have been a condition to the efficacy of the remedy?

A FRIENDLY VENTURE.

"MIGHT I tempt you to venture upon this orange?" "I should be happy to oblige you, Madam," said LEIGH HUNT, who was thus being addressed by a lady, "but I'm afraid I should fall off." The PRINCE OF WALES, much in the same way at Kingston and other places in Canada, would not venture near the Oranges; for fear, not of falling off, but of falling out. There might have been a falling off of his popularity, had he yielded to the insolence of these sour bigots, who acted infinitely more like meddlers than oranges. If we were asked to say, what were the Fruits of Sedition, we should not hesitate for a moment to reply—"The Oranges in Upper Canada."

Another Prophecy Fulfilled!

☞ *There is but one Punch, and, when needful, he turns Prophet.*

FIVE years ago, on the Fifteenth of September, in Number 740 of his immortal work, *Punch* predicted the extinction of the tyranny of Naples—a prophecy which all who run may read has been fulfilled. In the Big Cut of that Number the KING OF NAPLES is depicted, with his Crown toppling off as he makes his hurried exit, in the midst of an eruption of cannon-balls and bayonets, belched upon him from Vesuvius, which is blazing in the background. What prophet could speak plainer, who spoke with pencil's point?

MR. EDWIN JAMES' MISSION TO ITALY.—To address the *Jura*.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 11, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, September 29, 1860.

"I say, Old Fellow, it's not the slightest use trying to shelter there—you'll be wet through in no time. Why don't you follow my example?"

OUR AUSTRIAN SYMPATHIES.

England must fraternise with Austria. Surprising as this declaration may seem, its truth will be apparent from the facts, that, for the last ten years the Austrian nation has paid taxes to the amount of 800,000,000 florins more than it did in the ten preceding; that the national debt is 1,300,000,000 florins larger than it was ten years ago; that State property valued at 100,000,000 florins has had to be sold; that the deficit expected in 1861 is 39,000,000 florins even in case of peace; and that the people are subject to a "war-contribution" of 32,000,000 florins per annum. These circumstances are stated in the report of a financial committee; and what Englishman that reads them can refrain from exclaiming to his Austrian fellow sufferer, "Come to my arms, my brother in taxation! Let us compare what our friend Disraeli calls fleabites." We are told that the war-contribution is so exceedingly onerous that it cannot long be levied. How very like our own Income-Tax! Perhaps, even as that impost, it is assessed with the utmost injustice, and levied so as to inflict the greatest possible inconvenience. Whilst, therefore, John Bull hugs the Austrian subject of confiscation, Mr. Gladstone may embrace the Finance Minister of Austria!

"HE CALLS THEE, EDWIN."

"Sir,

"Am Havin the misfortin to be Hear For larsny wich i wish to Be Tried by jury of My Countrymn as i wold lik to now wich Way is To Be Mill or Quiets But i ear the Gudge Edwn Jeames is Gone to itly to be Counsel to Genl Gorbaldy, and advice Him to Shoot unfortune Chaps as cant abear the Enmy shootin of Them wich seem ard but May be all Wright but what Caul has Gudge Jeames to itly Instead of tryng My larsny Case wich am givn to understand is pade for wich by Publishg may caul him to His hone spear and oblidge,

"Your respflly,

"*Brighton Jale.*" "A Prisnor."

Inscription for the Library of the British Museum.—"Supported by the In-Voluntary Subscriptions—of Booksellers."

DINNER AND THE LADY.

"Dear Mr. Punch,

"I Did hope that we were going to hear no more of Mr. G. H. M., the gentleman who insulted us, the Matrons of England, by saying that we did not know how to give dinners properly, and by offering us all sorts of advice which was not required, and if it was, was not going to be taken from such as him. But it seems that he cannot keep his disgusting greedy pen quiet, and that not being able to find anything good enough to eat in England, he must go to Russia for a dinner, and he had better stop there. I am not going to demean myself by going through his letter of two columns long, all about his dinner, like a Pig, and indeed I scarcely read a quarter of the rubbish; but I shall only say that the creatures he speaks of who want a flogging before dinner to give them an appetite, should have a precious good one, if I had the making the laws and the choosing the beadles. Laurestinas, indeed! Cat o' nine tails would be the properer thing. And Bohemian Girls to sing to him after dinner. Very pretty, upon my word. An English gentleman ought to be content to come up to the drawing-room, and hear an English girl sing "*I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls.*" That ought to be enough of *Bohemian Girl* for him. I despise G. H. M., *Mr. Punch*, and that's the long and the short of it, and it's no use saying it isn't, because it is.

"But what I meant to say to you was, that I do hope you will set yourself against the fashion of these Russian dinners, dinners *à la Russe*. If there is one thing in the world I like, it is to be able to say to people, 'You see your dinner.' I am old-fashioned, I dare say, but that I can't help, and what's more don't mean to. I don't choose to set fruit, and cut glass, and flowers, and French-moss before my friends, instead of dishes of food. A dinner-table was intended to be a dinner-table, and not a Bond Street shop-window. I wonder what Mr. G. H. M. will stick on the table next instead of wholesome things to eat. Fountains, perhaps, and bird-cages, and selfplaying accordions, and Punch and Judy. He is like a great schoolboy, only if one of my boys were to put his toys on the table to amuse himself while at his meals, he'd precious soon have an introduction to Lady Gay Spanker, I can tell him. I have no patience with such folly.

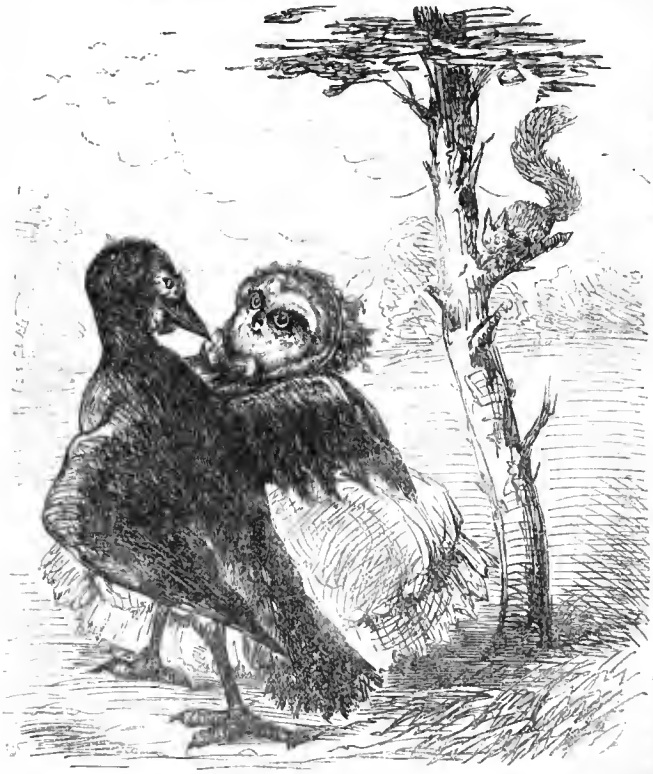
"Then as to politeness. We used to be told that this was learned at the dinner-table better than anywhere else. You were instructed to attend to your neighbours, particularly ladies, and if you sat near the lady of the house you were to insist on carving for her. Where are the young men of the present day to learn manners, I should like to know? The table covered with flowers and figmareesses, a paper with a list of the dishes by every guest, and all the dishes handed round one by one. Why, *Mr. Punch*, nobody need speak to anybody else at all, and I believe that's what G. H. M. would like to come to. All sitting like people in an omnibus, eat and drink, and go away. And this you call having a dinner! I don't, if you do. I choose to talk about my dishes to my guests, not for them to look at a paper and mumble to my servants. What credit does the mistress of the house get for things smuggled about like this? After all her trouble in getting up the dinner, the people don't suppose that she knows a bit about it more than they do, and fancy it all comes in from the pastrycook's round the corner, which nothing ever did in my house, and never shall so long as I am the chief of the family, and I should like to hear my husband propose such a thing, only he knows better than to insult his wife.

"The newspapers ought to be ashamed to publish such letters as Mr. G. H. M.'s, and men ought to be ashamed to read them, which is more. You ought to have other things to attend to, and the dinners ought to be left to us to manage, as they used to be in the good old times, when men were men, and did great things, and did not want to be flogged for an appetite, and mew about French-moss and flowers on the table. Dinner is a Lady's business; and one of my boys tells me that the word Lady is Saxon, and means the Divider of Bread, which he says is a—something—I forget the word—elephant—equivocate—equivalent—is that it?—equal to saying she manages the food of the house. To be sure, old words have lost their meaning, and Spinster does not now mean a good industrious girl that spins her wedding-clothes, but only a goose that wants to be married, and meantime sews eleven millions of eyelet-holes into useless scraps of calico. But while I am a Lady I will be the Head of the Table, and Mr. G. H. M. and everybody that is like him, if there are any, and I hope there are not many, may go on scribbling and being flogged until they are tired. No Russian dinners, *Mr. Punch*, for

"Yours sincerely,

"*Russell Square, Monday.*" "The British Matron."

A PRINCE PROCEEDING TO AMERICA.



O Brother Prince, of the Agapemone, is reported to have been favoured with a revelation intimating to him the propriety of going to America. Some British colony would seem a more fitting destination for him than the United States, and his country ought to grant him a free passage to his transmarine abode. Unfortunately, however, our colonists very strongly object to affording an asylum to such gentlemen as Mr. Prince, a gentleman who has had to refund some £7000, and other sums which he had obtained chiefly from confiding females, by pretensions of a supernatural character. He has been forced to transfer certain stock acquired in this way; and there appears to be good ground for questioning whether a more personal kind of investment in the stocks might, or not, be the legal consequence of some of his pecuniary transactions. It has been suggested that Brother Prince, when he goes to America, will fraternise with Brigham Young; but the proverbial indisposition to concord of two of a trade renders that suggestion unlikely. The two prophets might enter into partnership, if such an arrangement were likely to suit both parties; but, unless Prince takes many rich followers out with him, it may be conjectured that he and Young will not agree to put their asses together.

The exoteric doctrines of the Mormon Chief and those of the Prince of the Agapemone perhaps differ, but there is every reason for supposing that their esoteric views are identical. They have both of them, no doubt, genuine internal convictions, though neither of them has yet been convicted of swindling; Brother Prince having been compelled to make restitution by a legal tribunal, which had not the power to allot him likewise a term of laborious grinding at the crank. They both evidently coincide in a belief in the main chance, as contradistinguished from predestination and everything else, except, perhaps, polygamy.

If there is balm in Gilead, there is tar in America. There are also feathers. These considerations may, if they fail to render Brother Prince disobedient to the revelation which orders him to the United States, at least induce him to take good care in what portion of the American territory he pitches his tabernacle, and to make sure that it is one inhabited by the greatest fools, and exempt from the jurisdiction of Judge Lynch.

Extremely Shell-fish.

We beg to present the reader with the two following latest novelties in the way of autumnal conundrums:—

1st. Why have lobsters no feeders? Because they have *antennæ* (*haven't any*).

2nd. Why is a supplementary plate of crabs like the Alien Act? Because it contains an extradition clause (*an extra dish and claws*).

If the too indulgent reader were to try for a thousand years, he would never be able to beat the above in badness.

OUR ROVING CORRESPONDENT.

"My dear Punch,

"It may seem anomalous that your Roving Correspondent should, at this season of all others in the year, be still in Town. Such, however, is the fact. While others were looking after their passports, getting them visèd and inserted in charming little morocco cases, with their names neatly printed in gold outside, or arming themselves with those wonderful circular notes (which by the way are really rectangular but still extremely useful), or investing in miraculous knapsacks, which hold everything you don't want, from a portable shower-bath to a patent shaving-brush; while, I say, tourists have been consulting *Bradshaw*, haunting Railway Offices, and flurrying themselves generally, your humble servant has been quietly occupied in his studio over his canvas and cutty-pipe.

"Perhaps a continental tour has lost its charms for me. Perhaps I am somewhat weary of trips down the Rhine, fortnights in Paris, excursions to Switzerland, pic-nics in the Pyrenees (where will our indefatigable tourists next spend their autumn?) Perhaps out of perversity I am determined not to do what every one is doing. Perhaps the balance at my banker is not of sufficient preponderance to justify, &c. &c.—what matters? Here I am on my native soil; neither watching the sun rise upon the rosy Jungfrau, nor sink behind the great dome of Buonarotti; but looking at the rain, drizzling, pattering, pelting down on London pavement.

"Slow this sounds I admit; but in pleasant company what situation is not tolerable? I would not give a fig for the finest scenery in the world if I should be condemned to wander through it alone. I think I am a gregarious animal, and can't enjoy life without a companion. Some of my friends who are of an equally sociable turn, are good enough to drop in upon me occasionally to share my cognac, or join me in a pipe, and so we manage to get through an evening very pleasantly. Sometimes Stippler holds forth on the divine art, and grows warm in defence of Pre-Raphaelites, or old Massicot, sitting down at my battered piano, trolls out a jolly ditty. And in truth I would rather listen to him than to the strains of Miss Gushington, who warbles at Lady Prism's *soirées*, for all her fine contralto voice. I fear there must be some truth in the theory once prevalent in fashionable circles, that we painters have low tastes, and instinctively incline to humble sources of pleasure. For my own part I admit that there are occasions when a churchwarden pipe and a wainscotted tap-room possess irresistible attractions for me. Why should I be ashamed to own it? Has not the greatest poet of modern times written an Ode to *The Cock*, that famous chanticleer, under the shadow of whose wing how many wits, authors, artists, have joked and caten! Nay, had not the great Lexicographer himself a weakness for tavern dinners? I have seen the corner pointed out in which the author of *Rasselas* used to sit, (Grabley the stockbroker takes his chop there daily), and I like to imagine the old philosopher puffing and grunting over his humble fare. There must be some charm about a neatly sanded floor, which we miss in the produce of Kidderminster. I have been assured by a score of exceedingly respectable persons that they prefer a pipe in an old fashioned chimney-corner to sipping souchong in the genteelest boudoir in Christendom. What do I but follow in the wake of my more distinguished brethren? A great modern author has said, that a painter should be fit for the best society; and keep out of it. There are a few of us who dance attendance on fat dowagers, and haunt the houses of the great, but ninety-nine out of a hundred prefer ease and good fellowship at home. Thank heaven, the flunkeydom of Art is past, and if our pictures are engraved, there is no need to dedicate the proof to my Lord Mecænas for the sake of his gracious patronage or precious guineas.

"So my friends take kindly to my easy chair, and in a cloud of fragrant Latakia forget to sneer at my humble Penates. Last week I met an old German chum, Herr Von Stünninger, who used to study in the Munich Academy, until the death of his uncle, and his consequent accession to the family thalers induced him to relinquish the limner's art as a profession. I had asked him to drop in the other evening, and after waiting some time had given him up, when a decidedly dissyllabic knock, which was much too deliberately given for the post, and with not sufficient slang about it for the beer, announced his arrival at the door of my chambers. Signalling Mrs. Kinahan to bring up the battered old would-be-plated-but-unquestionably-Britannia-metal teapot in which she serves my Pekoe, I rushed to meet him; but imagine, Sir, my feelings when I tell you that I found him putting on pumps in the passage, and attired in a complete hall costume with a 'gibus' under his arm. There is a rather coarse but familiar metaphor by which a man under risible influence is represented as 'ready to

split,' but the fact is, that Stippler, who had on my shooting jacket, which is much too small for him, actually did lose several buttons in a fit of laughter behind the *Times*, when he saw my foreign friend thus gorgeously attired enter the apartment. For my part I felt sorry for the Herr, who, to do him justice, is as good a fellow as ever swallowed *sauerkraut*. He was evidently under an impression that he was coming to a grand entertainment, and here were we smoking short clays and imbibing beer like amateur coalheavers. What do I say? smoking? beer-drinking? If the Stünninger had been of any other nation than his own, I might have felt embarrassed. But when did a Vaterlander ever refuse a weed and a glass of ale? Imploring him to be seated (for the honest fellow was standing in the first position, and bowing away to everyone, including Mrs. K., at the rate of ten miles an hour), I presently divested him of his dress-coat, and lent him a dressing-gown, enveloped in which easy garment, and pulling away at my best Meerschaum, he soon made himself at home, and recounted his late adventures. He had been in Town but five days, and in that short space of time had managed to visit more lions than I ever expect to see during the term of my natural life.

"Of course he had been over the Tower—of which I have only once caught a glimpse from a penny steamboat. He had penetrated into the humid regions of the Thames Tunnel, and scaled the heights of the Civic Monument. He had been introduced to Madame Tussaud's ceroplastic celebrities, and had watched with delight the gambols of the hippopotamus in the Regent's Park. He had been wound up in the ascending-room of the Coliseum, and lowered in the diving-bell at the Polytechnic; visited the Law Courts, 'vare I underwent,' said the poor fellow, 'a brofuse transpiration,' the Metropolitan Prisons, the Houses of Parliament, Guildhall—what not. He was good enough to speak of all in terms of glowing admiration. One was '*schr hübsch*,' another '*wunderschön*.' His only regret was, that he had had no opportunity of seeing Shakspeare on the British stage. 'My frient,' said he, 'I would have liked to see *Hamled* by Velps or Kean in *How you Please It*.' He went to the Olympic, and came away shocked at Mr. Robson's admirable impersonation of the *Venetian Jew*. He looks upon burlesque as a sign of the decadence of the English Drama, and censures the immortal Bard himself for his disregard of the 'unities.'

"As the evening wore away, I think it was Stippler who proposed that we should adjourn to Paddy Green's, and afford the Stünninger an opportunity of seeing that famous Music Hall. We summoned a cab, and it would have done your heart good to see the Herr taking off his hat to the Peeler who shut the door for us. 'How amiable are your constables!' he exclaimed, as we drove away, and I believe he tipped X 4002 a shilling for his pains. At Green's the Stünninger made himself thoroughly at home, listening to '*The Tardy Horsman*,' '*The Chaffing Crow*,' '*Band the Life-moat*', and other popular melodies with the greatest enthusiasm and delight, and breaking a tumbler or so at every round of applause. Mr. Green the well-known proprietor tendered his snuff-box with his usual affability, and Herr Joel, at the particular desire of a few kind friends (who have made the same request of him any night these twenty years) favoured us with his celebrated imitation of a male and female kingfisher, a trombone, a hayrick, and other types of lower creation.

"As for refreshment, there were certainly four of us, but as I remember paying for five kidneys, three Welsh rarebits, and a chop, to say nothing of bitter ale and gin sling, I suppose some of us must have made a good supper.

"I saw the Herr home to his hotel: he grasped my hand as he wished me good night, and entered upon a long and seriously involved sentence, in which I could just distinguish the words '*Gastfreiheit*,' '*Effanses*,' '*Deutschland*,' '*bier-drinken*,' '*Schiller*,' '*Velch-rarebid*,' '*Gesellschaft*,' '*prosit Gross Brittania*,' and '*auf Wiedersehn*.' Then taking a candle from the night-porter, and collecting all his energies into one profound bow, he went slowly up to bed.

"Faithfully yours,

"Jack Easel."

THE CRYSTAL PALACE BABY COURT.

We hear it is the intention of the Crystal Palace Company, who are always active in administering to the wants of the pleasure-seeking public, to open a small Court for the reception of the Babies who in such numbers daily honour the Palace with their presence. To ease the minds of such Mammas as bring their Babies without nursemaids, the Court will be supplied with suitable attendants; and every care will be taken in the absence of their parents to provide the infant occupants with recreation and refreshment. A quantity of pap will be continually on sale, and Babies who—despite of stern George Cruikshank—are addicted to the Bottle, will be furnished with the means to allay their inward cravings.

Corals will be kept for all the tiny teeth in need of them, and rattles of the newest and the noisiest description will be constantly in readiness for all the little hands which may be stretched and clapped in eagerness to seize them. A lot of baby-jumpers will also be suspended for infants who are fond of active sedentary exercise; while for Babies of more dormant and retiring dispositions cradles, rocked by steam, will be let out by the hour, each one warranted to send its inmate off to "bye-bye" within the limit of a brace of shakes, after tucking up in it. In short, no pains will be spared to make the Court a pleasant lounge and agreeable midday resting-place for all the "tiddy ittle sings" whom their Mammas may wish to leave there, like parcels, until called for.

The chief object of the Court is, however, not so much to please the Babies as the public, who are now continually annoyed by squeals and squallings, at times when such disturbance is most trying to the nerves. It is an aggravating thing for a connoisseur of music to find a pack of Babies in full cry in the concert room, when he goes there to enjoy a symphony of Beethoven or a melody of Mozart. The power of disturbance by a Baby with good lungs is considerably greater than the ignorant may think. Indeed an infant's throat, if its possessor be in health, is one of the most powerful wind instruments we know. A solo on the squall is quite enough to drown a solo on the flute; in fact, the other day as we sat hearing the *Creation*, the grand crash of a chorus was completely overwhelmed by the squeals of Mrs. Bibs's baby just behind us.

By the opening of the Baby Court these interruptions will be stopped, and the Crystal Palace Concerts may be heard without annoyance. This consummation is the more devoutly to be wished, as the music which is given there really is worth hearing, and it tries one's temper sadly to listen without hearing it. By the arrangement now in prospect this aural disappointment will in future be avoided; and in common with all lovers of the Crystal Palace Concerts we shall most heartily rejoice when we are able to announce that the project we have mentioned has been put in actual practice, and that daily during concert-time every Baby in the building has to undergo the ceremony of presentation at the Baby Court.

NOAT AND QUEERY.

"Mr. Punch,

"I ears as ow there's a book hadwertised by the Name of the *Fiftene Decisif Battles Hof the World*. Werry good. The Fight atween the Benisher Boy and Tom Sayers was a Hindecisif Battle. Helse in coarse there 'd a Bin cixteen Decisive Battles. But then Ow about Brettle and Mace? That wos a deeisiv batel i shud say and Wots yure apinnion hon the Subjack *Mr. Punch?* i remane,

"Hever yourn,

"*The Coche and Osses, october*, 1860." "Paterformilliass."

"poscrip. Too to Wun on Garibaldi agin Lamorisheer."

To the Claimants of the Delhi Prize-money.—"My fine fellows, you shouldn't grumble, though you have been kept out of your money for more than three years; for don't you know that Valour, like Virtue, is its Own Reward."—*Sir Charles Wood.*

Mariner. "*Yo hoy,* Bill, *Stand by! We'll find'a 'Bacco Shop alongside. Here's the Scotchman!*"

ROME ON THE SEINE.

The following article, which explains, on behalf of the French Imperial Government, the relation of the Tuileries to the Vatican, may be regarded as semi-officious:—

The Government of the Emperor, ever having at heart the interests of France and the Catholic world, which are inseparable, has known how to conduct itself under existing complications.

When France kneels, Europe falls prostrate. When France crosses herself, Europe beats her breast.

Will the Sovereign Pontiff quit Rome? Will the Holy Father stay where he is? Behold the two questions of which France is going to propose a solution.

It is incontestable that Rome is the patrimony of St. Peter. But the Pope is the father of 200,000,000 Catholics. Therefore, wherever the Pope may be, he can bless the whole world from the roof of the nearest house. It follows that the Pope is unable to quit the metropolis of Catholicism; because Rome, so to speak, accompanies him wherever he goes.

Nevertheless, unbounded freedom of action is necessary to the political independence of the Head of the Church.

It is in this regard that France has resolved to astonish the world by a self-devotion which will exemplify the inexorable logic of faith.

By this time the Catholic populations will have comprehended the necessity of inviting the Holy Father to take up his residence at Paris. Paris, equally with Rome, is the Eternal City. Consequently, in going to Paris the Pope does not quit Rome; it is simply a change of air; a transition to a mild atmosphere from one of which the temperature was excessive.

The treasures of Christian and Classical art which have been accumulated by so many Pontiffs can accompany his Holiness.

France is profoundly Catholic. What is Government? It is, for France, Catholicism applied in politics. What! is there one morality for individuals and another for nations? Certainly not. The Imperial Government will therefore constitute itself towards France, and thus towards Europe, the Executive of the Catholic theocracy.

Nevertheless the Government of the Emperor will reserve to itself the filial privilege of advising the Father of the Faithful, and tendering to the Sovereign Pontiff those necessary counsels, which, when adopted, must be universally accepted as the dictates of infallible wisdom. In this manner France will reconcile a devout fidelity with the gravity of the present situation, and will consult European objects which are also those of the Church.

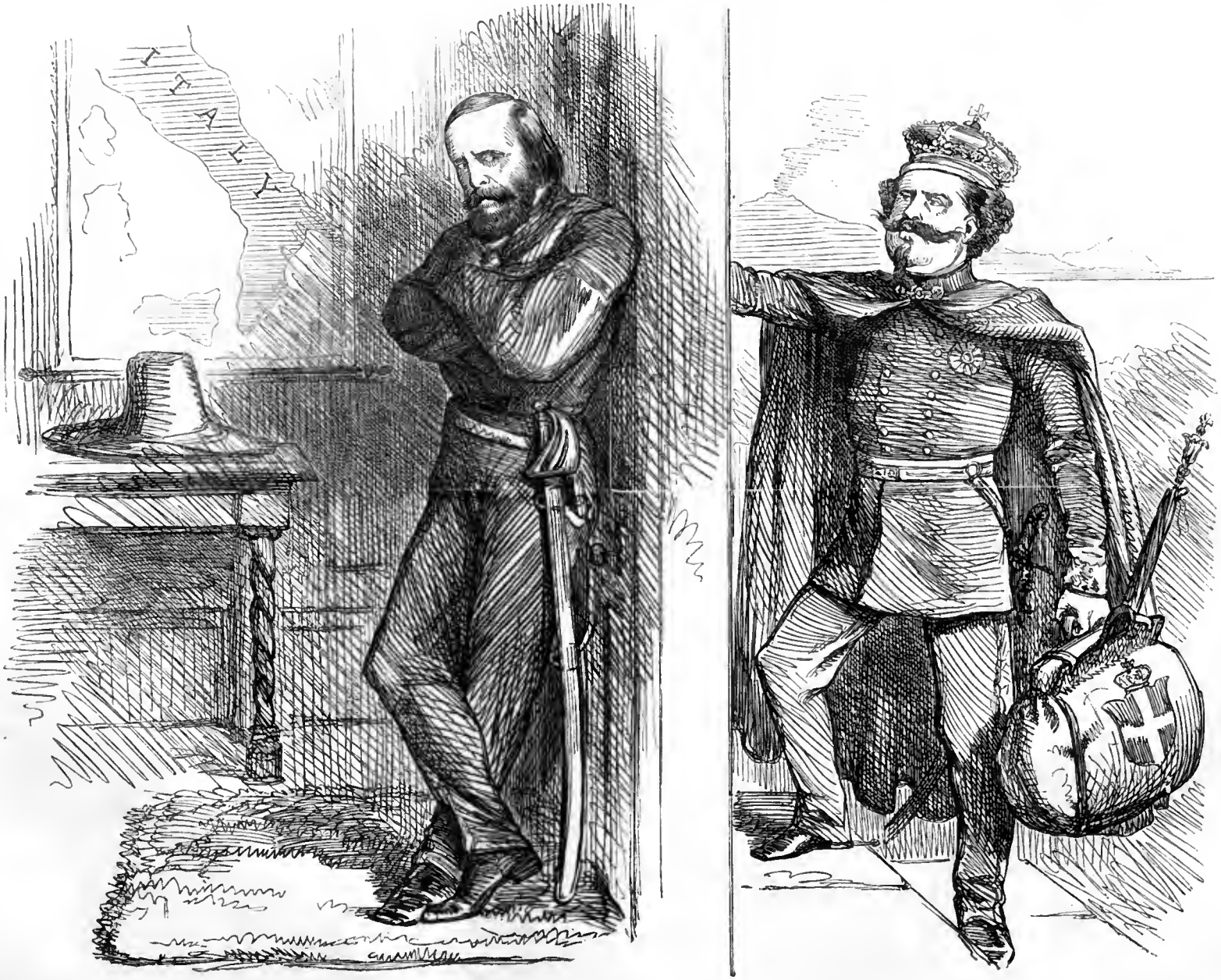
A TORTURER'S PLEA.

One Hopley, a ruffian, usurping the sacred name of Teacher, recently flogged a child to death, and is undergoing a righteous sentence for his crime. For some reason, he is permitted to make a plea in print against his punishment. His plea is as loathsome as his crime. He has the effrontery to urge, that in beating Reginald Cancellor to death, he, Hopley, the Brute, was but following out a System which has been strenuously maintained by religionists. And he cites cases in which the most cruel chastisements have been persevered in by Christian parents, until exhausted and tortured children have been compelled to beg mercy. His argument is that we, the Wiser and Stronger, are entitled to use our strength against others until they admit our wisdom.

We are content to accept the man's propositions, and we call for the adoption of his system. Outraged English society says, in its wisdom, "It is wicked to torture children." Hopley refuses to admit this. Well, outraged English Society happens to be stronger than Hopley. Let his system be enforced. Is there a Cat and Nine Tails in the gaol in which he is doing penance?

A Poor Look Out.

It would be rather awkward, when that new Zealander comes to Waterloo Bridge to take his celebrated sketch, if he hasn't a halfpenny with him to pay the toll; for how, pray, is he to take his stand on one of the middle arches, if the toll-keeper will not allow him to pass? We leave the question to be decided by any one of the five hundred authors of the existence of the New Zealander, whose future prospects have been so frequently and so eloquently commented upon.



THE MAN IN POSSESSION.

V—r E—m—l. "I WONDER WHEN HE WILL OPEN THE DOOR."

A REAL WORKING MEN'S RIFLE CORPS.

"Perhaps they won't persewere!" was the reflection of the footman when he heard his bell rung vigorously a second and third time; and did not think it worth his while to trouble himself to answer it. "Perhaps they won't persewere!" may have likewise been the thought of certain friends across the Channel, when they heard how energetically our Rifle Movement was first started, and what vigorous vitality was evinced in its quick progress. If this were so, however, we apprehend that our good friends have been sadly disappointed. The ardour of our Riflemen has not been "too hot to hold," as the common saying goes; and the wet which they have marched through has entirely failed to damp it. Ardent spirits as they are, the members of our Rifle Corps will bear a lot of water before they are much weakened by it. Their patriotic fire is not easy to be quenched, and we may now regard them as completely above proof, with so many watery trials has their strength been weekly tested.

If patience is a virtue, so is perseverance; and of both of these good qualities our Volunteers have clearly shown themselves possessed. Some Corps have perhaps displayed them more than others; and a laudable example of what may be achieved in the pursuit of Rifle practice under no slight difficulties is afforded to posterity by the members of the Deptford Company, of whose good work their captain,—Montgomerie by name, has let us know this much:—

"Having received from a friendly neighbour ground for ball practice, and spoilt bricks enough for a wall, they set to work to erect their own butt; and in seven evenings, working with a will, and every member of every rank, the chaplain not excepted, taking his turn at digging and wheeling, they erected a wall sixty-four feet long, ten feet high, and six feet thick at the base, with an embankment behind it."

This Deptford Corps, we learn, was set on foot for "working men." Assuredly its members, in erecting their own butts, have not belied their name, and they have thereby made it one which they may well feel proud of. We think if other corps were to follow in their footsteps, there would be small harm, and probably great benefit. There is nothing *infra dig.* in handling a spade, and in erecting their own butts there is nothing to cause Riflemen to make butts of themselves for outsiders to laugh at. However high may be their standing in society, they need not fear that doing useful handiwork will lower it; and as for any jokes that may be cracked at their expense, the cracking of their rifles will be quite enough to drown them. Indeed, seeing what expense their butt-making has saved them, they can well afford to run the risk of being laughed at.

But there is little chance of ridicule for such good pluck and perseverance as that by which the Deptford corps have won our thanks and *kudos*. We say our "thanks," for every one who lends his aid to strengthen our national defences, deserves the thanks of every one who wants to be defended by them. As the father of a family, in their name we therefore thank the Deptford Volunteers for the practice ground which they so pluckily have made; and we hope next year at Wimbledon they will show us that their practice has made them pretty perfect.

The Head of his Race.

At the boat-races at Ottawa, before the Prince of Wales, the great race was won by an Indian, who shot far a-head of all his competitors. This gives a flat contradiction to the assertion, that the Indians as a race are fast going out. However, in the present instance, it was no great wonder that the Indian proved the winner, for as his canoe was made of birch, it was pretty sure to flog all others.

CRINOLINE AND CIVILISATION.

"Oh, *Mr. Punch!* I am *so* enchanted! What *do* you think that darling Prince of Wales has discovered? At least it wasn't *he* exactly, but the *Times* Correspondent; only of course you know if the Prince hadn't gone there, the Correspondent would not either, and so the discovery might never have been made, or at any rate not so *soon*, and, if it had, perhaps the *Times* might not have had its Correspondent there, and then of course the public would have heard nothing about it. But I'm keeping you, poor man! from the account of the discovery. Here it is then, word for word as it was *printed* in the paper, I got my little sister Julia to copy it, for Miss Smith (she's our governess) was gone to see her *Aunt*, at least *she* says it's her Aunt, but *I* say it's her *Cousin*, because I know that he's at home now, and he's got Oh! *such* nice hair, and such a lovely large moustache, at least so Miss Smith *tells me*, and so you see I had to hear the children say their lessons; and Julia, Oh! she was *such* a naughty child, she *would insist* on saying 'c a t' spelt '*dog*,' and in declaring that twice twelve was a *hundred* and twenty-four! and in protesting that New York was a *lake* in *Mesopotamia!* And so for punishment I made her copy out this extract, and you needn't be afraid to print it from her writing, because I read it over afterwards and made the spelling right, and put the proper *stops*. You know the Correspondent is describing the Royal tour through Upper Canada, and between two villages called Almonte and Arapsin—they have the *queerest* names for places in America!—he says:—

"The track was partly through the forest, over what is called a corduroy road, a Colonial synonyme for no road at all, a kind of track where the natural inequalities of the ground are developed to their utmost by a profuse intermixture of pine logs. The route at this part lay through a perfectly wild country. Only a log cabin broke the monotony of the forest here and there, with a group of ragged brown girls and boys clustered on pine logs to cheer the Prince. The despotism of fashion, however, has penetrated into the remotest recesses of these backwoods, for however ragged may be the female members of a Settler's family, I never saw any who did not wear the most monstrous wooden hoops under their petticoats."

"There, *Mr. Punch*! Now, what do you say to *that*, Sir? Wide petticoats are worn in the *backwoods of America!* Isn't that an interesting discovery to make! And how *glad* I am to think the Prince—dear darling fellow, how I should like to *waltz* with him—should be the man to make it! One feels really almost reconciled to losing him so long, when one hears of what intelligence his absence is productive. How charming it is to think that wherever women go, *Crinoline* goes with them; and that no matter what a nuisance and a trouble it must be to them, they *will* persist in wearing it despite of every obstacle. Of course it must be a *great* bother to walk in a wide petticoat in places like the backwoods, at least if they're at all like what my fancy paints them. Why, even in *Kew Gardens* there are walks which are so narrow one can scarcely squeeze one's hoops through them, and I'm sure in Richmond Park there are heaps and heaps of places where one finds one's Crinoline *immensely* inconvenient. As for Burnham Beeches, really there are walks there which are quite *impassable* if one goes in a wide dress. The last picnic that I went to, I got so *entangled*, I do believe *indeed* that I should never have got out if Cousin Charley, who was with me, hadn't had a *penknife*, and so by *main force* extricated me. He said I was as difficult to clear as the *Great Eastern*, and I'm sure it took him such a time to cut me out, that Mamma grew *really anxious* and would insist on sending off that horrid Mr. Quizzington to see what had become of me!

"Well, if Crinoline is so inconvenient in England, what *must* it be in places like the forests of America! and how *brave* it is in girls to go through the *bore* of wearing it! Much as you hate Crinoline I'm sure you *must* admire the heroism—or should I call it *she*roism?—of those who make such *martyrs* of themselves by using it. And surely you will cease, Sir, from your horrible attacks on it, now you are *convinced*, as I'm sure you *ought* to be, that they are futile to arrest its *world-pervading* course, and that wherever we may trace the advance of civilisation, there will the *march of Crinoline* infallibly be manifest.

"I remain, Sir, in the fashion,
"Yours defiantly as ever,
"Amelia Angelica Angelina Agnes Anne."

"P.S. Does *Judy* wear Crinoline? I'll bet a pair of gloves she *does!*

"P.S. My size is six-and-a-quarter. Please leave them under cover, at your office, and I'll call for them."

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER XXXI.—THE LADIES, BLESS THEM! AND THE REIGNS OF HENRY THE FOURTH AND HENRY THE FIFTH.

FROM A DRAWING IN THE PUNCH COLLECTION. (FAC-SIMILE.)

BEFORE we leave the Ladies of the fourteenth century, of whom in our last Chapter we gave a full-length picture, we may just remind the reader that in the twenty-second year of the reign of EDWARD THE THIRD was founded the most noble Order of the Garter. How the order is by some people supposed to have had origin in the dropping of a garter by a COUNTESS OF SALISBURY, and the handing of it back to her by the King who picked it up, with the memorable saying, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense!*" we scarcely should have taken the labour to repeat, were it not to add, that the story is one of those which are too good to be true, and we must therefore warn our readers not to put their faith in it. Seeing that we have always believed the tale ourselves (as we have the story about ROMULUS and REMUS being suckled by a wolf, and a hundred other anecdotes that history has handed to us) it causes us a cruel pang to have to say there is no truth in it; but as a living author tells us that "all writers of any credit combine to reject the popular tradition," we cannot for our credit's sake do otherwise than join them.

We noticed that wide hats were worn about this period, and that CHAUCER'S *Wife of Bath*, whose hat was "as broad as a targe," in this respect bore likeness to MISS JEMIMA JONES, whom we saw two seasons since (before the Spanish hat came into vogue) ambling on her donkey along the sands at Broadstairs. To this we ought to add that also showing a resemblance to certain recent fashions is the description CHAUCER gives us of the Carpenter his Wife; who among her other finery was adorned with a broad silken fillet round her head, and to fasten her low collar wore a brooch which was as big as the boss of a buckler (!) We learn too that her shoes were laced high up on her legs, a description that just tallies with the modern "high-lows," which now that they are called by a less vulgar appellation, may be daily seen on hundreds of fashionable feet.

LADY OF RANK. TEMP. RICHARD THE SECOND. FROM EVER SO MANY MSS. OF THE PERIOD.

Gloves are shown in many of the drawings of this period, but whether they were worn more *upon* the hands than *in* them is a question which we leave to those who like to guess at. In the old illuminations we see them just as frequently in one way as the other, and so we may presume that ladies who were too lazy (dare we say?) to put their gloves on, liked to show that they possessed them by carrying them in their hand. Whether girls were wont then to bet gloves at the tournaments, which they usually attended in gorgeous array,* is another of the problems we must leave to be decided by those who have more time and inclination for the task. But if they did, we rather question if the fair sex were more fair in this respect than they are now, and we have lately learnt that gentlemen have even been discovered so far North as Doncaster, who have failed in their attempts to make young ladies pay their bets.

We come now to the threshold of the fifteenth century, and the costume of the reign of KING HENRY THE FOURTH and that of his sad scapegrace son, the friend of old *Jack Falstaff*, KING HENRY THE FIFTH. We have not seen it ourselves; but from all that we read of it, we think the effigy of HENRY *père* is one of the most splendid in all our regal series; and we strongly advise readers who have nothing else to do, and cannot enjoy a holiday unless they have some excuse for it, to ascertain in what cathedral the tomb is to be seen, and to spend a pleasant day or two in going to inspect it. In doing so we may advise them to pay the most particular attention to the crown, which is probably an imitation of the famous "Harry crown" that was broken into pieces by KING HENRY THE FIFTH, and pawned in 1415 for wages to the Knights who served in the expedition against France.* We cannot say for certainty if this were the same crown of which the poet SHAKSPEARE makes *King Henry* say:—

> "Heaven knows by what byepaths and crooked ways
> I met this crown; and I myself know well
> How troublesome it sat upon my head."

But judging from the look of it, we must say we incline to fancy that it was. We know that for ourselves we should feel disposed to think it something worse than "troublesome" to have to carry on our head such a structure as this crown; and torture as we think it to wear a modern "chimney-pot," we can hardly bear to think of the excruciating headaches which such a crown as this would infallibly inflict on us. No one but a lunatic would ever dream of wearing such a heavy head-cover; and the "madcap" PRINCE OF WALES must indeed have earned that epithet when he put his father's crown on just to see if he looked well in it.

PRINCE HAL. FROM AN HISTORICAL PICTURE OF THE PERIOD. (IMPROVED.)

But little change occurred in civil Costumes at this period, nor were there many military novelties to speak of. Gowns both long and short were worn as upper garments both by high and low; and were made with sweeping sleeves, indented at the edges in the form of leaves, or else with sleeves called pokys, which as we have shown depended from the wrist, not unlike the bags of bagpipes, and which doubtless were found useful by policemen of the period to conceal the legs of mutton which they pouched upon their beats. Long tunics were likewise very generally worn, and the one seen on the effigy of KING HENRY THE FOURTH has two pockets in the front, placed somewhat near the sides, the slits whereof are perpendicular like those in modern "pegtops." This long tunic we learn was known by a long name, being called a houppelande; and as the word is derived from the Spanish, it does not seem unlikely that the garment came from Spain. We are told that at the Coronation of KING HENRY THE FOURTH the lords wore scarlet houppelandes, covered with long mantles; while the Knights and their Esquires were allowed to wear the houppelande, but without the mantle. We likewise are informed that the day before the ceremony, the King performed the feat of making six-and-thirty knights; which we fancy must have been a rather expensive morning's work, seeing that to each of them he gave a long green coat, with straight sleeves furred with miniver, and having a large hood lined with the same fur and fashioned like the hoods which were then worn by the prelates. On the day when we are knighted (which we fully

* In the reign of RICHARD THE SECOND, CAXTON speaks of twenty-four (FROISSART says sixty) ladies riding from the Tower to the jousts in Smithfield, leading four and twenty knights in chains of gold and silver; the knights, ladies and all other attendants at the tournaments having their dresses, shields, and trappings decorated with RICHARD'S livery of the White Hart, with a crown of gold round its neck, and a chain hanging thereto.

* According to GOLDSMITH, the crown was pawned to CARDINAL BEAUFORT, the uncle of the King; but from other good authorities we learn that fragments were deposited with other so-called "uncles" of the reigning sovereign. A great fleur de lys garnished with one great balys, one ruby, three great sapphires, and ten pearls was pledged, as we are told, "unto SIR JOHN COLVYL; and to JOHN PUDSEY, ESQ., to MAURICE BRUNNE, and to JOHN SAUNDISH, each, a pinnacle of the aforesaid crown, furnished with two sapphires, one square balys, and six pearls."

expect will happen as soon as we have finished the Great Work we are engaged upon), we trust this good old custom will be duly borne in mind, and that a suit of the most fashionable clothing will be added to the title with which we are rewarded, and by which a grateful nation will indicate its thanks.

OMNIBUS REFORM.

Although for the present ousted from our Parliament, Reform is very clearly the order of the day. Everyone seems bent upon reforming everybody, and from tailors' bills to juvenile delinquents there is nobody and nothing that escapes without attack. The very oldest nuisances are daringly assailed, nor is a little finger lifted by the public to protect them. Smithfield has been swept out, and so has the Palace Court, and there are men who hope to live to see the Income-Tax reformed, and an end of Temple Bar, the toll-gates and the tax-gatherers. Where the mania will end it is impossible to say, but 'bus-cads have been threatened and cabmen may come next, and when these are both reformed what new wonders may be looked for?

To show we are not wrong in our announcement of this threat, and to apprise the British Public that the Wild Busmen of London are not far off extinction, we beg to call attention to a stringent code of rules which the General Omnibus Company have recently been issuing, and which if generally obeyed, will quite exterminate the savages who have far too long been suffered to infest the public streets. These new rules are intended for a new set of conductors whom the Company have started on their Bank-to-Clapton route, where in future, we are told, "intelligent lads of sixteen or eighteen, having a good character, and dressed in a neat uniform," will officiate in place of those beery shooting-coated and slouch-hatted individuals by whom the rider in an omnibus has usually been served. The plan, it seems, is copied from that which is adopted by the Telegraphic Companies; from whose ranks of nimble Mercuries, as from time to time they grow too old for that service, the footboards of the Omnibuses will in part be filled. This we cannot but regard as a promising arrangement; for a lad who has been trained to run about with telegrams will not be likely to like crawling along at a snail's pace as 'bus-cads are in general prone to let their drivers do.

Something more, however, than mere bodily activity is required for the service. Aspirants must to some extent have cultivated minds, and to render themselves eligible must have undergone such schooling as will enable them to "perform any ordinary sums of addition, subtraction, and multiplication of money." This, we can't help thinking, is a highly useful rule: for whenever hitherto we have been cheated in our change, and have received but fivepence halfpenny as the difference between the shilling which we tendered and the fare of fourpence which we had to pay, we have often in our charity attributed the fraud to an ignorance of mathematics on the part of the conductor, whose defective education we have inwardly deplored.

Among other rules laid down for his guidance and protection, we find that—

"A conductor must not enter a public-house during his hours of duty, under pain of immediate dismissal and forfeiture of any wages that may be due to him."

This, although a highly salutary law, we fancy must admit of some slight mitigation. Unless conductors are to eat their dinners upon doorsteps, it is obvious the rule must daily be relaxed. We do not think it would enhance the beauty of our 'buses to see conductors on their footboards with a pork pie in their hands, or a hunch of bread and cheese, or a slice of a polony, and taking surreptitious swigs from a flat bottle. But as even a conductor to an omnibus must eat, to some such steps as these will our 'bus-cads be reduced, if entrance to a public-house for dinner be denied them. If, when serving as most do at a distance from their homes, they are not to be allowed to enter a refreshment place, they will have to be continually taking bits and scraps, and doubtless will be forced to answer questions with their mouths full, and perhaps to wet their whistle when they want to blow it.

But the mandates we have quoted are comparatively mild compared with others which are issued, and which we here subjoin. During each journey, each conductor is told on pain of death, or at any rate dismissal, that—

"He must direct the driver where to go, and where to stop during the journey. He must see that the omnibus works to its appointed time, and report to the road inspector the cause of any irregularity in that respect. While on the journey he must stand on his footboard, with his back to the omnibus; but in letting passengers in and out, he must descend and assist them. He must if possible set passengers down at the kerb stone on either side of the road desired. If more passengers desire to ride than he has room for, he who first hails the omnibus must have the precedence. Before giving the signal for starting, he must see that passengers are seated, or that they have firm hold of the upright bar in the interior. He must not slam the door, strike the panel, or kick the footboard, as a signal to the driver, but must call or blow a whistle. He must prevent passengers getting in or out, on or off, the omnibus while in motion. He must be civil and obliging to passengers in all things. He must not leave the omnibus while on his journey, except to assist a passenger to or from the pavement. He must not ride inside the omnibus. He must not smoke nor stop to drink during the journey. Persons in dirty dress or otherwise fairly objectionable, or in a state of intoxication, must not be admitted into the omnibus. No person must ride on the step of the omnibus. Dogs must not be admitted into the omnibus, except small dogs carried in the hand, and then only with the consent of all passengers. Packages of meat, or fish, or bulky or offensive packages of any kind, must not be allowed inside the omnibus."

If conductors observe duly this their Duty to their Neighbour, we shall hear no more of stoppages to "wash the osses' mouths out;" of nervous persons being set down in the middle of the street; or of unprotected females being carried off to Bayswater upon the plea that it's within a "heasy walk" of Brixton. The word *'bus-cad* will die out, and the nicer term of *'bus-lad* be allowed to take its place. Lads who know how to conduct themselves, may wondrously reform the conducting of the omnibuses. There will no more be slams of doors, or shovelling in of feeble passengers, or starting off so suddenly that they are thrown in others' laps, or have to lay hold of the nearest noses to support themselves. Band-boxes and lap-dogs, and other feminine encumbrances, will no longer be allowed to annoy the public's knees, and the public's toes and corns will be most carefully respected. We even live in hopes that the days of the admission of Crinoline are numbered. So Eutopian, in fact, is the state of things in prospect, that we thoroughly expect it will be possible ere long to get into an omnibus without having to run for it, and without finding a baby or a wet umbrella in it.

JANUARIUS AND GAVAZZI.

To Sir George Bowyer, M.P.

My Dear Bowyer,

You will have seen that Father Gavazzi has been preaching in the Cathedral at Naples. Fancy that! The sarcrosanct edifice did not fall down upon him. Would you have thought it? Nay, Gavazzi prophesied in the pulpit, and, what is more, his prediction was fulfilled. He said that San Gennaro's blood would liquefy on the appointed day, notwithstanding the presence of Garibaldi. The blood did liquefy so punctually as nine o'clock in the morning, like butter on a hot roll at breakfast, a natural phenomenon which no doubt occurred in many instances about the same hour with the miracle. It is clear, therefore, that Gennaro is no more a humbug than Gavazzi. If the former is a true saint, the latter is also a veritable prophet; but what a testimony the saint and the prophet combine in bearing to the cause of Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel! How can the King and the Dictator be supposed to have been excommunicated? Of course they have not been. Infallibility could not err. His Holiness named no names in the bull consigning to perdition some person or persons unknown, which he caused to be stuck on the walls. The spiritual pretensions of the Holy Father are thus triumphantly saved; but don't you think now that he appears to be placed in a dilemma wherein he had better draw in his temporal horns? Antonelli may say what he likes; but you will doubtless agree with your condisciple in apple sauce.

Feast of Michaelmas Goose, 1860. Punch.

CENTS AND NONSENSE.

The Elections in America are principally carried on by a process called "stumping." Paid orators scour the country, and address the multitude, who dearly love a speech, from the stump of a tree. Hence the term, "stump orator." However, there is also another form of stumping it. All the officials in the pay of the Government have been called upon by the Democratic clubs to pay a subscription, the minimum of which is to be not less than £10, towards the expenses of the election of their Candidate. As their retention of office depends upon the return of the Democrat candidate, the subscriptions must be paid, or else the million and a half of *employés* (they are either more or else) must politely walk out to allow another million and a half quietly to walk in. The application is tantamount to a demand, "Your money or your seat." This method of coming down with the stumpy is by no means so popular as the first. Your stump orator attracts men far and near to listen to him; but your stump tax-gatherer, who calls upon the poor clerk to stump up, has the peculiar effect of making all those he addresses himself to run in the opposite direction.

The Cup of Misery.

We read in the Italian correspondence the following distressing fact:—

"There has been an insurrection in Todi."

We suppose such an insurrection was stirred up with a spoon? We should recommend that an Irishman or a Scotchman be sent over to quell this insurrection, for they're the boys for putting down Todi (*Toddy*).

Pretty, if not True.—A poetical Young Lady, who has just come out, calls "Dreams the best oculists in the world, for do they not give eyes even to the blind?"

Photographer. "*No Smoking here, Sir!*"

Dick Tinto. "*Oh! A thousand pardons! I was not aware that*——"

Photographer (interrupting, with dignified severity). "*Please to remember, Gentlemen, that this is not a Common Hartist's Studio!*"——[N.B. Dick and his friends, who *are* Common Artists, feel shut up by this little aristocratic distinction, which had not yet occurred to them.]

A DEVILISH BAD PRACTICE.

In an article upon cotton, and the need there is of growing it in India and Australia, as well as in America, a contemporary fitly calls attention to the fact that—

> "A deputation has had to go to America, to see whether a stop cannot be put to the adulteration of cotton bales, which are apt to consist of sand and rubbish to the extent of thirty per cent.; to say nothing of the hideous fact that lucifer matches are sometimes placed in the most dangerous part of the bale."

With due respect to our contemporary, we really think this latter fact (supposing that it is a fact) is not one "to say nothing of." To adulterate with rubbish to the extent of thirty per cent. is evil work enough; but surely it is work fit only for the Evil One to place in cotton-bales combustibles, in parts where hideous danger is most likely to be caused by them. How many vessels have escaped being set on fire, and how many living men have annually been threatened with a hideous destruction, through the handiwork of these American incendiaries, it is not our business nor our pleasure to conjecture. But we cannot avoid saying, that Lucifer matches are well named, when they are found employed in so devilish a purpose as that which they appear in the above instance to indicate.

Questions for Ordination.

If a rich Dean has £2000 per annum allowed him, does he not enjoy a surplus income? If he has a saving faith, how much money is he likely to leave behind him?

How to keep one's Memory Green.—Surround it with plenty of bays.

A LAMENTATION AND A PROPHECY.

As if the fall of the year needed a climax to its sadness, there came last week a mournful invitation from the Crystal Palace, to hear the "Last Farewell" of the clear-toned Clara Novello. Obeying the behest, *Mr. Punch* went, and heard, and—for the thousandth time—was conquered. But so strong was she in voice that *Mr. Punch* could not believe that he was hearing the last strains of his favourite swan-like songstress. *Mr. Punch* could not help thinking, with doubtless hundreds of her hearers—*Can* she "retire" her notes, as people say in Lombard Street? *Will* John Bull so prematurely submit to such a loss? For even if Mr. Gladstone should next year double the Income-Tax, the deed will tend but little to console us for our Clara. How *could* she so composedly behold that sea of lovely bonnets, if she had made her mind up never once more to confront them? While her seraphic tones were floating, like the rustling of angel-wings, round about her audience, could she bear to let them go home to their mundane occupations without the hope of hearing such a heavenly voice on earth again?

No! Forbid it, Benedict! No! Forbid it, Bowley. *Mr. Punch* is (by himself) now fully authorised to state, that Clara has *not* left him. How could she exist, with all that gush of song, in the bosom of retirement? It must well forth somewhere, that is clear as Cheapside mud; and such a flood of liquid melody as Clara can pour forth would be completely overwhelming in any private hearing-place. Therefore, speaking for the greatest happiness of the greatest number, *Mr. Punch* delights to state that the flood-gates are *not* closed yet, finally and for ever. With his mantle of prophecy consolingly wrapped round him, *Mr. Punch*, without much fear, will wager ten to one that ere the Twentieth of November (who will bet the bet will not be won on the Nineteenth?) the echoes of a concert-room within cab-range of Fleet Street will once more be awakened by the clear voice of our Clara.

NEWS FOR ACTORS AND ACTRESSES.

Mr. Punch is delighted to find that such of the Managers of Country Theatres as protest against being prevented from using the Works of Dramatic Authors without paying for such use, have come to the noble determination of carrying out the principle which the Managers consider involved in the question.

As regards the plays, the Managers say that the Author who produces his play in London is paid for it by the London Manager, and therefore ought to have no further remuneration, and his work ought to be free for the use and advantage of the Country Manager.

The Managers, being convinced of the justice of this view, intend to apply it to the case of Actors and Actresses who have appeared in London. Having been paid by the London theatre for their trouble in acquiring their art, these performers ought to make no claim upon the provincial Manager, but ought to be glad that "a mere intellectual effort which has been adequately rewarded," should contribute to the support of so noble an institution as the British Drama.

In future, therefore, Ladies and Gentlemen engaged by the Managers alluded to will understand that they will be placed on the footing of the Author, and will be paid only for "intellectual efforts" originally designed for the theatres in question. Travelling expenses will, however, be allowed. A List of these Managers may be had from the Dramatic Authors' Society, or from their Solicitor.

Francis Himself Again

Though the King of Naples is at present without a kingdom, still he cannot refrain, so strong has the habit become a part of his nature, from condemning his subjects, even at the very moment that he is left without any subjects to condemn. The following is the sentence he has passed upon them:—"The conduct of the Neapolitans is positively *revolting*."

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex. Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—Saturday, October 6, 1860.

"THY VOICE, O HARMONY!"

Conductor. "*Heasy with them Bones, Bill!*"
Bones. "*But I'm a playin' Hobligarter.*"
Conductor. "*Well, I didn't say you wasn't; but you needn't go and drownd my Tremoler!*"

COALS OF FIRE.

Our friend, the *Weekly Dispatch*, is now a highly respectable paper, and recognises decency and Deity in a way that would make its original promoters (if still extant) stare and swear. *Mr. Punch* has much pleasure in habitually reading the *Dispatch*. But there is such a thing as being in too great a hurry to forget one's antecedents. Last week the journal in question found fault with *Mr. Punch* (who is never wrong upon any topic in or out of the world) for a joke which represented a Barrister as having taken a certain position in order to address a jury. The *Dispatch* intimated that the jury was not in the place where the advocate was. Come, come, this is a little too good in a paper whose success was made by an Old Bailey Lawyer. To pretend not to know that a Barrister does not stand in the jury-box, but at a considerable distance therefrom! Jerusalem! Snakes! However, the *Dispatch* is forgiven—the cavil was only introduced as a puff for certain maps, which are quite good enough to need no puffs grounded on affectation of ignorance, and to which *Mr. Punch*, himself an Atlas that sustains the world, is happy to lend his good word.

A Cry from a Sponging House.—"Would that the scrapes of this life were like those of little schoolgirls—merely scrapes of bread-and-butter!"

SPIRITUAL HAT-MOVING.

There are no good lies in the *Spiritual Magazine* of this month; for the stories about the "Davenport Boys" copied from a Yankee organ of Spiritualism, called the *Herald of Progress*, are as silly as they are false, and evince merely a stupid effrontery and an idiotic indifference to truth. From the notices "To Readers and Correspondents" the subjoined extract shall enjoy all the advantage it can derive from quotation in these columns. Hat-moving is a spiritual phenomenon as well as table-moving, and as the hat of the *Spiritual Magazine* is going round, we do not mind giving it a turn:—

"Special Fund towards paying the Expenses and for Gratuitous Distribution of the *Spiritual Magazine*:
"*Received since our last*—An Inquirer, £5; Dr. B., £3; making with amount previously acknowledged, £75 0*s.* 0*d.* Subscriptions for this object are earnestly solicited, and may be sent to the Editor, as above."

We have no wish to impede the success of the *Spiritual Magazine* considered as a commercial undertaking; nay, we will go so far as to express the hope that we may not damage any pecuniary interests which the Editor of that journal, or other parties connected with it, may be suspected, from the tone of some of their replies to criticism, to have in the credit of professional Mediums. If the publication of the above appeal shall procure the *Spiritual Magazine* a few additional subscribers, we shall only have rendered a small service to struggling writers of fiction. We have no desire that the *Spiritual Magazine* should perish, though we expect that it will shortly have to give up the ghost.

The Ladies' Fashionable Siphonia.

In consequence of the recent wet weather many sensible ladies have taken to wearing their Crinoline outside of their walking dresses, in the form of a framework of gutta-percha tubes, serving the same purpose as the pipes which conduct the rain-water from the roofs of houses. The dress which is worn over Crinoline extends to such a circumference than an umbrella affords it no adequate protection, saving nothing but the bonnet, so that it can only be defended from the showers by a system of drainage, which is managed by an arrangement of Crinoline combining utility with elegance.

ADVENTURE WITH ECONOMY.

"Mr. Punch,

"As the taste for Alpine climbing is a very expensive one, particularly to that parent of juvenile tourists who is ironically called 'the Governor,' allow me to suggest a means whereby the same amusement, essentially, may be practised in this Metropolis at the small cost of 3*d.* Let the railing be removed from the spiral staircase in the interior of the Monument, and let the cage also, which encloses the top of it, be taken away. The wind is generally very high up there, and what with that, and the chances of feet slipping, and people jostling each other in their way up and down, the peril of ascending the column would be nearly if not quite as great as any that could attend an attempt to scale the Jungfrau,* or any other mountain, peak, or horn in Europe. Moreover, the ascent of the Monument would be practicable at Christmas, when the idea of climbing Mont Blanc is out of the question, and might also be hazarded on a Saturday half-holiday by adventurous young men who now, at no season of the year, can afford an excursion to any mountainous district more dangerous than that of Hampstead.

"If the Monument, the Duke of York's Column, and all such structures were only rendered sufficiently unsafe, those youths would be enabled to realise, to a much greater extent than they can now, the advantages of the Early Closing Movement. I have, *Mr. Punch*, with a dozen children and a narrow income, the honour to be,

"Your constant reader,

"Paterfamilias."

* Those who prefer safety to danger, and stairs to steps, should try Burford's, Leicester Square.

Nothing to Smile at.

A *Times* correspondent says, "On Wednesday nine people convicted of murder were hanged at Damascus, and many others await trial." We are sorry to say that if the gentleman returned to England at this singular period, he would feel very much as if he were in Damascus. Our journals have lately been little but enlarged editions of the *Newgate Calendar*. "Crime of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker." May the Old Serpent's hiss speedily cease.

FRENCH COOKS AND ENGLISH EATERS.

IN Michaelmas Goose-day, dear *Punch*, happening to be in town (London, when quite 'empty,' contains, I am informed, above two million people), I dined with a City Company—I will not make the others envious by specifying which. Being of a reflective and a contemplative mind, I own I found the dinner a most gratifying repast. I shall not soon forget the gurgle of enjoyment with which old Guttleton sucked down his second plate of turtle; having, to secure the possession of that luxury, it seemed to me made somewhat of a gallop with the first. A younger man, I own, I wished I had a similar digestive apparatus, and no more apprehension of the evils of good things. Judging from the way in which old Guttleton gulped down as much of them as he could get, he clearly did not need to be flogged with laurestina leaves, which G. H. M. assures us is provocative of appetite. Nor could he have apprehended any bodily embarrassment from the culinary *richesses* which he made away with. Whatever *robur et æs triplex* were the lining of his stomach, I feel convinced he stuffed and swilled without the slightest fear of suffering the next morning. Nobody I think could gormandise with such a gusto, and suck his lips with such a smack of satisfaction, if he knew that all the agonies of biliousness awaited him. What Damocles could feast with such a smile upon his lips, when he felt assured he had a headache hanging over him; and knew too by experience, how it would come down on him, and pierce his brain with pangs as sharp as any sword could do?

"But I did not take my pen up to talk to you of Guttleton. It was the dinner, not the diners, that I wished to say a word about. Of course I need not tell you that although the day was Gooseday, we ate something besides geese. There was turtle I have said, and there were turbot, eels, and cod, there were soles and there were whitings, and though somewhat out of season, there was not at all bad salmon. From this account of the first course you may fancy those which followed; although perhaps you won't conceive that—albeit the day was the last Saturday in September—we had Pheasants, actual Pheasants, Sir, served up in the third course: and what is more, they were not in the slightest smuggled in, but, Sir, their name was boldly printed in the *carte*, and not even the chaste synonym of 'Owlets' was resorted to. As a sportsman, I, of course refrained from eating of this dish; and I could not help reflecting had a foreigner been present he might have fairly gone away with the ridiculous conviction that the Aldermen and other lords who form a City Company are superior to the vulgar operation of the Game Laws; a supposition which might justify his fancying that the Sovereign of the City is superior to the Queen.

"But, Sir, what I most had to complain of in this civic bill of fare was its foreign phraseology and polyglot profundities. These disturbed me even more than its plain outspoken English—though I still think that the 'pheasants' might have left a flavour less unpleasant on the palate, if the cook had veiled their name in the more decent obscurity of some dead or unknown language. Unaccustomed, as I own I am, to public dining, I am not acquainted with the slang of the *cuisine*, and when I see such appellations as '*Gratin de Coq de Bruyère*' or '*Quenelles de Volaille aux Truffes*,' I have not the least conception what dishes—no, I *should* say, *plats*—they represent. The faint remembrance I possess of the language of our neighbours (I was at a Public School, Sir, and of course did not learn much of it) I find avails me little in clearing up the puzzlement in which at every line I'm plunged. Supposing I remember that '*crevette*' is a shrimp, and '*buisson*' a bush, that '*timbale*' is a kettle-drum, and

LAMORICIÈRE'S VOW, OR HE WOULD BE AN ALVA.

He would be an Alva, vowed and sware
The red-hot Lamoricière;
Through him, the papacy restored
Should be, with wasting fire and sword.

The towns which spurned the Pontiff's sway
Should be his mercenaries' prey;
He'd turn his ruffians loose, to kill,
Burn, spoil, and work their bestial will.

But ere he went on this crusade,
The Frenchman sought celestial aid;
Thus, kneeling at Loretto's shrine,
Invoked the female form divine:

"O spotless Queen! Celestial Rose!
Lend me thine aid to crush my foes;
Remembering that those foes are mine,
Because they are the Pope's and thine.

Adorable and most adored,
Behold this ornamental Sword;
Thine, if I conquer, it shall be:
Here will I hang it up to thee!"

Unheard was the Crusader's prayer,
Wholly by winds dispersed in air;
Because, there 's too much ground to fear,
Though dolls have ears, they cannot hear.

Our Hero's doom was dire defeat,
As expeditious as complete;
His army driven from the field,
And he himself obliged to yield.

Fulfil, though thou hast lost the game,
Thy vow, Crusader, all the same;
Thy deity of wax, stone, wood,
Thy prayer had granted, if it could.

The will is equal to the deed,
And merits no inferior meed;
So let thy sword, in spite of scorn,
The angel-shifted house adorn.

For, now that weapon's work is o'er,
Thou should'st resign it evermore:
Drawn against Freedom—drawn in vain—
Oh! never wear that Sword again.

THE POPE AS A LOGICIAN.

The Pope seems in a muddle in his mind as well as his material affairs. Here, for instance, is a proof of his confusedness of intellect, in an address he issued lately to a regiment of French soldiers sent for his protection:—

"Mark well, my dear sons, that the Church stands in need of no man's help in suppert of her spiritual sovereignty; for being therein directly protected and enlightened by God, far from requiring the aid of the powers of earth, it is she who upholds nations and empires. But since it has pleased God, in the present dispensation of his Providence, that for the free exercise of her spiritual sovereignty she should also possess temporal power, it is this latter power, my very dear sons, that you are called to defend in its integrity. Great and glorious mission!"

To our thinking this is rather out-at-elbow sort of reasoning, and is congruous in that respect to what may be the temporal position of the Pope. Indeed, it shows the Holy Father is quite clearly on his last legs in the point at least of intellect, however he may be in more material possessions. If the Church, as he affirms, he in her spiritual sovereignty, "directly protected" by the Divine power, this protection surely must extend as well to her temporal possessions, which, His Holiness alleges, it has pleased Heaven to bestow on her to secure her the free exercise of her spiritual sway. Clearly, then, the Church is independent of man's help, not less in her material than in her spiritual sovereignty; and if His Silliness the Pope be true to his own logic, he will at once ask the French army to withdraw, and beg of Irish friends to make no more subscriptions for the secular support of the pillars of their Church.

'*financière*' what it sounds. How can that remembrance explain such mystic phrases as '*Crevettes en Buissons*' and '*Timbales à la Financière*,' which perplexed me in the bill of fare of which I speak? Shrimps are common diet, but can a man eat bushes? And who could feed on kettle-drums, and expect to live? That '*homard*' means a lobster everybody knows; but I have looked into my dictionary, and the only word for '*Chartreuse*' given there is 'Charterhouse.' Yet '*Chartreuse d'Homard*' I find confronts me in the *carte*. Shade of Soyer! Am I then to eat the Charterhouse! I who spent six years beneath its classic shades!

"Some dishes, it is true, may be such horrible concoctions that nobody would dream of touching them if they were known by their right names. Who would call for that '*Batoinié*,' which G. H. M. informs us was served up for him at Moscow, if '*Chopped tea leaves and salt cucumbers*' were put down in the *carte?* Or who would ask a Russian servant for a '*Bitok*,' if he saw before him a confession of the fact that the dainty was composed of several chopped meats, mashed into a mass with honey and stewed onions, vinegar and capers, and surrounded with stoned olives, sliced lemons, and peas? Moreover, now and then the converse might occur; and one might miss a dainty because of its fine name. I myself, the other day, very nearly lost a taste of that same '*Coq de Bruyère*,' because of the word '*Gratin*' which was stupidly prefixed to it, and which, as I conceived, meant 'the burnt scrapings of a saucepan,' a conception which my dictionary afterwards confirmed.

"I am a plain man, and like to call a spade a spade, and in talking to an Englishman I can't quite see the good of calling it a *bêche*. I don't relish a cutlet or a cucumber the more for being written '*cotelette*' and '*concombre*' by the cook. '*Capons farcis aux Champignons*' may sound all very fine, but I think 'Fowls stuffed with mushrooms' is more pleasant in my ears; and my laughter rather than my palate is excited by such polyglot absurdities as '*Chickens aux huîtres!*' This entry I observed in the *carte* the other day, and I suppose when next a Civic Company invites me, I shall be asked to eat of '*Stewed biftek aux oysters*,' or recommended to take '*Vin sauce*' with my '*pouding de plum*.'

"With our advancing sense (thanks to *Punch*) of what is ludicrous, surely it is time to put a stop to all this gibberish. As good wine needs no bush, so shrimps require no '*buissons*' in the *carte* to make them palatable. Let our cooks serve up French dishes, if they please; but when they cook for Englishmen, let their bills of fare be English. We mostly like plain names, although we may not like plain living; and until our Aldermen habitually speak French (which, judging by their progress, possibly may happen at the time of the Greek Kalends) let them beg their cooks to condescend to write in English for them.

"Pray, Sir, lend your powerful aid in this direction, and oblige one who is free to own he likes French cookery, although it is his fortune to have been born "A Briton."

"THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS."

At Coleshill, in Warwickshire, Mr. Newdegate entertained the agriculturists by saying that—

"Protection was not dead; it was a principle of our nationality, and burned now more brightly than ever."

No, it is not burning. Mr. Newdegate mistakes for a pure flame what is merely the phosphorescence of a dead body. Poor Protection has been buried now for years, and many a fruitful harvest has since ripened over its grave. It was but right that Protection should give back to corn what in its lifetime it took from it. Why does Mr. Newdegate attempt to play the part of a resurrectionist? If Protection is still burning, it must look uncommonly like a gas-lamp that we sometimes see accidentally flaring in the day-time, aud, in charity, the pale, flickering, and ghastly thing should be put out. Nothing could be more out of place in our day.

Momentous if True.

The appended statement, heterographic but thrilling, is contained in a letter from Cologne, published by a contemporary:—

"The Prince Regent accompanied the Queen as far as Düren, whence he proceeded to Juliers."

What an interesting if illiterate announcement! The Prince Regent proceeded to his cousin Julia's, the writer of the above piece of intelligence obviously meant to say. When he left Julier's did he go on to Aunt Amelier's? The *Almanach de Gotha* only knows!

Justice to Scotland.—You can scarcely call the Scotch sycophants; for though they are toddy-drinkers, they are far from being toad-eaters.—*A Black-Woodsman.*

Advice to Garibaldi.—The Red Shirt is glorious; but don't make a Flag of it.

SHAVING A SERIOUS THING.

The attention of Sabbatarians is earnestly called to the subjoined copy of an advertisement:—

SHAVING a Breach of the Sabbath and a Hindrance to the Spread of the Gospel. By ΘΕΟΛΟΓΟΣ. M. A. Cantab. London. Saunders & Otley.

Messrs. Saunders & Otley publish many novels, but the serious world need hardly fear that the work above announced is a novel. There is, indeed, novelty in the idea that Shaving is a Breach of the Sabbath; because every morning is not Saturday, and many people shave every morning. Neither is every morning Sunday, if that is the day which we are to suppose to be meant by the word Sabbath. True it is, however, that some old clothesmen never shave at all, for some reason or other, which may possibly be the belief that Shaving, under any circumstances, is a breach of the Jewish Sabbath. And certainly there can be no doubt that shaving on a Sunday morning, or during any portion of Sunday, is a desecration of the Sabbath just as flagrant as that of travelling by an excursion train; for it is by no means necessary: and this is probably the truth which the author of the work under consideration, but which, like many other reviewers, we have never read, most probably wishes to impress on the serious public.

MY HOUSE AND HOME.

BY MATERFAMILIAS.

I can't think what can make men care
For foreign wars and strife,
With all the constant wear and tear
There is in daily life!
What signifies about the Pope,
And French invading Rome?
A woman's mind has ample scope
Within her house and home.

As for what foreign nations do,
And Emperors and Kings,
I have to pay attention to
So many different things,
I could not, if I were inclined,
Allow my thoughts to roam:
Abundant exercise they find
Within my house and home.

Grimaldi is a famous man,
If that 's the general's name,
The dungeons in the Vatican,
And torture, are a shame;
But Naples Silk, and Bombazine,
This side of Ocean's foam,
Are pretty features of the scene
Within my house and home.

What with the servants, and they cost
What trouble no one knows!
And then there's always something lost;
The wash, and mending clothes,
And some hairs wanting to be curled,
And all their heads to comb,
Sufficient is my little world
Within my house and home.

Calembourg for Coburg.

As our illustrious friend the F. M. has happily escaped a carriage accident, which no one would have deplored more than *Mr. Punch*, the latter may congratulate the P. C., and add a joke. It is an extraordinary thing that any sort of vehicular indiscretion should have been manifested in the case of a Prince who has always been so remarkably Prudent in his Carriage.

A VERY OLD EPITAPH REVIVED.

ON WILLIAM WALKER, FILIBUSTER AND FELON.

Here lies the body of W. W.
Who never more will trouble you, trouble you.

AUSTRIA'S BEST WAY.

If Austria would do the honestest and wisest thing that she possibly can, she would sell the Venetian territory to its rightful owners, and pay over the proceeds into the Court of Bankruptcy.

MR. BRIGGS IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Mr. Briggs, previous to going through his course of Deer-Stalking, assists the Forester in getting a Hart or two for the House. Donald is requesting our Friend to hold the Animal down by the Horns.

[N.B. The said Animal is as strong as a Bull, and uses his legs like a Race-horse.

THE ALLOCUTION.

"The following is a summary of the Allocution delivered by the Pope in the Consistory held on the 28th."

King Victor's a wretch and a horrible thief,
  Blasphemer, church-robber, and stabber,
And I'm happy to think he'll one day come to grief
  For being so greedy a grabber.
As touching the soldiers who died in my cause,
  No fate could be better or sweeter;
I certify all have escaped from the jaws
  Of Old N. and gone up to St. Peter.

Regarding the Kings that don't lend me a hand
  To work out the Papacy's mission,
I beg that those monarchs will please understand
  They're all on the road to perdition.
I especially hint to the Gallican Sphinx
  That his acts are all futile and null, for
While he's making a capital book, as he thinks,
  I've booked him for sojourn in sulphur.

So up to the aid of your father the Pope,
  Who gives you these elegant wiggings,
Don't force him, as Yankees would call it, to slope,
  And make tracks for unsanctified diggings.
Save the Chair of St. Peter from being defiled
  By you "Parricidal Pollution:"
Draw the Sword in my favour, and don't draw it mild,—
  And this is your Pope's Allocution.

LORD DERBY'S LAST.

Why is a man without any acquaintances in the Sporting world like the only excuse for a mau's bad manners? Because he knows no Better.

A MICHAELMAS GOOSE COOKED.

Our facetious contemporary, the *Spiritual Magazine*, among a host of compliments in this month's number, pays us this:—

"We are well pleased to have *Punch* as an enemy rather than as a friend, for he is doing good to the cause by making it more extensively known, whilst he dare not introduce at all such a subject favourably into his columns."

The Spiritualist mind, we are informed, does not reason. What it knows, it knows by intuition only. From the mundane power of reasoning it is completely held aloof. Hence we cannot feel surprised at the above absurd assertion. To any other intellect than that of a Spiritualist it must be obvious at once that inasmuch as *Punch* has a character (as well as a family) to support, of course he "dare not speak" in favour of such humbugs as the Spiritualists; because if he so belied himself and mis-stated the plain fact, his circulation and his character would equally be injured. A truth so obvious as this it was quite needless to state; but as a Spiritualist seldom has the chance to tell a truth, we can hardly be astonished that the chance should be laid hold of.

As for the assertion, that *Punch* has done good service to the Spiritualist cause by making known the trickery by which it is supported, this statement, on the face of it, bears such likelihood of truth that we hardly think it needful to question its veracity. All that we can say is, that the Spiritualists are quite welcome to the lifts which we have given them; though we rather apprehend that were they to confess the truth, it would be found that they have pocketed more kicks by us than halfpence.

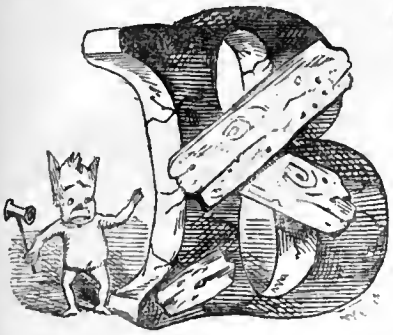
Did you Lately?

Talk of French Politeness, the *Constitutionnel*, in speaking of the Pope's Allocution, is severe on the holy padre, because while begging for aid he makes insinuations against France. To think we should live to hear the Pope called an Insinuating Beggar!

THE FRIEND IN NEED.

Emp. Nap. "THERE—THERE! CUT AWAY QUIETLY AND LEAVE ME YOUR KEYS! KEEP UP YOUR SPIRITS, AND I'LL LOOK AFTER YOUR LITTLE TEMPORAL MATTERS!"

THE BATTLE OF THE REGISTRATION COURTS.



Benjamin Buffles, Esq., the Revising Barrister, for the West-Eastern and South-Northern Districts, yesterday held his court at the Mastodon Hotel, Megatherium Road, for the purpose of going through the electoral lists for the parishes of Choakley, Ditchington, Bodger Hamlets, Blokebury, and Gnasham. Mr. Jolliboy attended for the Conservatives, and Mr. Chaffers for the Liberals.

The Choakley list was first taken.

The Revising Barrister asked what fool had made out such a list as that.

Mr. Gapeseed, overseer of Choakley, stated that he was the party inquired after by the learned barrister.

The Barrister asked him, whether he would like a presentation to the Asylum for Idiots, as that was the best place for a man who could lay such a document on the table of a court.

Mr. Gapeseed asked where he was to lay it.

The Barrister instantly committed him for contempt of court, and disfranchised the parish of Choakley.

Mr. Grunter, an elector of Choakley, submitted that it was very hard that he should lose his vote because the overseer was an ass.

The Barrister said it served the Choakley electors right for electing asses as overseers, and ordered Mr. Grunter out of court.

The Ditchington list came next.

Mr. Wibble was objected to by the Liberals. He claimed in respect of a freehold house and grounds which had been in his family for sixty years. The objection taken was that he had described the house as a mansion-house.

The Barrister. What do you call this a mansion-house for?

Mr. Wibble. I suppose I may call my house anything I like. Mr. Squeers says a man may call his house an island if he pleases. There is no law against it.

The Barrister. Then I'll make one. The Mansion-house is in the City, and nowhere else. Do you mean to say you are the Lord Mayor?

Mr. Wibble. Bless me, no, Sir.

The Barrister. How dare you swear in a court of justice, Sir? Leave this place, Sir.

Name expunged.

Mr. Bunkerby was objected to by the Conservatives. He claimed in respect of a house and shop in Poppleton Street. The objection was that he did not live there.

The Barrister. Do you live there, Sir?

Mr. Bunkerby. Yes, Sir; and I dye there, also, Sir.

The Barrister. None of your ribaldry, Sir. What's your case, Mr. Jolliboy?

Mr. Jolliboy said that Mr. Bunkerby did not sleep in the house, and therefore it was not a residence.

The Barrister. You need not tell me that, Mr. Jolliboy. I suppose I know that if a man does not sleep in a house he does not reside there. What do you mean by not sleeping in this house, Mr. Bunkerby? You ought to be ashamed of yourself, as a respectable elderly man, for not going home to bed. Where do you sleep—at the Mummums, or under a dry arch of Ricketty Buildings?

Mr. Bunkerby. I sleep generally at my other house in St. Peter's Wood.

The Barrister. Sleep generally, Mr. Jolliboy, what does he mean by that? I've heard of sleeping soundly, and sleeping heavily, and sleeping lightly, but I never heard of a man's sleeping generally. Do you ever sleep particularly, Sir.

Mr. Bunkerby. Yes, Sir, I sleep particularly well when I have been reading any of your honour's published works. (*Laughter.*)

The Barrister. Ha! ha! Not so bad. Well, General Sleeper, you may go to your military duties, as we shan't trouble you to come to the hustings.

Name expunged.

The next objection was by the overseers, and was made to the vote of Mr. Pindar Wakefield. It was alleged that the voter was dead.

Mr. Pindar Wakefield attended, and begged to state that he was not dead.

The Barrister. You know I must have proof of that. What is the use of an unsupported assertion?

Mr. Wakefield. Would my punching the overseers' heads induce your honour to give consideration to the question whether I am alive or not?

The Barrister. I cannot, Mr. Wakefield, decide on a hypothetical case; but if you were to do as you propose, I should be able to give you an answer.

Mr. Wakefield, who was much excited at being described as dead, here made a rush at the overseers, who fled out of Court, followed by the avenging claimant of electoral rights.

Name retained.

The Bodger Hamlets list came next.

Mr. Jolliboy took a preliminary objection to its being received.

The Barrister. I know nothing of Conservative or Liberal, but I suppose you have found that there is a preponderance of claimants whom you don't like over those you do, and so you are ready to sacrifice your own men in order to damage the other side.

Mr. Chaffers. You've hit it, Sir, by Jove.

The Barrister. And I'll hit you, Sir, that is to say with the strong arm of the Law, if you talk in that flippant manner. If you mean that I have accurately indicated the animus of the objection, I know I have, and need no information from you.

Mr. Jolliboy. Far, Sir, be such a paltry design from me, or from the great, powerful, and respectable body I have the honour to act with. But, Sir, the late Sir Robert Peel nobly said that the battle of the Constitution was to be fought in the Registration Courts. In the interest of that Constitution, Sir, the envy of surrounding nations, and the pride and glory of our own, I am here to protest, as emphatically as my humble ability will permit, against the reception of that disgraceful, despicable, and disgusting document. I ask you to look at it, Sir, and I ask you if the British Constitution can be considered safe in the hands of officials who—nay, Sir, look at it, and with your own impartial eyes judge it—who have spelt Hamlets with two "t's." That, Sir, is my case, and I demand the rejection of the list.

The Barrister. It is so spelt, certainly. Look at it, Mr. Chaffers.

Mr. Chaffers (*without looking at it*). Indeed, Sir, you could not have given me greater pleasure than by your assurance. I trust, indeed, that it is so spelt. Had it been otherwise spelt, it would have been *my* painful duty to ask you to reject the list. But the overseers of this parish, Sir, however much they may be sneered at by the minions of Toryism——

Mr. Jolliboy. Withdraw minions, or where would you like this inkstand? (*Snatches it up.*)

Mr. Chaffers. A Tory had better let ink alone—he always makes a mess with it. But if the word annoys my friend, I will substitute contemptible tools, and proceed to add that the overseers have stood by the old spelling, that in use when Hampden died on the scaffold, and Sydney on the field, for the liberties of England; and that the list is made out in accordance with the Constitution, with tradition, with prescription, and with precedent.

The Barrister. This is a very important and difficult question. Will you have a case for the Court of Queen's Bench, or will you sky a copper which way it shall go?

Mr. Jolliboy. I'm agreeable to the copper.

Mr. Chaffers. Sudden death?

The Barrister (*skies the coin and places his hand on it*). Go it—who'll cry?

Mr. Jolliboy. Woman!

The Barrister. 'Tis. Women are always for bad spelling. I refuse to receive the list, and the overseers of the parish will go to the House of Correction for three months with hard labour. (*Applause in Court.*)

No case of interest arose subsequently, except that of Mr. Lobkins, of Gnasham, who was objected to by both sides, and who attended to support his claim.

The Barrister. You don't seem a favourite, Mr. Lobkins. What's the objection of Mr. Jolliboy?

Mr. Jolliboy. I see that we have made a little mistake, and that Mr. Lobkins is an excellent Conservative. I can only apologise to him for the trouble we have given him. I hope that we have not inconvenienced him much.

Mr. Lobkins (*savagely*). No; you've only brought me about six hundred miles from the north of Scotland, where I was shooting. I have just got out of the train.

Mr. Jolliboy. Really, though! Have we? I trust you had good sport. How are the grouse?

Mr. Lobkins. Wild, as I am at being dragged to town in October. You'll see about that, next election.

Mr. Chaffers. Will a Liberal candidate be favoured with your intelligent support on that occasion, Mr. Lobkins?

Mr. Lobkins (*emphatically*). Yes, by George, he will, Sir! even if he is as great a Pump as the sitting Member.

Mr. Chaffers. In that case I have much pleasure in withdrawing *my* objection, as I know your vote to be perfectly good, and I should be very sorry to deprive you of a constitutional right.

Mr. Jolliboy. Stop, though. I am not so sure, on looking at my paper——

The Barrister. You shut up. You withdrew, and can't speak again.

Mr. Jolliboy. I would not think of it, Sir. I meant my *Times*. I

regret to perceive that the house in virtue of which Mr. Lobkins claims was totally destroyed by fire at an early hour this morning——

Mr. Lobkins (*astounded.*) O, Blazes! (*Rushes out of Court.*)

The Barrister. Curious. Well, he can't vote for a house that does not exist.

Name expunged.

The lists were signed, and delivered over, and the entire business was completed, and the Barrister had left, when Mr. Jolliboy, as he put up his papers, remarked to his Clerk, that his own eyes were not so good as they had been, and he saw, on second reading, that it was the house next door to Mr. Lobkins that had been burned. However, mistakes would happen, and he would have some lunch.

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER XXXII.—PERIOD—THE REIGNS OF HENRY THE FOURTH AND FIFTH.

COSTUME OF A "VALET." TEMP. HENRY THE FIFTH.

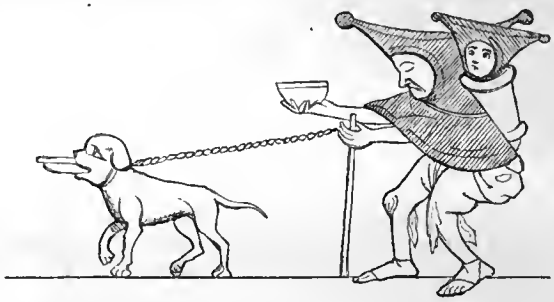
IN an inventory taken at the death of Henry the Fifth there is mention of a "peti coat," manufactured of red damask, and having open sleeves. But for this addendum, one might have almost thought the garment was the one which is exclusively confined to female use; did not one remember that the monarch was residing in Paris when he died,* and that the word "peti" was doubtless put instead of "petit," by the French valet de chambre who no doubt made out the list. We may therefore think this petticoat was simply a small coat, being perhaps so called in distinction from a great one. It was however not at all uncommon at this period to see small swells attempting to make great girls of themselves by wearing clothes which looked much more as though they had been made by a milliner than a tailor. In many of the figures represented in old manuscripts the sex is to be scarcely distinguished by the dress; and as the gentlemen, we find, very commonly wore gowns, it is not at all impossible that petticoats were also included in their wardrobes.

That men-servants dressed like women in the same way as their masters, we have proof in some remarks made by the poet Occleve, which occur in one of the quaint poems he composed, concerning "ye Pride and ye Waste-Clothing of Lordes Men:"—

> "What is a Lord without his men?
> I put case, that his foes him assail
> Suddenly in the street, what help shall he
> Whose sleeves encumbrous so side trail
> Do to his lord: he may not him avail.
> In such case he is but a woman;
> He may not stand him in stead of a man;
> His arms two have might enough to do,
> And something more, his sleeves up to hold."

In the reign of Henry the Fourth a decoration first appears, the origin of which is differently accounted for. This is the collar of Esses, which Camden says was composed of a lot of letters S, that being the initial of Sanctus Simo Simplicius, an eminent Roman lawyer, and the collar he adds was chiefly worn by men of that profession. Other writers say that the collar had its origin in the initial letter of the motto "Souveraine," which King Henry the Fourth bore when he was Earl of Derby, and which, as he afterwards ascended to the throne, appeared to have been auspicious, and to have brought him great good luck. But whatever were its origin, it is certain that the Collar was worn during his reign: and one old writer tells us that so many titled fools were in his time distinguished by it, that instead of calling it the Collar of Esses, "ye common folke were wont to nickname it ye Collar of Asses." A specimen of this Collar may be seen in an old drawing, which is in the *Punch* Collection, and which illustrates the anecdote of how the judge, Sir William Gascoigne, was struck in open Court by the madcap Prince of Wales, for having fined Sir John Falstaff for wrenching off a door-knocker, and having been found drunk and disorderly in the street.*

One of the chief features in the costume of the fourteenth and the fifteenth centuries was the variety of fashion in the hoods which were in use; as if, says Mr. Fairholt, "as if the ingenuity of fashionable changes had been directed most to decorate the heads that had invented them." In the illuminated MSS. which may be viewed as the Books of Fashion of the period, we see all sorts of hoods and caps and other kinds of head-cover; some of the first enveloping the shoulders and the neck, and of the latter some like nightcaps, and some like our modern wideawakes. These latter were worn mostly slung around the neck, for in fine weather the head was left in general uncovered, and the luxury of an umbrella not having been invented, our forefathers when it rained used first of all to throw their hoods over their heads, and then for further shelter used to clap their caps a-top of them. One of the oddest looking of all the hoods in use was made to cover the head and shoulders, and to reach down to the elbow, having pointed ends which peaked out from the head on either side. This hood is still on view in a drawing in the Romance of *St. Graal and Lancelot*, which any one may see in the British Museum, if they only take the trouble to go there and apply for it. To save them this exertion our artist has, however, made a copy of the picture, and they are at liberty to test the faithfulness of his designs by comparing the original with the sketch we here subjoin:—



This charming work of art, which was executed doubtless by one of the most eminent domestic painters of the period, throws as much light on the customs as the costumes then in vogue, and is therefore doubly serviceable to the student of the time. For fear of misconception we may as well just state, that it represents a countrywoman in the act of churning, to whom a blind beggar is shown approaching to ask alms carrying one of his (twelve) children in what looks something like a chemist's mortar at his back. Besides the curious hoods worn by the beggar and his baby, the observer is requested to observe the careful way in which the girl (or grandmother) has put her apron on to save her dress from splashes, and has tied her kerchief round her head and neck to shield her from bronchitis, toothache, or sore-throat. Notice also should be taken of the manner in which her gown is pinned up at the bottom, to show off her dark petticoat, which is left visible beneath it; and the eye of the observer should likewise be especially directed to the dog, who is advancing towards her with the platter in his mouth. This interesting creature should command a close inspection, because it shows us the antiquity of this mode of street-begging; and, indeed we think the animal can hardly be regarded without some sentimental feelings, for when we view the tray or platter in his mouth we seem to see quite clearly that the creature was an ancestor of our much lamented friend, the famous Poor Dog Tray.

DAIRY-MAID OF THE PERIOD. FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

To show that swells were extant thenadays as much as they are nowadays, we should note that in the fourth year of the reign of Henry the Fourth it was thought needful to revive the sumptuary laws which had been previously enacted; but we scarcely need observe that such enactments almost always proved to be dead letters, and that

* We trust that we may note without giving offence to our friends across the Channel, that after the battle of Agincourt King Henry the Fifth caused himself to be elected heir to the French crown: and that having espoused the Princess Catherine, daughter of King Charles, of France, he fixed his residence at Paris, and lived there till he died. By the treaty it was provided that France and England should, in future, for ever be united under the same King, but should still retain their respective laws and privileges; including of course the privilege of picking quarrels with each other whenever anything, or nothing, might set them by the ears.

* Of course every child remembers how the prince was committed to prison for this offence; and how his father, when he heard of it, is reported to have said, turning up the whites of his eyes as he did so, "Happy is the King that hath a magistrate endowed with courage to execute the laws upon such an offender; ay, and still more happy is he in having a son who is found willing to submit to such a chastisement."

to revive them was in general a useless and unprofitable attempt. Among other regulations it was now provided that nobody but bannerets or men of high estate should wear cloth of gold, of crimson, or of velvet, nor should they use the fur of ermine, of marten, or of lettice,* nor wear long hanging sleeves, or gowns which touched the ground. Four years afterwards it was ordained that no man, of whatever rank or wealth, should wear a gown or other garment that was cut or slashed in pieces in the form of leaves or letters, under the penalty of forfeiting the same; and it was ordered that the tailors employed by such offenders should in future be imprisoned "during the king's pleasure" for abetting the offence. Should any sumptuary laws be enacted in our time, we trust that this wise hint will not be lost upon our senators. We think too that the penance might with profit be extended, so that female culprits might also be subjected to it. Were our millinera made liable to get a month's hard labour for sending out a dress of more than proper amplitude, we should soon hear that wide petticoats were going out of fashion, and in proportion as they lessened would the comfort of the masculine community increase.

By this last sumptuary statute, "sergeants belonging to the Court" (whether "at law" or "at arms," it is not distinctly specified) were privileged to wear whatever hoods they pleased, "for the honour of the King and the dignity of their station." Moreover, the Mayors of London and of certain other places were exempted from any prohibition as to clothing, and therefore might come out as great swells as they chose, or as their Mayoresses would let them. Whether Sir Richard Whittington took advantage of this privilege is a question we must leave to antiquarians to settle; and we fear it will not much assist them in their labour, if we bring before their notice a curious old drawing, which represents Sir Richard (who then was simply Master Dick) as he appeared when sitting with crossed legs upon a milestone, peeling a turnip while he listened to the pealing of Bow bells. The picture is however worth preserving in our Book, for it shows what sort of dress was worn in boyhood at this period. Among other points of interest we may especially point out the long points of the shoes: which remind us of the formidable *chaussure* of the goblin who sat upon the tombstone and kicked old *Gabriel Grub.*

MASTER DICK WHITTINGTON. FROM AN AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT.

* This lettice, Cotgrave tells us, was a whitish greyish beast; but whether it be counted now with the extinct animals we must leave Professor Owen to decide.

THE A. B. C. OF SPIRITUALISM.

It is a pity that the Spiritualists (at least for their own sake it is) are not more reserved in their statements which they publish. They might have many more disciples—or shall we call them dupes?—if they did not themselves take such pains to repel them. But a Spiritualist seldom shows his hand on paper without making clearly manifest his mental imbecility; and the natural result of this unlucky manifestation is, that nobody but fools will condescend to listen to him.

To show what simpletons have lately assumed the name of Spiritualists, we beg to call attention to a little book which has been written by a certain Dr. Child, for the instruction of the children of the Spiritualist faith. This "A. B. Child, M.D.," we learn, is one of the bright stars whose radiance illumines the *Banner of Light*, a Yankee Spiritualist paper which is said to have subscribers, and we presume therefore readers, in our own enlightened country. What a shining light is Child, and how much good must be done to the Spiritualist cause by the general diffusion of his literary beams, may perhaps be somewhat judged from this brief extract from his book:—

"What is a Lie?—A Lie is true to the cause that produced it; so what we call a lie is a truth that exists in nature, just as real as is what we call a truth. The cause of a lie exists in nature, the cause of a truth exists in nature, and the effect of each cause is wrought out in nature. Nature is always true in her work; so both a truth and what we call a lie are lawful and right in the great plan of existence. A lie is a truth intrinsically; it holds a lawful place in creation; it is a necessity."

This extremely proper doctrine is very fitly promulgated under such a heading as '*Whatever is, is Right*,' which Dr. Child has chosen for the title of his book. We look upon it as a highly useful statement, as it nicely lets the cat out of the Spiritualist bag, and by affirming that a liar is a natural necessity, it shows us the professors of that faith in their true light. If in the ethics of the Spiritualists a truth, and "what we call a lie," are in the great plan of existence alike "lawful and right," of course no Spiritualist would shrink from trickery and fraud in order to encourage a belief in his false faith.

But there are far worse things than lying, which, according to this Child, a person may at times be spirit-moved to do. Prefacing his dictum by saying that "no commandment, either written or spoken, ever yet had any influence upon the soul," and that "there is no such thing as Spiritual culture coming from the teachings of another," the Doctor next informs us that, in Spiritualist ethics, killing is no murder, or rather that murder is no killing of the soul: thus flatly contradicting the Scriptural assertion which tells us that "the soul which sinneth, it shall die:"—

"Murder has no influence upon the soul: it is a thing of the material world in its influence. It has no influence upon spiritual existence, *of which it is an effect.* When the murderer kills his brother, he strikes a blow that will paralyse every love of his own earthly existence. Then the affections of his soul must cling to something; and if his love of earth becomes broken by the awful deed of murder, and the consequent punishment that he meets, spiritual things are next grasped, and perhaps sooner grasped for the commission of the deed. The murderer does his deeds in darkness: he does not commit the deed with a view to advance the progress of his soul. He is moved by an unseen and irresistible power to commit what seems to us the 'evil' deed. Every murder that ever was committed has been inevitable: in the bosom of nature has existence *the lawful cause, of which murder has been the effect.*"

We are informed that Dr. Child at present lives at Boston (in the Shires, not in the States). For Boston his residence may ere long be changed to Bedlam, if he goes on writing such insane stuff as this. Were it not in sooth for its obvious insanity, such a doctrine as the Doctor's might entitle him quite fitly to a residence in Newgate, to expiate his blasphemous contempt of God's commandments, and his wickedness in framing an excuse, if not indeed an incentive, for a crime.

The extracts we have given, and others we might give, had we not more respect for our readers than the Doctor has, form part of what he flippantly has termed his "All Right Doctrine." He has been brought to a belief in it not by reason or by teaching, but by simple intuition, and by spirit-revelation. Reason he regards as "an effect of the soul that is allied to material philosophy, and with the material things of earth will sometimes give place to the higher development of intuition." Truth, he deigns to tell us, "is developed in the soul by intuition always. The soul never did nor never can receive that which to itself is a truth, from external teachings, from the school-house or the meeting-house." And so we are informed that—

"Every real Spiritualist is a Spiritualist alone from intuition, not from external evidence. Philosophy never made a Spiritualist, and never will."

Really? Doctor! Well, we own you *do* astonish us. To think now that philosophy will never make a Spiritualist! Whoever would have thought it! And conceive too what a bold asserter is the Doctor, when he sweepingly affirms that a Spiritualist has never once been found among the learned ranks of the philosophers, from Plato even down to *Punch!*

As we began by saying, it is a pity (for themselves; for others we incline to regard it as a benefit) that the Spiritualist writers do not take more pains to be a little less discordant in their theories, and a little more discreet in revealing what their spirits (whether mixed or neat) may move them to let out. A writer in the current number of the *Spiritual Magazine* grandly talks of Spiritualism as "an all-powerful influence, which possesses the power to raise man, body, mind and soul, to a higher position even whilst on earth, than poet ever conceived, or any but a prophet ever hinted at." How far this description agrees with the "All Right Doctrine," which Dr. A. B. Child puts forth to us as being (if we may make this use of his initials) the A. B. C. of the Spiritualist faith, we leave to readers not so childish as the Doctor to decide. To our thinking the gallows is the only "high position" that is likely to be reached by a believer in a doctrine which excuses murder, justifies a lie, and would shut up as useless our churches and our schools.

Sold.

In consequence of the failure of the Hops and the badness of the Barley, the Brewers are notifying to their customers that the price of Beer must be raised six shillings a barrel. Well, what joke is there in that? Why, none. That's just it. In fact it is no joke. Now then. Shut up and sat upon, eh?

HEARTLESS JEST.

A Learned Party has just issued a book on *The Emotions and the Will.* Is not this reversing the natural order of things? We thought the Emotions depended on what the Will contained.

A DODGE.

Handsome Charley Smythe, who is accustomed to be looked at rather, cannot make out how it is that when he Walks with Teddy Browne, that ugly impudent insignificant little Wretch seems to Monopolise the Attention of the Fair Sex.

A GREAT BEAST-MARKET.

The East Retford great Hop and Cattle Fair, which was held the other day, is described as the most important in the county of Notts. Lord Mamsberry will, perhaps, approve of the observation that the county above-named is of all English counties, that which might be supposed to be the best for cattle-fairs, because Notts would obviously afford the greatest facilities for tying up the cattle. The Report of this last East Retford Cattle Fair mentions that "there was a somewhat limited show of fat beasts, for which the demand was quiet, and prices were threepence per stone lower than last week." We are glad to hear that; but we thought that the fat beasts of East Retford, as well as the lean ones, were usually sold, chiefly to Parliamentary Agents, at so much a head.

Royal Destitution.

Latest from America.—So free is American air, so intolerant of effete Royalty, that for a dinner and a bed the Prince of Wales has had to enter the Union.

HISTORICAL FACT.

It cannot be too generally known that the Fire of London has never ceased burning, and now pays a heavy coal-tax to the Corporation of the City.

ÆSOP'S SELECT FABLES.

THE SEA-NYMPH AND THE OCEAN SWELL.

One morning, when there was a heavy Swell upon the sands, a gentle Nymph walked forth, her blue eyes beaming with joy, her flowing tresses crystallised with dew. The Swell, struck by her beauty, and solicitous to win her admiration, paused, and proudly shook his own long wavy curls. "Canst thou not spare, sweet Nymph," he said, "from that treasury of beauty one captive-making lock?"—"Where would'st thou have a lock?" quoth she, "not on thy understanding, that's confined enough already."—"Oh, cruel," cried the crest-fallen Swell, "thou knowest I am thy slave."—"I know thou art a surf," she answered, "and a most wicked flatterer, for while thou art kissing the pale sands, thou art running of them down."—"One lock of thine," returned the Swell, "would rivet my devotion, and banish all inconstancy." The arch Nymph shook her laughing face, and said, "Oh, restless Swell! how canst thou dream one lock of mine would make thee constant, when thou art moved by every sportive air?"

Moral. Put no trust in those who wildly fling themselves at beauty's feet, for what can be expected from such insane worshippers but bubbles and foam.

THE SLOW COACH AND THE LITTLE DUCK.

A Slow Coach had often observed in passing a little Duck, who with her mother and sisters lived on a village green. "Some fine day," said the slow Coach, stopping and regarding the little Duck with a dreary smile, "when I can get a licence, you shall go to market with me."—"Thank you," returned the little Duck, proudly lifting up her bill, "but if I wait till you find it convenient to get a licence, perhaps I may wait till peas are out of season. I never encourage slow Coaches: when I wish to go to market I shall travel express."

Moral. We here see the error of procrastination. Dawdlers are always snubbed. The little Duck, though somewhat pert in her tone, was quite right in her principle. A Coach that makes lumbering excuses for not being able to carry one, should be put down as an obstruction and a pest.

THE YOUNG MONKEY AND THE UGLY MUG.

A Young Monkey, in the uniform of a Middy, sat at the mess-table (H. M. S. *Dandelion*) gazing admiringly at an ugly mug belonging to the First Lieutenant. "What are you thinking of, Mr. Sly?" demanded the ugly Mug.—"Of my Sister, Sir," replied the young Monkey, with becoming humility.—"Your Sister!" returned the ugly Mug, grimly, "is she pretty?"—"She is considered so, Sir," replied the young Monkey; "I had a letter from her this morning."—"Indeed, and what does she say?" inquired the Mug, pushing a bottle of Cape Madeira towards the young Monkey.—"She says, Sir," rejoined the latter, "that she would be exceedingly pleased if I would send her your portrait to put in a brooch."—"Ha!" cried the ugly Mug, radiant with vanity, "Fill your glass, Mr. Sly, and I think you wanted leave of absence? you shall have it, Mr. Sly; fill your glass, Sir, your health Mr. Sly."

Moral. A young Monkey who goes to sea should always have a pretty sister: he may thereby obtain many little indulgences as sweet to a young Monkey as cocoa-nuts, if he happens to meet with the ugly mug of a First Lieutenant.

The Truest Teetotallers.—The Spirit-Rappers, for not one of them knows anything about any Spirit whatever.

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A CHANCE FOR JEAMES.

"Sir,

"You are always chaffing us poor servants. One week a six foot ladies' flunkey with large calves and a foolish face is represented by you as giving warning, because his master rides outside the omnibus; next week his fellow servant is caricatured because he objects to carry up coals to the nursery. To judge from what you say of us, one would think that there were no such things as good servants or bad masters and mistresses. I know very well that this is only your fun. I do not believe, Sir, that you really think so, and I feel sure that if you can do anything to improve and raise our condition, you will do it. And if you will allow me, I will show you how it can be done.

"Let the butlers, footmen, coachmen, and grooms of England enjoy a little 'early closing' too. Let our masters and mistresses do without us for a couple of evenings every week; let us join the Volunteer movement, and let us go to drill like other Britons. Look here, Sir. There are fifty houses in Belgrave Square. On an average, including atable servants, there are eight men servants to each of those houses. Four men from each house could easily be spared once a week; and with them, two strong companies of the first Belgravian Grenadiers might at once be constituted. We are all young straight-grown well-fed active good-looking fellows, even *you* admit that; we are all accustomed to wear uniform, and to keep it clean, and to be silent and obedient, and we are Englishmen. What more is wanted to make good soldiers? There are about three hundred houses in Lowndes Square, Eaton Square, Eaton Place, and Chesham Place; from each of them let us have three men, and you will have at once out of but five squares and streets of London a regiment above a thousand strong, which will, I feel certain, be second to none. We shall be very glad to be relieved now and then from our domestic duties, and to blunt the shafts of your ridicule by letting you see we are not such lazy good-for-nothing dogs as you represent us to be; and, if the movement is supported as it ought to be, in the course of three months seven or eight thousand additional Volunteers may be added to the defence of London. It will not be too much to require, in return for this, that the maid-servants should attend to our door-bells and fires, say, on Wednesdays and Saturdays, after 2 o'clock, P.M.

"I am, Sir,

"Your humble Servant,

"John Thomas."

A Fine Opening for an Emperor.

Talking of the world being "mine oyster," we suspect we can guess (to talk *à l'Américaine*) what is at present "the world" to Louis Napoleon, and that is a box of Sardines, and we should not at all wonder if before long he doesn't try to open those same Sardines with his sword. Once get in the smallest point (and we all know Louis Napoleon to be a fellow of infinite point), and the rest will soon follow. Already has he got his arms fully prepared, and you will probably find that he will commence the attack from his Elba.

MOTHER POPE'S MAUNDERINGS.

Adsbobs and bodkins, botherations, treason, sacrilege, and plunder,
Thieves! Usurpation! Heretics! Help! Robbery! What next, I wonder?
My heart biles fit to bust with rage and fury, Wenerable Brothers,
I don't know which on 'em is wust; the ones is just as bad as t'others.

To take and go and climb my pales, and jump into my sacred garding,
Without so much as By your leave, and not to say I ax your parding,
And there to plant Savoys, and root my carrots up, and dig my taturs,
Out upon that rampagious crew of filliblursters, rogues, and traitors.

To let loose all my ducks and geese, and fowls which eggs was formed to lay me,
And all the while for to pertend to love and honour and obey me;
The hypocrites! And which I hates none more than them my shoe as kisses,
And makes believe to guard my house, in which they won't let me be Missis.

They've cut my trible cap in half, my gownd of state they've tore to fribbits;
The ribbles! Oh, that I may live to see 'em swinging all on gibbets,
Insolent, imperent, unjust, the nasty good for nothing wretches!
I call aitch rubbidge only fit to burn like filthy tares and vetches.

Himpious, wicked, cruel, wile, profane, detestable, atrocious,
Abominable, execrable, hinfamous, foul, false, ferocious,
Owdacious, reprobate, depraved, base, brutal, barbarous, perfidious,
Wicious, disgusting, treacherous, perjured, monstrous, frightful, horrid, hideous,
Assassins, robbers, traitors, felons, villains, miscreants, deceivers,
Apostates, blackguards, pirates, cut-throats, infidels, and unbelievers,
Caitiffs and scoundrels, vagabones, scamps, renegadoes and rascalions,
Get out, I say!—don't talk to me about your union of Italians.

And then confound their politics, which I've no patience whilst I mention,
That there disastrous and pernicious principle Non-Interwention!
I do deplore, I do abhor, denies it and protests agin it,
Particlar as applies to me; hang all that 's part and parcel in it!

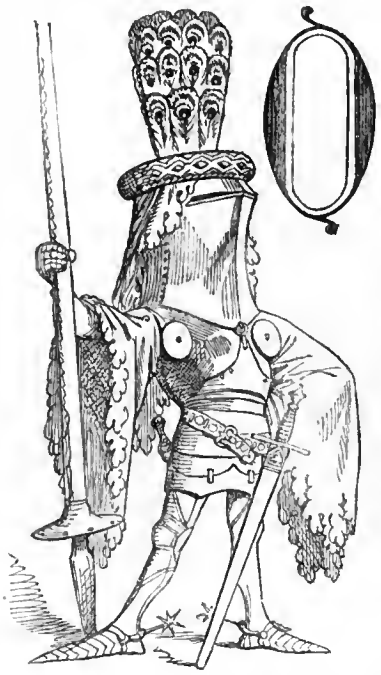
Ah! they'll repent on it one day when these here liberal opinions,
On them there Suvrings their own selves shall bring the loss of their dominions.
Oh! then they'll beg and pray in wain their neighbours for to send them bullets,
And bagganets, to ram their wills down their rebellious people's gullets.

Help! Haustria, Spain, and Portigee, all you as holds the true persuasion,
Agin them parricidal arms; that there degenerate brat's inwasion,
I calls on hevery pious Prince and summonses each faithful nation,
For to defend my sacred rights from this here ojus wiolation.

Drat all them brigands, buccaneers, riff-raff, and rips and ragamuffins,
Rascals, tag-rag-and-bobtail, mob, scum, refuge, rabblement and ruff'uns!
Wuss gang of criminals ne'er walked unhanged, or died with feet in leather,
Drat them, drat all and everything, drat everybody altogether!

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—IN WHICH WE BID GOOD BYE TO HENRY IV. AND V., AND SAY HOWDEDO TO HENRY VI.



KNIGHT ARMED FOR THE TOURNAMENT. TEMP. HENRY THE FIFTH. PADDINGTONIAN MUSEUM.

F the elegant costumes which were worn by the civilians in the two first of these reigns, we gave in our last chapter an elegant description. It now remains for us to say a word or two about the armour and the arms which were in use about that period, although in neither of them is there much of novelty presented to our notice. We observe however that the steel shoe, or solleret, was sometimes laid aside, and that its place was supplied by footed stirrups. Moreover there is certainly a marked increase of splendour in the military equipment. The swell knights of the day wore around their bascinet a rich wreath or band; and the border of their jupon was still elegantly cut into the form of foliage, notwithstanding the provisions of the sumptuary statutes. With regard to this quaint fashion of cutting borders into leaves, one of the old writers (who never lost a chance of playing upon words) states that English tailors "first did take French leave to take it from the French;" but it is a matter of some doubt to us, whether this remark was based on actual truth, or was merely made for the small pun which it involved. Somewhat questionable likewise to our mind seems the story of how when King Henry the Fourth was asked, if his jupon should be bordered with an oakleaf or an ashleaf, he replied, "I had as lief to leave it to the knave to indent which leaf he liketh; for if he trieth to make an oakleaf he is full sure to make a (h)ash of it!"

Since the time of Edward the Third civilians had not seldom worn feathers in their caps; but, excepting as heraldic crests, plumes had not been sported by knights until this period. In the reign of Henry the Fifth we first find them adopted as military ornaments; and they either were stuck upright on the helmet or the bascinet (in which event the plume was called, correctly, a "panache"), or, at a later time, were worn at the side, or falling backward, when the proper term to apply to them was "plume." We mention this distinction just to show our readers how minutely accurate we can be if we choose; but as these minute descriptions are generally dull, we cannot let them often intrude upon our space.

The great crested helmet, called otherwise the heaume, was now exclusively reserved for wearing at the tournament: as the bascinet sufficed for ordinary purposes, shielding wearers from the blows of weapons and of winds. This headpiece we described when it was introduced (namely in the reigns of Edward the First and Second, and of course our careful readers must remember our description. All that we need add to it is, that at this period its shape was slightly changed, being curved behind so as to be more closely fitting to the head. In this respect it bore resemblance to the salade, a kind of German headpiece introduced in the next reign. We must take care not to mix this salade with the bascinet, because the two, although so much alike, were really different; and as the salade was first used as an article for dressing in the time of Henry the Sixth, it would be premature to say at present much about it.

A fashion somewhat curious was that of wearing with the armour large loose hanging sleeves, made of cloth or silk or even richer substances. These in general were part of a kind of cloak, or surcoat, thrown over the whole suit; but sometimes they are shown as though they were detached, and were worn without the surcoat, being fastened to the shoulder, and falling to the wrist.

For further information respecting the knightly equipment of this period the reader will do well to read up what is said about it by Monstrelet, St. Remy, Elmham, Bonnard, Froissart, Cotgrave, Chaucer, Occleve, Shakspeare, Ashmole, Meyrick, Mills, Fosbrooke, Fairholt, Planché, Strutt, and some few dozen other writers on the subject, whom we have no time now more closely to consult. All that we can add in the way of illustration of the military costume, is a copy of an interesting picture we possess, representing *Sir John Falstaff* as he appeared when he was sent to grass by fiery *Hotspur*, whom he fought so many hours with, as he said, "by Shrewsbury clock." The original picture (in point, at least of measurement) is one of the very greatest works of art we are acquainted with; for the figure of *Sir John Falstaff*, being painted of life size, occupies upon the canvas about twenty-five square feet.

PORTRAIT OF SIR JOHN FALSTAFF WINNING THE BATTLE. MILITARY COSTUME. TEMP. HENRY THE FOURTH.

We come now to the period of King Henry the Sixth, regarding which a trustworthy authority observes:—

"If any proof were wanting of the confusion and disorder of this unfortunate monarch's reign, it might be drawn from the apparel of his people, which appears to have been a jumble of all the fashions of past ages with everything most ridiculous and extravagant that could be discovered at the moment. It were a vain task to attempt a minute description or classification of the dresses of this period."

As vanity forms no part of our mental composition, we shall not try our hand at this unprofitable task; but shall content ourselves with simply noticing a point or two which appear to our mind worthy of attention.

Commençant par le bout, or more correctly *par le boot*—whether the game of football was in vogue about this time is a question which debating clubs, if they like, may argue; and if they incline to a decision that it was, it remains for them to settle as to how the players played at it—any one who looks at the preposterous long toes, in which, says Strutt, the dandies strutted in this reign, might with reason doubt if active crural exercise were possible; and might think the art of kicking became almost extinct.

So far as we can judge, too, the coverings for the head were quite as queer and quaint-looking as those used for the feet. Of the horned and heartshaped headdresses in fashion with the ladies, we shall speak when we describe the feminine costume. But the men wore forms of headcover nearly as fantastic, and the variety seems endless in the caps* worn by the chaps. Some wore them stuck erect, some bore them cocked or slouched; and every size and shape appeared in vogue at the same time, from the biggest of big bell-toppers, to the smallest of small hats. We have hunted up some dozens of old drawings in rare manuscripts, and in no two are the kinds of braincover alike. Some hats are made peaked, as being thought perhaps *piquant;* and while one dandy wears a high crown like a brigand's in a ballet, another sports a structure not unlike a gothic pepper-castor, which pinnaclewise sticks up from the centre of the skull. In short, we shall not much exaggerate in stating that the caps or hats or "bonnets" of the time whereof we are treating were every whit as odd and ugly as those of our own day. Nearly every sort of wideawake in fashion now was worn; except perhaps the species known as the "porkpie," which it was reserved for modern taste to introduce.

As a good many of our readers are Knights of the Garter, it may interest them to know that the robes of this Most Noble Order were

* The word "cap" we should notice, as well as that of "bonnet," is applied by learned writers (other than ourselves) to various sorts of wideawakey-looking forms of headcover, to which we now more commonly should give the name of "hat."

twice altered in this reign; the hood (or chaperon) and surcoat being changed from white to scarlet in the thirteenth year, and then shortly afterwards again being coloured white. When the order was first founded we learn they both were blue, and at various after intervals we find them spoken of as purple, black, again blue, violet and white; indeed, the colour of their robes was so continually changing that the Garter Knights were chaffingly addressed as Knights Chameleon, instead of Knights Companion. Not less singular—or rather plural—were the numbers of garters which were broidered on their vestments; the allowance in this reign being no less than a hundred and twenty for a Duke, and gradually decreasing down to a Knight Bachelor, who was permitted to wear sixty on his hood and surcoat, or as we perhaps might now say, hat and overcoat. No restriction was placed upon the robes of royalty; and on Henry's hood and surcoat the number that were broidered was a hundred and seventy-three. It seems rather odd to us that he selected this odd number, but we learn from Ashmole that the fact was even so. We should certainly have fancied that a hundred broidered garters was quite enough for any single man to wear; and although the King was married, we think he might have done without the extra seventy-three.

YOUNG GENTS. TEMP. HENRY THE SIXTH. FROM VARIOUS MSS. OF THE PERIOD.

Lawyers and Lord Mayors and other men in offices were gorgeously arrayed in gowns made rather long and full, sometimes parti-coloured, trimmed and lined with fur, and girdled round the waist. To keep their learned heads warm, they wore hoods with a long tippet, or streamer, hanging from them, whereby they were sometimes slung over the shoulder. We read in an old chronicle, which is too badly spelt to quote, that in the year 1432, when Henry came to England after being crowned the reigning King of France (how his reigning there was stopped and how he had to mizzle, the recollection of the reader will not need us to relate) the Lord Mayor of London rode to meet him at Eltham, being arrayed in crimson velvet, and a great furred velvet hat, wearing about his middle a splendid girdle of gold, and having a golden baldrick fastened round his neck, and trailing down his back. His three henchmen, or pages, we are told, "were in one suit of red, spangled with silver;" while to add to the effect, the aldermen wore scarlet gowns with purple hoods, and all the city commonalty white gowns and scarlet hoods, with divers cognisances embroidered on their sleeves.

We think if Lord Mayor Cubitt, instead of having ballet girls and men in brass from Astley's to dance and prance before him in procession to Guildhall, were simply to array himself in crimson and in gold, and, to crown all, were to clap on a great furred velvet hat, and were then to caper, with his aldermen and henchmen, through the usual Guy Day route, he certainly would make an exhibition of himself that would be vastly more attractive than any Lord Mayor's Show which it has ever been our fortune, or our misery, to witness. By what means he could possibly prevail on his three henchmen to appear like their old ancestors in only "one red suit" between them, is a matter we confess we are unable to determine, but which possibly a spirit-rapper, or some other conjurer, might help him to decide.

A Musical Key Wanted.

The *Athenæum* and the *Musical World* are always alluding to "The Musical Pitch." We don't know what this may be, but should say it was the very thing for a grand incantation scene, like that in *Der Freischütz*. Perhaps Dibdin composed all his celebrated Tar songs with this same musical pitch? or is it a kind of wash that the Ethiopian Serenaders are in the habit of using to black their faces with? Of course it is never used for light music?

A WELL-SEASONED ARMY.

It was with the greatest difficulty that Hannibal transported his army over the Alps by means of vinegar—but you will see that Louis Napoleon will carry his troops over with the greatest ease the moment he gets them mustered.

MARRIED TO MUSIC.

An unusually comic "Marriage in High Life," on Saturday last week, took place, according to the *Morning Post*, at another Temple of Hymen than St. George's, Hanover Square. The superior classes are now out of Town, and nothing is going on at the crack matrimonial temple there but ordinary divine service. Edinburgh, not London, comprised the site of the sacred edifice wherein these nuptial rites were celebrated. The exalted couple were an Honourable of the harder sex and an Earl's daughter of the softer. The report of these aristocratic hymenæals states that the bride "was conducted to the altar by her guardian," a Duke, and that—

"As the bride advanced to the altar, the organ played Handel's anthem, '*Exceeding glad.*'"

The bride ought to have been much obliged to the organ. Of course the anthem it played was performed chiefly with a devotional view, and not for a purpose analogous to that of a polka. Still, in advancing to an altar to be married before it, a young lady wants some support rather stronger than a smelling-bottle and the arm of her guardian. Common brides cry on these occasions, and sometimes faint. Nothing can be better calculated to fortify the heart and sustain the spirits of anybody in the immediate prospect of marriage than one of old Handel's anthems—let it be even a funeral one; they are all so jolly. Perhaps, however, "*Happy We*," from *Acis and Galatea*, would have been even more seasonable and suitable than "*Exceeding glad.*" Oh! say not that it would have been inappropriate to the sanctity of the edifice and the solemnity of the occasion. For read on, and you will arrive at the statement following:—

"The marriage ceremony was then performed by the Very Rev. E. B. Ramsay, Dean of Edinburgh; and as the marriage party left the chapel, Mendelssohn's "*Wedding March*" was played on the organ."

St. John's Chapel, Edinburgh, is indeed a Temple of Hymen. Mendelssohn's "*Wedding March*" is a movement in the secular direction considerably a-head, we suppose, of anything in the way of musical accompaniment to matrimony yet ventured on at St. George's, Hanover Square. What would the Bishop say if he heard that a marriage party had been played out of a London church with that jubilant composition—the gem of the music in the *Midsummer Night's Dream?* Perhaps, that no tunc in the world could have been more opportune; only in the next similar case he would rather have it played just outside the church door by a German band, or, with due respect to the high order of the music and rank of the happy pair, by the orchestra of Her Majesty's Theatre.

Should, however, the Bishop of London not object to illustration of the marriage service by dramatic music, the example set at St. John's, Edinburgh, may be improved on at St. George's, Hanover Square. If the bridesmaids do not advance to the altar, they may at all events retire from it to the celebrated chorus and waltz assigned to their representatives in Carl Maria von Weber's immortal opera. Mozart, in *Le Nozze di Figaro*, might also be laid under contribution to supply harmonious embellishments for marriage in high life. Then Rossini and the rest of the Italian school could be unlimitedly drawn upon. Meyerbeer could furnish selections from *Robert le Diable;* and there is no reason why *Satanella* should not be applied to the same purpose, except that *Satanella* is an English opera. Could not the whole matrimonial service be sung as well as said, responses and all; a musical clerk officiating for a bridegroom without ear?

But the worst of all this will be that the lower orders, aping their betters, and at the same time actuated by their own inferior tastes, will also want to get married to music. Is there not a song called "*Come let us all haste to the Wedding?*" This is the kind of thing you would have at St. Giles's if at St. George's you permitted "*Giovinetti che fate.*" Then one thing would lead to another, and you would have couples in the costermongery line advancing to the altar whilst the organ played "*Drops of Brandy*," and dancing out of church to the "*Devil among the Tailors.*"

St. John's Chapel, Edinburgh, is of course an episcopal chapel, and it is to be feared that the matrimonial music performed there on the auspicious occasion of a recent "Marriage in High Life," will not, if it should come to the ears of the Scottish public, induce the national mind of Scotland to renounce its definition of a church organ as a "kist fu o' whistles."

Consolation for a Royal Culprit.

It has been rumoured that Mons. Victor Hugo is in Naples. It might be an act of charity if the illustrious French author were to send the King, who is kept a close prisoner at Gaëta, a copy of his well-known work, "*Les Derniers Jours d'un Condamné.*"

SMALL CON FOR A SMALL TEA-PARTY.

Q. Why is West India sugar unlike French sugar?
A. Because it can't be *beet*.

NOTHING LIKE MOUNTAIN AIR.

Tourist (who has been refreshing himself with the Toddy of the Country.) "I shay, Ole Fler! Highlands seem to 'gree with you wonerfly—annomishtake. Why, you look DOUBLE the Man already!"

PAPAL CREDIBILITY.

The opening sentence of the Allocution lately pronounced by the Pope contains one word which is very remarkable. His Holinesa thus commences:—

"Venerable Brethren,—It is with incredible pain and profound sorrow that we are forced to deplore and condemn new attacks, unheard of till these days, committed by the Piedmontese Government against us, the Holy See and the Catholic Church."

Incredible is the epithet of all possible adjectives which the Pontiff chooses to apply to the emotions which he declares himself to feel. Does he, then, indeed not care, and suppose that nobody can believe that he really cares, a *baiocco* about being relieved of his temporal power? If so, why does the Holy Father persist in making assertions which he knows can deceive nobody? Popes will be Popes; but even a Pope might be content with the assertion of that which is untrue. It is, as the common people say, cutting it rather too fat to affirm a thing with the distinct avowal that it is incredible. But no. In the present instance there can be no doubt that the Pope means what he says. There is every reason to suppose that he does really feel very acute pain and exceedingly deep sorrow at the prospect of losing his temporal authority. His Holiness may assure himself that the world will readily believe that all the suffering which he professea to endure on that account is genuine aud unaffected. He does himself injustice in describing the pain with which his paternal heart is affected at the idea of resigning his earthly kingdom as incredible.

Historical Parallels.

Charles the Tenth, when he was bundled out of Paris, amused himself by shooting sparrows along the road. Francis the Second, being summarily kicked out of Naples, has been amusing himself at Gaëta by firing off protests and protocols. Both sports are equally harmless, and we don't know which fall more dead, or which are more worthless—the sparrows or the protocols?

TRUE IN THE END.

Homœopaths make this boast—that the Allopatha dispense medicine, and they dispense with it. This may be partially true, owing to their losing their patients so very quickly.

BEDCANDLE PHILOSOPHY.

Among other household comforts, we see advertised some bedcandles which are made "to burn half an hour only," aud which require "no snuffing" and emit "no sparks." It is obvious, we think, to any ordinary intellect, that these candles are expressly constructed for young ladies, and in especial for young ladies of a sentimental turn, who nightly take a long time in "doing" their back-hair, and in heaving up a sigh or two while thinking of the locks which they—how willingly!—could spare for Arthur or Augustus, if Arthur or Augustus would but breathe a wish to have them. Instead of getting into bed at once and going off to sleep, there are many girls who thus stupidly dawdle at their dressing-table, and spend half the night or more in silly suspirations in the lieu of useful sleep. To check this senseless habit, these half-hour-lasting bedcandles appear to be well fitted, and no mother of a family of sentimental daughters ought to be without them.

Another of their benefits is, that they are likewise eminently fitted to put a stop to the dangerous and deleterious practice, so common with young ladies, of reading trash in bed. The stuff and nonsense which is annually emitted to the world through the economic medium of the circulating libraries, we rather think is largely read between the sheets, aud keeps awake unhealthily the feeble minds whom it excites. Girls who come down in the morning with dim eyes and pallid cheeks, may safely be accused of being addicted to this practice; and to cure them, we should recommend these half-hour-lasting candles, with one of which they should be furnished every other night. In early life late hours are extremely detrimental; and, being past that age ourselves, we do not hesitate to say that children of eighteen or so, both masculine and feminine, ought nightly to be aent to bed much sooner than they are. Nothing (except, perhaps, a bad night and a headache) can be gained by sitting up to sigh about one's lovers, or by lying down to read the life of *Laura the Lone One*, or drop a tear upon the death of the *Doomed Dove of the Dell!* If a bad night and a headache were the only ill effects, one would not care so much perhaps to check these baneful practices. But late hours, as we have aaid, occasion pallid cheeks: and as wife-requiring bachelors look out generally for rosy ones, the habits we complain of may tend to make young ladies hang upon their fathers' hands; and therefore, for their parents' welfare and their own, these half-hour burning bed-candles should be rigidly served out to them.

THE NEXT DANCE.

Yes, dance with him, Lady, and bright as they are,
Believe us he's worthy those sunshiny smiles,
Wave o'er him the flag of the Stripe and the Star,
And gladden the heart of the Queen of the Isles.

We thank you for all that has welcomed him—most
For the sign of true love that you bear the Old Land:
Proud Heiress of all that his ancestor lost,
You restore it, in giving that warm, loving hand.

And we'll claim, too, the omen. Fate's looking askance,
And Fate, only, knows the next tune she will play,
But if John and his Cousin join hands for the Dance—
Bad luck to the parties who get in their way.

The Scarlet Scold.

"Unjust, cruel, impious, detestable, hypocritical, impudent, sacrilegious, insolent, atrocious," are specimens of the epithets applied to Victor Emmanuel, his Government, and his acts, in the Papal Allocution; which is full of abusive language. His Holiness the Pope calls himself the successor of the Fisherman. His language, however, amacks less of the Fisherman than of the Fishwife.

THE NEXT DANCE!

Lord Punch. "NOW, MY BOY! THERE'S YOUR PRETTY COUSIN COLUMBIA—YOU DON'T GET SUCH A PARTNER AS THAT EVERY DAY!"

LADY LAW-REFORMERS.

PUNCTUAL to within two hours of the appointed time, a numerous and intelligent meeting of British Females assembled on Wednesday last at the Hand and Flower Hotel, Ladysmede, for the purpose of considering whether any and what steps should be taken by the British Female in consequence of the admission, made at the late Social Science Congress at Glasgow and "loudly applauded," that

"Ladies are the Best Law-Reformers."

The Hon. Mrs. Bland was voted into the Chair; and after an interesting discussion of about an hour upon the beautiful wedding presents made to Lady Emma Talbot, the elegance of the left-hand figure in the last plate in *Le Follet*, the wretched weather which has nipped the autumn flirtations so sadly, and the extreme stupidity of most of the new novels, it was proposed that the Meeting should proceed to business.

The Chairwoman said that she wished somebody else had been put into the Chair, for she had not the slightest idea of what was wanted of her, and she had really only come in to please her friend Mrs. De Crapaud, who had insisted on bringing her.

Amid cries of "O my *dear*," "You really must," "Her rank, you know," &c., Mrs. Bland was induced to retain her seat.

Mrs. Bland. Well, my dear creatures, it's sadly unbusinesslike to choose the very worst President you could find; but just as you please. Now, Mrs. Nangles, will you kindly state what we are here for. *Fido*, darling dog, do lie down.

Mrs. Nangles. At last justice is done us, so far as mere words go. At last, Women, Man, from his hall of council, has been compelled to proclaim our superiority. Hitherto, as every married lady present can testify, we have only had to open our lips upon any political, legal, or social topic of the day, to be apprised that we could not understand it, that we did not know its various bearings, and that we had better confine ourselves to our own proper spheres. Do you not *hate* the words Proper Spheres, Ladies? (*Vehement applause.*) But I am happy to say that we are not likely to be again exposed to such tyrannical impertinence. A speaker at the Glasgow Congress declared, and the brutes—men, I mean—around him gave in their long withheld adhesion to the sentiment, that Law cannot be reformed unless We "take it in hand," and that "Ladies are the Best Law-Reformers." (*Applause.*) Any admission being made, I need only ask you whether it would be womanly not to take the fullest advantage of it? (*Laughter and applause.*) I am answered; and I therefore propose that a Society be formed, to be called the Ladies' Law-Reform Association, and that we proceed to "take in hand" the question of the Reforms which we shall demand of the authorities. This Meeting, of course, is only preliminary. We have a wide field before us, and I hope that we shall not imitate the timid, niggling, bit-by-bit policy of men, but do the thing all at once and thoroughly, as you would make your servant clean out a room.

Mrs. Brompton. I hope a law will be passed directly to make cabmen more honest and civil. I and my sister came on Thursday from Apsley House to the Opera in the Haymarket, and the man wanted eighteenpence.

Mrs. Bowbell. Is the new opera a nice one—*Robin Hood*, I mean?

Mrs. Brompton. O delightful——that is, for English music. You know no Englishman can write any music like Verdi's. (*General assent.*) However, it was a great success.

Mrs. Bowbell. Whose music is it?

Mrs. Brompton. Upon my word I didn't look, but I know somebody said it was an English opera.

Mrs. Bland. It is by Mr. Macfarren, an intensely clever man, my dears, and a musician worth a dozen of Verdi. And I assure you that it is not the thing, now, to pretend to know nothing about English people. Excuse the hint.

Mrs. De Crapaud (*in extacies*). O, Mrs. Bland, my *dear!* Any hint from you, I'm *sure!*

Mrs. Sallowby. There ought to be a law that when any of those dreadful cases occur, like—(*Cries of Yes, yes*)—you know, and the ridiculous policemen cannot find out who did it, everybody who is near the place shall be cast into prison and kept on bread and water till they confess. (*Great applause.*)

Mrs. Tufton. I really think that the present state of the law about debts is very wrong. The other day a case occurred under my own knowledge. Captain Swoshingham, some of you have seen him at my house—well, I don't say that he is the wisest creature in the world, but he is excessively handsome—he had an action brought against him by a perfumer. Soldier-like, he tossed the papers in the fire, and did not condescend to take the least notice of the matter.

Miss Gusher (*enthusiastically*). Brave creature! I *like* that.

Mrs. Tufton. The wretched perfumer went on, my dears, with the aid of his horrible attorney, and one day Captain Swoshingham, while he was dressing himself, was actually dragged off to prison at the instance of that contemptible perfumer.

Mrs. Bowker. But he had had the perfumes, I suppose?

Mrs. Tufton. Of course he had, and used them, or had given them away, for he is the most generous creature breathing. There ought to be a law to prevent such disgusting impertinence in tradesmen.

Miss St. Clair. I only wish I was the Judge, or Chancellor, or whatever you call it, and a paltry ugly mean-looking tradesman came before me to annoy an officer and a gentleman.

Several voices. Ah!

Mrs. Meekham. I think there ought to be a law for preventing the lower classes from smoking their pipes in the streets. Really the whiffs of tobacco one gets in walking are perfectly dreadful. I would make it transportation for any common person to smoke anywhere except in one of his own apartments.

Mrs. Tufton. I don't think that gentlemen would support the putting down smoking in the streets. Officers are very fond of Weeds, as they wittily call them, and—

Mrs. Meekham. My dear, I did not mean that for an instant. I mean bricklayers, clerks in public offices, and that sort. Indeed, it would be better (*thoughtfully*) in a philanthropic point of view, if such persons were forbidden to smoke, because they could put the tobacco-money into the savings banks for their families. (*Applause.*)

Mrs. Spoonbury. Well, now there's another thing. The beggars, what a nuisance they are, and yet one don't like to be harsh with them, poor things, especially when they have children (*applause*), but it is quite wrong that they should torment you in the street, and keep the poor little things out in the cold. I think we ought to have some sort of law about that.

Mrs. Frackleton. I think that any lady who sees a beggar, should give her a card, and this should be shown to a policeman, who should immediately be obliged to see to the poor creature's being clothed and fed, and sent home with a little money in her pocket.

Mrs. Spoonbury. And the expense?

Mrs. Frackleton. Of course I have thought of that. It is a great shame that such large salaries should be given to lawyers, and bishops, and those kind of people, while the poor starve. So I would cut down all those salaries, and use the money for the relief of the poor.

Mrs. Bland. My dear soul, I have not a word to say for the lawyers, but perhaps as I accidentally happen to be a little more among the bishops than some of you, I may assure you that the high payment is perfectly essential. There are a thousand reasons why it is absolutely necessary. I have had it explained to me fifty times, and—you must omit the bishops from your plan.

Mrs. De Crapaud. Oh, my dear Mrs. Bland! Why, you know everything.

Mrs. Tufton. Why, it stands to reason that a bishop's business is with the religion of the aristocracy, and what respect can a Duke or Earl have for a two-penny curate?

Mrs. St. Rubric. I must be allowed to say that I do not think you quite understand that subject. The two-penny curate, as you are pleased to call him, is as much part of the Church——

Mrs. Bland (*laughing apologetically*). May I say Order, Order? I think we had better confine ourselves to Law Reform. I'm afraid that if we get into ecclesiastical matters we shall find differences among us.

Mrs. Tufton. I don't want to say anything. I was only supporting your view of the matter, and remarking that you can't expect noblemen and that kind of personages to be instructed by scrubby curates.

Mrs. St. Rubric. I won't have curates called scrubby.

Mrs. Tufton. I beg your pardon—you *won't?*

Mrs. St. Rubric. I won't. I suppose curates, who are educated gentlemen, and have been to College, are as good as stupid officers with their mouths full of smoke and slang.

Mrs. Tufton. An officer is——

Mrs. Bland (*interfering*). Is my brother, and another of my brothers is a curate, so I may be allowed to speak for both of them, and assure you that they are both very good creatures in their way, but we did not meet to discuss their merits.

Mrs. De Crapaud. O, my dear Mrs. Bland! How clever you are. What tact!

Mrs. Raleigh-Buster. Now, ladies, women, wives, mothers—let us talk of something of more consequence than theology. About the

Clubs—are we to legislate for them? (*Sensation.*) Because the Club question is, after all, the question of the day, for us. To the Clubs we owe it that we can't get our dinners approved, our daughters married, our tyrants home till any o'clock you like in the morning. (*Mingled sensation and applause.*) Are we to act? (*Cries of Yes, yes; and No, no.*)

Mrs. Bland. Forgive me. A moment. We were to meet for the purposes of Law Reform. Are we not straying from our business? What have the Clubs to do with Law Reform?

Mrs. Whilkyns. O, I think we can get at 'em. There are Laws against Conspiracies. What is a Club but a gang of Conspirators, and if the laws do not touch them, it is for us to amend the laws till they do. (*General applause.*)

Mrs. Bland. Very well put. You will do no good, but there is no harm in trying. Let us hear what is proposed.

Mrs. Raleigh-Buster. In the first place, it ought to be law that no married man shall belong to a club at all, except——

Mrs. Bland. Stay! Why, bless me. We have utterly forgotten to appoint a Secretary. We have no notes of what we have been doing. Eh! (*laughing*) we are pretty creatures.

Mr. Punch (*suddenly appearing*). Very pretty creatures—some of you. My dear Ladies, I have been your Volunteer Secretary, and if you will do me the honour of appointing me to the office——

All the Ladies. Oh, you darling!

[*They rush upon him, and the Meeting closes with a demonstration too delightful for description, besides that it was strictly confidential.*

Pert Young Passenger (*to portly Farmer*). "*Now, I imagine you consume a precious lot of that—What's-his-Name's—Wodenley's Food for Cattle! That is—Ha! ha!—of course—don't misunderstand me—He! he!—I mean your Cows and Horses and things—Ha! ha!* [*Agriculturist grunts, and does not appear to see the joke.*

A SCOTCH SOFTHORN.

"Mr. Punch,

"There's few fellers I spose has come across moor jokes in their time than you have in yourn. There bain't no better judge of a joke, I take it, than you be. Now just you look here and then zay if you ever in the whole coorse o' your life heerd, or sid, ah, or cracked your own zelf, a better joke than the one I now doos myself the favour o' zendun on 'ee. I cut un out o' the *Times*. A comes arter an acknowledgement by the Cmishanurs of Inland Reveny of the resate of uppards o' zixty pound, as one 'Captain M. R. N.,' a chap wi moor money than wit simmunly, was Simon enough to zend um 'on account o' conscience-money, for Income-Tax not duly assessed.' Well, that there bain't no bad joke, to goo no vurder; only he's an old un, though not quite as old as the hills, cause the incumtax warn't stablished 'till arter they, howsumdever there don't zeem no fear but what 'tis like to last as long as they ool. We be customed to the freak o' zendun Guvment conshunce money for taxes as had bin shirked or not looked arter, so as to ha got tired o' larfun at that; but here's zummat fresh in the way of a conshienshus vagary:—

"The Chancellor of the Exchequer also acknowledges the receipt of £12 5*s.* 6*d.*, on account of violations of the Game Laws, from 'Scotus.'"

"Scotus, I zed when I read out this here whilst we was partakun o' revreshment, zum on us, at the Dollfun, Scotus, who's Scotus? Scotus a Scot, says young Miles, who's a bit of a scollard. Scot, I says, why sure there ain't nobody at Sutton-Scotney sitch a ninny-hammer as to fine his self for breakun the game laws? No, no, he says; Scot, I means Scotchman. What, I aays, Scotus a Scotchman? A Scotchman zend the Chancellor o' the Schequer twelve pound odd for any martal razon, but cause he was forced to, and on count o' wiolaishuns o' the geam laws of all things! A Scotchman do 't? Don't tell me no zitch thing, I says. Scotchmen? Why han't they got the name all the world over o' beun the knowunest vellers under the zun. What is it they calls um—canny ain't ut—canny Scotchmen? 'S't thee think to meak me blieve as how a canny Scotchman ood let Gladstone or anybody else screw one bawbee out on un beyond what he couldn't help? And that in the sheap of fines for brakidge of geam laws? Tache thy granmuther to zuck eggs!

"Naw, *Mr. Punch*, I can't and I wun't belave that that are Scotus is a Scotchman. An Irishman moor likely by half, callun his self Scotus by way of a bull. Thought praps Scotus was Lattun for Paddy. Zum o' them Irish papishes is capabul of any act o' foolishness. But the Scotch be too fur Nawth a preshus dale to gie in to them sart o' qualms and quandaries o' conshunce. I knows we be in these here parts, for all we be all down zo fur hereaway Zouth and Zouth West. They calls us Bumpkuns and Clodhoppers and Johnny Raws, but there ain't nare a Johnny on us as is raw enough to pay any sart or kind o' rates and taxes whatsumdever until sitch time as he's dewly zumman'd and call'd upon zo to do, if then. Loramassy! Ony fancy one o' we chaps knockun over a pheasant or wirun a hare, and then sendun up the Chancellor o' the Schequer the zum he'd a bin vined if a'd a ben caught out. He'd need zign his name Scotus or X. Y. Z., or A. S. S., which last ood be the most zootable to un. If 'twas only know'd here who he was he'd never hear the last on 't. The whole villidge ood be arter un whensoever he stirred out, whoopun and cryun 'Silly Billy!' He'd have the ploughboys hollerun at un in the fields 'Hare!' and 'Pheasant!' and 'Who fined his own self for poachun?'

"Everybody I tells hereabouts this here act o' Scotus bustes out larfun ready to split their zides. I've got a jackass in my eye, thinkun of buyun of un, and if I do I manes to call un Scotus. For my own part, wi your permishun and as I've a ben instructed to afore, I'll zign my own name,

"Your obadient umble Sarvunt,

"Rusticus."

"P.S. I was to ax you whether 'taint your opinion that Scotus was praps a ratum or misprint for Stultus.

"*Troughbridge, October*, 1860."

CHARITY IN SPORT AND EARNEST.

Mr. Joseph Bond has proposed to the Jockey Club, that a sum of ten per cent. upon the Derby and Oaks Stakes at Epsom should be annually divided among six of the London Hospitals; promising that, if his proposal is adopted next Spring, he will then meet the donation with an equivalent out of his own pocket. The legislature of the Turf should act on Mr. Bond's suggestion. The 'ossy character ascribed to the stable mind would get considerably elevated in public opinion through association with institutions which in stable-talk are commonly called 'ospitals. Moreover, those hospitals which are at present dependent on voluntary support would thus acquire, in a measure, the nature of stable institutions.

KISSING BY PROXY.

"*Verbena Villa, Tuesday.*

O my dear Punch,

"Dear Old Pet,—I dare say you remember that I wrote to you the other day to say how *glad* I was to find that our dear *darling* Prince of Wales was getting on so charmingly with our cousins in America — though why they're called our *cousins*, when we talk of '*Brother* Jonathan,' and they talk of '*Uncle* Bull,' I'm sure I really cannot for the life of me determine. But while I said how *pleased* I was to find how well the Prince got on and how *proud* we all should be of him, you know I had to add a word of *sad regret* that the girls he had to dance with were such *clumsy partners*, for the papers, you know, told us what great awkward things they were; and how they *wobbled* in their waltzing; and how the Prince had to turn dancing-master, and teach them how to hold themselves; and how, to show how *bored* he was, he *never once* danced *twice* with any single one of them! *

"Well, from an extract I've been reading in the *Illustrated News*, it seems at last the bad behaviour of the girls has been enough to sour the sweet temper of the Prince; and I *must* say I'm not surprised, and I don't feel *very* sorry for it. The way they trod upon his toes, no doubt, was painful in the extreme, and I'm sure an *angel* (only angels have no corns) could not have borne it better. But patience has its limits, and at last the Prince, poor fellow! was so *terribly* imposed upon that he took on the offenders a most *terrible revenge*. This is what I read this morning to Papa, who now that Parliament is up will listen to the letters of 'our own Correspondents,' and any other tittle-tattle that I happen to pick out for him:—

"At Guelph the Prince was sung to by twenty-nine young ladies, whom he rewarded by proxy, kissing the daughter of the Mayor for them all."

"There now, wasn't that a terrible revenge to take! Only just conceive how *shamefully* the girls must have behaved, for the Prince so to '*reward*' them, as *in irony* we're told he did. The writer does not tell us what was their offence, whether they sang badly, or giggled, or threw *sheepseyes* at his Royal Highness. But whatever their fault was, they were most severely punished for it. Just conceive the *degradation* of being kissed *by proxy!* as if one wasn't pretty enough to be *personally* kissed! I declare if I'd been one of the unhappy *twenty-eight*, I don't think I could possibly have long survived the shame of it.

"Of course it must be charming to be kissed by *royal lips*, and I *must* own that I envy much the daughter of the Mayor of Guelph, who will delight to tell her grandchildren the honour that was done her. Of course she will be viewed now as no ordinary match, and may hold her hand up for the *very highest* bidders. A girl whose cheeks have been saluted by a *Prince*, may expect to get a *lord* if not a *marquis* for her husband. To be sure, they haven't lords and marquises in Canada, and Miss Mayor may wait a long while *there* before she catches one. Still it must be a great pleasure to her to think how she was kissed in the presence of the Court, and was *singled out* from such a number of competitors. Oh, how I *do* wish I'd been she, and had that *odious* Julia Wriggleton to stand where she could see me! She's got re— no, *auburn* hair, and watery sky-blue eyes, and such big feet and freckles, that I'm quite sure and certain she'd have been one of the *eight-and-twenty*. I *can't think* how cousin Charley *can* see any beauty in her; but I'm persuaded that the *Prince* would be *much* too good a judge to do so.

"It was too bad, I declare, that his Lordship—or should I say his Grace?—the Duke of Newcastle allowed his Royal Highness to make eight-and-twenty enemies, at a place too which is clearly named after his own family. But still I *must* repeat, I *do* so wish I'd been Miss Mayor (or whatever else her name may be) and had had Miss Julia to stand and *see me do it!*

"Ever, *Mr. Punch*, your most attentive reader,

"Georgiana Gushington."

"P.S. I'm told that in Court circles they sometimes court by proxy. For the Prince of Wales's sake I hope it isn't true. But if it is, one feels more *reconciled* to being born a *common person*."

* This, Miss, was matter of Court etiquette, not liking. And the papers did *not* say the girls were "wobbling waltzers." It is your jealousy, young lady, which invents such cruel phrases.—*Punch.*

To People about to Insure their Houses.—Don't—until the offices manifest less Assurance.

THE END OF THE SEA-SIDE SEASON.

Our Ramsgate Correspondent writes to us as follows:—"If the ghost of Goldsmith were to rise up at this time, with the wish to add a line or two to his *Deserted Village*, he could not well do better than take the train to Ramsgate, and muse in 'mournful numbers' on its melancholy aspect. Everything and everybody soon would clearly enough show him that the season is all over. Even the poet Thomson, who wrote four books about the *Seasons*, could hardly find materials to write two lines now about this. The few visitors who linger sadly on the pier flit noiselessly as though they were the ghosts of the departed, and pass with downcast looks as though ashamed of being seen there. They move about with all the air of melancholy maniacs, and if they stay much longer they will run the risk of being carried off to private madhouses, and clapped into strait waistcoats. The steamboats come in daily with nobody on board except the crew and captain. The shilling-an-hour boatmen have laid up their crafts in winter quarters, and have rigged their better halves in bran new gowns and bonnets. The bathing machines are all drawn up so high and dry that it seems to be a problem if they ever will be wet again. Not a donkey brays defiance on the beach: not a bath-chair now is visible, even with a telescope. Not a wooden spade or sand-heap is there by the sad sea waves; not an organ, or a bagpipe, or a German band is audible. All the minstrels with blacked faces have taken themselves 'off to Charlestown,' or some other locality; and the Tyrolean Tenor who sings so sentimentally and sweetly out of tune, with one eye closed in strong emotion and the other looking out for coppers, has left us with his wife and small harmonium-playing son, and is probably now singing to some *al fresco* inland audience. More saddening fact still—the vocal vender of crisp hardbake, delicate drops, and tempting toffy, has at one fell swoop deprived us of his sweet songs and his sweet stuffs, and has left us lollipopless to lament his absence.

"Paragon is a wilderness; grass is growing in High Street, and hay, if there were sunshine, might be made on half the pavements. The shopkeepers have mostly put their chains and shutters up, and are now engaged in counting over their unholy gains and in sending conscience money to the Income-Tax Collector. The lodging-letters have emerged from their coalcellars and dustbins, or whatever other holes be in the summer-time their sleeping places. It is believed that they would occupy the bed-rooms which in summertime fetch five guineas a night, but that they are haunted with the ghosts of recent victims, who came, saw, and were fleeced, and fleabitten into the bargain. The flys have flown away, or else are hibernating in back slums; the riding horses have returned to their normal occupations, and are now drawing bakers' carts, or working in a circus. The hotel-keepers have vanished to visit their estates, or confer with Baron Rothschild about buying up the Bank, as a safe way of employing some of their spare millions. In short, so dull is Ramsgate, that the brigand's occupation is, like *Othello's*, gone. A cat or two are now the only beasts of prey left preyable. Even the fleas, it is affirmed, have this week hopped the twig. Their flight has been described as the *Retreat of the Ten Thousand*."

LATEST FROM ITALY.

Why is Garibaldi like the Chevalier Bayard and a cat in a bad humour?

Because he is *sans purr*.

NOT VERY UNLIKE IT EITHER.

"What on earth are you doing there, Plantagenet?"——"Why, you see, De Courcy, I've had so little practice, on account of the scarcity of Birds this Season, that I'm just getting my hand in for the Battues."

NOVELTY FOR NEWSPAPERS.

In the "Births, Marriages, and Deaths" published in the papers, why is it that the ages of the several persons named are specified under the latter head alone? The Births, of course, speak for themselves in this respect, but the Marriages by no means do; for we know that an age long past the years of discretion is no necessary cause or impediment why some persons should not join themselves together in holy matrimony. The ages of deceased parties signify, for the most part, nothing to anybody but their friends and relations, whereas the time of life at which people marry is to other people in general a matter of interest or amusement; of interest when the couple are both young: of amusement when they are both old or one of them considerably older than the other. In the case of the aristocracy our contemporaries could get the requisite information out of the Peerage; and if the journals, in announcing a Marriage in High Life, always regularly published the time of that life arrived at by the bride and bridegroom, the majority of newly-wedded pairs, in sending their names for insertion, would take very good care to mention how old they were.

THE TIDE OF FASHION.

The Ornamental Water, which has been absent now for several weeks, has returned to its Metropolitan residence in the enclosure in St. James's Park. This is one of the first proofs that town is gradually filling. We need not say that the Water is looking all the better for its change. Not only is it much clearer in its complexion, but it seems also to have increased in volume almost as much as it has gained in beauty, and looks much healthier altogether. It has been visited every day by hundreds of nursery-maids and soldiers, who seem most delighted to see it back again. We need not state that the Ornamental Water is waited upon by its usual retinue of ducks and other aquatic birds, who are looking remarkably well just at present in their handsome winter liveries, particularly the swans, who are presenting, so to speak, the very cleanest bills of health.

MANUFACTORY AND MYSTERY.

We are really very ignorant. Every time we take the *Times* up we see a something advertised which completely puzzles us. Here for instance is a statement which so bothered us at breakfast, that we ate our second egg without at all enjoying it:—

WANTED A PARTNER, of business habits, in a large *bonâ fide* Manufacturing concern. Address, &c.

Now, pray, what's a "*bonâ fide?*" What's its usual size? and how is it manufactured? We notice that this *bonâ fide* is expressly called a "large" one, and our second query therefore instinctively suggests itself. We are ourselves "of business habits," (only ask our Printer's boy, who never has to wait above an hour or two for "copy" from us), and we might be tempted to enter as a partner in this advertised "concern." But until we know the nature of what is manufactured in it, of course we should not dream of venturing to offer. Only think if "*bonâ fide*" should turn out after all to be a slang trade name for bone stuff which we should be "wanted" to manufacture into bread stuff!

"Know Thyself."

Moralists are always dinning this precept into our ears. We should hardly venture, however, to recommend it to the notice of Dr. Cullen; for supposing he succeeded, he would be forming a very low acquaintance.

"SAVOIR PARLER" AND "SAVOIR ÉCOUTER."

(BY OUR SNUBBED CONTRIBUTOR.)

Any fool can make a Woman talk, but it requires a very clever man to make her listen.

The Pope an Ultra Protestant.—"This" Pontiff "doth protest too much, methinks."

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CANDOUR.

"Well, my little man, what do you want?"
"Wot do I want?—Vy, Guv'ner, I thinks I wants Heverythink!"

COUSINS FOR KINGS AND QUEENS.

A Law which Nature contravenes,
A rule of Rank and State,
Forbids our Princes, Kings, and Queens,
With British spouse to mate.
The safety of the Realm commands
Them Protestants to wed;
And therefore is their choice of hands
Extremely limited.

Their Cousins are our Royal race
Confined, almost, to woo,
Who, by the nature of the case,
Are German Cousins too.
Now German Cousins far removed
All very well may be,
But Cousins German oft have proved
Too near the parent tree.

Near cousins o'er the German tide,
What need remains to seek,
Now steamers cross the Atlantic wide,
Almost within a week?
Of Yankee Land the Beauty pales
All Continental Fair:
Might not a bride be found for Wales,
A distant Cousin, there?

Fine Art Gossip.

An interesting relic of antiquity has been turned up at Rome by some workmen engaged in making excavations for the purpose of laying down gas-pipes in the Via Sacra. It is an almost unique specimen of comic classical sculpture, being a statuette of the celebrated historian Cornelius Tacitus, evidently a caricature. The figure represents Tacitus holding his tongue.

AUSTRIAN PAPER.

A Reuter's Telegram declares it to have been asserted that Russia, Austria, and Prussia will issue circular notes to their diplomatic representatives on the results of the interview at Warsaw. We should like to know, who will cash any circular or other note that may be issued by Austria?

PERQUISITES AND PLUSH.

"Mister Punch, Dear and Onerd Sir, "*Suvints All, 2sday.*

"Seeink as how you've putty frekently inserted my poettic corntributions, which I'm tolled as how the *Laureat* is a getting sadly jellus and a lookink to his *lorrels* since your world-perwadink collums has introduced to public nottice the hoffsprings of my Mews, I make so bold, Sir, as to arst you for to let Me say a word or 2 in ornry werbal prose, about a matter as aint shooted for poettic treatment, but which is as i may say of almost Wital cornsekens to me and feller suvnts. Sir, its about a writer in one of the noosepapers wich I shant mention more than to say I *am* surprised that so respecktabel a paper should ave demeaned theirselves by iring of so wulgar a contributor, which I'm sure he aint *no gentleman* as could write in this here Way, and try, sir, to defraud pore suvnts of their puckwisits, which i calls it *Meen* in any hedditur to print sich stuff as this:—

"We own that on public grounds we are opposed to the system of giving gratuities to servants; and if we even entertained the question, we should protest against the unequal and inequitable manner in which they are administered. Take for instance among outdoor servants the stud groom, head gamekeeper-and-park-keeper, and huntsman. If a friend gives you a mount, the 'master of the horse' of the stable expects a sovereign for one with the foxhounds, and half for one with the harriers, and yet his only trouble is to give the order and alter the stirrups a hole or two, while the helper who has all the hard work to do receives not a farthing; it is nearly the same with the head keeper who employs an underling to clean your guns, and thinks you a very shabby fellow if you do not offer him 'golden opinions' to prove the contrary; the park-keeper too, if ordered to forward half a buck, not only helps himself to a portion of it as his usual perquisite, but anticipates a guinea for the trouble of killing the deer."

"Hits all very fine for im to talk in this ere way about his intimate acquaintance with parkkeepers and untsmen, and masters of the Osses who offer im a mount, leastways who condescend to let him ave one when their masters do, but My beleif is, *Mr. Punch*, as the party is a cockney, hand if the reel truth was known he've never been outside a Orse in all his life, excep peraps at Amstid, when I dessay twoz a Donkey as then he ired for a oss, and diddent know the diphrence! Hand as for stayink at Grand ouses and avink ½ a buck or so guv im for a presink, it's all my I and betty Marting, and i dont beleive as any I woold *sell* him ½ a buck, much less give it im free graters. Leestways, if so be they did (and its igstrawny, Sir, what Phools there are livink in the world!) i'll be bound *He* never guv away his Ginnies and his 'golding opinions,' cos Y, its precious doubtful if E's got any to give!

"Has Shaiksper says—'thus Bad begins but Wuss remains behind!' Twouldent so much siggafy if he'd ony a complained About them outdoor suvnts which I must say as i thinks them keepers heave raskilly in selling of their Powder at a fipunnote a pund, and a charging arf a guinea for a aporth or so of caps, which I'm told as it's the only way to get a place in the Warm corners, hand if you brings your Hamminition the chances is your guns miss Phire, and so you C the keeper he makes a deel of money by it. But this ere writer he nex falls to a pitchink into Hus pore footmin, which I'm sure as we is most deservink Hobjects, and scarcely ever gets a apenny to bless ourselves, and as for working Ard—but jist you ear, Sir, what he says:—

"Nor are in-door servants less extravagant in their expectations, nor are the gratuities better dispensed. First and foremost the butler (whose wage amounts to more than the stipend of a hard-working Curate, or the pay of a subaltern in the Army, who risks his life in the pestilential climate of the West Indies, Africa, or China) is generally in active attendance on the departure of a guest, inwardly exclaiming with the doctor in the farce, 'There's no hand so dear to me as the one that holds the fee!' The groom of the chambers following the example of the *chef*, is equally on the alert for his 'buckshes;' the footman, who, if you have a servant with you, only shows you to your room, or, if you are without one, leaves the brushing and blacking of your clothes and boots to the 'odd man,' reckons on a

handsome 'tip,' according to the length of your stay; the housemaids are somehow or other always employed close to the visitor's door on the morning of departure, speculating upon a present that will procure them a new parasol, shawl, or Sunday bonnet; and occasionally M. Beauvilliers Briffaut, the Parisian *cordon bleu* of the kitchen, expects and receives a handsome douceur for the exquisite manner in which a *suprême de volaille* was dressed."

"There, Sir! I said he ain't *no Gentleman* as could write such stuff and nornsince and go a tryink to defraud us of our Legle arnings, which its plane enuff i thinks as *He* don't keep no mansuvvnt, and so when he gits inwited out into the country why in coorse he finds it sometimes rather Ard to git is clothes brushed. 'Taint to be suppoged as a man can work for Nothink, and if *gentlemen* don't choose or raypher *earnt aford*—for that's about the size of it—to keep a mansuvvnt theirselves, Y in course they ort to fork out for avinck of their boots blacked. Hif they don't why they must wait, and sarve M right says I, and my b'lief is this ere partyman is one o' them air Hartishes who go a travellinck about and a stopping at great Ouses which in coorse they ain't accustomed to, hand really its quite hawful to see the Mess they make with their paintpots and their pipes (they can't aford a mild hawannah sich as me and my friends smoke, and so you see they says they has a preference for Backy). I never heerd of Hartishes a keepink of a wallcy, and a precious place he 'd ave of it agoink out for Beer at all ours of the nite and a standink as a Moddle for *Hajacks* or *Hakillers* if he ad a decent figger, and then phansy what a eap of spicy left off togs he'd get! I think I sees myself a wearink of a artish's old shootink-coat all over dabs and splashes like a butcherer or plasterer. What would Jane my sweetart as I'm a keepink company with, say to see me in the cast off costume of a Hartish!

"But I'm forgetting of the pint. This is Ow the growling cove proposes for to remedy the presink state of things, and all as I can say is that I wishes he may get it:—

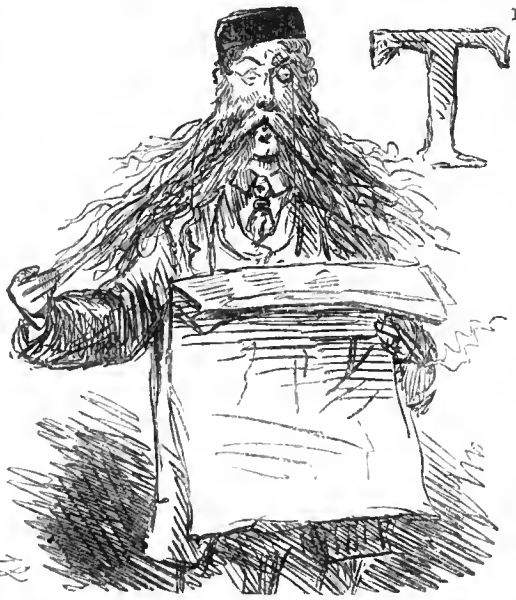
"Now, if the money thus lavishly and indiscriminately bestowed was given to the working bees and not the drones of the hive, the evil would be less glaring, and might be excused. According to the present system the helpers, 'odd men,' kitchen maids, scullions, steward's room boy, old women, and young girls from the village, brought in to assist the housemaids, receive little or nothing, while great vails are heaped upon those who emulating the character of *My Lord Duke* in *High Life Below Stairs*, are, to adopt his words, 'as lazy and luxuriant as their masters.' If fees are to be sanctioned, and the *working* classes are to be paid for their extra labour, the only equitable plan would be to have the money placed in a strong-box to be opened and divided in just proportions at Christmas."

"Really *Mister Punch* I'm amost ashamed to bring such stoopid stuff as this afore your notice. But as its bin in Print why it may peraps do Arm to let it pass uncontcrerdicted. To say as ow a Phootman ain't a workink man is so palpabble a crammer that it ain't worth while rephuting it. Our whiskers is 'luxuriant' that every hi can see, but to say as we are 'lazy' is a mannifest absuddity. And as 4 putting of our Puckwisits into a strong box, like the mishinairy Bank as cook ave got upon er mantlingpiece, all as i can say is when that ere dodge is tried there'll be a Uniwarsal strike of all us Hupper suvnts. I no as peple sometimes say as puckwisits is often considered part of wages, and that Guvnors shouldn't go demeanink of theirselves by allowink of their wisitors to help to pay their suvents for 'em, which they say were like them box-keepers who swarm at the theaytres and that we sometimes even pays our masters for our place. This here may be so or not, I ain't agoink to Blab. but as for footmen condeacendink to divide their fees and puckwisits with stable elps and erring boys hand kitchingmaids and aich—as I remarked before, Hi wish that E may get it! Heach man for hisselth—that Sir is hour Motter, and though peraps we nose our Dooty to our Neighbour it doesn't allus foller that we goes and does it.

"I remain Sir your obeejnt umble Suvnt
"(So long as I gets pade for it)
"John Thomas of Belgravy."

"P.S. Has the Minnysters wear livry and is the suvvnts of the State, peraps the gurnals will arst *them* next if *they'll* give up their Puckwisits! Phansy I ear Pam hindiguantly hexclaimink, Ho yes! ookey Walker! Wouldn't U just like it! And ow about the Bishops? They're the suvnts of the Chutch, d'ye think as how you'd find 'em willing if you arsk 'em to divide their fees and puckwisits and other awag they pouches in a ekitable manner with their *undersuvvnts?*—with them as is the 'outdoor helps' the 'workers of the Ive,' which *Mr. Punch* I means it to allude to the *Poor Curits*, oom I do believe to be particlar bad in want of M?"

MOST AWFUL.



Truly, since the day when Ireland's hero, Mr. Smith O'Brien, hid himself among the other crawling caterpillars in the cabbage garden, we have never had such dreadful news from Ireland as is contained in the following extract from the *Kilkenny Journal*:—

"We have learned from a London Correspondent that the Government has cautioned the *Times* against the insertion of such articles as that which appeared lately in its columns against the Irish Brigade; not, of course, that such is not the true English feeling towards Ireland, but that it is injudicious and impolitic at the present crisis! This seems confirmed by an article in the *Morning Chronicle* of Thursday, glossing the matter over, and wondering that the Irish should feel annoyed at the abusive article of the *Times*, as their bravery on every battlefield places them beyond the reach of criticism or the charge of cowardice! All very fine, Mr. Chronicle, but Ireland will never forget that ruffian attack, at a time when she was trembling with anxiety for the fate of her brave volunteers. No 'soft sawder' will blot it out from the national memory, and, with Heaven's help, there will be a day of reckoning."

Ah! These London Correspondents. They are the boys for making discoveries. Did Lord Palmerston think that because he sneaked meanly out at the back-door of Broadlands, and spoke to Mr. Sidney Herbert in the kitchen garden among the clothes that were hanging out to dry, and told him what to do, and because Mr. Herbert put on a footman's old livery, and went in a hack cab (no, not a Hansom, British minions, but a close cab, No. 1167, driver Alphonso Stumper, ha, slaves!), and stole into P. H. Square at one in the morning to give the hint in question, the London Correspondent of a Kilkenny paper did not detect every turn in the foul and snakelike career of the cowardly Saxons? Bah!

No, Ireland will never forget "that ruffian attack." Yes, ruffian attack. You may affect to laugh at it, Saxon dogs, and say that it was a good bit of fun, and a not ill-natured way of letting down fellows who would have deserved to be treated as rogues if they had not been such everlasting fools; but that is only adding insult to insult. "A day of reckoning will come," and Irishmen, who always pay their debts, will be ready for the dark hour of vengeance. Tremble, caitiffs, for the spirit of the Kilkenny cats is not laid, but bides its time. In the words of one of your own execrable poets—

"Those who fought and ran away
May live to run another day."

And dire will be the "other day" when the heroes, happily saved from the Sardinian fiends, shall receive the *mot d'ordre*, "Printing House Square, E.C." Not all the apothecaries' stuff from the neighbouring Apothecaries Hall will in that day avail to medicine the foes of Ireland, after her steel lozenges, ha! ha! shall have done their work. In the burning words of our own bard:—

"We'll tread the land that hates us,
That demeans and understates us,
We 'll uphold our maxims,
And pound the Saxons,
And we 'll smash the *Times* that slates us.

Sword of Honour Extraordinary.

The British Papists are going to present Lamoricière with a sword. Perhaps they don't know that the one which he had to surrender was returned to him again. However, if the Pope's defeated champion wants a sword, let the friends of slavery present him with one by all means. The sort of sword most suitable for presentation to the hero of Ancona would be one with a flexible blade; such a weapon as that which *Harlequin* flourishes in our Christmas pantomimes, and with which he does, as Lamoricière in his last engagement did, wondera.

Cabmanism Amended.

(A Fact.)

Propriety of diction, as a point of general refinement, is advancing amongst the drivers of our public vehicles. A clergyman calling "Cab!" had the gratification of receiving from a Hansom director the equally respectful and correct reply, "Here I am, Sir!"

A CHANCE FOR DR. CULLEN.

QUESTIONS are more easily asked than answered, but we *should* like some information upon a curiosity of literature, which we copy from the Paris Correspondence of the *Daily Telegraph*:—

"The *Espérance* of Nantes says that the director of Covent Garden has ordered eight luminous men of M. Demangeot."

Now, pray what are these luminous men? We must confess that we are rather in the dark about them, and should consider it extremely kind if some one would enlighten us. We have heard men sometimes spoken of as being shining lights, but we have never before heard them described as being luminous. Moreover, from the manner in which they have been "ordered" of him, one would think M. Demangeot had the power to manufacture them; and one must regard him as a sort of phosphorescent *Frankenstein*, endowed with the ability not merely to make men, but to make them luminous.

If it were not almost too great a liberty to take, we might suggest that were Archbishop Cullen to apply to fill the place of one of these eight luminous individuals, the director of Covent Garden might be tempted to accept him. As one of the bright lights of the Roman Catholic Church, Dr. Cullen might put in a claim to being viewed as luminous; and seeing how he has lately blazed away for his Brigade, and what a farce he has been playing to celebrate their obsequies, we think the Doctor is just fit for a theatrical engagement, and would exactly fill a part where he is wanted to be luminous.

THE PRINCE AND THE PRESS.

"Broadway, Midday liquorin' time.

"Tu that ar Critter Punch,

"I Guess I wrote to you, old hoss, a week or tu ago, about the way our scribblers du their scrawlin' for the peaypers, and I sent you a few extracts to show heow tall they talked 'beeout our reception of Jack Heenan, when he come from having licked yar champion, Tom Sayers. Wal, that was no small some in the way of A reception, but it 'taint no sorter up to what we've bin and guv yar Prince of Wales, or Baron Renfrew as he calls himself—though I sartinly can't see why he need go by that ar *alias* in A free country like ourn, where all titles air alike, same as all men (except niggers) is. Political equality 's our motter in the States, and if a feller haeve a mind tu call hisself a Doctor, or a Counsellor, or a Cardnal, or any other sort o' 'ristocratic appellation, why he jist goes and does it, and nobody don't take no notice of him any more than if he kep content to be plain *Mister*.

"I dar say you've been surprised toe hear heow we've been cuttin' arter Albert Edward, knowin' as we don't in gineral set no wally upon Riyalty. But this is heow a jarnal deown St. Louis way accounts for this here fact:—

"Man is by nature regal and princely. Democracy is the cordial recognition of this fact, and seeks not to uncrown men except by crowning all men. Heaven meant mankind for a race of kings and queens, princes and princesses; and to realise that end is the aim of democracy. In ages of rudeness homage to the royal character of some men was a step towards the general culture of such character. In our time and in this country we claim to have emerged from that period of pupilage, to have done adulating and to have become kings. * * * Without a particle of undemocratic deference, our people may laudably gratify the wish to see the heir prospective of the British throne."

"Wal, there sartinly wornt much of 'undemocratic deference' in the way them ar St. Louis bhoys behaved tu yur young Prince, I guess you've heerd heow at his landing they come a hustlin' and a tusslin' and a bustlin' reound his carriage, till they raly a'most bust it off its wheels, and nearly knocked the Duke o' Newcastle, or some other swell flunkey slap inter the dock. But this here rowdedow it seems just sarved to let the steam off; and since then we've been more delicate in expressing tu the Prince heow 'nition glad we air to see him. At least, this is what the scrawler in the *New York Herald* says of us:—

"The turbulent irregularity of a mob, however well meant or dictated by good feeling, could not fail to grate harshly upon one of so much natural and acquired refinement. Therefore, the lower strata of the democratic element may prove somewhat uncongenial to him. But I am happy to say that the people of the United States generally, and the superior order particularly, have studied his comfort, pleasure, and wishes, with a delicacy dictated by that good sense which is their prevailing characteristic, that has not failed to impress him and his suite with a very favourable idea of American consideration and courtesy."

"Screamin' fine that scribblin', ain't it? And to show heow true it is, and heow courteously we haeve studied the comfort of the Prince, and what delicate good sense haeve pervaded our behaviour tu him, the writer gives us these here specimens of the remarks he overheard let out by the spectators, when the Prince fust come in sight of em:—

"His nose is Roman! He seems fagged. He looks pleasant! I thought his hair was lighter. There's no harm in that face, sure. He's regular Dutch!"

"Wal, there ain't no smack o' the ancient 'age of rudeness' 'beout sich compliments as them! It must haeve added a good heap to the 'comfort' of the Prince to hear heow we tuk notice of him. Ours is A free country, and we air mostly sorter free-and-easy in our talk. We ain't shy o' findin' fault neither, and I reckon as our writers can criticise a 'coon as well as compliment him. At the Cincinnati Ball, for example, we air told that 'at times the Prince, apparently, was very much embarrassed,' (Wal, I calc'late them air crinnyleans *du* 'embarrass' a chap kinder!), 'and it was noticed that he made several mistakes, not being *au fait* in American style; but he soon recovered himself, and enjoyed himself in his usual style.' Y' see, *our* style ain't like *yourn*, old hoss; there ain't no sliding over *that*. And what may be the 'usual' go for yer young Riyal Highnesses don't nowaya not come up to *our* notions of what's proper. Guess you oughter send us yer young Princes and Princesses, jist that we might polish up their *etiquette* a trifle, and put a finishing stroke or two upon their ball-room edication.

"Wal, the mornin' arter this, the Prince he went tu Chutch, and you see such air our delicate attentions to his comfort that even there he worn't allowed to pass uncriticised. The papers sent thar specialest reporters to obsarve him, and his 'movements' through the sarvice were all minutely chronicled. By this here means we're farnished with most interestin' statistics of the number o' times he coughed, and whether he ever shut his eyes, and had to blow his nose to keep himself awake, or not, which in course it is important fur historians to know. Of his appearance, too, we learn that he was 'dressed as usual,' and to this the *Herald* adds, by way of courteous compliment, 'Some people think he is looking seedy; but he is probably saving his best clothes for his New York visit.' In course the delicate inference from this here writer's statement is, that the Prince's 'usual dress' is gitting seedy in the seams, and as he haeve on'y got one Sunday-going suit, he's forced to save it up for special state occasions, sich as that ar forty thousand dollar ball as all our gals is screamin' mad abeout.

"Wal, arter all, there's no gurt harm in what we've done. 'Tain't every day, old hoss, we catches A live Prince. A King in chrysalis is raather a rarish insect here, and so you see our bhoys air all-fired curious to see him. And duing as they du is jist to testify their 'fection. That'a A fact, Sir-ree, and guess I'll lick the skunk who doubts it. Mayn't he over pleasant, but it's tu show heow fond we air of him.

"Yours, *Mister Punch*, and the Prince's tu (I'm right hoarse neow from cheerin' him),

"Jonathan Marcellus Josh Goliah Gong."

"IN VINO VERITAS"—AND WHAT ELSE?

Here's a new advantage to the buyer of cheap wines, which he ought to thank us for bringing to his notice:—

REDUCED PRICES. Improved Quality.—Six gallons of SOUTH AFRICAN PORT or SHERRY for 50*s*., cask (which can be converted into two pails) included.—Apply, &c.

Good wine, it has of old been said, requires no bush to be hung out to show where one may get it. Whether, then, the fact of advertising wine would lead one to infer that it is anything but good, logicians, if they please, may argue and decide. "*In vino veritas*" is another ancient motto; but one would fear there must be something else than *veritas* in wine, which requires such an announcement as the foregoing to sell it. We must own it seems to us a rather new idea, to think of buying a lot of wine in order that we may "convert" a pair of pails out of the cask. We suppose that we shall next be asked to buy a pheasant for its feathers, or a hare that we may make some use or other of its skin.

A Trifle from Tchernavoda.—To open a Turkish Railroad it seems that sheep must be sacrificed. In England we only sacrifice shareholders. But in each case the victims are fleeced.

BRIGHTON JEWELS.

A SEA-SIDE STUDY.

BY A SENTIMENTAL STUDENT.

As I walked out at Margate,
It was but th' other day,
A Jew there sat in a "Porkpie" hat,
At a window that was bay.
I stood and gazed upon him,
To assure me of his race;
I knew not his name, but his birth was plain
As the nose upon his face!
Yet he sported a Porkpie hat!
And I couldn't help thinking that
'Twas a singular thing
For a poet to sing
Of a Jew in a Porkpie hat!

'Twas extremely rude to stare so,
Of course I well knew that;
But it seemed to me so queer to see
A Jew in a Porkpie hat.
At the hat and the nose beneath it
I gaped and gazed amain,
And I haven't a doubt, if the truth were out,
I should do the same again.
If still at the window sat
The Jew in the Porkpie hat!
For who could help staring
To see a Jew wearing
A thing called a Porkpie hat?

A PIG AND A POKE.

"Mr. Punch, Sir,

"The other morning, as I were a going to kill our pig, in steps our parson. My wife she were a standing by me, quite pleased to see the pig weighed so handsome—and our two little lads was a laughing like mad, for really the pig did squeak quite unnecessary loud. So says the parson, says he, quite sharp like to my wife, 'I do wonder, Mary, that yón should be here at all, and still more that you should allow your boys to make diversion of a poor dumb animal's sufferings. (Dumb he warn't, no how, by the bye, but that 's nought.) Why can't you let Giles kill the pig by himself, and why don't you give those two brats a couple of boxes on the ear for taking a pleasure in seeing such sights?'

"Those were our parson's very words, Sir, and I do believe he were right; so I told my wife to go indoors and mind her own business, and then I took the stick to Jem and Billy, and sent 'em scampering like afore I finished the pig, which died beautiful.

"A few days after, my wife she was a reading out to us after supper an old penny paper as the cheese had come home in, she reads capital well, for she was in service at the parson's before she married me, and I'll be hanged if she didn't read out *this*:—

"From the *Court Circular*.

"Yesterday Her Majesty the Queen, with their Royal Highnesses the Prince Consort, the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, the Prince and Princess Frederick William, of Prussia, and Princess Alice, accompanied also by Lord John Russell, and attended by the Ladies and Gentlemen of the Household, drove to the Wald Parc at Mönckröden, where, the gentlemen being posted, the forest was driven for wild boar. The sport was very successful, seven boars being killed. Luncheon was afterwards served to the Royal party in one of the forester's houses."

"Only fancy, Sir, our Gracious Queen, and the little Princess Alice, and all the rest of the Royal folk, amusing of themselves killing pigs, and being very successful; and getting an appetite for their dinners that way. 'Why, father,' says our Jem, 'you was going to wop me and Bill last week, and you reglar blowed up Mother, to please the parson, just because we grinned at seeing our pig strapped on the bench, and squeaking like mad. Was there any more harm in that than in what Mother has just been reading out to us?' I really didn't know what to say to the lad, Sir, so in course I give him a lick, and sent him flying. But I wish you would tell me what I ought to have said to him, for when I asked our parson, he told me not to talk about what I could not understand, and didn't seem pleased.

"Yours to command,

"*Hampshire.*" "Giles Joulter."


Now Sire! well you go on with the game?
If He cuts in I lose my Crown to a certainty.
H'm! Bother the Cards. I say.
ITALY

THE RUB.

[Advertisement.]

SPIRIT-RAPPING TESTIMONIALS.

The Editor of the *Spiritual Magazine*, and Proprietor of the famous Spirit-Rapping Ointment, begs respectfully to lay before his friends and the public a few of the Testimonials with which he has been favoured by parties who have availed themselves of his Discovery. They are but a handful out of thousands, but they fully exemplify the eminently advantageous working of his system. He may, however, hereafter submit further evidences of the efficacy of the Discovery in altering the present unnatural state of society.

I.

"Sir,—It would be injustice to you, and false delicacy in me, if I withheld my testimonial to the efficiency of your Spirit-Rapping Ointment, which has wrought, Mussy be praised, the most extraordinary cure in my own case. Sir, I had been for many years troubled with a most obstinate complaint in my mind, and I found myself utterly unable to believe anything. In vain did I apply the strongest remedies, in vain did I seek to swallow the blood of St. Januarius, the Winking Picture, Mr. Bright's allegations against the upper classes, and other things which I was told, by friends, if I could once get down, I should be cured of my incredulity. At last, Sir, in a happy hour, somebody mentioned your Ointment. I bought but one sixpenny packet, and applied it. Sir, I took it in faith, and instantly found that I could believe anything. Now, Sir, I am a changed man, and prepared to give credit to whatever may be stated to me. As a proof, Sir, I was told yesterday, by an Irish friend, that the Pope's volunteers from Ireland had slaughtered thirty times their own number before they were taken by the enemy, and I never thought of contradicting him. Sir, although I know that such permission is needless to you in the case of private communications, I authorise you to make what use you like of this letter.

"I am, Sir,
"Your ever grateful Servant,
"*Ponder's End, Oct.* 21." "Judæus Apeller."

II.

"Sir,—I hasten to make you acquainted with another extraordinary result of the free application of your Spirit-Rapping Ointment. I applied it, on Monday last, to a table in my possession, and sat down to watch its effects. In about three minutes I began to laugh, then to yawn, and my wife, entering the room an hour afterwards found me in a sound slumber. I had not previously slept for several hours. I have bought several packets, and am happy to add that the Ointment has been equally efficacious with my children. Formerly there was no getting them to go to bed, but I have now only to exhibit a packet of your Ointment, and in a moment they are all up, and wishing me and their Mamma good night. Publish this letter, if you think it will be believed, and I remain,

"*Wellclose Square, E.C.,*
"*Wednesday.*" "Yours very sincerely,
"Adipose Glubb."

III.

"Mrs. Mephibosheth Barnes presents her compliments to the Editor of the *Spiritual Magazine*, and begs to thank him for the great utility of his Ointment. Her eldest son, a very promising lad of twelve years old, and a pupil at the Buffington Proprietary School, was devoting himself to his studies with an energy which, she, as a fond mother feared would be prejudicial to his health. At length, alarmed at his saying that he was determined to go in and win the Greek prize, she procured some of the Spirit-Rapping Ointment, and administered it to Master Barnes. At first he revolted against it, but she having persevered in applying it under his eyes, he began to like it, and it has entirely cured him of any over-zeal in his studies, as he now thinks of nothing but the Ointment, and there is not the least chance of his gaining the Greek or any other prize.

"*Finsbury Circus, Monday.*"

IV.

"Sir,—Permit a happy father to thank you with all the earnestness of the paternal nature for having effected a singular cure in his household. I am the parent, Sir, of two charming daughters, aged respectively 19 and 17, and they, being possessed of lively spirits, were a great trouble to me, who am a quiet widower. They were always delighted at the idea of going to a ball, or an evening party of any kind, and would frequently ask me to take them to one of the operas or the theatre; or to invite young friends to see them at home. It was a source of much disturbance to my evenings. By a lucky, or shall I say, a providential circumstance, your ointment came my knowledge. I resolved to administer it to my daughters, and they took to it with the enthusiasm of their age. No more dances, operas, parties, stage-plays for them now. They have become silent and thoughtful, and neither will ever stir from the room without the other, especially after dark. They are completely subdued, and I should hardly know them again. Accept once more the thanks of a happy father, and believe me

"Yours, obediently,
"*Zimmerman Row.*" "Wilderness Lodge."

To show that he has no other object than the discovery of the truth, and never seeks to "humbug" anybody, the Editor of the *Spiritual Magazine* prints the following letter, although its contents do not, at first sight, present evidence of so favourable a result as in the preceding cases. But truth is immortal, and can bear any casualties:—

V.

"Sir,—I should be much obliged by your advice under these circumstances. My husband was a clerk in the Bank of England, and a very steady, economical, and affectionate man, who obeyed me in all things except one. That, Sir, was the surreptitiously procuring and constantly using your Spirit-Rapping Ointment. Several times have I flung it out of window, and into the fire, but the determined victim always possessed himself of more, and at last became so addicted to its use that he neglected his business at the Bank, and ended by defying the Governor and Company for rebuking him, in consequence of which he was turned out of his situation. He did not feel this much at first, declaring that he was glad to be a martyr for Spiritualism, but he gradually sank into a low way, and yesterday morning I was surprised at seeing his two legs sticking out of the water-butt. Happily, the day before had been washing day, so there was nothing in the butt but mud, slime, and efts, and he escaped exceedingly dirty and with a lump on his forehead the size of an orange, but the moral is the same, and I could wish that you would print with your Ointment directions as to how much weak people ought to be allowed to take at a time. I have him safe in bed now, and I think he is ashamed of himself, though the maid says that he is constantly knocking his gruel-spoon against the night-lamp, and asking whether there are any Spirits in the room.

"Yours, disconsolately,
"*Judd Street, Oct.* 22." "Margaret Snickle."

VI.

"Sir,—Precious indeed is your Ointment, and I only wish I had known of it sooner. I had long discovered an incompatibility of temper between myself and Mrs. Toddlekins, but having no particular fault with which to charge that person, I scarcely knew how to intimate that I wished she would return to her friends. Happily, a friend recommended your Ointment, and I have applied it with such success, that Mrs. T., terrified out of her senses, took the initiative, and bolted, and is giving out that I am a Dangerous Idiot. Female malice is extraordinary, but I am your debtor for my happy release.

"Yours, very thankfully,
"*Islington.*" "Barnabas Toddlekins."

THE* BROWN OF LIVERPOOL.

In the town of Liverpool
Doubtless there is many a fool;
But, though fools may never cease
Out thereof, they must decrease.

Liverpool, with Library,
And Museum, public, free,
Built at William Brown's expense,
Must acquire intelligence.

William Brown has wealth, and wit
Noble use to make of it.
Twine of laurel-sprigs a crown
Evergreen, for jolly Brown.

* Why not *The* Brown as well as *The* Chisholm, *The* O'Connor Don or *The* O'Donoghue?

Catholic Cookery.

One of our contemporaries accuses Dr. Cullen of "cooking the accounts" of the battle of Spoleto. The phrase is not inaptly chosen; but we fear if he continues his Cullenary courses, Dr. Cullen will in time be mistaken for Dr. Kitchener. No doubt each member of his Brigade—or shall we write it, brag-ade?—was a broth of a boy; but this would hardly justify the Doctor in such an act of cookery as he has been accused of.

THE LAND OF IRE.

The rabid invective which the Ultramontane Press of Ireland is continually launching against England and Sardinia, confirms the conjecture that the word Erin is derived from Erinnys, which, some young ladies may require to be reminded, was the name of a Fury.

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—THE TIME OF HENRY THE SIXTH.

MILITARY COSTUME. TEMP. HENRY THE SIXTH. FROM A BEAUTIFUL SUIT WHICH IS NOT IN THE TOWER ARMOURY.

FUNNILY fantastic as were the civil habits, the knightly armour of this period we learn was quite as fanciful. One writer describes the panoply of horsemen as showing the "unbridled caprices of the day;" but we question if this phrase may be accepted in its literalness, for we cannot think that horsemen rode their nags unbridled, any more than (with the exception of at Astley's) they do now. Surcoats and jupons went somewhat out of fashion, and it became "the thing" to cover the breast-piece and the placard with two different coloured silks. The placard, we should note, was a plate, and not a poster; as readers of the bill-sticking persuasion might imagine it. Breast-plates now consisted mostly of two pieces, and the lower one of these was called properly the placard.

We find that back-plates were occasionally worn as well as breast-plates; chiefly, we presume, by knights who thought discretion was the better part of valour, and who were prone, when they were forced to fight, to let their feelings run away with them. In lieu, however, sometimes both of breast-pieces and back-plates, there was worn a kind of jacket called a jazerant, or jazerine; a defence which was composed of little overlapping iron plates, covered with rich velvet, and for men who studied their personal appearance, fastened with gilt studs.

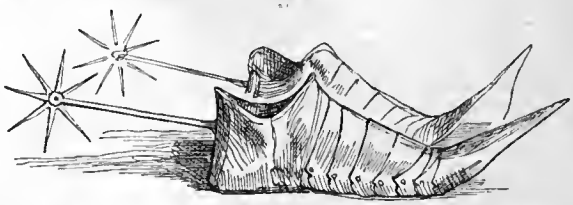
Aprons of chain mail still continued to be worn; but whether only by Free Masons, we confess we cannot state. Over these are shown in some of the old drawings plates called *tuiles*, depending from the front skirt of the body armour, and which it would appear were now first introduced. Having so many plates about them, the knights must certainly have found it difficult to cut away, and when trying to escape one can't help thinking that the fat ones were occasionally dished. It would thin the stoutest ranks to box them up in body-plates, and then to start them at "the double;" and however much their military ardour might be cooled, there would be little need of plate-warmers for keeping up their vital heat.

That there were lightly armoured swells, as well as knightly "heavies" is however clearly evidenced by PHILIP DE COMMINES; who tells us how the DUKES OF BERRI and BRETAGNE "were at their ease upon their hobbies" (which is more than can be said of some of our M.Ps.) "armed only with gilt nails, sewn upon satin, that they might weigh the less." This queer fashion of wearing gilt nails upon satin must have given knights a rather coffiny appearance; and if there be anything significant in names, one may fairly think that such a suit of armour must have been exactly suited for the DUKE DE BERRI.

Another point to notice in the military equipment is that to the bascinet, the helmet, and the old chapel-de-fer (by the bye, we ought to caution the weakminded of our readers that this ancient iron "chapel" must in no way be confounded with the modern iron churches, which we are now making for the settlers in Van Diemen's Land and the natives of our mining districts, and of other heathen parts)—to these old head-pieces we find was added now the "salade," to which we have alluded in our notice of the armour of the last preceding reign. The salade was a kind of bascinet or skull-cap, made to fit the head, and to project behind it in the manner of a trough, so as to keep both wet and weapons from dropping on the neck. We believe it to have been of German introduction; for we own we put no credence in the story that the salade was originally introduced by SALADIN. We have spoken of a fur called "lettice" at this period, but whether or no this lettice was in any way mixed up in the making of the salade, we must leave the Antiquarian Society to judge.

A sort of steel cap called a casquetel was also used about this time, and was furnished with oreillets, which were round or oval plates covering the ears. A spike called a crenel, or by some writers a charnel, was stuck atop of this new steel cap; and sometimes the oreillets were themselves supplied with spikes, projecting from their centres. One would fancy that this fashion must have found especial favour with the school-boys of the period; for spiked oreillets must have made the schoolmasters think twice before they dared to box the ears of peccant pupils.

Whether or no horses were at this time more than usually tough about the cuticle, we are unable with our present means of knowledge to decide. But we find that spurs were made with terribly long shanks, and the spikes of the rowels were of formidable dimensions. To give them extra power, too, it seems that they were generally screwed into steel shoes, an arrangement which the "screws," for whose excitement they were used, could hardly have approved of.



MILITARY SHOES AND SPURS OF THE PERIOD. FOUND WHILST DIGGING THE FOUNDATIONS FOR MR. PUNCH'S NEW COAL-CELLAR.

During the reign of the Sixth HENRY the first token of an important change in warfare, became visible and it clearly must not pass unnoticed in our Book. According to the best authorities (including of course ourselves) it was at this time that the hand-cannon or "gonne" was introduced: a weapon which we ought to regard with no small interest as being the first parent of our Miniés and Enfields, and the great great greatest grandmother of our exploded old Brown Bess. Vastly different from the modern eight-or-ten-mile-killing rifle was its first progenitor the hand-cannon or gonne. Such as they were, we think the merits of the invention belong to the Italians, who seem first to have been struck with the brilliant idea that small cannon might be made as easily as large ones, and that if they were made portable, foot soldiers could carry them. The first parent of our Mantons and our Westley Richardses was a simple iron tube (not unlike a little gas pipe or a largish pea-shooter) made with trunnions at the sides and a touchhole pierced atop. This was fixed in a piece of wood about a couple of feet in length, which answered to the modern stock, and was called the frame. It was soon found out, however, while the touchhole was atop that the priming got blown off before the match could be applied; and so some genius or other made the touchhole at the side, and put a small pan under it so as to hold the priming. It being then as now a maxim to keep one's powder dry, a cover for the pan was added in due course, constructed with a pivot so as to turn off and on. With these improvements it appears the gonne was used in England as early as the year 1446; as the curious may learn by a purchase-roll so dated, bearing reference to the Castle on Holy Island, Durham; a document which readers of black letter may find interesting, but which ordinary readers would not care to have us quote.

Of course we may surmise, without much fear of contradiction, that the newly invented weapon was fit for other purposes than that of human slaughter, and that sportsmen as well as soldiers in course of time made use of it. What sort of a figure was cut by cockney shooters who went out a-birding with one of these new gonnes, and became almost gonne 'coons from the recoil of it, we leave to our own artist with the help of his old manuscripts here clearly to depict.

FROM A CURIOUS MS. ENTITLED, "Ye Gonne, and howe to Use itt." DATE 1446.

A SUMMARY CONVICTION.—There has been no Summer this year.

CULLEN ON STRATEGY.

According to Dr. Cullen, in his late requiem-sermon, the Pope's Irish Brigade got conquered the other day only in consequence of having been caught at an unfair advantage by the dirty "bands of the excommunicated King of Sardinia," who pitched into that contingent of heroes at a time when "it had no reason to expect such an attack." Cullen knows that it is a point of honour with great generals never to take an enemy by surprise, but always on the contrary, to let him know of their approach a good while beforehand, so that whenever they push forward a reconnoitring column, it is always preceded by drums and fifes, or other military music, as in the case of Highland troops, when the bagpipes go before the men, playing, for example, "*The Campbells are Coming*." Acting on the same honourable principle, Marlborough, Frederick the Great, Napoleon, and Wellington used all of them, in advancing on an adversary in the day, to send on outriders, in the capacity and costume of heralds, blowing trumpets, and by night were accustomed to keep blue lights burning, and to send up sky-rockets from time to time. Well aware of these facts, Cullen, very naturally invites all generous minds to answer the following question:—

"Of what avail could military skill or undaunted courage be in such a crisis, when the invading forces, acting like robbers or assassins, had seized the strongest positions, and selected the battle-ground most favourable to themselves; and, adding perfidy to overwhelming numbers, had commenced the struggle before they gave any indication of their hostile intentions."

Of course regular troops, acting under judicious commanders, do not usually seize the strongest positions, select the battle-ground most favourable to themselves, and swoop down upon their antagonists when the latter are unprepared for them. No; as Dr. Cullen says, they leave this low kind of strategy to robbers and assassins, who, in order to carry out their murderous and predatory designs, are well known to be in the habit of intrenching themselves in fastnesses, securing a basis of operations, and choosing their own field—that is to say, when they mean to fight and do not intend creeping up to their victim and stabbing him in the back, or lying in wait for him and shooting him from behind a hedge. This way of committing murder is one which Dr. Cullen may have heard of—though not perhaps in Ireland. But brave soldiers, handled by magnanimous leaders, always punctiliously take care to give the forces opposed to them due intimation of their hostile intentions. A British general officer, indeed, has always a Solicitor on his staff and usually sends him on to serve a notice upon the opponent against whom he meditates any military operation.

The most famous Captains, moreover, we know as well as Cullen does, utterly ignore the detestable doctrine that victory generally inclines to the strongest battalions. Instead, therefore, of trying to crush a foe by numerical superiority, they invariably, before giving battle, make a practice of telling off men enough on their own side, if the stronger, to put it as nearly as possible on an equality with the other. They handicap their troops in fact. By resorting to this noble expedient, besides affording their antagonists an ample warning, they add simplicity to a doubtful match, instead of "adding perfidy to overwhelming numbers." Of the baseness thus denounced by Dr. Cullen in terms of the choicest Irish rhetoric, Cialdini and the Sardinians will no doubt feel sufficiently ashamed.

AN ALGERINE CRUSADER.

We must not believe all that we read, and therefore cannot vouch for the authenticity of the following extract from a despatch signed De Lamoricière:—

"Do not write to me about any more of those gossips, or else request me to put Macerata in a state of siege. We will arrest twenty-five persons, shoot ten of them, and then it will be all over."

Somebody ought to be hanged; either the villain who forged the sentence last foregoing, or the scoundrel that put his own name to it. The design of quietly arresting twenty-five persons, and shooting ten of them, is a fine idea for a soldier of the Cross. The Cross is now the prize of valour, but the proper reward for its soldier who conceived the idea of arresting and shooting people in cold blood, is the gallows. Yet Lamoricière is walking about, whereas, if he really was the author of the disgraceful document which contains the infamous passage above cited, he ought, as soon as he was captured, to have died in his boots, with their soles at some distance from the ground.

A Rooted Absurdity.

What are the Commissioners of Lunacy about? Here is a Wild Irishman driving his friends mad, and proving himself eminently fit for a straitwaistcoat, by claiming General Garibaldi as a countryman of his, in order, as we fancy, that he may let off a bad joke about it. The General, he says, was born in Cork or Connemara, he is not certain which; and, after his father, was christened Richard Murphy, a name which he has now contracted to Dick Tator!

The Dog and his Dwelling.

A Lady, charitable to the canine species, has established a "Home for Dogs" at Islington. Now a Home for Dogs may be a very admirable Institution; but Islington is not by any means the best place for it. A more appropriate site for such an establishment would have been found at Kenilworth.

New Jewry.—Baron Rothschild is stated to be arranging for the purchase of Palestine, with a view to the Restoration of the Jews. Rents at Brighton are expected to go down two-thirds.

OUR FRIEND THE DOCTOR.

Dr. Cumming has just delivered, at Manchester, a pleasant address, which reminds *Mr. Punch* of Canning's lines:—

"Half novel and half sermon, on it flowed:
With pious zeal the 'Manchesterians' glowed."

And in this address the Seraphic Doctor (why should he not inherit the title?) did *Mr. Punch* the honour of adverting to a paragraph published by the latter some weeks ago, at the time when it was stated—and, as the Doctor allows, truthfully—that, though believing that the world would end in 1867, Dr. Cumming had taken a lease of a house for twenty-one years. *Mr. Punch*, upon that occasion, gracefully complimented the Doctor upon his common sense. In the Manchester address, Dr. Cumming refers to *Mr. Punch's* courtesy, but says:—

"The Celebrated Satirist did not state that the lease was terminable at the end of 7, 14, or 21 years."

The Celebrated Satirist did not state this, because he did not know it. But now that he does know it, from the best authority, he hastens to announce it throughout the world, and to renew his compliments to Dr. Cumming upon his extreme wide-a-wake-ishness. If the world does not come to an end in 1867, the Doctor can renew his lease, and if it does, the lease will come to an end by what never can be more exactly defined than in legal language—the Effluxion of Time. All is serene, Seraphic Doctor.

An Awkward Memorandum.

"The Irish Catholics give a sword to Lamoricière."

He wants a new blade, for the old one has flown,
So give him the sword, disregarding the scoff
Which hints that whenever he puts the steel on
He'll remember his Paddies were prompt to steal off.

SOCIAL ZOPISSA.

Zopissa is announced as something which will prevent the least decay in a stone. Our friend Pam is not surprised, for he possesses, (and long may he possess) something which prevents the least decay in an Old Brick.

Mary (maliciously, to her Cousin on leave). "Henry, dear! Have you seen this Order about Reducing the Officers' Whiskers at Aldershott? What a shame! I'm sure if I were you I should resist it!"

[*Haw*—Henry *doesn't see the point.*

THE WAKE OF THE IRISH BRIGADE.

Dedicated to Dr. Cullen.

Sing rest to the souls of the brave sons of Erin,
The Banner of Faith 'gainst the haythen who bore;
Their glorious exploits were unaqualled for darin',
But ah! now, the Irish Brigade is no more.
Repose they in pace, ever blest be their slumbers,
And hallowed the spot where their cowld remains lie!
They fell, overwhelmed by shuparior numbers,
They would not surrender, preferring to die.

They drove back their foemen with terrible slaughter,
But sank under wounds, and exhausted with toil,
And then their warm life-blood was poured out like water,
To such an extent that it purpled the soil.
They stood whilst the death-shot around them was flying,
As thick as the leaves of the storm-shaken tree;
At last they were all on the battle-field lying,
Six hundred—of whom there survived only three.

Och! Talk of Leonidas; talk of the Spartans!
What's thim with O'Reilly's brave boys for to name?
On the knees of their breeches, the kilt (that's not tartans)
Fought on, till their wristbands hung out at the same.
Their bodies, interred at the inimy's quarters,
Are buried in honour, be-painted with gore.
Their spirits have now jined the Army of Martyrs,
And Fame will remimber their names ivermore.

Theatrical Amusements.

The King of Naples, it is said, is soon to be attacked in his last stronghold. Thus, by the fact of the evil King's expulsion, the "*Théâtre de la Guerre*" promises soon to be changed into the "*Théâtre de la Gaëta.*"

IMPORTANT SPORTING NEWS.

(*From Belial's Life.*)

At the late Meeting of the Jockey Club, though little business was done, many very valuable suggestions were made, and among them was one which it is hoped will forthwith be embodied in a rule of the Club, and carried out. It is the custom, as every one is aware, to publish on the eve of a race a list of the horses that have arrived to fulfil their engagements. But it is thought that the main object of the betting fraternity would be better served, were the list accompanied by another, from which they would at once learn the names of those who attend races for the purpose of supporting the said fraternity. It is proposed, therefore, that in future the papers which publish the list of "arrivals" shall do so in this manner:—

THE FOLLOWING HORSES HAVE ARRIVED:—

Diddle Dumpkin.	Lord Villiams.
Oneirocriticos.	Toad-in-a-Hole.
Bap.	Catacomb.
Elegant Samuel.	Jug.
Blue Beggar.	Aldiborontiphoskiphornio.
Caryatidus.	Hydrocephalus.

THE FOLLOWING ASSES HAVE ARRIVED:—

Lord Slopehead.	Hon. Mr. Noodle.
Mr. Flash Plundertill.	Mr. Pump.
Sir Bumpkin Bluster.	The Earl of Spoon.
Mr. Tristram Sappy.	Mr. Fastboy.
Mr. Muff.	Mr. Clapham Snobb.
Mr. Nunky.	Mr. Pillgarlick.
Viscount Greatass.	Hon. Utter Donkey.
Hon. Peter Simple.	Lord Tomnoddie.
A. Nidiot, Esq.	Mr. R. E. Markable Soft.

CALL A SPADE, A SPADE.

So strained is his account of what the Irish did in Italy, that it is urged that Dr. Cullen should be known as Dr. Cullender.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 11, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—Saturday, October 27, 1860.

"DE GUSTIBUS, &c."

Dinole. "*That style of Whisker seems to me to give a Wild Beast sort of expression.*"
Dangle. "'*Course it does. Exactly what I'm Going in for!!*"

ENGLAND'S IRON WALLS.

We have a mail-clad *Warrior* on the stocks; but we want many other Men of War in Armour—not such as are to figure in the Lord Mayor's Show.

No longer can we boast of the Wooden Walls of Old England, for those walls must now be made of a different material; not hearts of oak, but—

Ribs of steel are our ships,
Engineers are our men,
We're steady boys—steady,
But always unready;
We've just let the French get before us again!

However, steam frigates and rams are better calculated to repel aggression than they are to facilitate invasion. The service in which they are likely to be most effectual, is that of keeping offensive people aloof. One of them would, with the greatest ease, very soon send a three-decker full of men to the bottom. Though, therefore, French sailors will rejoice in these iron-bound vessels, French troops will hardly be transported.

A Post Captain will in future be an officer in command of Her Majesty's Naval Mail.

But after all, perhaps, one of these days, the time will come when even these last improvements in naval architecture will be superseded by floating batteries of higher proof and greater power. And then even our Ironsides of the Ocean will be looked upon as rusty old inventions.

Passport Precedence.

Much honour to Sweden, whose land is an Eden
Where Passports, those nuisances, now are unknown;
More honour to Norway, who previously saw way
To abolish such trash, that stops good men alone;
Most honour to Denmark who, first, with one pen-mark,
Dashed down the whole system of folly and flam;
And may spies, thieves, and traitors, and such aggravators,
Still baffle all rulers who keep up the Sham.

THE DAWN OF REPENTANCE.

Late nights have but one end, and that end, sooner or later, is—mourning!—*The President of the Early-Closing-your-Eyes Association.*

The Type of a Citizen.—*Bourgeois.*
The Type of a Schoolmaster.—Primer.
The Type of a Baby.—Small Caps.

OUR ROVING CORRESPONDENT.

"My dear Punch,

"Among the various advantages of being in Town when the cream and flower of fashion have departed, I reckon the comparative ease with which one can find a Hansom cab, a vacant table at Simpson's, and a seat at the theatres. I don't mean to say that your 'bloated aristocrats' take up much more room than ordinary mortals, or that the pit (which I chiefly frequent) is their favourite haunt on this side the footlights. Still the season is the season, there's no denying that, and when it comes, bustle and confusion as surely ensue as that annual hecatomb of delicate kids, of which we are reminded in our glover's bills.

"The other night, then, tempted by that admirable arrangement by which one may make sure of finding a seat without bolting one's dinner, and thus incurring the horrors of indigestion, I found myself in the pit of the Adelphi. I prefer, as I have said, that part of the house. I have heard many of my friends confess the same partiality, and assign various reasons for so doing; as for instance, because it is cooler, or warmer, or more respectable than the boxes; or because you needn't 'dress' there, or because it is the best place to see, &c, &c. Now besides all these there is another advantage, which these honest folks seem to overlook, but which the following little sum of subtraction will render evident:—

A box ticket costs say	5*s.* 0*d.*
A pit ditto ditto ditto	2*s.* 0*d.*
Leaving a clear balance in hand of	3*s.* 0*d.*

That is the advantage I mean, and I can't think why people are so obtuse as not to see it.

"Of course I went to see the *Colleen Bawn.* I couldn't help myself. Everyone was bothering me about it. 'Have you seen the *Colleen?*' says one. 'What d'ye think of the *Bawn?*' inquired another, (between ourselves I've not the wildest notion what either of these words mean; but that's not to the point). I determined to go, and you may picture me seated with a bi-foliated playbill in my hand, and listening to the last bars of the overture.

"*Eheu, Posthume!* it must be some eight years ago since I, fresh from the classic shades of Eastminster, sat before another drop-scene when a certain young lady played *Kadiga* in *the Alhambra*, and sang a facetious duet with poor old Harley. By Jove! how I envied that venerable comedian as he piped out—

"My dear *Kadiga*, one fine day," &c.

I would have cheerfully resigned my last new bat and stumps of the most approved pattern, and with all the latest improvements, to have changed places with him. I am afraid I took advantage of my parents' absence from town to repair to the Princess's on five consecutive nights, and should have been present on the sixth but for a severe cold which I caught while absurdly waiting about to see Some One drive away in a cab. There was one bouquet tied up with silver cord which she must have noticed. Ah! *vive la Jeunesse!* Live the youth, indeed! I thought I could have died for—but however, I didn't. You see I was but seventeen at the time: young gentlemen at that period of life frequently survive their disappointments—(no less than eleven and a half have fallen to my lot), but I confess I was rather in a flutter when the curtain rose upon the *Colleen Bawn.* You know the plot, I dare say, but as some of your 500,000 readers may not, I will just sketch the outline.

"The scene is laid in Ireland towards the close of the last century,

and the action takes place (including the subaqueous business) in and about the Lake of Killarney.

"There is a certain *Mrs. Cregan* (of Tore Cregan) with an only son, *Hardress*, who owing to the reverses of Fortune, has become involved in considerable pecuniary difficulties from which she is naturally anxious to escape. Her chief creditor is a very objectionable old person by the name of *Corrigan*, who takes advantage of her embarrassment to appear before her in the light of a suitor, and holds certain mortgages *in terrorem* by way of inducing her to become his wife. Being a very high spirited young widow (and having perhaps some other swain in view), she is naturally very indignant at the suggestion, and spurns his offer in her son's presence, who taking up his Mamma's cause very warmly, brings his boots to bear upon the question, and, in short, kicks *Mr. Corrigan* out of the house. That old gentleman goes away vowing vengeance, and immediate ruin seems the inevitable consequence; but *Mrs. C.*, who, like a true woman, has had another string to her bow all the while, proposes to her son that he should espouse a wealthy heiress, *Miss Chute*, who is supposed to be possessed of a large landed estate with a comfortable little property in the funds besides. There is, however, a slight obstacle to this arrangement which is no less than the fact that *Mr. Cregan* has already taken to himself a wife in the person of a peasant girl, *Eily O'Connor* (the *Colleen Bawn*). Without being aware that matters have gone thus far, *Mrs. Cregan* on her son's declining to marry *Miss Chute* off hand, begins to suspect that the *Bawn* has something to do with it, and I leave you to judge what her feelings are towards that unfortunate young person.

"Now *Miss Chute* is an uncommonly nice girl, but it so happens that she has already fixed her affections on a *Mr. Kyrle Daly*, and therefore would not be in a position to listen to *Mr. Cregan's* addresses (if he were in a position to pay them), but for an accident which tends rather to lessen her regard for her original lover. To explain this I must introduce you to another individual who plays an important part in the plot. This is a poor cripple called the *Danny Man*—a sort of retainer on the Cregan estate, and devotedly attached to young *Hardress* for the thoroughly Hibernian reason, that that gentleman had pitched him over a precipice in early life, of which his deformity is the consequence.

"Seeing the difficult position in which his master is placed, and thinking it a pity that such a fine young squire should be thrown away upon a cottage girl, the *Danny Man* sets his wits to work in order to prevent such a catastrophe. He begins by leading *Miss Chute* (by a tremendous bouncer) to believe that it is her lover *Mr. Daly* who is paying attentions to the *Bawn*, and thus estranges her from that gentleman. He then eggs on *Hardress* (who is uneasy at the prospect of insolvency) to try and wheedle his wife out of her marriage certificate, representing to her, by way of inducement, what a nice comfortable arrangement it would be for all parties if she would kindly make herself scarce in order that her husband might contract a second, and more advantageous marriage without incurring any disagreeable imputations of bigamy.

"Fortunately just at this juncture, and while the poor thing is still hesitating, an old lover of *Eily O'Connor* turns up—a saucy dram-drinking bright-eyed good-hearted son of Erin, who by putting matters in their true light, brings her to her senses, and a jolly old priest, *Father Tom*, who is attached to the family in general and to the whiskey bottle in particular, makes her take a tremendous oath that she will never part with the certificate as long as she lives. *Mr. Cregan* goes off in a rage and the curtain falls on the First Act.

"In the next we find the *Danny Man* (whose moral obliquity is only equalled by his crooked aspect) suggesting to *Hardress*, that if he should desire any stronger measures used, he need but send him his glove, and may leave all the rest (*i.e.*, assassination of the *Bawn*) to him (D.M.). *Mr. Cregan* naturally resents this proposal as not only too horrible to contemplate, but also as extremely impertinent, and the *Danny Man* is in imminent danger of being throttled for his pains. This, however (after the Irish fashion), only increases his devotion, and under this influence, he unfortunately meets *Mrs. Cregan*, who is struggling between pride and love and duty, and making a proper tragic jumble of the three. Thinking it would be a capital thing to get rid of the *Bawn*, that lady, without inquiring into particulars, brings him the glove as from her son, and with a little show of conscience, the *Danny Man* sets off on his errand. To cut matters short, the poor *Bawn* is easily persuaded to accompany him—and he decoys her in a boat to the Water Cave, where in a most heartless manner he pushes her into 'the briny.' Of course, immediately afterwards he is stung by remorse, and it is perhaps owing to the awful effects of this passion on his personal appearance that he is mistaken for an otter and shot then and there by *Myles na Coppaleen*, who has come down to the Water Cave on a little private business in the distilling line. Fishing about in the water for his otter, what should he come upon but the cloak of his old sweetheart, and her own dear self at the end of it! That is quite enough for him—before you can say Jack Robinson, in he goes (a regular header, only there is no splash), and after about a minute of intense anxiety, is seen making his way through the water, and at last bearing *Eily O'Connor* to the rock whence she was thrown. Then the Curtain very properly descends again.

"The Third Act, I confess, I do not clearly understand. The *Bawn* is rescued, that is certain, and the *Danny Man* scrambles to shore somehow, in time to make his confession before paying the just penalty for his wickedness. This confession is partly dotted down by *Mr. Corrigan*, who conceals himself with that object, but it is reserved for *Mrs. Cregan* to explain before the parochial authorities that she is the one who has been most to blame in the matter. By this explanation, singularly enough, she manages to remove all suspicion of guilt from *Hardress* without incurring any herself. The heiress also sees how affairs stand, and bestows her hand upon the faithful *Daly*. The *Bawn* is restored to the arms of her husband, and forgives him like a good fond foolish wife as she is. But to descend from matrimony to money matters, how do the *Cregans* get over their difficulties? Does good *Miss Chute* come to the rescue, as I believe she expressed a wish to do in the early part of the play? or does *Mr. Corrigan* forfeit his claims, or do *Hardress* and the *Bawn* live happily on nothing a year ever afterwards? Rapt into a phase of melodramatic excitement, I forgot to cross-examine the Muse on these points, which after all, are not of much importance. I enjoyed my evening very much, as I believe most of the spectators did, if we may put any faith in bravos and brass ferrules. To my mind, one looks on at a play with additional interest when the author is included in the *rôle*, and whatever may be the opinion of the learned regarding MR. BOUCICAULT as a dramatist, there can be little doubt of his merit 'on the boards.' I can hardly imagine a better Stage Irishman, and if you have seen the '*Colleen Bawn*' I make no doubt you will agree so far with

"Your humble servant,
"JACK EASEL."

THE LATEST PARISIAN FOLLY.—THE SPOON-SHAPED BONNET.

SEERS OF THE FUTURE.

FORMERLY he was reckoned a very clever fellow who could see into the middle of next week, but your Spiritualist of the present day goes a great deal further than that. He will see into the middle of next century, if you will only pay him properly for it. Distance is no object, but the pay is. Spiritualism, like the Empire, *c'est le* pay. Who would turn a table, unless he could turn many a shilling with it? MR. HOME, Sweet HOME, can tell you whether Spirit-rapping is worth a rap, or not? In the meantime, will any sharp-sighted Spiritualist, who can look into the future with the same ease as the gentleman in the *Arabian Nights* did into the pool of water, and tell us all the wonders that every drop of it contains, be kind enough to inform us when the Guards' Memorial (which has been going on now from time immemorial) is likely to be completed?

The Complete British Tradesman.

(BY AN IRATE HOUSEKEEPER.)

DID you now, and tell us candidly, ever in your long experience, know a tradesman make a mistake, except in his own favour? An answer per return of post, is politely requested.

WANTED.—A Crinoline Fire Insurance Company, to protect Ladies who cannot stand fire without losing their lives any more than the Neapolitan troops can.

THE CAUSE OF THE ROMISH CRUSADERS.

THERE was a time not far away,
When CULLEN'S Church the wisest schooled;
Kings governed with unbridled sway;
And priests the ruler's conscience ruled.
How high attained the human mind?
A holy Mother formed it then;
She had the teaching of mankind,
And should have made them noble men.

Ah! then the world, for some brief space,
Beheld the reign of truth and good,
And, lessoned by supernal grace,
Man's dues and duties understood;
But rarely then were subjects moved
Against their monarchs to rebel:
For Princes in their conduct proved
The right divine to govern well.

Yes, then hard hearts were taught to feel;
Then scourges tore the scorner's back;
Then bones were crushed upon the wheel,
And sinews snapped upon the rack.
The tongue that uttered words of sin
Was then torn out by zealous ire,
And misbelievers' living skin
Hissed, shrunk, and crackled in the fire.

Alas! offenders now atone
Their crimes by torment scarcely more;
Subverted is the Bourbon's Throne,
That did some wretches force to roar.
The groan, the shriek, the scream, the wail,
From cell and scaffold cease to rise;
No roasting heretics exhale
Unwilling incense to the skies.

Ages of Faith, will you revive,
And miscreants shall we yet behold,
Whipped, mangled, maimed, and burnt alive,
As in the pious days of old?
Or have the wise, the good, and brave,
Been fighting, with devotion fired,
In vain, that Dynasty to save
Which those delightful times inspired?

A NEW OPENING.

THE way in which our streets are torn up at the present moment affords an admirable opening for street conjurors and posture-mongers, of which our *al fresco* professors liberally avail themselves. As the thoroughfares are impassable for vehicles, they have the street all to themselves, and they can carry on their gymnastics without the slightest interruption. When half-a-dozen Risleys have built themselves into a living pyramid almost as tall as a Manchester warehouse, they cannot pick themselves quickly to pieces, a Bounding Brick of Babylon at a time, as often as a PICKFORD'S van is seen in the distance galloping, with the speed of a fire-engine, towards them. The consequence is, that the wearers of pink fleshings have been doing a rare sweeping business lately, which is likely to continue until such time as our Paving Commissioners and Gas Companies force them to shut up shop, by closing the chasms that are such profitable mines of wealth to all followers of the *haute gymnastique*. The only drawback is, the fear that occasionally possesses the aspiring gentleman who acts the apex of *la Perche*, of falling some thirty or forty feet to the bottom of a most uninviting sewer, that he sees yawning beneath him.

It is not at all pleasant to think that the smallest hesitation, the most trifling deviation from the right line of conduct, on the part of his *confrère* who is performing the part of base below, might cause him at any moment to play the involuntary character of MARCUS CURTIUS. The apprehension takes away materially from the pleasure that ambition has generally in reaching the summit of its wishes; nor can the poor posturer, who, poised in the air, is *girouetting*, like a corporeal weather-cock, in front of the attic windows, be buoyed up much with the consoling conviction that, supposing he were to leap into the gulf, his country would gain anything by it, or even be grateful for the sacrifice. We doubt if the sewers would close any the quicker. Another drawback is, that these exciting performances distract the attention of the workmen a great deal too much. The bold navvy leans upon his pick-axe, and stares his eyes out with admiration, quite unconscious of the rolling hours. We cannot blame him, for human nature loves play better than work; but still we see clearly that, unless these moving distractions are made to move off altogether, our streets give every promise of being, like the Haymarket Theatre, open all the year round.

Is there no Early-Closing Association that can look into the matter, and get these million-and-one cruel incisions into the bowels of the earth to close a little earlier. If they would close at two o'clock on the Saturdays only, still it would be a great boon, and would go a long way to make matters a little smoother. Rent-day, we believe, comes in the country not more than four times a-year, and in Ireland, sometimes, it never comes at all; but in London it is rent-day every day throughout the year, and so sadly is every thoroughfare distrained upon in consequence of these numerous rents, that we have scarcely a stick or a stone that we can call our own.

Couldn't the Paving and Lighting Commissioners come to some arrangement to open only one or two, and not all the streets, at the same time? Or are the present regulations intended as a punishment upon all those pitiable parties who are compelled, less from choice than necessity, to stop in town? It may probably be our own fault. It serves us right, if we do inhale gases and other perfumes unregistered by DELCROIX, and other perfumers who take the nose of the public in hand. By rights, we should be at Brighton, or Leamington, or Scarborough—anywhere but in this unpleasant London.

In the interim, if there is any inquiring foreigner who is anxious to see anything of the interior life of London, now then, we say, is his time. He will find a capital opening for pursuing his researches, ready-made for him, in Piccadilly, the Strand, or Regent Street, or any main thoroughfare (so called, because the main is always being pulled up) where the traffic is greatest.

THE MOST DELICATE COURTESY OF ALL.

IN graceful acknowledgment of the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE'S having brought H. R. H. to America, the Republicans have nearly made up their minds to choose as President—A LINCOLN.

A PARALLEL—SLIGHTLY COLOURED.

IF China suffers under its Tae-pings, England has almost as great a nuisance in its Red Ta-pings.

THE BORES OF THE BEACH.

SO! AS IT'S A FINE DAY, YOU'LL SIT ON THE BEACH AND READ THE PAPER COMFORTABLY, WILL YOU? VERY GOOD! THEN WE RECOMMEND YOU TO GET WHAT GUINEA-PIGS, BRANDY-BALLS, BOATS, AND CHILDREN'S SOCKS, TO SAY NOTHING OF SHELL-WORK-BOXES, LACE COLLARS, AND THE LIKE YOU MAY WANT, BEFORE YOU SETTLE DOWN.

THE TRIO AT WARSAW.

WHEN VICTOR first began to reign
Without the Tyrants' leaves,
He much alarmed three mighty men;
And two of them were thieves:
The first he was a Russian;
The next he was a Prussian;
And the third he was a little Kai-ser:
Three Despots altogether.

The Russian chafed with scorn;
The Prussian spun a yarn;
And the little Kai-ser waxed red with wrath,
And all three Sovereigns warm.
The Russian was choked with self-will;
The Prussian made swallow his yarn;
And the Rebels did away with the little Kai-ser,
With his Charter under his arm.

EXCITING RACE.

LAST week there was a most exciting race in the Strand between a fire-engine and a Pickford's van. The former had the start, but was soon caught up to by the latter. The pace for about ten minutes was terrific, we might almost say, killing—but ultimately the Pickford's van won by a good couple of streets. Only five children and two old women were thrown over, fifteen apple-stalls upset, one costermonger's donkey seriously injured and not expected to survive, besides an old gentleman and a commissionaire, who were carried to the hospital, and lie in a very precarious state. The winner was taken to the station house, and weighed in the scales of justice, whereupon some little irregularity being detected, he was detained. This irregularity simply arose from the fact of his being considerably overweighted with liquor.

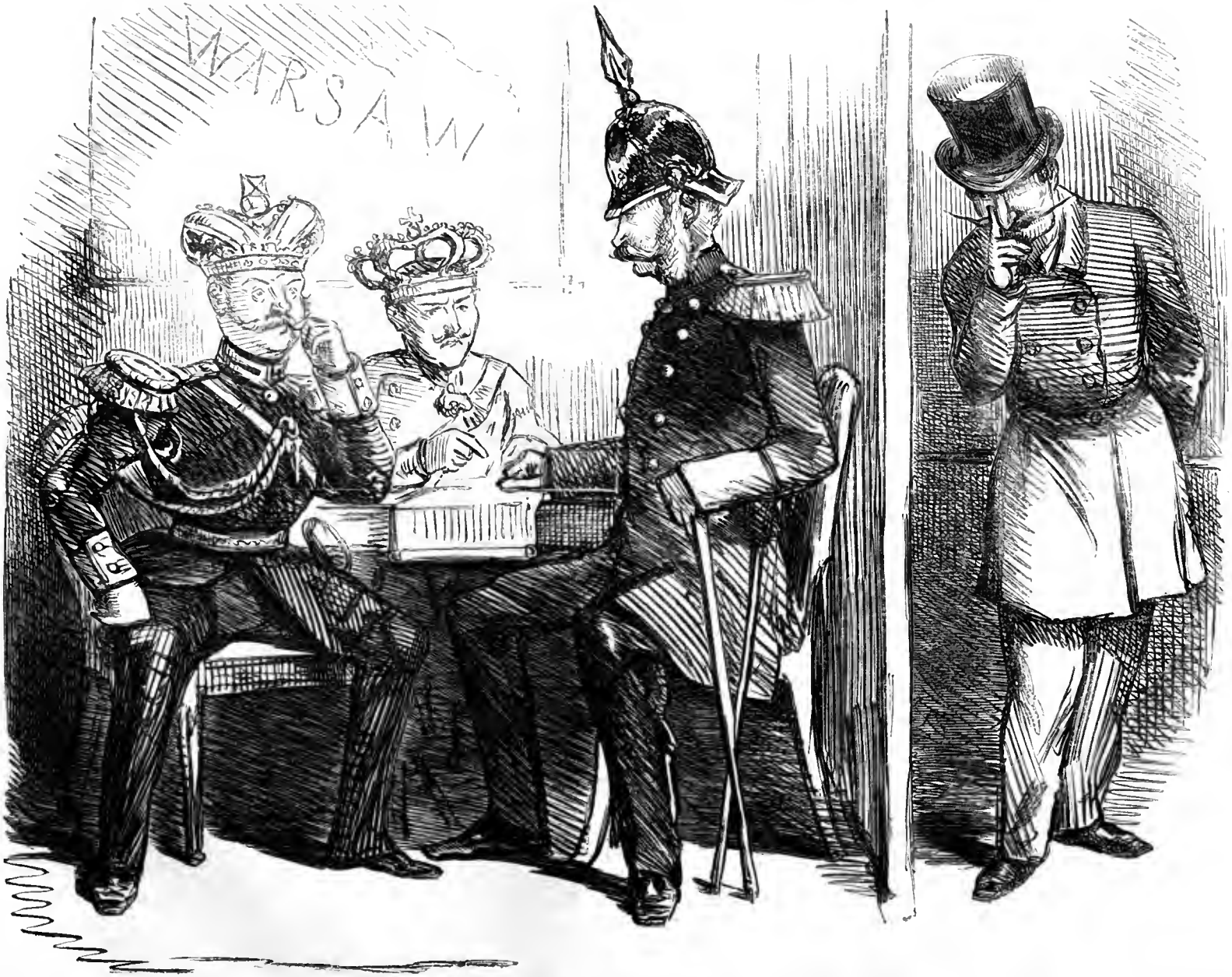
THE PENNY WEDDING.

WE are happy to state that a marriage which has been for a considerable time on the sawdust has at length taken place. On Monday, the 22nd ult. was solemnised in the Chapel, Fetter Lane, the union of MORNING STAR, Esq., adopted child of JOHN BRIGHT, Esq., of Birmingham, M.P., with MISS DIAL, surviving child of A. GREAT MISTAKE, Fleet Street. The bride had long been in a delicate state of health, owing to her having been unfortunately submitted to empirical treatment, and at one time had scarcely been expected to linger through another week, but it is hoped that the happy alliance now made will give her a new lease of life. Her husband, though not very well educated, and though at times inclined to be coarse, has a manly English character, and MISS DIAL, though brought up as a rigid Dissenter, has already seen the folly of fanaticism, and has accompanied her new lord to most of the theatres, to Newmarket races, and other scenes of which she was lately in the habit of speaking with the shyness of ignorance. We take much interest in the fortunes of the wedded pair, and trust that they will be blest with a large issue.

A Table of Contents.

A TABLE that answers to every rap of the Spiritualist, and answers precisely as the Spiritualist wishes it,—or a table that moves according to the desires of the fools that are circled round it, and is as easily moved as a cook with a novel in penny numbers,—or, better still, a table whose legs will begin cutting capers, and then flies off into the *Post-Horn Galop* round the room, and winds up by dancing the *College Hornpipe* on the ceiling,—such a table is indeed a Table of Contents. A Table of Discontents is one, we suppose, that will not yield to any amount of pressure—that would not allow itself to be carried away even by a broker.

PÈRE LA CHAISE.—Twins in a Perambulator.



THE WARSAW CONFERENCE.

Louis Nap. (a Detective in Plain Clothes). "OH! YOU'RE UP TO A NICE GAME; BUT I'VE GOT MY EYE ON YOU!"

THE DRAG ON THE TREASURY COACH.

The Treasury Coach is a ticklish machine
To tool without perilous jolting,
To shave kerb-stones keen, and to turn corners clean,
And keep leaders and wheelers from bolting;
And the Jehus who drive, should be keenly alive,
To the rule, which the best for their tribe is,
Who would scape purls and pitches in kennels and ditches—
"*In medio tutissimus ibis.*"

John Bull has good pluck, and firm faith in his luck,
And likes a bold rate of progression;
It's hard to make *him* shy, but that son of Minshi
Bill Gladstone did *that* all last session.
He went off at a pace to try linch-pin and trace,
Galloped up-hill and down—helter-skelter—
Spite of warnings and shouts, from both insides and outs,
Bad roads, and a weight more than welter.

As for nursing a nag, or attaching the drag,
Or heeding "wo-hoas" from his warners,
Or heavings and pitches, or kerb-stones and ditches,
Screaming pikemen, short turns, or sharp corners—
To such cautions a stranger, a scoffer at danger,
He swore he would show each old fogy,
He was not to be schooled how the coach should be tooled,
In defiance of bugbear or bogey.

The Treasury trap, by a merciful hap,
Through its stages he ended by getting,
Though the wonder was vast, that he didn't at last
Succeed the old coach in upsetting.
And when John Bull jumped down, at the sign of the Crown,
—Amazed he had not had a tumble—
Says he, "Next time *you* drive, sure as *I* am alive,
I'll send a safe guard in the rumble.

"Laing 's all very well, o'er the way-bills to spell,
To look after the parcels and so on,
But he's not the right stuff—not half cautious enough—
A coach tooled by Gladstone to go on—
With a chap at the ribbons, who doesn't care fippence
For his own neck, or passengers' either,
There's need of a man, who'll do all caution can,
By help of the drag, to risk neither.

"If Bill *must* be endured," John told Pam his old steward,
"You look out 'mong the chaps in my service,
For one you can answer is not a Draw-can-sir,
But rather inclined to the nervous—
And just hint on the quiet, if Gladstone runs riot,
He isn't obliged to obey him—
The more spokes in his wheel he can put I shall feel
The better he earns what I pay him."

Says old Pam, with a wink, "well, I really think,
I've a lad that just meets your directions;
He's as cool as a fish, with a natural wish
To make, if he can't find, objections.
He's staid, and he's solemn, talks shop by the column,
Spins red-tape by the yard, on occasion;
I don't want to brag, but if *he* spares the drag,
Say I can't twig a fellow's vocation.

"Fred Peel is his name, at hard work he is game,
He don't care in whose teeth he runs rusty;
And Gladstone will find, if to ride rough inclined,
Fred quite as inclined to cut crusty—
So jump up—you Fred . . . . see Bill don't get his head,
Though he try all he knows of soft sawder;
To the drag have an eye, and remember, my boy,
You're put there to keep William in order."

Another such Victory, and they are Done For!

The Minister of War of the King of Naples, in his report on the Battle of Volturno, claims it as a victory. The Neapolitan troops may henceforth pride themselves on having one characteristic trait in common with the English, for it is very clear "they do not know when they're beaten." However, there the resemblance begins and ends.

Berlin Worsted—What Berlin certainly will be, if ever she is foolish enough to have a quarrel with London.

A PROSPECT FOR POISON-MONGERS.

(*View of the Mill.*)

We are very much obliged to the Recorder of Hull, and author of *Passages from the Diary of a late Physician*, Samuel Warren, Esq., Q.C., for having, in his address to the Grand Jury, at the late Quarter Sessions, delivered a valuable summary of the last session of Parliament's legislation. Herein he specified one particular statute, containing a provision calculated to have a most beneficial effect, if it is but duly and fully enforced. This Act is c. 8, which provides by section 1, for the punishment, with a long term of penal servitude or imprisonment, of "any person unlawfully and maliciously administering, or causing to be administered to, or taken by, any other person, any poison or other destructive or noxious thing, so as thereby to endanger life or inflict any grievous bodily harm;" a crime which it constitutes felony. Having stated thus much, Mr. Warren proceeded to inform his audience, concerning this same wholesome act for the discouragement of attempting to poison, that—[1]

[1] By the second section, the doing so with intent to injure, aggrieve or annoy any person, is declared a misdemeanour, punishable with or without hard labour for any period not exceeding three years. By the third and last section, if a jury be not satisfied as to the prisoner being guilty of felony under section 1st, on an indictment charging it, they may find him guilty of the misdemeanour under section 2, if satisfied that he is guilty of it."

Now, then, deleterious lollipop-vendors, grocers who sell coloured tea, and all the rest of you dealers in adulterated food, look out. If you serve your customers with poisoned articles you will be clearly liable to an indictment for felony, and even if that cannot be sustained, it will be for the jury to consider whether, in selling people pernicious eatables and drinkables for the purpose of cheating them, you are not "unlawfully and maliciously administering or causing to be administered" that which may rightly be described as "poison or other noxious or destructive thing, with intent to injure, aggrieve, or annoy" those whom you defraud. Prepare your goods for the market, therefore, with the fear of the treadmill and the crank before your eyes.

You publicans also, mind what beer you sell, and be careful how you purvey public-house port. Take heed lest you let yourselves in for three years. The same caution should be observed by all those who pretend to give wine to others, and give something else, or give bad wine; a cruelty and a wrong which is sometimes committed by other hosts than landlords, and which richly merits imprisonment with hard labour.

WELLINGTON VOLUNTEERS.

At the instance of the Early Closing Association, the principal bootmakers in the Edgware Road and the western part of Oxford Street have agreed to shut up shop every evening, except Saturdays, at eight o'clock. It is to be hoped that this step will prove to have been the commencement of a general Bootmakers' Early Closing Movement. Amongst the various persons employed in the boot-trade, it is obvious that the Boot Closers are at least as much interested as any in the promotion of early closing, for which purpose they should redouble their endeavours to close every boot confided to their hands as early as possible. It is a pity that the bootmakers cannot participate in the benefit of the Saturday half-holiday, which it may be thought that they might enjoy if workpeople in general had their wages paid them on Fridays; but the demand for new boots and shoes on the part of the industrious classes, inseparable from the eve of Sunday, will probably forbid the proprietors of Golden Boots and Noah's Arks, if not the Makers to the Queen and the Aristocracy, to put up their shutters much before twelve o'clock on Saturday night. Otherwise, the liberated bootmakers' shopmen might go and contribute to the Saturday Review, or at least assist at the drill, of Rifle Volunteers, which generally takes place in Hyde Park, "or some other suitable place" on Saturday.

Having served their customers, they would then learn how to serve their country, if their country should ever require their services; but let us hope it never will. It is often jocosely said, that there is nothing like leather; but a bootmakers' brigade would doubtless prove that remark to be one of the many true things which are said in joke, by the "leathering" which they would administer to their adversaries. The sons of Crispin are generally celebrated for combativeness, and no class of young men would be more prompt than the bootmakers to aid in repelling any enemy who might come here in quest of booty. No doubt many of them will avail themselves even of the limited leisure, which is all the time they can at present command, to learn the use of arms; and, with a view to their encouragement in the study of this useful art, let us, the next opportunity we have of proposing a toast and sentiment, drink "Success to the Bootmakers' Early Closing; and no Heeltaps."

Mr. Rarey's Arms.—A Horse-pistol, and a Colt's revolver.

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER XXXV.—A FIRST LOOK AT THE LADIES OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

FROM THE BRASS OF BARBARA DE BERMONDSEYE. TEMP. HENRY THE FIFTH. SHOWING THE "NEWEST THING IN BONNETS OF THE PERIOD."

MUCH as it may pain us to reflect upon the fact, truth obliges us to state that in the reigns of HENRY THE FOURTH, HENRY THE FIFTH, and HENRY THE SIXTH, (which, as every baby knows, embraced the interesting period between the first day of October in 1399, and the fifth day of March in 1461,) the ladies certainly committed many an offence against good taste in their costume, and their head-dresses were perhaps the head and front of their offending. So gigantic were the structures they erected on their heads that doorways, we are told, had to be altered to admit them.* Indeed such was their absurdity, that one of the most courteous of writers on costume is constrained to say the head-dresses of these three HENRYS' reigns were "certainly as ugly and unbecoming as can well be imagined;" and when one looks at the strange specimen with which we head this chapter, one must confess that there appears to be great cause for this complaint.

In general, variety is reputed to be charming; but this can hardly be asserted of the coiffures which were fashionable during the fifteenth century. There was abundance of variety, but very little that was charming in the monstrosities that ladies took it into their heads to wear upon them. In the reign of HENRY THE FOURTH the fashion was to have the hair still gathered in a caul; but this, instead of being fastened closely round the head, was projected at the sides, and flattened at the top, so that ladies looked as though they carried baskets on their heads, and made their back hair serve by way of porter's knot. In the following two reigns flat crowns went out of fashion, and it became "the thing" to wear large high and heartshaped head-dresses, which sometimes were exchanged for a more pointed style of coiffure, that gave its wearer the appearance of having grown a pair of horns. Turbans of oriental form were also worn occasionally, and now and then a roll of cloth or silk was wrapped or folded round the head, and all the hair was combed straight through it in the manner of a scalp-lock, and thence dangled down the back.

The horned head-dress was, however, the one that was most fashionable, perhaps because it clearly looked the most ridiculous. What the horns were made of we cannot state precisely, for the mysteries of the toilette are not to be revealed by a modest and male pen. It is enough for us to hint that they projected from the ladies "like the crested honours of the brute creation," as one of the most elegant of writers has expressed it: and that sometimes from their tips behind, there was suspended a short veil, which served to give a sort of background to the face. Whether ladies ever played at "Buck, buck!" with each other, and asked how many horns they held up on their heads, is a question of so little value to our work, that we care not to decide it by so much as a toss up. It puzzles us, however, to guess what other good there could have been in wearing them, and we thoroughly endorse the opinion of WILL COX, the learned Finsbury historian, that the horns were not more useful than they were hornamental.

Of course the *Punches* of the period poked their fun unmercifully at these preposterous head-coverings: but it must be owned their jokes are somewhat of the mildest, with the addition too of being mostly far too coarse to quote. As a specimen we may mention, that the ladies who wore horns were declared to "carry about with them the outward and visible sign of the father of all evil," and were compared to cows, to harts, to unicorns, and snails, and to all sorts of horned creatures, perhaps including horned owls. One old writer gives his lips a misogynic smack, as he relates how to a feast there did come a gentlewoman, having her head so strangely stuck about with pins, that the company full soon did scorn her from their presence, saying she did bear a gallows on her skull. Moreover, poetry was launched as well as prose at these queer head-dresses. LYDGATE, the monk of Bury, who, we are told, was "the most celebrated poet of the day," produced a laughter-moving ballad called "*A Ditty of Women's Horns*," whereof the gist and burden is the strangely sage reflection, that pretty women have no need of horns to make them pretty. As a sample of the sort of stuff which the "most celebrated poet" of the period could perpetrate, we beg to introduce the following mirthful stanza to the notice of the curious:—

> "Clerkes record, by great authority,
> Horns were given to beastes for defence:
> A thing contrary to feminity,
> To be made sturdy of resistence.
> But arch wives, eager in their violence,
> Fierce as tigers for to make affray,
> They have despite, and act against conscience,
> List not to pride their horns cast away."

One can't help having a doubt of the "wisdom of our ancestors," when one reflects that they could write—and actually read—such stupid stuff as this. What would become of *Punch* (who is clearly "the most celebrated poet of the day,") if, instead of all the golden lines he weekly issues from his mental mint, he were to palm upon the public such a pitiful ditty, full of bad jokes and worse grammar as this old Monk's of Bury, whose poetry by rights should have been buried with his bones?

LADY AND GENTLEMAN OF NOBLE BIRTH. TEMP. HENRY THE FOURTH. FROM A CURIOUS BOOK OF FASHIONS ENTITLED "YE TOMFOOLERIE." DATE 1409.

Of course it was not likely that ladies should be found to be more sensible in other parts of their costume, when they were so foolish about that which they wore nearest to their brains. Extravagance and superfluity were their prevailing faults in dress; and they had seemingly no notion of the "elegant simplicity" which has so eminently distinguished the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street, with whom some of their descendants may perhaps be well acquainted. Gowns, we find, were worn extremely wide and full, and with enormously long trains, so that their wearers must have found it cruel crural work to walk in them. Street-sweepers (if there were any—will MR. TIMBS enlighten us?) might have, with some reason, approved of these appendages, but as they must have been continually tripping people up, we think that no one else about the streets could have thought well of them.

It may be interesting to some of our fair readers to learn, that exceedingly short waists were in fashion at this period; and that it was thought nice to have them small as well as short may be inferred from an old love-song we have recently unearthed, and which in the sentimental language of the time commences thus:—

> "My Love shee hath a red, red nose,
> Uponne a white, white face:
> Ye reason is, soe men suppose,
> Shee doth too tightlie lace."

Without bothering the reader (to say nothing of ourselves) with any further details and particular descriptions, which we find (in other writers) are particularly sleepifying, we beg to call upon our artist to finish off this Chapter for us by giving a true copy of a curious old drawing, which will amply serve to illustrate the ample bed-gowns of the period, and the formidable structures which now served by way of night-caps. The drawing, which is in the famous Whitefriars collection, will be looked upon as one of great domestic interest, as it represents QUEEN MARGARET, the wife of our SIXTH HENRY, in the noble act of carrying her husband up to bed. Such of our readers as have read the

* ISABELLA of Bavaria, Queen of CHARLES THE SIXTH of France, is represented by MONTFAUCON as wearing "a heart-shaped head-dress of exceeding size, and some doe say that shee did carry ye fashion to suche a height that at Vincennes ye palace doors were obliged to be enlarged, for else hir Majjesty and eke ye ladies of her suite, when they were in fulle dress, could not have squeezed through them."

History of England are of course aware that MARGARET was a strong-minded woman; and this old drawing shows her to have been strong-bodied also. When we "look upon this picture" we seem to see quite clearly why HENRY was afraid of her, and instead of speaking of her as

HENRY THE SIXTH AND QUEEN MARGARET. FROM THE ORIGINAL DRAWING IN THE WHITEFRIARS COLLECTION. NEVER BEFORE ENGRAVED.

his better half, used generally to call her his superior three-quarters. History says that HENRY was, during his last days, as mad as a March hare, or as cracked as poor Big Ben, (the reader may select which simile he pleases,) and used to play at cup-and-ball with the royal orb and sceptre, while he amused himself with singing in a terribly cracked voice this extremely touching strain:—

"Oh no, pray never mention it,
Now isn't it too bad!
Four frogs upon my forehead sit,—
But no, I am not Mad!"

A LUCID EXPLANATION.

CLUMSINESS is certainly the failing of the Spiritualists. Conjurors they may be, but clever they are not. As a specimen of their stupidity, take the following explosion of one of their great guns, who has been firing away at *Punch* and all other non-dupables in a Yankee print:—

"Greatness among men is alone a property of the sensuous world; it does not belong to the world of spirits. Greatness of mind belongs to the philosophies of the earth, which philosophies, like the earth, are material, and are subject to the same laws. No greatness among men goes beyond the boundaries of the love of earth. The right that we have to claim that the spirits of WASHINGTON, FENELON, SHAKSPEARE, and NAPOLEON are a whit greater than the spirits of their washerwomen and scavengers is only warranted by the standard of material philosophy, which to the soul is as a fiction—is as a shadow of matter."

Here, then, is the explanation, for which we long have panted. Here, then, is the reason why the spirits of the Great when summoned by our tables say what is little worth the trouble we are at to call them forth. The spirit of SOLON drivels, and that of Dr. JOHNSON cannot even spell, because wisdom and good language are material possessions; and not being in the flesh, spirits therefore cannot own them. Of course, this very luminous and lucid explanation will amply serve to satisfy minds capable of crediting what Spiritualists state. But when SHAKSPEARE spoke of calling spirits from the vasty deep, he surely never dreamed that such vastly shallow reasoning could, in after time, be coupled with them.

A Stitch in Time.

IT appears that the only way to disable such a vessel as *La Gloire* is that of contriving to foul her screw. The next invention in naval warfare will be a Screw Fouler. Will the Admiralty get this want supplied, or leave the French Marine to make another discovery involving one more "reconstruction of the Navy."

THE IRISH ARMY OF MARTYRS.

OH! weep for the hour, when the bullets in a shower
On Erin's brave Brigadesmen at Ancona came;
Like heroes they did fight
For PIO NONO's right,
And gilded with new glory Ould Ireland'a glorious name.

The odds was one to ten; but what's that to Irishmen,
Who for foightin', 'tis well known, by constitution are inclined,
With their Clargy in their front,
To uphold them 'ginst the brunt,
The Holy POPE and Cardinals to push them on behind.

On the haythen foemen pour, thirty thousand, if not more,
Agin' the brave three hundred that scorn a foot to yield,
Though a hundred guns rained shot
Almost, if not quite, red-hot,
And the gallant blood of Ireland ran like wather o'er the field.

All in the crimson flood, up to the knees they stood,
And they scorned to ask for quarther, tho' the gore it rose and rose,
From their knees up their breasts,
O'er the shorter warriors' crests,
And took great O'REILLY's self—bein' tall—up to the nose.

For hours and hours they fought, and a miracle was wrought—
As, if miracles is ever wrought, why wouldn't it for *them*
That in Holy Church's cause,
Defyin' Saxon laws,
Enlists, the excommunicate Sardinian foe to stem?

For all the blood that flowed; to the depth that I have showed,
The thousands of the inimy, the hundthreds of big guns,
Every man came out alive,
And the wounded was but five,
And three of *them*, the Saints be praised, was only sprains and stuns.

There was gallant PETER MURPHY, laid low upon the turf he
Defended with such sperrit, wid 'a scorch on hands and face,
It 's himself that has smelt powdther,
And no man can brag loudther,
And good raison—wid his whiskers hurn't off upon the place.

And there 's valiant DANIEL SAVAGE, that the inimy did ravage,
Wid a slight flesh-wound above the knee, that he would niver bend,
To ask the foe for quarther,
If he was made a marthyr—
To the faithful for a pinsion the man I recommend.

And there's glorious PETER NEVIN, after killin' six or sevin,
(Not to spake of those he wounded, which was more by a great deal)
In hurts, as deeds, he still is
Like HOMER's great ACHILLES,
For the blow that laid him low is a contusion in the heel.

Then there's MURPHY number two, if a mortial could outdo,
The MURPHY number one, whose wounds above I've let you know;
TOM MURPHY is the boy,
Whereby he does enjoy,
A splinther in his flank—he marched side-front against the foe.

And lastly Christian prayers I beg, for JAMES O'BEIRNE his leg,
That afther his surrendther was cut off below the knee—
The only Irish limb—
I'll say that much for JIM—
That fell before the bullets of the cruel Minnié.

Sure the Protestants makes strictures on all the bleedin' picthurs,
And miraculous Madonnas that winks their holy eyes,
And the haythens, I'll go bail,
Will ridicule the tale
Of the blood that from the wounds I've sung, did wonthrously arise.

But in Holy Church's cause, what's the odds of Nature's laws,
Or the dirty rules of evidence the Saxon loves so well;
Sure, if marthyrs can't be got,
Widout havin' brave boys shot,
We'll shoot 'em upon paper, and that will do as well!

A Photograph whose Like was Never Seen.

WE read that there is a new invention (by an American, of course) that professes to print 12,000 photographs, or stereographs, in one hour, and all by means of a single negative. That must be almost as great a negative as FREDERICK PEEL himself—with this difference, that FREDERICK PEEL is a negative that has never yet made any satisfactory impression.

CAUTION TO YOUNG LADIES WHO RIDE IN CRINOLINE ON DONKEYS.

THE RETURN FROM RAMSGATE.

"By sea? or not by sea? that was the question, answered unfortunately in the affirmative."

OH! the sea, the sea! the beautiful sea!
And the beautiful *Prince of Wales!*
But the way was long to Tilbury,
And the *Prince* was a Prince of Snails.

Oh! the waves, the waves! the glorious waves!
And the sparkling, dancing, spray!
And the hollow depths of the Foreland caves!
And the—! "Isn't it rough, sir, pray?"

"Call this rough! why it is but a puff—"
"But don't you think it will rain?
And puff, or rough, I see clear enough,
We shall miss the Tilbury train."

And the wild wind blew, and the white spray flew,
And the rain fell heavily,
And the *Prince* groaned in vain, for the time of the train
Was past ere we landed at Tilbury.

"Train waits!" is the cry, as wife, children, and I
Rush onwards regardless of weather.
"Take your seats," they call out, while I look about,
To get all our boxes together.

Oh! those boxes, and hampers, carpet-bags, and portmanteaus!
They were but eighteen in all;
But to get them on shore, took some minutes more
Than the train would concede to our call.

With a scream and a groan the fierce monster was gone,
With our six pretty bairns in its keeping,
While we two bereft, on the platform were left,
With no other resource but weeping.

Oh! the sea! the sea! the deceitful sea!
And the faithless *Prince of Wales!*
Oh! that long long hour at Tilbury,
With its iron-hearted rails!

THE MATRIMONY MARKET.

IT will of course be in the remembrance of our readers (who cannot fail to recollect every precious word we print for them), that a month or two ago we inserted an advertisement,—not in our fly-leaf,—which purported to emanate from a young and single gentleman, who was desirous of finding a young lady for a wife. The advertiser said, with equal modesty and truth, that he was accomplished, sweetly tempered, and possessed of every virtue, including a fine figure and a fortune made to match. All he stipulated for in the object of his choice was, that the young lady should have health and cheerful spirits, and, as an absolute necessity, should be a friendless orphan, that she might not bring a mother-in-law or other meddlesome relation to vex her husband's peace.

As a contrast to this simple and unselfish offer, we beg to call the notice of our readers to the following, which has actually appeared in a contemporary print:—

MATRIMONY.—A GENTLEMAN under 30 years of age, engaged in mercantile pursuits, and that extensively, takes this opportunity of obtaining an INTRODUCTION to a LADY with a view to MATRIMONY. The advertiser considers his fortune equal to £12,000, he has a very nice house standing in its own grounds, which are extensive, in a very healthy part of one of the finest counties in England, and if any lady (after an introduction, should that prove mutually satisfactory) possessed of a sum equal to one-half of his capital, wish or feel inclined to link her fate with his, he will do all in his power to promote her happiness and obtain her love. This mode of effecting a matrimonial alliance may be novel, but what is a man to do who cannot make his wants and desires known otherwise? This advertisement is written in a fair and honourable spirit, the strictest reliance may be placed in the integrity of the writer, and he may be fully depended upon.—Address, &c.

Here the advertiser does not say so much about himself as did the orphan-seeker to whom we have referred; but what he says is clearly not a whit more modest, and scarcely bears upon it more the stamp of truth. His description of himself is confined to merely stating that he is in trade, and, in addition to a house which he regards as "very nice," he thinks he is possessed of a dozen thousand pounds. The statement that he "considers" that his fortune "equals" this, we consider to be as cool a thing as we have lately heard of; and it surprises us that any one "extensively engaged in mercantile pursuits" should have ventured to make use of so unbusinesslike a phrase. Men of business never dream of "considering" a property to be such and such a sum. They ascertain by valuation what it really is, and then state in black and white the actual amount.

Whether he be owner of twelve thousand pounds or not, it is pretty clear the advertiser wants to grab six thousand, and we believe this is the end and aim of his advertisement. Money and not matrimony is his real object; and so long as she be owner of those six thousand charms, he will little care what else his wife may have to recommend her. There are men who are quite capable of marrying for money, and if they get it, never think how sour their moneymoon may be to them. As we write for the protection of the weaker-minded sex, we would put them on their guard against these money-marrying monsters, who make a trade of matrimony if they do of nothing else. Fine fortunes are not to be made out of fine words, any more than are fine feathers the makers of fine birds. A man "extensively engaged in mercantile pursuits," may, after all, be only a baked potato merchant; and though he might "consider" his fortune what he pleased, such consideration-money is a rather doubtful tender for the purchase of a wife.

ARROGANT AXIOM. BY A RICH MAN.

POVERTY has no right to have any Pride. The man who is excessively thin-skinned should take better care not to be out-at-elbows!

A WELL MERITED SUBSCRIPTION.

HULLAH want money! Come, all folks with throats:
Show that he's taught you to bring out your notes.

A NEW TRANSLATION OF AN OLD QUOTATION.

"Impar congressus Achilli."

WHAT chance has a Congress against GARIBALDI?

A BARGAIN.—TO BE SOLD, a LADY'S PARASOL. It is Magenta colour, and trimmed with the best Valenciennes. It cost originally two guineas, and may be had extremely cheap. It is perfectly new, as the owner has never had occasion to use it once this summer. All letters addressed to CLARA, care of the Clerk of the Weather, will be promptly attended to.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, November 3, 1860.

"A SELL."

Street Boy (who is no friend to Punch and Judy Shows). "*Oh, S' please S' ain't a Cove just a larruppin' his Wife up the Court neither!*"

THE SPANISH REFORMATION.

By all accounts the Spaniards are turning over a new leaf in theirs, and are really taking steps towards regaining their lost credit. From statistics lately published, it appears that their home produce and their foreign commerce have within the last ten years increased with great rapidity; and as commerce can be scarcely developed without credit, we may presume that this has in like measure been extended. "Better known than trusted" was formerly the maxim in dealing with the Dons; but there now seems to be a hope that as they get less "knowing" they will gain more trust.

To show that they are on the highway to prosperity, and wish to smooth all obstacles which beset their path, the Spanish Government last year obtained a vote of credit for a milliard of reals, which they are applying to the improvement of their roads. A milliard of their reals is ten millions of our pounds—a goodish bit of money to throw beneath one's feet and trample into dust. However, we may hope that all this milliard of reals will be really well laid out; and that the welfare as well as the wayfare of the country will progress the faster for them. We are glad to see the Spaniards begin to mend their ways, for the path they once pursued appeared the road to ruin. As Englishmen, of course we take great interest in the Spaniards, because for such a time we took so little interest from them. Whether, now they have begun to see the error of their ways, they may be viewed as being on the road to reformation, and are likely to "stump up" the debts they long have owed, we leave to sanguine speculators, if they please, to calculate. For ourselves, we must confess, that the last thing in the world we should expect to get from Spain, would be, if we were bondholders, a shipment of "the Spanish."

Strange Sea Fowl.

Under the head of "Military and Naval Intelligence," we are apprised that—

"*The Landrail*, 5, screw, Commander Martin, went out of Portsmouth harbour yesterday to Spithead on the completion of her repairs."

Here we have related two wonderful and unaccountable facts. A Martin is placed in command of a Landrail, and the Landrail walks the water! Surely, considered in a locomotive capacity, a Landrail, properly so called, can only travel on a railway.

OUR SISTERS IN AMERICA.

In the pages of the *London American*, we read that in New York there has lately been opened a library for the exclusive use of women. At first, we sarcastically thought that it must consist of nothing but novels, but we never were more mistaken, the collection being as varied as that of the London Library in St. James's Square, only not quite so numerous. The one is as yet only a baby,—a mere literary infant,—whilst the other has arrived to the full-grown proportions of a lusty intellectual manhood. The library has met with the greatest success, and publishers and printsellers have vied with each other in filling its walls and its shelves with presents. "The subscription is a dollar (4*s.* 2*d.*) a-year, for those who can afford it, and nothing for those who cannot."

Would a similar Woman's Library answer in London? We strongly believe it would, especially if opened in the evening, when the British Museum and other libraries are closed. Besides, how many poor girls are there who cannot afford fire and candle in the evening to enable them to stop at home after their working-hours are over, and would only be too glad of such a refuge, where they could improve and amuse themselves, free from importunities, free from temptations, happy, warm, and comfortable, until the clock warned them it was time to go to bed? If a similar institution be ever established, we beg leave to propose Miss Bessie Parkes as its noble librarian!

The Prince of Wales visited the Woman's Library. During the interview, the following handsome tribute was paid:—

"The room was crowded with ladies. The Prince entered, leaning upon the arm of the Chancellor of the University, and was received by Miss Powell (the librarian), who, on behalf of the ladies, said, 'Baron, we are happy to welcome to a Woman's Library the son of a Royal Lady whom the women in America regard as an honour and a pride to all womanhood.'"

Bravo! We little suspected that the Women of America could say such generous things; but then it was a live Prince who inspired the graceful tribute. However, the compliment is all the more genuine and valuable, as from the great gallantry, amounting to adoration, that is shown to the female sex in America, the ladies are much more in the habit of receiving compliments than of paying them. Amongst the many pleasant recollections the Prince has brought home from America, none, we will be bound, will occupy a more prominent or grateful place than the above. It is a recollection that, in his mind, will be ever wrapped up in lavender.

A POLONAISE AND VARSOVIENNE.

Dancing appears to have been the principal occupation of the illustrious personages who chiefly figured in the late Conferences at Warsaw. "Everything," of greater consequence, says a telegram from Paris, "was limited to short conversations upon two or three principal points of the general state of affairs;" so that the intercommunications exchanged by the three crowned heads may be supposed to have nearly resembled those which usually pass between Brown, Jones, and Robinson in the Commercial Room, when one of those travelling gentlemen asks another, "What's your opinion of things in general?" In admirable keeping with the light and lively drama which is now in course of performance on the Theatre of Italy, the high conferring parties engaged themselves chiefly in the dance. *Ad hoc* the Governor of Warsaw, Prince Gortschakoff gave a ball; whereat, according to the *Post*:—

"The Emperor Alexander appeared about half-past ten, and remained until half-past one. All took part in the 'Polonaise,' and amongst the princely persons who danced in it were the young Cesarewitch of Russia, Prince Charles of Prussia and the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar. The number of invitations was between 300 and 400, but amongst these only about 25 ladies could be reckoned on as partners. The Polish ladies were absent as far as possible.'

The Royal and Imperial Absolutists, happily unable to agree in any scheme to defeat the constitution of an United Italy, were forced to content themselves with dancing over the grave of Polish freedom. No wonder the ladies of Poland declined to assist in that "Polonaise."

UNNATURAL SELECTION AND IMPROVEMENT OF SPECIES.

(*A Paper intended to be read at Our Social Science Congress, by One who has been spending half-an-hour or so with* DARWIN.)

GENTLEMAN of social science, endeavouring to find a key to the mysteries of wedlock, and who being a single man, has taken his degree as a bachelor of hearts, has started the new theory of Unnatural Selection, by which he says, nine happy couples out of every ten are influenced. Certainly, the number of queer matches—or rather of mis-matches—that one daily sees and hears of, tends strongly to confirm our friend's ingenious hypothesis. Short husbands are so frequently assorted with tall wives, and men of substance (looked at bodily) so often seem to marry the smallest women they can find, that "Like selects Unlike," would appear to be the maxim of the marriage-making world. The same rule too apparently applies not less in mental than in personal respects. Bad tempers are continually found allied with good ones, and the sweetest dispositions are united to the sourest. The instances of this are far too numerous and frequent for any one in reason to attribute them to accident; and that they result from some fixed principle in nature, it scarcely seems presumptuous in one to presume. According to the theory which lately has been started, men are moved by nature to make what seem at first unnatural selections, and to choose for partners in the great business of life, parties as dissimilar as can be to themselves. Variety of species, both personal and mental, is thus everywhere maintained; and as variety is charming, we cannot well regret that this should be the case.

When we see an ugly lout with an extremely pretty wife, we are naturally inclined to feel a savage sort of sorrow to see Beauty so mismatched; and we regret that some fine handsome fellow (such for instance as oneself) had not had the fortune to save Beauty from the Beast. On second thoughts, however, philosophy and science both dispose us to contentment with our singly blessed state; for we reflect that Beauty possibly may have a wayward temper, and may perhaps be pleasanter to look at than to live with. Besides, we are consoled by thinking that mismatches have a tendency to propagate variety of species; and if variety were wanting, eccentricity and folly would in time receive their death-blow, and the fun which is derived from them, of course would then die out.

It is all very well to talk about "Improvement of Species" as being the effect of Natural Selection; but if this improvement principle were carried to extremes, it would cease to be a benefit, and would become an actual nuisance. It is terrible to contemplate what sad results might follow, if people were unnaturally select in their selections, and did not sometimes make mistakes when they take a Miss to wife. If mutual improvement were the object in all marriages, the world would get so wise and good that there would really be but little pleasure left in it. To persons of refined and cultivated intellects, one of the chief delights in life consists in laughing at the follies of our fellow-creatures, and this elegant enjoyment is perpetuated mainly by the widely-spreading practice of Unnatural Selection, through which such queer mismatches are daily taking place.

Were improvement of their species the aim of all the applicants for wedding-rings and licences, we fear that simpletons and snobs would in time become extinct; and one well may shrink from thinking what a sadly stupid life, if one survived them, one would have of it. If every one grew wise, there would be nobody to laugh at; and as a climax to its sorrow at this melancholy bereavement, the world would be deprived of the existence of its *Punch*.

CONVERSATION AT THE WARSAW CONFERENCE.

AUSTRIA, RUSSIA, PRUSSIA.

P. WELL, here we are!

A. Is not that remark worthy rather of a Clown than a Sovereign?

R. Perhaps he learnt it in England!

P. Where, indeed, they are most potent in their plotting.

A. Just so, and does not that consideration suggest that we might as well proceed to business?

P. The question is, how to arrest the Revolution in Italy?

R. Don't you think we are a little too late?

A. Ah, if you had only prevented, or helped me to win, Magenta and Solferino!

R. I was alluding to an earlier omission. Ah, if you had only saved Sebastopol! Certain parties held back then—do they call that backing their friends?

P. What's done can't be undone. Let's change the subject.

A. Change the Sovereign seems to be the order of the day.

R. Who's seen the *Times?* What's the best news?

A. Bad is the best—for us. You saw all about young WALES in America?

R. Dreadful! Shameful! I say, Austria, fancy a grandson of your own, one of these days, shaking hands and waltzing with the descendants of your revolted Lombards, and standing, hat in hand, at the tomb of GARIBALDI.

A. He hasn't got a tomb yet.

P. What do you, too, think him immortal?

A. You'll see, if I catch him. He won't have a tomb, though, even if he is buried—at the foot of the gallows.

P. You saw how BLONDIN crossed the Falls of Niagara?

R. On a tight-rope, with another fool at his back.

A. I wish he had been that fellow at the Tuileries, with VICTOR EMMANUEL, or the other vagabond, on his shoulders, and that his foot had slipped, and they had both tumbled in.

P. GARIBALDI would have been saved even then, if your wishes could be fully gratified in regard to him—and if there is truth in proverbs, he wouldn't have been drowned.

R. If BLONDIN had, what a sight for WALES! But no, they love the people—I may say their species; for they are not of us. They have taught their family to truckle to democracy—confound them!

P. Your Majesty!—I say!—I hope you will remember the connection with that family which—

R. Pardon! of course I wished confusion to them in politics only. Is there anything new at the Opera?

A. I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of State.

P. The remark of a rather celebrated Venetian senator.

A. Rather of an Emperor who would be glad if you would help him to remain Sovereign of Venice.

R. Well, but what's to be done? You want troops to fight France. Can you pay them?

P. Where's the money to come from?

A. Israel. Those Jews could lend it if they chose. But they won't negotiate another loan. I wish the Holy Father had surrendered that young MORTARA!

R. Suppose we persecute our Jewish subjects?

A. We might at least do that.

P. No, no, not in these times; and you would get no money if you did—only drive them and their wealth to England—who is sufficiently rich already.

A. Rich enough to settle a handsome fortune on a daughter.

P. Now come. I call that delicate. Well, I don't see what we can do.

R. Nor I.

A. Humph! Then I can only implore the help of the Saints.

R. I wish you may get it.

P. What's your opinion of things in general?

R. Well; really they seem at sixes and sevens. A fine October.

A. A bright autumn after a gloomy summer. Let us hope for a change of political weather.

P. Oranges are late this year.

A. Yes, and potatoes scarce. But that won't affect us Monarchs—that's a comfort!

P. When shall we three meet again?

R. This evening, and—By Jove, 'tis time to be off and dress for the ball!

P. To dance the *Polonaise*, without, I fear, the assistance of many Polish ladies. *N'importe!* We can be each other's partners at Warsaw!

[*Their Majesties dance the Varsovienne round the Table, and exeunt dancing.*

TYPE OF THE MEDICAL ROGUE.

In an interesting letter on "The Wounded at Naples," a correspondent of the *Morning Post*, signing himself "Eye Witness," makes the following statement:—

"The whole things confided to Dr. ——, who is not an Englishman, but a German Jew, and who represented himself as surgeon to Garibaldi (a falsehood), are either lost or . . . . . These were the most costly instruments and presents from, I think, several of the large manufacturers (among which was a case from Turguson) splints, bandages, plasters, and other things."

The name of the medical gentleman of the German nation and Hebrew persuasion who either lost or . . . . . the surgical instruments and appliances which he had been entrusted with, and most probably . . . . . them, Eye-Witness forbears to publish. This reticence is imposed by the British law of libel; which, as worked by British barristers, and administered by British judges and British juries, is the ægis of dishonest quacks. The publication, however, of a name probably as common in Houndsditch as that of Smith is elsewhere, would, whilst involving the risk of a lawsuit, serve no useful purpose. The names of the patriarchs and princes of Israel, now popular in Houndsditch, are capable of an expansion or contraction by which they are effectually disguised. Moss is an honest Saxon name; but it is likewise a corrupt *alias* of Moses. The name of Lawrence is one which several Englishmen have rendered honourable: but Lawrence is also convertible with Lazarus unconverted. Thus the nominal exposure of the rogue who pretended to be Garibaldi's surgeon, and whom somebody, regardless or ignorant of physiognomy, trusted with goods, would not prevent him from setting up in London as an advertising quack, getting his loathsome puffs put into many of the provincial papers, as well as some which disgrace the London press, and driving about Town in a conspicuous equipage.

Transmuting the name which he had rendered infamous, he would carry on a noisome and extortionate practice, either under a variation of that, or beneath a simply assumed one—foreign possibly or aristocratic. Thus he would, notwithstanding his antecedents, be enabled to plunder, under pretence of treating, as many simpletons as his advertisements might attract; youths or adults, who, having fallen ill through folly, commit the greater folly of seeking to get well by putting themselves into the hands of medical advertisers, who pick their pockets, and ruin their constitutions. It is useless as well as (thank the law) dangerous, to denounce these blackguards personally; but happily a description of the tribe is not actionable, and physically they are almost as like one another as rat is like rat. There is also a generic character about their very attire. By the study of their features, especially of their eyes, noses, and lips; by attention to their style of dress, and particularly the pins and other jewellery by which it is mostly decorated, these fellows are easily distinguishable from the decent and respectable part of mankind. Comic and characteristic art has so richly embellished *Mr. Punch's* columns with portraits of gentlemen of the race in question, that he who runs may read their distinctive lineaments.

SIMPLE SONGS FOR SIMPLE SINGERS.

Simplicity in song-writing has been of late supplanting sentiment. Fine language apparently is going out of fashion, and in place of high flown humbug about pensive eyes and soul-drawn sighs, or breaking hearts and Cupid's darts, our ballad-writers now appear contented to describe the ordinary incidents of everyday domestic life. Things every whit as common as those of Mr. Timbs, are seized upon as subjects for lyrical development, and are spoken of in words as simple as the singers whose taste they seem to suit. From the tittle of a morning call to the tattle of an evening party, nothing is too frivolous or flimsy for these song-wrights, who apparently consider that any stuff and nonsense will do to set to music so long as it has rhythm and occasionally rhymes.

If these simple songs were sung at befitting times and places, really there would be but little to object to in them. Indeed, we own we should prefer them to the "*Will-you-love-me-then-as-nows*" and other senseless twaddle which has emanated lately from the sentimental school. But the singers of these songs appear to pay no heed to the fitness of things, which is a philosophic notion quite beyond their mental grasp. Absurdities in consequence are frequently engendered, and the reflective mind is pained by thinking what egregious donkeys people will make of themselves, in spite of all that *Punch* and other human benefactors can do to prevent them. Imagine how ridiculous a gentleman must seem who when standing by the side of a piano in a parlour, bursts out gravely with the statement that he's "*Sitting on the style, Ma*-ry!" where he and that young person once "sat side by side." Nor is it much less ludicrous to hear Miss Brown or Jones, who has but just left school, tell every one that hears her, that she "always has a welcome" for them if they happen to drop in, just as though she had a house and a husband who allowed her to give general invitations to whomever she might wish.

After all, however, these simple songs must sell, or they would not be written; and as we like to suit all tastes, and tempt all sorts of buyers for our world-pervading print, we may as well just knock off a specimen or two, which may serve to show the public what we *could* do in the song line, if we chose to try:—

I. *Il Penseroso.*

I'm leaving thee in sorrow, Jane,
I heave a deep-drawn sigh;
A quiver, see, is on my lip,
A tear is in my eye:
And would'st thou ask me whence the pang
That fills my heart with pain?
'Tis simply that I'm called away
From my dear darling Jane!

I may no longer now delay,
The cab is at the gate;
The fare is sixpence extra, love,
If I should longer wait.
Farewell! 'tis business calls me forth
At six I'll come again,
And bring perhaps a friend to dine
With my dear darling Jane!

II. *L'Allegro.*

I have always a welcome for thee;
And prithee what more can I say?
So look in some evening to tea,
And then we will go to the play.
Or if you'd prefer, dear, to dine,
'Twill be equally pleasant to me:
Or say that you'll drop in to wine,
I have always a welcome for thee!

I commonly breakfast at ten;
But if that be too early for you,
It would make me the happiest of men
To see you to lunch, love, at two.
I care not how oft I'm looked up,
Such intrusions are pleasant to me:
Come to breakfast, lunch, dine, tea or sup,—
I have always a welcome for thee!

III. *Il Segreto.*

I am a merry, laughing girl,
As every one may see;
And I can keep my hair in curl,
And I can make the tea.
I've learnt to dance, to sing, and play,
As every lady should:
And if I promised to "obey"—
Now, do you think I would?

A nice young man I lately met,
His name I may not tell,
And in the course of the "First Set"
He vowed he loved me well.
He dances sweetly, I confess,
He owned *my* pace was good,
And if he asks me to say "yes—"
Now, *do* you think I would?

DIES NON IN THE MONEY MARKET.

The subjoined telegram from Paris was dated Nov. 1:—

"This being All Saints' Day, no business has been done on the Bourse."

The same day was also observed as a holiday at our Stock Exchange—not, of course, merely because it was the half-yearly balancing day at the Bank of England, but with a view to express a veneration for All Saints, which is not generally supposed to be felt by all stockjobbers. This is a very remarkable illustration of that kind of outward observance which is simply external. The respect towards Saints exhibited by gamblers, must really be admitted strongly to exemplify the homage that is sometimes rendered to Virtue by Vice.

Botchers Extraordinary.

On the supposition that the Czar, the Kaiser, and the Prussian Regent will attempt to put a stop to the substantial repairs now in course of making in the Italian boot, Mr. Edwin James has, we understand, christened the conference of Warsaw "The Bootmakers' Early Closing Association."

MR. PUNCH HAVING HEARD OF THE EXCELLENT QUALITIES OF THE EXMOOR PONIES, PROCURES A FEW FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS!

AMERICAN POLISH FOR A PRINCE.

OLD hoss, JOHN BULL, take back your Prince
From our superior nation,
Where he has been, for some time since,
Completin' education.
I calculate, though WALES is young,
He 's gathered many a wrinkle,
And, when you hear his polished tongue,
Expect your eyes will twinkle!
Yankee doodle, &c.

LORD CHESTERFIELD, old pigtailed beau,
Composed a book of letters,
To teach young fellers, no ways slow,
The manners of their betters.
They learn far better to behave
In this here land of Freedom,
Where none but Nigger is a slave,
Than boys in old Grandeedom.
Yankee doodle, &c.

Demeanour has its nateral laws
Which governs every motion.
How beautiful we smokes and chaws
You 'll now acquire some notion.
As WALES our fashions will import,
In them there pints of breedin',
And set a pattern to the Court
Which knows 'em but by readin'.
Yankee doodle, &c.

To liquor up in handsome style,
Instructing your great noodles,
He 'll bid NEWCASTLE make ARGYLL
And BEAUFORT timberdoodles,
Mint juleps, which they learnt to brew
Beneath our starry banners,
And also Sherry Coblers, tu
Mend your old English MANNERS.
Yankee doodle, &c.

The horizontal attitude,
With legs upon the table,
Outstretched at easy latitude,
And length consider*able*,
By WALES the nobles will be taught;
And people's imitation
Of them, the custom, slick as thought,
Will spread throughout the nation.
Yankee doodle, &c.

New York in dancing goes ahead,
Some chalks, of Paris city,
If we ha'n't shown him how to tread
A polka, 'tis a pity.
Deportment 's larnt with dancing, so,
Now WALES can show his mother
On one hand how we shakes the toe,
And rests the heels on 'tother.
Yankee doodle, &c.

HUILE ANTIQUE.

WHAT odd animals are the Anointed! The instant a Continental Sovereign, or a batch of his like, arrives in a place, no matter on what high business of alliances, a people'a freedom, or such matter, Royalty instantly rushes to the Theatre. The Prompter's bell breaks up conference, congress, council, and nothing must prevent Majesty, in military uniform, from taking its place at the Show. Is it that Kings have sympathy with speeches that are not in earnest, oaths that are but sport, acting that is intended to delude? Evil folks may say so. But what is to be said for the CZAR OF RUSSIA, who, on getting to Warsaw, pulls up at the Theatre door, and is so delighted with a *ballet* which he witnesses, that he insists on going again next night. Now the main feature of this *ballet*, writes a Correspondent of the *Daily News*, is "a certain French dance, which I need not name." In other words, it is a dance which, if JULES and CELESTINE and ARTHUR and LISETTE dare to attempt at the dancing gardens, a policeman walks off the amiable quartette for offence against public propriety. And this is the attraction which twice lured to the Theatre a Sovereign who had left a dying mother, that he might come and ponder, with brother Sovereigns, over the future of millions of his and their subjects. As one King, corrected for bad Latin, nobly declared himself to be "above grammar," it may be supposed that Czars and the like consider themselves to be above Decorum. But the Oil seems getting something rancid, and LORD JOHN RUSSELL may be right in intimating that it may be well, sometimes, to clean out the Cruets.

WHEN does "Lovely Woman stoop to folly?" When she stoops to put on her Crinoline.

LATEST FROM AMERICA.

H.R.H. Junior (to H.R.H. Senior). "NOW, SIR-REE, IF YOU'LL LIQUOR UP AND SETTLE DOWN, I'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT MY TRAVELS."

THE CONFERENCE OF THE EAGLES.

WELL may the Eagles—lords of sable pinion—
Rear their quill feathers in an angry flutter,
When the small birds, that own their high dominion,
With impious insolence begin to mutter
Of "Rights," "laws," "charters," "freedom of opinion"
—Words which small birds are not allowed to utter,
Since they, by utterance, unless checked by acts,
Have a strange trick of making themselves facts.

Scenting the risk, his Eagleship of Russia
Was nowise loath a conference to grant
When moved to't by his Eagleship of Prussia;
And though his vein of courtesy was scant
Towards his Austrian Eagleship (once flusher
Of confidence),—as mindful of his want
Of gratitude, when, ready to miscarry,
Russ claws struck down for him his Magyar quarry.

His Eagleship of Austria was invited,
To join the aquiline deliberation—
It's true the footing on which *he* was cited,
Was not quite that of the most favoured nation—
But anyhow these Eagles three alighted
Upon the spot, where on a great occasion,
They had rent Poland's carcase—bound and bleeding—
Into three parts, for their Imperial feeding.

There was the carcase, and there were the Eagles,
Got into conclave, sternly and sedately:
Round them, keen-scented as a pack of beagles,
Their ministerial jackals barked elately.
And, clamouring eager—like a flock of seagulls
Over a herring-shoal rejoicing greatly—
The host of birds obscene—vultures and so forth—
Who think meat's toward, when the Eagles go forth.

Quoth Russia, "Brother Eagles, we come hither
Warned by times big with each portentous omen:
The Eagle's world will soon go deuce knows whither,
Unless we band ourselves against its foemen,
With beaks and talons phalanxed firm together.
Look round on Frank, Sicilian, Magyar, Roman,
All are, or soon *will* be, free of our tether;
The impious doctrine daily makes its way,
That Eagles have no right divine to prey.

"Europe has once seen an Alliance Holy
Between the Eagles, for the Eagles' profit;
Eagles that would prey safely, prey not solely;
If game *be* too small for three to dine off it,
That is no reason each should snatch it wholly:
I love my crown, but I would sooner doff it,
Than rob my Brother Eagles of a snack,
Though, by dividing, I went hungry back.

"So let's agree here to make common cause
'Gainst all who to resist us show intention—
Invoking Royal faith and public laws
'Gainst that vile heresy 'non intervention,'
Devised to clip Eagles' anointed claws;
Inspiring the small birds to breed dissension;
Raising up noisy rooks and choughs and daws,
To talk of 'equal rights' and 'nationality'—
Subversive of religion and morality."

"Agreed," screamed Austria—Prussia screamed "Agreed,
At least, in generals. Now for each particular—
There's Schleswig-Holstein, prey to Danish greed,
You'll help *me* there—swear by your own St. Nikola."
"And swear," quoth Austria, "with swoop perpendicular
On Piedmont to come down, in hour of need;
Her Volunteers and Regulars to scatter all,
If they lay hands upon my Quadrilateral."

"Help me to guard the Rhine from annexation,"—
Prussia took up the word, with eager scream.
"Secure me 'gainst Hungarian perturbation,"—
Austria struck in, "Break up Italia's dream
Of what those idiots call 'regeneration,'
And Unity—the old Mazzinian theme;
Keep up that dear Pope's temporal domination;
Help back my BOMBALINO to his throne,
And each Italian Eaglet to his own."

The Russian Eagle hemmed and ha'd and said:
"Hold, brethren—your account of wants is long.
You'll pardon me, if I suggest, instead,
'Nothing for Nothing' is the Eagle's song.
How long were *my* crown safe upon my head,
If I pushed in, *your* little games among?
How long should I boast head to wear a crown,
If I tried setting up all you've brought down?

"*I* want help too. My treasury wants filling:
Can either of you help me to a loan?"
"A loan!" cried Austria, "when I've not a shilling!"
"I want a fleet!"—here Prussia heaved a groan—
"To fight, my army's anything but willing;
Then I've internal bothers of my own—
Railways to build, serfs to emancipate,
And that Sick Man's still sitting at my gate,

"With France and England sending their physicians,
To try if they can't patch him up to health.
In short, when I consider our positions,
In purse and person, stamina and wealth,
I think I'd best adjourn all your petitions,
And try my old game. Weakness thrives by stealth.
I really feel reliance now were rash on
Alliances, e'en of our Holy fashion."

So saying, Russia's Eagle, with a bow,
Gave them a chilling *congé* and was gone.
And Prussia's Bird, crestfall'n and angry now
That such fool's errand she had flown upon,
Sulks with drooped tail and cloudy knitted brow.
While Austria, shrinking from the sun that shone
On Solferino and Magenta's flight,
Wings back her baffled way to kindred night!

ABSOLUTE CHURCH FREEDOM.

WHAT British Protestant will dissent from the doctrine thus laid down by M. DE MONTALEMBERT, in his letter lately addressed to the COUNT DE CAVOUR?—

"All the civil and political liberties which constitute the natural *regime* of civilised society, far from being injurious to the Church, aid its progress and its glory. It finds rivalry, but at the same time rights, struggles but arms, and those which suit it more than any other, language, association, charity. Liberty, however, is not suited to the Church, except on one condition—that is, that she herself enjoys liberty. I speak here in my name, without mission, without authority, founded solely on a long experience singularly enlightened by the state of France for the last ten years. But I say without hesitation—a free Church in a free State is my ideal. I add that in modern society the Church cannot be free except when everybody is free. That, in my eyes, is a great blessing and a great progress. In any case it is a fact."

Respecting the principles above laid down, MR. JOHN BULL will heartily roar Ditto to M. DE MONTALEMBERT. The fact, too, proclaimed by the amateur Jesuit, only seems not quite so unquestionable as the theory, because it is not quite so clear. Does M. DE MONTALEMBERT mean to say, that the necessity of the freedom of everybody to the freedom of the Church is a fact? If so, where did he learn that fact? In what country is everybody free? The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland presents a picture, commonly supposed to be a tolerable likeness, of perfect freedom; at least there is no other country in the world where everybody is more nearly free. Are we to conclude, then, that M. DE MONTALEMBERT beholds his ideal free Church in HER MAJESTY'S dominions? Here, certainly, that Church and all other Churches are equally free, and that one, in public estimation, is somewhat more free than welcome. But perhaps his conception of a Free State differs considerably from that entertained by the majority of other people. A Free State is commonly understood to mean a State in which everybody, subject to the obligation of not injuring others, is at liberty to do as he pleases. Possibly the State which M. DE MONTALEMBERT would call free, is a State which is free to do whatever pleases the Church, and nothing more. This seems to have been the condition of the Roman States in the palmiest days of the Papacy. The ideal free Church in a free State of M. DE MONTALEMBERT, therefore, has had existence only in the States of the Church when those States were subject to absolute Church Government.

A Family Trait.

AT a grand Republican meeting held at Rochester, in the United States, we notice that one of the greatest speakers was a Senator, from Wisconsin, of the name of DOOLITTLE. We imagine that this Senator has a rare number of relations in this country, and it is a very noticeable fact all over the world, that whenever you meet with a DOOLITTLE, he is sure to be a great talker.

A CROWNING CONCLUSION.

Dr. Johnson, when he was in a good humour, was in the habit of saying, that "the Devil was the first Whig?" If so, the Wig in question must have been an Old Scratch.

SHARKS ON THE SOUTH COAST.

(*A Study from St. Harold's.*) *To Mr. Punch.*

"Sir,

"The Shark is not confined to the tropical seas. The visitors to our South Coast watering-places may now and then have the satisfaction of seeing one of these grinning monsters of the deep paraded on a truck by the fishermen—among whose herring nets he has made havoc—with a wedge between his toothed jaws, his piratical tail-fin stiff, and his white belly turned up to the sun. You are expected to pay for the exhibition, and your contribution, you are assured, goes to replace the nets he has damaged. Well—a dead shark is no doubt a gratifying sight, but it seems cruel to exact sixpences for dead sharks, under the eyes and noses of so many live ones, who are gratifying their predatory and devouring instincts on every unhappy *paterfamilias*, who seeks the sea-side for a sniff of the briny. I felt this strongly the other day at St. Harold's.

"The sea-shark, to whose *manes* I was called upon to offer up my shilling, was, beyond question, a fine specimen of the Chondropterygian family. He looked as if he could eat anything, and digest everything he eat. My Natural History informs me the sea-shark is of the family *Squalidæ*. In this respect, as in so many others, the land-shark, with which St. Harold's has familiarised me, evidently belongs to the same species. The St. Harold's land-shark is eminently 'squalid,' to judge by its obvious delight in unswept rooms, soiled bed-furniture, greasy glass, and ill-cleaned table-cutlery. And I don't think—to judge by my weekly bills, the rapid disappearance of my joints, and the alarming diminution of my bread-stuffs—that his powers of deglutition are a bit inferior to those of his brother of the deep.

"I have always understood the sea-shark is omnivorous. One has heard strange stories of the telescopes, tobacco-boxes, chain-cables, and other indigestible articles found in his stomach, when cut open, along with edibles usually considered more nutritious. But in this respect, too, the land-sharks of our southern coast seems to be little inferior to the sea cestracion. One peculiarity in the predacious habits of the former is their extraordinary relish for condiments. The quantity of salt, pepper, anchovy-sauce, pickles, and that cluster of seasonings usually lumped under the head of cruets, which they can dispose of in the course of a week, is truly astonishing.

"The land-shark has the advantage over the sea-shark of being furnished, not only with a most devouring pair of jaws and an insatiable stomach, but also with that very formidable weapon—a bill. In this respect, he should rather be classed with the sword-fish, or the *Ornithorhyncus paradoxus*.

"I had once thought of presenting to my readers the truly appalling bill which I extracted from my land-shark at St. Harold's; but on second thoughts, it occurred to me that every *paterfamilias* who has sojourned on the Sussex Coast could parallel my specimen, so I will content myself with a trait in the habits of this predacious family, the experience of which, so far as I know, is confined to my own case. Let every *paterfamilias* who visits St. Harold's take care that the land-shark, within whose maw he falls, is not grocer, as well as land-shark.

"It was my fate to be a victim to this combination of characters. The sugar was sanded; the tea innocent apparently of all connection with the Celestial Empire; the milk sky-blue; the pickles pea-green; and the butter rancid. I remonstrated; I was fiercely chidden. I tried other sources of supply; the groceries I ordered in were refused admittance at my tyrant's door. The fact is hardly credible, but it is literally true. I—a struggling *paterfamilias*, with a large family—was sternly told, that if I lodged over a grocer's I could not expect to be allowed to have in any groceries from a rival in the trade. He rudely overrode all my legal pleadings that serfage was abolished in Great Britain,—that the *villein regardant*, or *adscriptus glebæ*, being unknown to our law, his right to make me an *adscriptus lubernæ* could not be admitted; and when I meekly protested that I had not tried elsewhere till I found what was supplied by my tyrant uneatable,—especially the butter—I was sarcastically met, 'What! did you expect I was going to give you my choicest dairy?'—and the she-shark all but ordered me and mine out of the house, bag and baggage, declaring with a withering contempt which made my poor wife tremble, that 'all she wanted was the amount of her bill, and that *her* lodgings were anybody's money.'

"Considering that I was at that moment bleeding from every pore—that I found myself debited in stones of salt, pounds of pepper, pints of vinegar, candles for hall-lamps by the pound, and 'cruets,' *de par le marché*—I *did* feel it hard that I should be coerced into swallowing so much more than the normal allowance of sand in my sugar, water in my milk, and rancid lard in my butter, and I confess I kicked. But lest other *paterfamiliases*, less gifted with the power of kicking, should fall into the same trap, I hereby record my experience, and recommend them most earnestly not to go and do likewise.

"The moral of my tale is simply, Never Lodge over a St. Harold's Grocer; or if you do, take care to ascertain first, that you will be at liberty to Buy your Groceries where you like.

"Yours respectfully,

"Thomas Greenleaf."

SEWERAGE AND SALMON-FISHING.

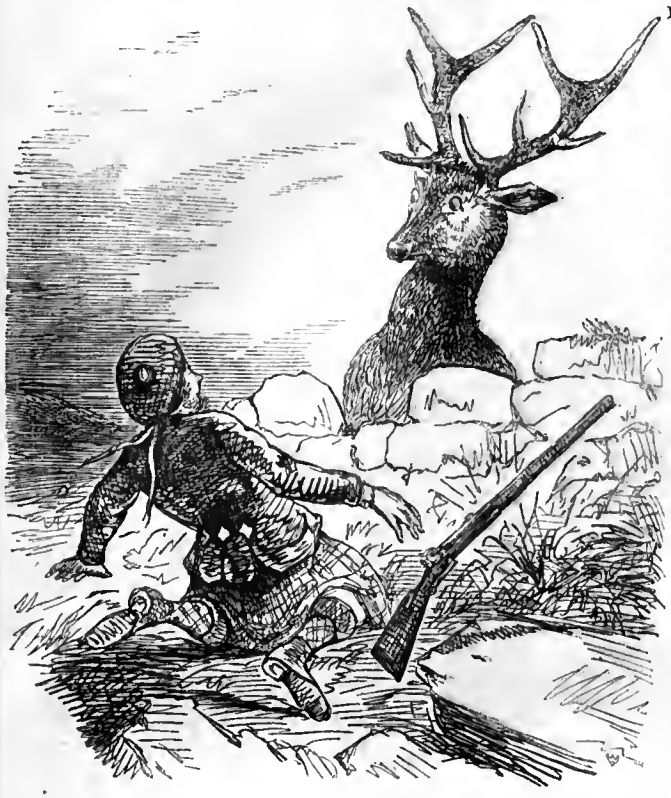
This paragraph smacks sadly of the penny-a-liner flavour; but the reflective mind will find it not unpleasant food for mid-day rumination:—

"The Main Drainage.—Return of Salmon to the Thames.—Many years since, before the introduction of steam navigation and the sewage was allowed to pollute our noble metropolitan river, it was the resort of splendid specimens of that piscatorial delicacy, the salmon. Latterly, however, neither angling or netting could produce a single fish of that description, but the partial purifying of the river, which has been progressing for the past year, together with the diversion of the main drainage, and the absorption of the smoke of the steam-boats, appears likely to reproduce the abundance of salmon in our noble stream. During the past year one of this fish, but of a moderate size, was caught off Erith; but yesterday one of a very large size was captured near the same spot, which was forwarded to Mr. C——, of Pimlico, purveyor of fish to Her Majesty. It attracted much public attention, and it is generally believed, when the main drainage is fully carried out, and other general improvements effected, that the Thames and its tributaries will again abound with those shoals of salmon for which, in the days of Isaak Walton, and long subsequently, they were so celebrated."

The connection between salmon and main drainage may not at first thought appear obvious or pleasant; but on more mature reflection, the mind is led to think of them as separate and distinct, although they may by accident be named in the same breath. It delights one to reflect that the Thames is being purified, and that the main drainage is progressing as it should do, and is draining something more than the pockets of the public. But to the contemplative mind, and in especial before dinner, there is something more delicious in considering the statement that salmon have renewed their visits to our river, and have been caught, so to speak, within a fly's-throw of our doors. We can fancy the delight of our good friend Mr. Briggs when he reflects upon the sport which appears to be in prospect, and how eagerly next season he will practise in his water-butt so as to be in readiness for fishing in the Thames. Nor can it afford us much less pleasure to imagine the transport of enjoyment of our fish-devouring gourmands, when they learn they have a chance of seeing salmon caught and cooked for them at Richmond or at Greenwich, without the fear of finding in it any *soupçon* of town sewerage, or flavour of main drains.

IMPORTANT QUESTIONS,

Which any Spiritualist of forty-table power would oblige us exceedingly by answering.



WHEN may we expect the advent of the New Zealander? and will he come before, or after, the Good Time that has been such a long time coming? and also, let us into the secret, whether the New Zealander is the real genuine Coming Man for whom we have been waiting now, in vain, for at least half a century?

Was it not very inconvenient for the Man in the Iron Mask, when he wanted to blow his nose?

Why don't you tell us, once and for all, who was the author of *Junius' Letters*, and so put an end for ever to those long, rambling, speculative, everlasting articles with which we have been flooded *usque ad nauseam* ever since *Junius* took to anonymous letter-writing?

Please show a light generally over the Dark Ages, and inform us, whether the darkness was attributable to the non-invention of gas or not; and whether the monks, who were the lights of those days, were in the habit of lighting themselves to bed with the help of an illuminated missal?

Tell us who was the first to eat a puppy-dog pie under Marlow Bridge? and let us know for a positive fact whether such a disgusting feat ever did take place, or not? Because then we are curious to learn your opinion, granting that he who swallowed the first oyster was a bold man, whether you do not think that he, who eat the first puppy-dog pie, did not display even greater boldness? And at the same time give us the name, history, and full particulars, together with the colour of his hair, of that bold man who did swallow the first oyster?

What was *Robinson Crusoe's* impression when he saw that footprint in the sand? Let us learn whether it was a male foot or a female foot? and whether poor *Robinson* ever found a boot or a shoe that corresponded in size? Likewise, whether *Brown*, and *Jones*, ever saw *Robinson* again?

Give us the name of that celebrated sauce that is said to be sauce both for the goose and the gander; and whether SIR CRESSWELL CRESSWELL ever partakes of that sauce at his luncheon, just before delivering judgment in some celebrated Divorce case?

When will GRISI take her very last farewell?

Who built the House of Hapsburg; and, after giving us the name of the builder, tell us who is to pull it down.

Name "the day, the happy day," when Woman will be convinced of the folly of wearing Crinoline.

Is MR. JOHN COOPER the author of the *Vestiges of Creation?*

Can you name the period of that Millennium when washerwomen will send home our shirts without one half of the buttons being knocked off?

Curious Dwelling.

THE French papers say, that the *Opinion Nationale* is generally "inspired" by the Palais Royal. Fancy inspiration in such a quarter! We should as soon expect to hear of the Music of the Spheres issuing out of a frog-pond, or that Truth had taken up her residence at the Tuileries.

FROM OUR YANKEE CORRESPONDENT.

"*Broadway, Te-useday, Mornin'.*"

"WAL, *Punch*, old hoss, and heow air you, and heow's the gals and missus? Reckon them ar critters haeve been gitten sorter savage cos we've been and kep yar Prince such a 'nition while away from 'em. Wal, tell 'em not to rile. We've retarned him safe and seound, and I guess as heow his heart's as whole as when he come to us. 'Taint for want of trying, though. Our coons *haeve* set thar caps at him, yes, that's A fact Sir-ree, and it's no small some of dancin' as he's had to git through. I guess as heow the Mayors haeve bin as plaguey as the Misses; and receivin' deppitations is pretty nigh as trying to the narves as doing dootongs.

"Wal, the visit's over now, and he's done it like a Prince, and I reckon both our countries haeve reason tu be proud of it. 'Taint everywhere you'll find a bhoy can stand so much as he's done, and I calc'late he does credit tu the British Constitution! Nor 'taint everywhere you'll find sich A pleasant lot as we air, not needin' no policemen fur tu to keep us in good humour, nor no sodgers for to prick us up to cheerin' pitch. That ar account of heow we welcomed the Prince into New York (guess yar *Times* chap did it splendid, and so he did Niagara, and if he'd given me a call I'd been most proud tu liquor with him) that ar account, I say, should be printed in gold letters and sent tu them ar coons at Warsaw, jist tu show heow A free people *can* welcome Riyal heads, if so be as they but likes 'em.

"Of course it worn't to be expected in such a tower as this, extendin' over ever such a heap of thousand miles (for ours is A great country, that's A fact old hoss, and whar's the skunk who doubts it?) say, it worn't to be 'xpected that all should go as sweet as sugar, and no flies. Human natur's human natur', and fools all'ys will be fools, so long as they air made so. Them ar Orange boys, I reckon, were plaguey aggrawatin', and desarved a smart cowhidin'; if they didn't tar and featherin'. And here's another critter I'd have chawed up orter small if I'd chanced to come across him:—

"At three o'clock the carriages entered the arena to convey the distinguished visitors from the grounds. After riding entirely around the arena, the Prince acknowledged the waving handkerchiefs, &c., by raising his hat: the party went outside the amphitheatre and rode around the track, and passed out at the western gate, receiving everywhere demonstrations of high respect. Business was generally suspended in the City, the Post Office and Banks being closed. The Prince returned to his hotel, and was again everywhere cheered. He was followed all along the route by a smart Yankee in an advertising waggon, covered with bills eulogising his clothing store."

"This is what the *Herald* tells us happened at St. Louis, and, as a trade trick, there's no denyin' that it's smartish. Indeed, I don't mind sayin' that it hnlly puts the kibosh on that scissargrinder's dodge, of making his name public in connection with the Prince's by presentin' A armchair to his Riyal Highness. Wal, perhaps the best excuse as one can make for this 'smart Yankee' (I wonder if the Riyal band played *Wait for the Waggon!* as he passed in the procession?) is that there was a big hoss fair when the Prince went tu St. Louis; and hoss-dealers ain't over nice in what they du, and so perhaps the Yankee's dodge was done at their suggestion. If it worn't, I'd say St. Louis was as full of asses as Cincinnati is of pigs, else I reckon the 'smart Yankee' would have been made to smart for it.

"But, arter all, these countertongs must be expected in A country where the people air so all-fired fond o' sticking to the counter. On the whole, the Prince's Visit has been A Great Fact, and if he chose to come agin I guess 't would be A greater. Here's a prophecy of what might happen if he did, and there's many of our bhoys who'd lend a hand tu realise it:—

When the Prince was seated in the car yesterday morning, an Irishman was observed giving vent to his feelings in a manner that showed he was fairly overcome with enthusiasm. After showering a score of compliments upon the Prince, he gave the *coup de grace* by swinging his hat and shouting, 'Be dad! and come back here four years from now and we'll run you for President!' The Royal suite were greatly amused at this unexpected invitation, and the Prince came near tumbling from his seat in a paroxysm of laughter."

"There's a smack o' penny-a-liner flavour into this here; but I reckon for all that there's a goodish some of sense in it. Jist you talk it over at the Palace neow, old hoss, and see if you can't manage tu arrange another visit.

"Yours etarnally obliged,

"JONATHAN MARCELLUS JOSH GOLIAH GONG."

CONSCIENTIOUS OLD GENTLEMAN. *"Let's see, your fare's two shillings, and sixpence for this little lady—she's over age."*

CABBY (*with emotion*). *"No! Is she re'lly, Sir! Lor' bless her little 'art, she've survived a very dangerous per'd o' life, Sir. Uncommon number o' little dears there must be as dies in their hinfancy—that's my 'xperience as a Cabman, Sir. Thank you, Sir."*

JOHNNY'S LAST.

WELL said, JOHNNY RUSSELL. That latest despatch
You have sent to Turin is exactly The Thing,
And again, my dear JOHN, you come up to the scratch
With a pluck that does credit to you and the Ring.

All the Despots have spoken, you justly remark,
Abusing KING VICTOR for bloodshed and guile,
So you can't suffer Europe to rest in the dark
Regarding the views of our tight little Isle.

You declare that a People has absolute right
To give irreclaimable Tyrants the sack,
And you point with Macaulayfied kind of delight,
To England's behaviour two centuries back:

Explaining that Naples is clearly as much
Entitled to ask the assistance she claims,
As England was, then, to make use of the Dutch
To help her extrusion of bigoted JAMES.

But you've got no intention of bothering about
Affairs which are Italy's business, not ours;
You're pleased that she kicks all her enemies out,
And hauls down the Bourbonite flag from her towers.

You're glad that KING VICTOR had spirit and pluck
To set BOMBA SECUNDUS a cutting his stick:
And you wish the New Italy every good luck—
Well said, JOHNNY RUSSELL, you write like a Brick.

PUNCH.

A Very Easy One.

WHY is the New Zealander taking his long-promised sketch of St. Paul's, like a school-boy that is being flogged?
Because he's "ketching it" (*sketching it*).

A HEAVY FAN.

IN the *New York Herald's* account of "The grand ball of the solid men and splendid women of Portland to the officers of the squadron" (in waiting to take the PRINCE OF WALES home), there occurs, among sundry descriptions of the clothes and ornaments worn by the most remarkable of the ladies who figured at that entertainment, the following inventory, with appended remark:—

"MRS. E. C. WILDER, daughter of HON. MARSHAL P. WILDER, wore a very elegant and costly dress of white silk, flounced and embroidered, with a pink opera-cloak, also richly embroidered. She also wore a pearl necklace and carried a costly pearl fan, which was used with all a woman's grace and power."

The embellishments in which the above-named lady appeared, no doubt redounded to the glory of her own good taste as well as that of her milliner, and reflected no less credit on the liberality of that relative who was liable for, or paid, the milliner's bill, which must have amounted to many dollars. Even the fan which she carried is described as costly. A fan made of pearls, however, is not too costly for a dear creature, and we can imagine the affection which would allow, and the opulence which could afford, the purchase of such an instrument, composed of the prettiest globules of a valuable form of chalk. That a fan so constructed would naturally and unconsciously be used with all the grace which a woman is capable of exhibiting, one can well imagine, but does not so well understand how the bearer could use it with all the power that a woman can exert. There is, to be sure, such a thing as flirting a fan, for the purpose of attracting the admiration of the beholders; but this a Spanish, and not an American, practice.

The ladies of the United States are celebrated for standing no nonsense; and we are afraid that when the pearl fan in the hands of the lady at the Portland Ball was used with all a woman's power, it simply broke the head, thick as that was, of some solid man there, who was blockhead enough to infringe American decorum in addressing one of the splendid women, by which inadvertence he got a crack on the crown with her fan, instead of a less serious rap on the knuckles.

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Miss Minerva Skinlington. (*loq.*) "*La! my Dear—how d'e do? and so You've taken a Lesson out of my Book at last, and got a Classical Hat as well as Myself. Upon my word, We should really make a Capital Pair to Run together in a* Curricle."

DISTINGUO.

Our histrionic contemporary, the *Era*, says that in making a brief complimentary speech to the Dorsetshire Volunteers, Lord Shaftesbury thought fit to introduce the most sacred of Names no fewer than seven times. "Our army swore terribly in Flanders," quoth the Reverend Mr. Sterne's hero, "but I never heard anything like that." However,

That 's in a Bishop-maker pious talk
That in a Worldling were profanity."

A Regular Fix.

That mysterious gentleman, Klotz-Roussel, is in a bad way with his project of a Volunteer's Excursion to Paris. Scouted by the Volunteers, pooh-poohed by the press, disclaimed by the Commander-in-Chief and the Secretary at War—whose sanction to his project he has impudently and mendaciously claimed—the case of Klotz seems to come under the Leadenhall market heading of "Clots and Stickings."

THE LORD MAYOR'S BANQUET.

(*By our Special Reporter.*)

Lord Mayor's Day was duly kept on the 9th, and none of its ridiculous features were omitted. An unusual number of pickpockets were in full occupation during the morning, plundering people who were silly enough to stand and stare at the most imbecile Show conceivable. Some Volunteers were kind enough to come, chivalrously, to the rescue of the effete old exhibition, and, by marching between the Bumbles and the Gobblefats, to try to infuse some spirit into the display. But the Mayor is a Fishmonger, and the scaliness of the whole business showed his attachment to his Company. His Lordship has appropriately selected the Ordinary of Newgate as his Chaplain, an appointment which testifies to the Lord Mayor's conviction that the mummery is moribund.

Guildhall was done up in the usual flaring way, and gas was turned on regardless of expense, which extravagance the City can well afford, considering its plunder out of the Coal Duties. The Gobblefats came early to the dinner, and secured good places. The Swells, of course, came later, and some of them were shouted at, in accordance with the ordinary rudeness of Civic people. Dinner having been devoured, speechification set in with much severity. After the Loyal Toasts had been "got over," as the Citizens disrespectfully put it,

The Lord Mayor proposed the Army, Navy, and Volunteers.

General Peel said that he had nothing to do with any of those departments of the Service, and had been a member of the late Ministry, and was not in this one. He could not imagine what the Lord Mayor was thinking of in calling upon him, but supposed there was some blunder. However, as he was up, he might as well return thanks for the toast, and congratulate the sleek Citizens upon having three such services to defend their bales and puncheons.

The Duke of Somerset said that perhaps General Peel would at all events be good enough to hold his tongue about the Navy, which was his, the Duke's, business. He should like to hear anybody say the Navy was not all right, and he begged to return thanks.

The Lord Mayor gave the Ex-Lord Mayor.

Alderman Carter said that he had tried to do his best. One of his little boys had told him that there was a fable about Hercules and the Carter, and that it meant that we were to put our shoulders to the wheel. He had put his lips to the weal at dinner, and very good weal it was, but that was not the question now. He, Alderman Carter, had pulled out of the way with his cart, and hoped the new Mayor would go a-head.

The Lord Mayor gave the Foreign Ministers.

Count Persigny in reply said,

Milord Maire, et Messieurs.—Il est un grand bore d'avoir de venir et manger avec vous épiciers, et d'avoir un mal de tête avec votre maudite gas, mais c'est nécessaire quand le diable est le Jehu. Mon dieu, qu'elles sont laides, les citoyennes, et leur toilettes, ah, bah, poof! Messieurs, je suis charmé de vous dire que mon auguste Souverain, L'Empereur, n' a pas une seule idée d'invasion, à present, tout le contraire, et vous pouvez dormir confortablement dans vos lits. C'est vrai, Messieurs, et j'ajouterai qu'il n'est pas un sot, et sait parfaitement bien sur quel coté son pain est beurré. Eh, Messieurs, vous n' êtes pas des Solomons, mais vous avez compris que mon maître et votre ami le bon Cobden ont sous-signé une Traité (*derivatur* de Trahison), et par cette Traité, Messieurs, vous êtes vot you call him—*dun*. Bien, mes chers amis, pourquoi combatter avec ceux qui se donnent, franchement et avec humilité, d'être dépouillés. Restez tranquillement, mes braves, et croyez que nous sommes raisonables. Milord Maire, agréez, &c.

The next toast was the Lord Chancellor.

Lord Campbell said that one didn't come to the City for wit but for wittles, and he had had a very good dinner, for which he was much obliged. He had been reviewed by George the Third, and also by the *Quarterly*, but he did not see how that concerned the present audience.

The Lord Mayor then gave Lord Palmerston and the Queen's Ministers.

Lord Palmerston (who was loudly cheered, especially by Lord John Russell). My Lord Mayor, Ladies and Gentlemen. It is an uncommonly jolly thing to come and eat these dinners sometimes, though I don't mean to say for a moment that I should like to do it often. Some great writer, Terence or Tupper, I forget which, has observed that out of the conversation of the unwise the truly wise can gather wisdom, and there is something to be learned sometimes from Aldermen. We learn, for instance, what to eat, drink, and avoid; that is to say, to eat their turtle, to drink their wine, and to avoid themselves. (*Cheers and laughter.*) I was greatly pleased with M. de Persigny's speech, as I am sure my noble friend the Foreign Secretary will be when one of his young gentlemen translates it to him. I am rejoiced that we have been and done it in China, and as citizens you will understand me when I say that it is Lombard Street to a China

orange in favour of those Armstrong guns. (*Cheers.*) As for the Volunteers, I am told they marched in a remarkably elegant manner in the Show to-day, and those who were so good-natured, ought, I think, to be called "Gog's Own," for the future. I am sorry to hear that any Volunteers are likely to be such asses as to be diddled into joining a ridiculous expedition to Paris, but I trust that the number will be small, and that they will all be expelled from their companies on their return. Well, my Lord, we are Hampshire neighbours, and though we can't quite do this sort of thing at Broadlands, I needn't say that we shall always be delighted to see you there, and in the meantime I congratulate you on getting upon a dais which has added a Cubit to your stature. (*Loud cheers.*)

MR. GLADSTONE. I have the honour of proposing the health of the LORD MAYOR. I always like three courses before me, but to-day I have had nine. When I proposed that the people should have cheap Claret, I did not exactly design to drink it myself; and I am bound to say that this last bottle is an inconceivably thin potation. When I can get a decent glass I will give the toast I am honoured with. (*Tastes.*) Yes, that's more like it. That's real stuff, and not Treaty tipple. *Quam bonum est in visceribus meis!* My Lord, you are a Conservative. I was one once, and may be again; but that's nothing. I propose your health, and, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, I thank you for having built so many hundreds of residences for persons of the class only too happy to contribute to the taxation which it is my duty to impose—builders like you are indeed bricks.

The LORD MAYOR gave the House of Lords and LORD BROUGHAM.

LORD BROUGHAM said that he was going to speak for forty years. (*Sensation.*) No, no, he meant that he had been speaking during that time, and very frequently in the City. He hoped often to do so again, and was very sorry that M. BERRYER was not in better spirits.

The LORD MAYOR gave the House of Commons and LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL said that he had perfectly understood M. DE PERSIGNY, whose French was exceedingly pure (*a bow from M. de P.*), and extremely like that which he, LORD JOHN, adopted in his despatches. He was very much indebted to M. DE PERSIGNY for the warm tribute he had paid to the administration of the Foreign Office by himself, LORD J. RUSSELL (M. DE PERSIGNY. "*Mon œit!*"), and he hoped long to deserve the praises which had been showered upon him. He had his own authority and DR. CUMMING's for stating, that so long as the Foreign Affairs of England were in his, LORD J. RUSSELL's, hands, so long would England pursue the exact path delineated for her by a favouring Destiny.

Some other toasts followed, especially some exceedingly buttery ones, which were handed round with the tea, and which the medical gentlemen present recommended, with furtive smiles. There was also a good deal of music, which prevented a certain amount of nonsense from being talked and heard. We did not hear of any particular accidents up to the time of going to press.

HELP FOR BOMBALINO.

ASSISTANCE BOMBALINO wants, does he? His forces, being weaknesses, are in need of reinforcements. Well, we clearly have the means, and we are charitably disposed, so let us lend a hand to help him.

At a moderate computation there are at this present moment upwards of ten million Organmen in England. The majority of these, we need scarce say, live in London: twenty-nine are playing within earshot as we write. The rest are resident in no particular locality, but infest the highways generally throughout the entire kingdom, and are burglariously occupied in breaking into houses with their instruments of torture, and extorting from their inmates the blackest of black mail. The police, it seems, are powerless to protect us from these robbers, who steal away our brains like the enemy of *Cassius*, and if they cannot rob us of our money, rob us of our quiet, our comfort, and our rest.

Now might we not relieve both BOMBALINO and ourselves by sending him at once a contingent of these creatures, who are amply good enough to be food for powder, and to serve the falling cruel tyrant's cause? Detested as they are by all thinking persons here, the Organmen must surely lead most miserable lives, and it would be far better to be shot down at Gaëta than be hunted down in England (as they will ere long) by *Punch*. Besides, are they not Italians? And is it not *dulce et decorum pro patriâ mori?* To be sure, if they assisted the wretched Bourbon cause, it could scarcely be asserted that they died for Italy. Still they would have the satisfaction at least of dying *in* it, and England would be grateful to them if Italy were not. We gladly would engage DR. CULLEN and his priests, and get up a subscription to say masses for their souls, if we only knew for certain that their bodies had departed, and would not again molest us with their brain-distracting arts.

Persons of humane and charitable feelings, and the bumps of whose benevolence are unusually big, might earn our lasting thanks by taking up this matter; by enlisting first of all, say, the six or seven millions of Organmen in London, and supplying them with ships and so forth to depart. It would, we think, be hardly needful to furnish them with arms, for of course care would be taken that they had their organs with them, and it would be difficult to give them a more offensive weapon. An organ in full play is indeed a deadly instrument, and he must be a bold man who would at short range dare to face it. Our chief fear, in fact, would be that, like the brave Irish Brigade, the Organmen would prove rather difficult to kill, and would come back like those martyrs to be *fêted* in the flesh, instead, as we would wish, of being henceforth heard of only in the spirit.

NO MORE SAXON FOR CELTS!

AN Irish patriot and geographer, called The O'DONOGHUE, who is said to have discovered that Ireland is not a part of Great Britain, has, in concert with several compatriots, embarked in an agitation for the Repeal of the Union which connects Great Britain with Ireland. With a view to the prosecution of their advantageous and hopeful design, they are about to expose themselves at an assembly which the *Nation* announces in the following paragraph:—

"We are happy to learn that our highly-talented and distinguished countryman, The O'DONOGHUE, M.P., and MR. GEORGE HENRY MOORE, with other gentlemen of known patriotism and abilities, have signified their intention to be present at a meeting in favour of Ireland's right to choose her own rulers which is shortly to be held in this City."

Repeal, which an O'CONNELL proved unable to carry, is evidently going to be accomplished by the O'DONOGHUE. We are fortunately in a position to be enabled to explain the means by which the success of this hitherto impracticable undertaking will be secured. The O'DONOGHUE's discovery that Ireland is not a part of Great Britain involves the equally important discovery that Irish is not English; that the language of one of these countries differs from that of the other. This being so, it is felt that a great mistake has been made by Irish patriots in going on, year after year, shouting for repeal in the language of DR. JOHNSON and LINDLEY MURRAY. A man's speech bewrayeth him all the world over, and The O'DONOGHUE and his associates find that they have been howling for Irish nationality in the Saxon tongue amid the ridicule of mankind. They have therefore determined that the rights of Ireland shall henceforth be proclaimed in Irish. It is their intention to harangue their countrymen in the original brogue which served BRIAN BORU or BURROO—or whatever they call him—to express his ideas, such as he had, and was employed by St. Patrick in converting the natives of the Emerald Isle and bothering the varmint.

The national language will also be adopted by all the Ultramontane Press, and especially of course by the *Nation*. By this expedient great facilities will be gained for publishing treason with impunity. Religious journals will be enabled to express unbounded sympathy for Sepoys or other savages undergoing persecution for the slaughter of English heretics. Yelling with joy over the reverses of Britons in wild Irish, the faithful, intelligible only to each other, will not create that scandal of which his Holiness the POPE is now reaping some of the consequences in the influence exerted by England on his temporal affairs.

The O'DONOGHUE himself, if with the SPEAKER's permission, he shall address the House of Commons in his native language, will be quite as patiently listened to, and as implicitly credited as he would if he were to solicit the dismemberment of the Empire, abuse the Italian nationalists, and trumpet forth the wrongs of tortured Ireland, in terms which all his hearers could understand. *Erin go bragh!* Hurroo for The O'DONOGHUE—the gentleman that goes in for an Irish Parliament, and has the definite article for a handle to his name

Valuations Taken.

WE fancy a very pretty Rule of Three sum might be worked out of the title of a book, which has recently been introduced to the notice of the public, under the name of the *Valley of a Hundred Fires*. If, as the advertisements tell us, it is possible to get "Four Fires for a Penny," it would not be very difficult, we imagine, to ascertain what the "valley" of a hundred fires would come to. Any school-boy, or LORD MALMESBURY, could do it.

KLOTZ-ROUSSEL.

A New Ballad to the popular French air—"Cadet Roussel."

Cadet Roussel is a famous man,
At *Mabille, Chaumière* and *Pré Catalan*,
But Paris and London now see the bell
Borne away from *Cadet*, by *Klotz*-Roussel—
Klotz-Roussel, Klotz-Roussel,
Is John Bull so green—Herr Klotz-Roussel?

The Liverpool Merchants, as notable fools,
In *Punch's* sheets, sat on penance-stools;
But their foolscaps, sheets, and stools as well
May now be transferred to Klotz-Roussel—
Klotz-Roussel, Klotz-Roussel,
Bare your back for the rod, Herr Klotz-Roussel!

We all of us know what *chef d'œuvres* they are,
Those neat *billet-doux* of the honied Mocquard,
When there's fool to gammon, or knave to propel;
Which head do *you* come under, Klotz-Roussel?—
Klotz-Roussel, Klotz-Roussel,
Take your choice of the two, Herr Klotz-Roussel.

Our Volunteers you kindly invite,
In Paris to make themselves a sight,
In hopes that credit and cash may tell,
On the pride and the purse of a Klotz-Roussel—
Klotz-Roussel, Klotz-Roussel,
What a bright conception of Klotz-Roussel!

When the British Lion is armed to the teeth,
He's asked to put tushes and claws in their sheath,
And with bated breath and bare belts, pell-mell
To follow to Paris a Klotz-Roussel—
Klotz-Roussel, Klotz-Roussel,
What a Leader of Lions is Klotz-Roussel!

There's a being in England known as "a snob,"
And a thing in England known as "a job:"
The "snob" we can see, and the "job" we may smell,
Combined in this project of Klotz-Roussel—
Klotz-Roussel, Klotz-Roussel,
You may just as well drop it, Herr Klotz-Roussel.

If e'er our Volunteers should go
To Paris, they won't go there for a show.
Meanwhile for home-use their ranks they swell,
Not to lackey the heels of a Klotz-Roussel—
Klotz-Roussel, Klotz-Roussel,
Paws off the Lion, Herr Klotz-Roussel!

The old Greeks held there were omens in names,
Some promised successes, some augured shames;
And 'tis odds that the chance of a row and a sell
Both meet in this scheme of Klotz-Roussel—
Klotz-Roussel, Klotz-Roussel,
There's a sound of ill omen in Klotz-Roussel!

I haven't the luck to know who you are,
Accredited thus by the Great Mocquard:
You *may* be a tout, for some rail or hotel,
And you *may* be a tailor, Klotz-Roussel—
Klotz-Roussel, Klotz-Roussel,
But your name rings doubtfully, Klotz-Roussel.

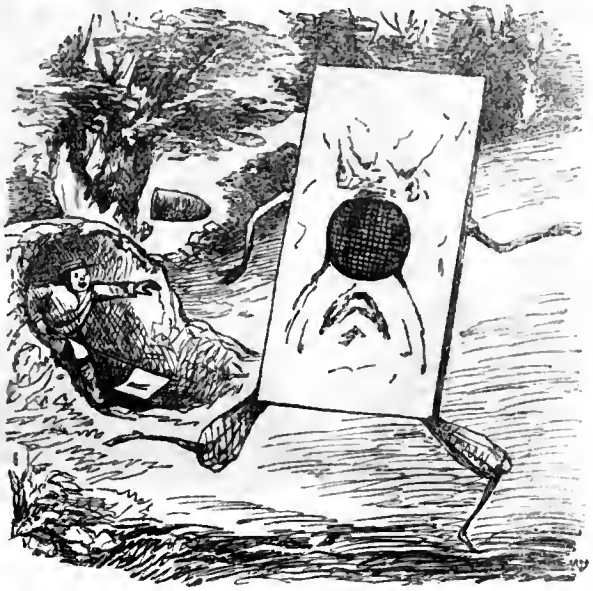
The French and English nations to bring
To *l'entente cordiale*, were an excellent thing;
But to give *us* an inch, and give *them* an ell,
Isn't quite the road to it, Klotz-Roussel—
Klotz-Roussel, Klotz-Roussel,
There's two sides to a Treaty, Klotz-Roussel.

All honour to Gladstone, and Cobden, and Bright,
That with weapons of peace they prefer to fight;
But there's time for the sword, and the shot and the shell—
Ask Louis Napoleon, Klotz-Roussel—
Klotz-Roussel, Klotz-Roussel,
Steel *may* oust soft sawder, Klotz-Roussel.

John Bull begs leave very humbly to doubt
Whether arming his hands and then holding them out
Be the sort of logic that's likely to tell
On logical France, spite of Klotz-Roussel—
Klotz-Roussel, Klotz-Roussel,
She would call it a "*contresens*," Klotz-Roussel.

Leave Ireland to send Volunteers to Rome;
Our Volunteers we'll keep at home,
Nor be lured to Paris by e'en the spell
Of a Mocquard backing a Klotz-Roussel—
Klotz-Roussel, Klotz-Roussel,
Go home to the Tuileries, Klotz-Roussel,

And say, with John Bull's best compliments there,
He's not to be stroked the right way of the hair.
E'en British Asses will scarce don the fell
Of British Lions for Klotz-Roussel—
Klotz-Roussel, Klotz-Roussel,
You had best shut up shop, Herr Klotz-Roussel.



"WITH VERDURE CLAD."

Among other curiosities, we see advertised a sort of "Vegetable Leather Gaiters," of which a hundred thousand pairs are expected to be sold in London ere next spring. This announcement has, we own, sadly puzzled and perplexed us, and eleven of our hairs have prematurely been turned grey by it. By what process any vegetable can be made into a gaiter, is a problem our best powers are unable to resolve. But supposing it accomplished, there would clearly be advantages which in certain circumstances might perhaps result from it. For instance, we have heard of shipwrecked sailors having to subsist upon their boots; and if they had been supplied with Vegetable Gaiters, they doubtless would have relished the addition to their fare. A still more painful story has moreover reached us, of how a newly-married couple went to Paris for their honeymoon, and, arriving there at 3 A.M., could get nothing served for supper, and so, to save themselves from starving, had to devour their slice of cake. Now if the husband had but worn a pair of Vegetable Gaiters, they need not have committed this almost cannibal act.

We are not informed if Vegetarians use these Gaiters, nor whether any Vegetable in particular be chosen for their manufacture. This latter is in some degree a point somewhat important. For instance, if we purchased our Gaiters of a tailor, it would never do to ask him if they were made of Cabbage!

The Bourbon and the Black Prince.

We have the best authority for stating, that Francis II., the Ex-King of Naples, has declined, with thanks, the asylum which has been offered him by the Queen of Spain and the Emperor of Austria. The dethroned monarch will reside at the Court of a Royal brother, where he will feel much more at home than he probably would even in the Imperial Palace at Vienna. His Majesty has decided on accepting the hospitality of the King of Dahomey.

A PUN FOR POOR CREATURES.

The partisans of the Pope and the other tyrants of Italy, call Garibaldi a Filibuster. As that hero is fighting for the freedom of the Italian boot, might they not as well content themselves with calling him a Freebooter?

A CONTENTED MIND.

Old Wurzel. "WELL, MUSTER CHAWLES, SO YOU'VE BEEN A RIDING THE YOUNG UN.—HOW DOES BE GO?"
Muster Chawles. "OH, SPLENDID! NEVER CARRIED BETTER IN MY LIFE! IT WAS HIS FIRST RUN, AND WE ONLY CAME DOWN FIVE TIMES!"

THE RIGHT LEG IN THE BOOT.

THE Boot of Italy may well
Be likened to the shoe
Wherein did that old woman dwell
Who knew not what to do.
Inside that Boot the Pontiff sits
Upon his shaky throne,
And questions, racking his poor wits,
How he shall hold his own.

But other Sovereigns, in that Boot
Did live, besides the POPE;
The Hapsburg, and the Bourbon brute,
Who ruled by axe and rope:
And petty Dukes there also were,
That served those tyrants twain,
And sceptres, by their favour, bare
Each o'er his mean domain.

Small space the Pontiff now, indeed,
Doth in that Boot possess;
His subjects being mostly freed:
The Bourbon holdeth less.
The Hapsburg, much against the grain,
Hath place been forced to give;
The petty Dukes no longer reign
Where happy subjects live.

Now may your boot, Italians, get
Soon on the right leg put,
No despot in it holding yet
One portion of his foot:
Soon Hapsburg after Bourbon kick,
A boot all one and whole,
And keep—allowed his bishopric—
The POPE beneath the sole.

DOBLER OUTDONE.

WE really think the table-turners, and other conjurors and wizards, should protest against the tradesmen taking leaves out of their books, and doing strokes of necromancy on their own account. What with "Magic Strops," and other marvellous inventions, the apparatus of a conjuror seems sold at every counter, and feats of legerdemain are now in nearly everybody's hands. Here, for instance, is a specimen of the wonders which are worked by advertising tradesmen, who are constantly attracting notice to some new commercial trick:—

"By merely pouring boiling water into the inverted lid of BLANK'S Patent Coffee Pot, from a pint to a gallon of delicious tea or coffee may be procured in a few minutes."

Really, now, this beats the Mysterious Bowls of Gold-Fish, the Inexhaustible Bottle, and the Cup-producing Hat. We have often seen a conjuror make hot coffee on the stage, but then he has always had a pigeon or canary-bird to make it with—nay, has sometimes taken a leaf out of the cookery-books at railway stations, and has easily concocted it from a few handfuls of beans. In the case quoted, however, the trick is done without the aid of these accessories, the beverage being brewed by merely pouring boiling water on an inverted lid. No mention is made of either tea or coffee being put into the coffee-pot, and yet either of these drinks is producible at will by the mere means we have stated. Both of them, moreover, are declared to be "delicious," a statement of the conjuror which, not being a consumer, we cannot yet endorse. We think, however, that these coffee-pots, if they do what is asserted of them, cannot be too widely known; and to guarantee their being so, we make a note of them in *Punch*. It may influence the Government in their dealings with the Chinamen to learn that tea can now be made without the need of tea-leaves; and surely nobody will dream of paying money for "Best Mocha," when he can get a pint or gallon of the most delicious coffee by merely pouring boiling water upon a bit of tin.

THE STRONGEST ARGUMENT AGAINST CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—Dethroned Tyrants are not hanged.

RIGHT LEG IN THE BOOT AT LAST.

Garibaldi. "IF IT WON'T GO ON, SIRE, TRY A LITTLE MORE POWDER."

JEWELS OF JOURNALISM.

"*To — Punch, Esq.*

"*Verbena Villa, Monday.*

YOU DEAR OLD PET,* —I am so *much* obliged to you for putting in the letter which I wrote the other day about our *darling* PRINCE OF WALES, and how before he left America he had to kiss, oh! ever such a lot of girls *by proxy*, selecting one (of course the *prettiest*) to take the kisses for the rest; two dozen I think there were, but the paper didn't say whether the Prince kissed her *four and twenty* times for them. Well, his *labours* are all over now, and I'm sure he *must* be glad of it, for only think what he's gone through, and so young as he is too, and what with all his travelling and late hours, and then having to rise early in order to *pack up*, he must have fairly been worn out, and quite glad to get *home* again.

"But after all, he must have had a most *delightful* time of it. Only fancy how delicious to have dancing every night almost, and *always with fresh partners!* I declare it's a *great* shame there were no ladies in his suite. They would *so* much have enjoyed themselves. And how nice it would have been to be mentioned in the newspapers, and publicly be complimented for one's personal appearance, as is the fashion in America, it seems in high society. At least one judges this is so from the account the *New York Herald* gives of one of the American Nights' Entertainments which were lately got up to amuse their English visitors. The *Herald* thus describes a few of the 'radiant multitude' for the purpose of 'conveying an idea of the general unanimity of the picture:'—

MISS CHARLOTTE CUMMING wore a lace dress with autumn leaves embroidered over tulle skirt. A scarf of green leaves completed an effective *tout ensemble*, and a row of pearls found a fitting resting place around a head of glossy black hair.

"MISS MARY CLAPP, a favourite of the evening, wore lace over white silk, looped up with natural flowers. Very pretty.

"MRS. JOHN SCHERMERHORN looked a sort of incarnation of the Adriatic with the Doge of Venice. [Oh, my goodness me! how nice she must have looked! How I *wish* I had her photograph!]

"MRS. STAATESTINOUI wore a beautiful lace looped up with flowers, looking every inch a bride.

"MISS ELLEN REED wore a simple pink cloud of crape, and, almost without a single ornament, was a specimen of cottage simplicity calculated to do an immense amount of damage."

"There, now! isn't that delicious! I declare I feel quite jealous! Only think how nice, after going to a ball, to find one was considered to 'look every inch a bride,' or that some reporter thought one 'very pretty!' As of *course* one would not know whether one had *really* been 'the favourite of the evening,' how delightful it would be on awakening the next morning to find oneself so famous! What a *pity* it is our papers are so stupidly reserved, and withhold such pleasant news from us. Just conceive with what delight a *débutante* at Almack's would discover that *Bell's Life* considered her a 'specimen of cottage simplicity,' and how it would charm Mamma the Countess to learn that it was stated by the '*Tiser* or the *Telegraph* that, to their idea, her ELLEN was 'calculated to do an immense amount of damage.'

"Equally delightful it would be to our *beau monde* to find their manners and demeanour criticised as freely as their personal appearance. If American reporters had access to our ball-rooms, I suppose that some such stuff as that which follows would be written of us:—

"At first a slight degree of bashfulness was apparent on the part of the young people of both sexes; but as the ball progressed this gradually wore off, and the officers to their no small satisfaction had the pleasure of dancing with any lady in the room on whom they chose to fasten an inclination. * * English formality and restraint gave way before the winsome manners of the young divinities, and the ball rolled on to the accompaniment of pleasant conversation, coquettish hallucinations, good music, plenty of room to dance in, plenty of handsome partners and every other adjunct calculated to make one in such a place contented with himself and neighbours."

"'Plenty of room to dance in!' Well, I *do* think we might copy our Yankee cousins in this respect; although we might not care to specify among the other benefits of having a big ball-room, that 'there were no crushed corns to rise like agonised *Ghosts of Banquo*' from it.

"But there was something else besides the 'winsome manners of the young divinities' which helped to dissipate the English 'formalities' and coldness:—

"An admirable feature of the evening was a coffee-room, where the thirsty and weary could retire at any time, and without inconvenience inhale the rising incense of his Java. For the accommodation of the officers a private room was set apart for them under the stage, where had been rolled in a cask of ale and several quarts of oysters, of which the English are very fond. This was called 'JOHN BULL'S Saloon.' In a word, every possible effort was made by the committee to render this portion of the entertainment especially complete, and it is needless to say, that their endeavours to 'crowd the stomach with thrifty fare' met with the most complete success."

"'*Sine Bacco friget Venus*,' cried my cousin CHARLEY to me upon reading this, and as he said it with a chuckle, of course I *tried* to laugh, although I own I don't a *bit* know what he meant by it. I suppose the smoking-room was set apart for the use of the Americans, as of course an *English* gentleman would never dream of 'inhaling the incense of his Java' when he is going to enjoy the society of *ladies*. And what does the reporter *mean* by hinting the suspicion that an Englishman can't dance without the help of beer and oysters? If I thought my cousin CHARLEY needed such inducements to make him waltz or polk with me, I declare, I really think I'd *never* dance with him again!! At least, unless he begged my pardon prettily and vowed—But never mind all that: here's something *much* more interesting to you than Cousin CHARLEY can be:—

"Whilst it is true that there were none who looked like some of the women at the New York ball, as if they had just emerged from a diamond shower-bath, there was a display of jewels and jewellery that bespoke the good taste and good sense of the wearer. Portland ladies are celebrated for their beauty and refinement, however, more than for any mere display of dress, and the gathering on Wednesday in this respect was sufficient to have constituted an aurora. * * One of the principal officers, a dashing young lieutenant, made the remark that he had seen more real genuine undiluted loveliness in the space of half an acre, and during half an hour, than he had looked upon since he left the Old Country. He really thought American ladies were remarkably 'arnsome.' A few minutes after this he was up to his elbows in compliments, melting away under the delicious fascinations of a terrestrial angel in blue—a process he went through no less than a dozen times in the course of the evening."

"Fancy now the gathering in a ball-room 'constituting an aurora.' What *poets* penny-a-liners must be in America! Does that darling LONGFELLOW, I wonder, write for newspapers? And how *true to life* it is to represent a British officer as speaking of half acres of 'undiluted loveliness,' and saying of his partners that he thought them vastly 'arnsome!' Well, it certainly *is* a pity our reporters, like our dancers, are so reserved and formal; I fear that we shall have to wait a good long while before we find the *Times* announcing to the world the fascinations of MISS SMITH, or reporting the flirtations which go on in London ball-rooms.

"Yours, dear *Mr. Punch*,

"With the very *warmest* interest,

"AMELIA ANGELICA ANGELINA AGNES ANN."

"P.S. How does a man look when he is 'melting away' and 'up to his elbows in compliments?' Because, if it improves his looks, I shall get CHARLEY to practise it."

* We have no objection to be called a Pet, but we must protest against the epithet preceding. *Old*, indeed, young lady! What do you mean by "old?" A man who lives a careful life, as every one does now-a-days, has quite a right to call himself "a mere boy" until sixty.—*Punch.*

Political Ingratitude.

THE Conservatives find many kind things to say in favour of LORD PALMERSTON, but not a single flattering word do they ever say in honour of poor DISRAELI. We call this base ingratitude, though DIS is quite strong enough to dispense with their flattery. But really from the complimentary way in which the Conservatives talk, any stranger would naturally conclude that PALMERSTON was their leader, and not DISRAELI.

UNFOUNDED CALUMNY.

THERE is not the smallest truth in the rumour that MR. SHERIDAN KNOWLES has been appointed "Professor of Allocution" to the POPE. Every one, who hears it mentioned, is requested to contradict it.

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—OF THE REIGN OF EDWARD THE FOURTH.

YOUNG SWELLS. TEMP. EDWARD THE FOURTH. FROM AN ELABORATE WOOD-ENGRAVING OF THE PERIOD.

How absurd were certain of the costumes of this period, the pencil of our artist will show better than our pen. By the drawing which we use as an initial to this chapter, and which is accurately copied from a very rare old manuscript,* it will be seen what pains the dandies took to make themselves ridiculous, and how eminently some of them succeeded in so doing. Swells with spindle-shanky legs appeared to take delight in exposing their deformities, and made them still more ludicrous by contrast with their upper garments, which were swollen and puffed out to a preposterous degree. Special notice also should be taken of their hats: some of which, as in this drawing, were tall sugar-loafy structures not unlike a modern foolscap, while others looked like slop-basins with a peacock's feather in them.

One would think that such absurdities were hardly worth the while of grave historians to chronicle, but MONSTRELET dilates at no slight length upon the subject, as does PARADIN likewise, in his *Histoire de Lyons*, which COX DE FINSBURY conceives to be a work of natural history, and only to bear reference to the king of all the beasts. Among other information supplied us by these writers, we learn, that doublets were cut short, as our artist has depicted them, and that the sleeves of them were slit so as to show large loose white shirts. They were padded in the shoulder with large waddings called "mahoitres:"† and were worn of silk, of satin, and of velvet, even by mere boys. The beaux, however, and perhaps the boys, were as capricious as spoilt children in their tastes and fancies; and after coming out one day in the shortest of short jackets, the next would, like great babies, go about in long clothes, "soe long in soothe att times that they dyd dangle in ye dirt."

Such of our readers as have been to public schools will have derived at least this benefit from their classic education, namely that they will not need us to translate the well-known line:—

"Dum vitant stulti vitia, in contraria currunt."

Of course we would not be so cruel as to call a swell a fool; but, with a softening of the "stulti," the verse was clearly applicable to dandies at this period, and we wonder the old writers, fond as they were of Latin, should not have applied it. Besides their weathercocky ways in the fashion of their coats, the gentlemen of England who lived in EDWARD's reign, veered about as changeably in the shaping of their shoes. On Monday you would meet a swell strutting a-down Chepe with pointed toes, which were called poulaines, a quarter of an ell long; and on Tuesday you might see him sunning himself idly in the gardens of the Temple, having his feet stuck into a sort of shoes termed duck-bills, which had a kind of beak-like projection at the toe, some five fingers in length. Before the week was out, if you chanced to come across him, you perhaps would find him sporting a new sort of pedal envelopes, and carrying his absurdity to fully as great widths as he had previously done lengths. Slippers, we are told, were made "so very

FROM THE FRONTISPIECE TO THE FAMOUS BALLAD OF "YE CHILDE OF COCKAIGNE AND YE CORDWAINERE." DATE 1470.

broad in front as to exceed the measure of a good foot," but whether they were worn to hide the measure of a bad one, the chronicler is not so rude here as to hint.

If history be believed, our fourth EDWARD had not much to recommend him to posterity. One writer (does the reader recollect the name of EGERTON?) speaks of him as being—

"—— To each voluptuous vice a slave,
Cruel, intemperate, vain, suspicious, brave."

But of this long string of epithets, the only one we need to say a word on is the third. Vanity being one of the chief failings of the sovereign, it may be fancied that his courtiers followed his example, and were unchecked in their preposterous pomps and vanities of dress. It is true an Act of Parliament was passed for their prevention; and popular opinion, speaking through the mouths of the street-boys of the period, was doubtless prone to treat with levity the very heavy swells. But neither statutory laws nor the chaffing of the streets have ever much effect to mitigate the dandyism of the day; and although it was provided that "no one under a lord" should make a fool of himself by wearing a short jacket and long shoes, and that every tradesman manufacturing such articles should be fined a sovereign (and be cursed by clergy for the shoemaking offence), we will be bound to say short jackets and long shoes still were made, and that other fools than lords were found to wear them.

By this sumptuary statute, which was passed in the third year of the reign of EDWARD THE FOURTH, bachelor knights were forbidden to wear cloth of velvet upon velvet, unless they were Knights of the Garter. This is the first tax upon bachelors recorded in our History; and as the mania for finery appears to be reviving, it might not be unwise to reimpose some such a hindrance on it. There really is no saying how it might affect the Census, if single swells were now prohibited from wearing porkpie hats and pegtops, and a dozen other things which we have no space here to schedule.

Unbecomingly cropped heads, and closely-shaven chins and cheeks, had been in fashion during the three last preceding reigns; but fops now wore their hair "so long that it dyd come into their eyes, and wits dyd say they looked like members of ye hairy-stocracie." Beards, whiskers, and moustaches were, however, still discountenanced, for the ladies, it was said, did set their face against them.

But little change took place now in the military equipment. A modern writer says, that it "presents few striking novelties," and indeed the only novel weapons for striking that present themselves are the genetaire, or janetaire, a sort of Spanish lance, the voulge, which varied slightly from the old glaive or guisarme, and the halbert (now first mentioned), whose name doubtless was derived from the earliest kind of poleaxe, which the Germans, and perhaps the Poles, called alle-barde, or cleave-all. Swords and bucklers were first given to archers at this time; for although, like our Riflemen, these soldiers were intended to fight chiefly at long ranges, it was found that they were sometimes forced to battle hand to hand, and then a sword and shield were sure to come in handy.

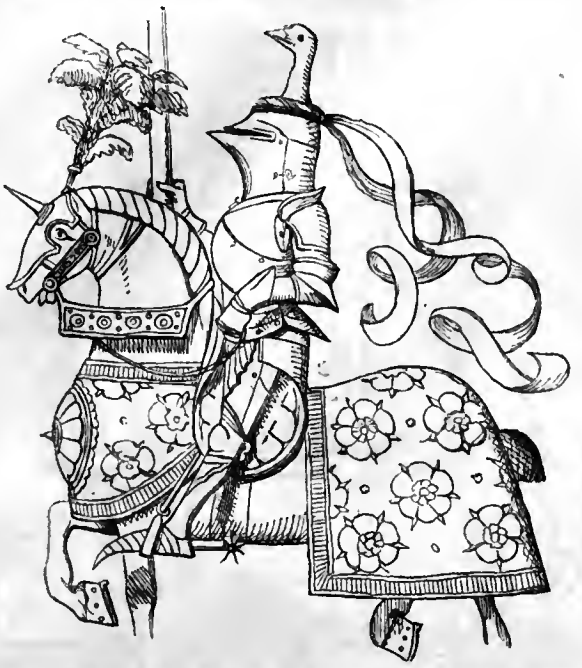
We have said the Civil Swells were somewhat heavy at this period; but the Knights, when in full fig, were even yet more ponderous. Enormous globular breastplates were worn upon the chest, and the feet were strongly shielded by sollerets of steel, whose long points are

* This drawing is noteworthy as being one of the first specimens of the noble art of wood-cutting with which our English literature (the Book of Costumes not excepted) has been so much enriched. DR. DIBDIN says the art "began to prevail about the year 1460," *i. e.*, the year before the reign of EDWARD THE FOURTH. Doubtless the drawings which illuminate this chapter, and which are all taken from the artists of the period, will remind the thoughtful reader of the lines in the *Excursion*, where WORDSWORTH speaks of these same "wooden cuts:"—

"Strange and uncouth: dire faces, figures dire,
Sharp-kneed, sharp-elbowed, and lean-ancled too,
With long and ghostly shanks: forms which once seen
Can never be forgotten."

† This luxury, however, was only for the higher classes. By the sumptuary statute which was passed during this reign, "no yeoman, or person under a yeoman," was allowed bolsters or stuffing of wool, cotton or cadis in his pourpoint or doublet, under a penalty of a six and eightpence fine and forfeiture to somebody of the offending garment.

represented curving downwards from the stirrup. Their funny-bones they guarded with immense sharp-angled elbow-plates, and neither jokes nor lances could be poked into their ribs, so well were they protected with their metal casing. That Royal wit, KING JAMES THE



ONE OF "THE MEN IN ARMOUR" IN A CHOICE OLD PICTURE OF "YE LORD MAYOR HIS SHOWE," IN 1480.

FIRST, is said to have remarked of the armour of this era, that "it canna be denied it was an ower gude inveention, as it heendered a puir body frae being hurt himsel', or hurting ither people, by reason of its clumsiness."

This in some measure explains the marvels which we read, of how knights battered one another, like *Hotspur* and *Jack Falstaff*, by the three hours together, without doing much more damage than just to make their noses bleed. This however was providing that they could keep their seats, for when once a knight came down it was literally all up with him. The mere shock of his fall was quite enough in general to knock him out of time; and as he could not anyhow get up without assistance, his conqueror could coolly choose the best chink in the armour to give the *coup de grace*. It was for this reason perhaps that the horses were now armed almost as heavily as their riders, having shields upon their chests and manefaires upon their manes, while a strong plate called the chanfron gave protection to the face. This plate had a sharp boss, or point, projecting from the forehead, and a plume by way of ornament sprouting up between the ears, in the manner of the cherry-tree upon the stag shot by MUNCHAUSEN. The saddle too was made of a peculiar construction, projecting round the thigh so as to hold bad riders firmly to their seats. A splendid specimen of this is shown in a quaint drawing in one of the Harleian manuscripts, where the steed is represented rather bigger than a dray-horse, and having a cropped mane and absurdly short bob-tail, which we presume to have been according to the fashion of the time. This presumption is supported by one of those old lyrics which antiquarians have had to thank us for unearthing, and which with the quaint pleasantry belonging to this period, relates in sixty stanzas how ye gentil knight SYR DOODAH—

"Dyd go to Epsome towne,
Upon ye Derbye Daye,
And lost hys money on ye Bob-tayled nagge,
For he oughte to have bett on ye Baye!"

Quite the Reverse.

COUNT CASELLA, the Minister of FRANCIS THE SECOND, the small German potentates, and all the other minor fry of Despotism, are in horror at the audacity of VICTOR EMMANUEL, in coming to the rescue of the Two Sicilies, and denounce his conduct as a violation of what they call the "*Jus Gentium*."

They omit a syllable. What VICTOR EMMANUEL *has* trampled under foot—and all honour to him for it—is the "*Jus Regentium*," which in despotisms, so far from being identical with the "*Jus Gentium*," is precisely the reverse. In the name of "the right of nations," he overbears "the right divine of Kings to govern wrong."

GUILDHALL AS IT SHOULD BE.

A SADLY inaccurate description of the decorations at Guildhall for the LORD MAYOR'S Feast last week having crept into the papers, *Mr. Punch* has been requested for the interest of the public to furnish what on Derby-days is known as a "c'rect list":—

The Lobbies.—These being the entrance-chambers leading to the Banquet Hall, were appropriately embellished with trophies appertaining to the culinary art. Stewpans, spits, and saucepots were clustered at each corner, flanked by frying-pans and gridirons, and surmounted by a banner with the Arms (bared) of the Chief Cook. The walls, instead of being whitewashed, were delicately floured, and festooned with turnip roses and camellias cut from beet-root. In the centre of each panel was an elegant medallion, carved to represent the top of a raised pie. This formed a fitting background for the Statue of the *Chef*, moulded from a portrait drawn by COOK, R.A., and showing that great personage in his robes of office, consisting of an apron and a white cotton cap. The *Chef* is represented in a graceful classic attitude, bearing in one hand a beautiful *bouquet* of parsley, sage, and onions, and in the other brandishing a rolling-pin, after the manner of a Field-Marshal with his *bâton*. Underneath this figure was inscribed in hard-boiled whites of egg the suitable quotation, from *Comus* (slightly altered):

"Two blissful things in here are borne.
Good soup, good meat, the Cook hath sworn!

The Great Hall.—Here, as every Alderman knows, the Feast of ST. LORD MAYOR is annually served, and the embellishments were strictly in accordance with that fact. Garlands of knives and forks, joined in happy union, were suspended from the ceiling and glittered in the gas; while all the statues in the Hall were draped with table-cloths and napkins, which served to give a chaste and classical effect. The Eastern window was adorned with a finely-painted allegory, representing the combined forces of Common Councilmen and Livery preparing to defend the Good Dinners of the City, and other ancient privileges which they and their forefathers have so copiously enjoyed. Over the chair of state were the portraits (size of life) of the LORD and LADY MAYORESS, each with a large plate of steaming turtle-soup before them, and underneath, the civic motto:—

Happy, happy, happy MAYOR,
None but the brave deserves the Fare!"

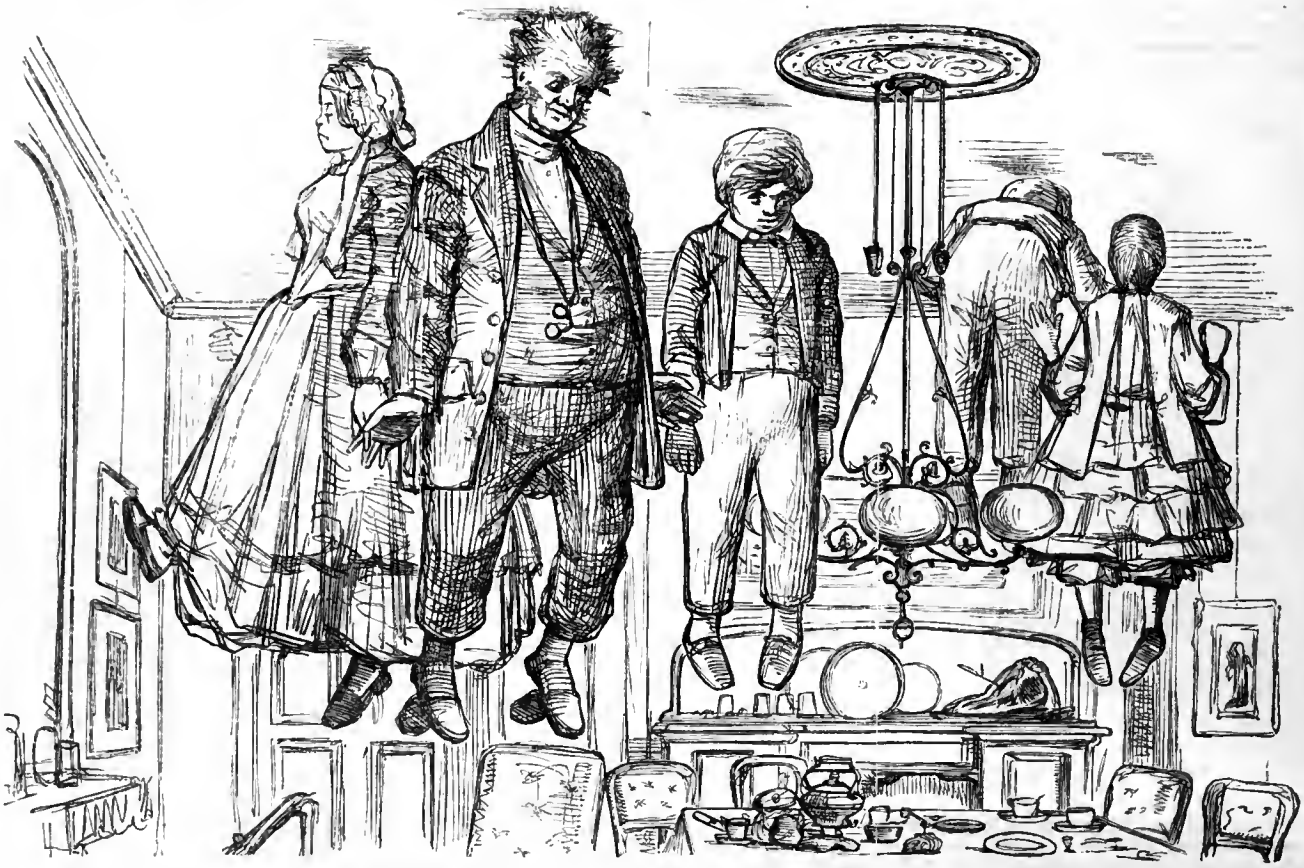
Aldermen's Committee Room.—Statues chiefly modern, embellished this apartment, and as the figures mostly were modelled from live aldermen, it is unnecessary to say that they were of great elegance. A classic group of HELIOGOBBLEUS (the first of ancient Aldermen), attired by the Graces, very naturally excited an immense deal of attention: as did a statuette representing EPICURUS in the act of carving his first haunch of venison. Appropriate mottoes were inscribed in gold letters on the walls, one being a neat paraphrase of a well-known old school couplet:—

"In guttling Turtle every day,
Let my first course be passed:
And let me hope my relish may
E'en for three platefuls last!"

Loggia of the Exchequer Court.—The decorations here were of a severer style. The walls were draped with the paid bills of all the Lord Mayors' Banqueta for the last four hundred years, and on a black board in the centre of each of the four walls was inscribed the exact sum total of the money thus consumed. How many millions have been guzzled and gormandised away since the Cat of RICHARD WHITTINGTON lapped up her first ha'porth at the expense of City Coal-tax-payers, we leave Economy to groan for and Posterity to guess.

THE TWO KINGS AT TEANO. OCTOBER 25, 1860.

VICTOR and GARIBALDI, side by side—
The crowned King and the crownless,—hand in hand,
'Neath the blue sky of their regenerate land,
Silent, mid shouting thousands, Lo, they ride!
Not many royal hands so pure of guilt,
As to be laid within that stainless palm,
Horny with grasp of the familiar hilt;
Not many royal looks could brave the calm
Of those deep-seated and unwavering eyes,
Fearful or terrible, as ruth or war
Subdues or lights them. Ride on, to the cries
Of "Long live Italy!" while, near and far,
All good men's hopes bless thine investiture,
Honest King-maker, of an honest King,
And pray thy work may stand, till rooted sure,
In spite of friends that as the ivy cling,
Stifling with wintry green, that shows like spring.
Ride on, VICTOR EMMANUEL, to the throne
From which crowned wickedness hath toppled down,
While GARIBALDI, guerdonless, alone,
Takes his far higher throne, and nobler crown!



A RISE IN BREAD-STUFFS!—EFFECTS OF EATING AËRATED BREAD.

Poor Cocker having been Recommended to try the "Aërated Bread," does so, and is Discovered, along with his Family, Floating about the Ceiling of his Parlour, in an utterly Helpless Condition.

A CANON AND A BLUNDERBUSS.

THE Irish Brigade, having returned from those plains of Italy which, according to CULLEN, they miraculously purpled with a very small quantity of blood in the unsuccessful attempt to subjugate Italians to despotism, arrived the other day at Dublin, where, amid the cheers of a multitude impatient of the galling yoke of Constitutional Government, they were harangued by the REV. CANON POPE, who, according to a newspaper ironically named the *Freeman*, "came forward to address the young men of the Brigade, and to welcome them home in the name of religion and of their country." The Reverend Canon then discharged himself of a tremendous load of unspeakable bombast, but his cannonade comprised one particular bang, the report of which deserves to reverberate. Having told his hearers that they had done all manner of the finest possible things for their "Holy Father" (the Canon's namesake), their "Holy Mother the Church," and the "Great Catholic family of Christendom," he wound up a prodigious period of balderdash with the following portentous climax of bosh:—

"And in the blood of your fallen brave ones you have offered up a holocaust on the altar of religion to the Great God of battles."

This thundering explosion of pompous untruth created, according to the *Freeman*, "profound sensation." No doubt. The sublimity of solecism was likely to overwhelm the imagination of a crazy rabble. Of course CANON POPE cannot know that a holocaust is a victim burnt entire. If he had been acquainted with that fragment of etymology, he would hardly have told even an Irish Brigade that they had offered up a holocaust in the blood of their fallen brave. If those heroes had caught CIALDINI, or FANTI, and roasted their victim whole, then there would have been some sense, at least, in congratulating them on having offered up a holocaust on the altar of religion—religion of a peculiar kind—to the Great God of battles—a deity whose worship demands human sacrifices. The less a Popish priest talks about holocausts the better, even when he does not talk nonsense. A certain artist of antiquity—a villanous flunkey—wishing to curry favour with a tyrant, constructed a bull of brass, and presented it to that potentate, for the purpose of enabling him to perform holocausts in its interior, by burning people alive there, in the meanwhile enjoying the pleasure of hearing them bellow. The bull of PERILLUS was more savage than that of CANON POPE, and besides, PERILLUS's bull contained the holocaust, whereas CANON POPE's holocaust involves his bull. This bull will not make quite the same noise as what may be supposed to have proceeded from the other one; but the Irish priest, as well as the Athenian sculptor, must be admitted to have made a roaring bull. PHALARIS, as our youth are aware, rewarded the ingenuity and devotion of PERILLUS, by putting him forthwith into the toy which he had fabricated to afford his patron amusement at the expense of others, and playing, by way of experiment, in the first instance with himself. The cruel ingratitude of the Tyrant of Agrigentum will not be imitated by the Roman Pontiff, and PIO NONO at least will not command CANON POPE to be roasted for his own holocaust.

The Englishman in Prussia.

IN confirmation of a statement respecting Prussian custom-house extortion, which appeared in the *Times* under the head of "Prussian Insolence," a correspondent of the same journal, signing himself "A TRAVELLER," declares that somewhere in Prussia he was made to pay 5½*d.* duty on 1½ lb. of children's ordinary biscuits, which the official who inspected his luggage asserted to be sweetmeats. The customs of the Prussians appear to be as bad as their manners.

VERY HEAVY ORDNANCE.

ACCORDING to a calculation which has appeared in the *Mechanics' Magazine*, our Armstrong guns, of which we possess 451, have cost the country no less than £2,000 a-piece. Truly the Armstrong gun is a tremendous weapon. We ought to be able to knock *La Gloire* into atoms with our two-thousand-pounders.

MINERALOGICAL DISCOVERY BY AN IRISHMAN.

How to turn brass into gold:—"Marry an heiress."

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IMPORTANT MATTER.

Augustus. "I say, Laura, just tell us before any one comes, whether my Back Hair 's parted straight!"

THE BLACK LAUREATE.

The last lot of Blacks, (we forget their names,) are as prompt with their minstrelsy as any of the grimy songsters who have preceded them. We are delighted to learn that on the day of the safe arrival of the future (many and many a long day off may his nomination be!) Edward the Seventh, the Laureate to the Sable Melodists dashed off the following exquisite Poem, which was sung at night, and rapturously applauded, and encored forty-seven times, by an intelligent British audience:—

I.

Home de Prince hab come,
He am not a lubber,
We hab got de Prince ob Whales,
So we need not blubber.
Chick-a-boo, chack-a-boo,
Lobby bobby beer O,
Home de Prince ob Whales hab come,
Sailing in de *Hero*.
Chick-a-boo, chack-a-boo, &c.

II.

Him want to wash him hands, boys,
Dirty wid de rope,
So him gone to Windsor,
'Cos dere him get de soap.
Chick-a-boo, chack-a-boo,
Dance and kick up antic,
'Cos de Prince ob Whales hab come,
Crossing de Atlantic.
Chick-a-boo, chack-a-boo, &c.

III.

Prince Alfred tumble off de Cape,
So him had a bad knee,
Don't him wish he'd been instead
In de *Ariadne*.
Chick-a-boo, chack-a-boo,
Time for going bed-ward,
But one cheer before we go,
Hooray, Album-Edward!
Chick-a-boo, chack-a-boo, &c.

An Infallible Specific against Sea-Sickness.—Never go to Sea.

LECTURE OF A NEW LORD MAYOR.

At the Court of Aldermen held on the 14th instant at Guildhall, when the Lord Mayor presided for the first time in his official capacity, according to the newspapers:—

"His Lordship at the commencement of the proceedings rose and said, 'In taking my place in this Court for the first time as Lord Mayor of the City of London, I cannot fail to feel that I am entering on a post of great honour and dignity, and that I shall often have occasion to entreat the kind consideration of my brethren of the Court of Aldermen. I feel, however, great confidence in being able to perform the duties that will devolve upon me, because I know that I may at all times appeal to my brother Aldermen for the assistance of their experience and wisdom, and I have no doubt that with such assistance I shall be able to go through my duties in a manner that will be satisfactory to my brother-citizens, and at the same time fully support the dignity and privileges of the Court."

Evidently the above is an incorrect report of the Lord Mayor's observations. The speech which his Lordship really did make was most probably one of this sort:—In making my appearance in this Court for the first time as Lord Mayor of the City of London, I painfully feel that I am exhibiting myself in a character which will be too generally deemed ridiculous. So many of my predecessors in office have principally distinguished themselves by their folly, that in attiring myself in these robes, and putting on this chain, and taking my seat in this chair, I know that I am exposing myself to inevitable derision. Hoping, however, to contribute as little as possible to the public amusement, I trust that my brethren of the Court of Aldermen will excuse me if I occasionally deviate from a precedent which would require me to make a fool of myself. I entertain some hope that I may manage to perform the duties which will devolve upon me without incurring very much ridicule, because I have determined to pay no attention to any nonsense which may be uttered by my brother Aldermen, and not to allow their advice or opinions to influence me at all contrarily to my own judgment, in the discharge of my office. As a member of the Legislature, accustomed to participate in the deliberations of an orderly and decorous assembly, I trust I shall be enabled to preside over you with that propriety of which the Speaker of the House of Commons has afforded me an example, and thus, whilst supporting the privileges, very considerably elevate the dignity, of this Court. Now then, Gentlemen, silence if you please; let us proceed to business, and let me entreat all of you to keep your tempers.

AN UNDUTIFUL PAPA.

Cardinal Antonelli has given Cardinal Wiseman the office to collect Peter's Pence for the Pope, and Cardinal Wiseman has ordered his clergy to levy the desired contribution. Among the purposes for which his Holiness solicits a "whip" are "the requirements of his army." Now, that the Pope's hat should go round among his faithful disciples simply to collect the means of paying the expenses of their faith, is all very well; and to that end they may reasonably be invited to drop their coppers into the tiara; but do they believe in the Papal Army? That is a new dogma indeed, and transcends all conceivable conception.

The truth is, that Pius Papa is a very fast old gentleman; an extravagant papa: a regular *père prodigue*. He has been outrunning the constable in keeping a standing army, if that army can be called standing which has particularly distinguished itself by running away. Papa should in all conscience have put down his expensive military establishment before he proceeded to ask for pecuniary assistance at the hands of his children.

An Unexpected Return.

We thought that the principle of "No Money Returned" applied to Royal, just the same as to Theatrical houses. However, we have stumbled over an exception. The King of Saxony has returned to the Chambers the extraordinary sums which they voted last year, not having any occasion for them. We wonder when we shall see anything of so pleasing and acceptable a nature ever figure amongst our "Government Returns?"

WHO STARTED THE FIRST RIFLE CORPS?

OT to use a stronger adjective, a most unseemly squabble has been going on in print as to who first set on foot the Volunteer Movement. At least a score of individuals, not to use a stronger substantive, have severally claimed the sole right to be called the Benefactor to their country, in so far as the originating of Rifle practice is concerned. Now, without wishing to make rows, or in any way detract from any one's pretensions, CAPTAIN PUNCH begs leave to hint in the mildest manner possible, that everybody living (including Ma. SMITH and the EMPEROR OF CHINA) is very well aware that it was CAPTAIN PUNCH who got up the first Rifle Corps ever formed in England, and thereby gave the start to this world-exciting movement. Any stupid sceptic who dares to doubt this fact, is advised hereby to purchase CAPTAIN PUNCH's fourteenth volume; where, at page 85, in the Number which was published for March 5, 1848, is an article addressed to "Spirited Young Men," who were desired to join forthwith an "Invincible Rifle Corps, to be known as the Punch Rifles." This Corps was gazetted at CAPTAIN PUNCH's private Horse Guards in the ensuing week, and was by several years the first of all the corps which have been started, and may be viewed as being the mainspring from which the movement sprung.

CAPTAIN PUNCH, whose modesty is as well known as his valour, would not have adverted to these historic facts, but for his anxiety to end the squabbling aforementioned, which is setting by the ears men who ought to be good friends, as they are good fellows, and who should know better than engage in an uncivil war, even although happily it be merely a verbal one.

GIANT POPE BITES HIS NAILS.

TRANSLATION (VERIFIED) OF A HOLOGRAPH LETTER FROM CARDINAL ANTONELLI, THE POPE'S MINISTER, TO A BROTHER CARDINAL ON HIS INVOLUNTARY TRAVELS.

"ALAS, MY BROTHER, the Church suffers great discouragement in these evil days, her hands are fettered and her enemies compass her round about. The dungeons in which she was wont to immure the wicked for the good of their souls, are emptied of their human tenants and thrown open to the gaze of the profane and to the glasses of the photographer; her instruments of chastisement are hung up in museums, and the machinery of her miracles is sold to the exhibitor of the Fantoccini. We have fallen upon bad days, and I see no silver lining to the clouds that frown around the chair of St. Peter. *Ora pro nobis!*

"Yet, O my brother, the Church of Rome is not wholly abandoned. Persecuted as she is in the Old World, she can yet vindicate in the New her right to be the directress and governess of mankind. There she is still permitted to show what she would do everywhere if she could, there her missionary zeal is unchecked, there is nobly realised the beatific vision of the divine MONTALEMBERT, 'a free church in a free state,' that is to say, a state which desires no freedom but that of religion. With humble but hearty joy I subduct from one of the accursed journals of England (one bearing the name of the blasphemous wire that seeks to annihilate the distances fixed by Providence between man and man), the following gracious and glorious news from Mexico.

"I alter not the ribald words of the writer, for they do but show his profane rage at Ecclesia's triumphs:—

"At a representation which took place at one of the theatres of this city, MIRAMON, the elected of the Church faction, and his wife being present, an appeal was made in the piece to a monarch to grant his subjects the blessings of peace. A poor mechanic, thinking the occasion a favourable one, arose, and, in a most pathetic appeal, addressed MIRAMON and his wife, and requested them to put a term to the miseries of his starving countrymen by according to Mexico a like favour. The unfortunate supplicant was, by order of the President, dragged out of the theatre, conveyed to prison, and sentenced to receive 500 lashes at daybreak the following morning. When 350 had been administered, MIRAMON was informed that the man was dying. 'Let the remainder,' he said, 'be given on the dead body; my orders must be carried out.'"

"Blessed be noble MIRAMON, and blessed be his wife, a true and devoted Catholic, who—

"On no single occasion has been known to intercede on behalf of any unfortunate victim, but, on the contrary, has ever hounded her husband on."

"Good and devout woman! For her the prayers of Rome shall not be wanting. But here is another of the vigorous deeds of the LAMORICIÈRE of Mexico, the Champion of the Church:—

"An unlucky peasant having been taken by the presegang to serve as a soldier, and conveyed to some barracks within the precincts of the palace, his wife went to see him, and, with the view of enabling him to escape, took with her female attire with which to disguise him. The man and his wife were both seized, and three hundred lashes administered to each. The former survived, but the poor woman, after giving birth to a still-born child, was conveyed to the hospital, where she shortly after died in the most excruciating agonies."

"May these tortures be beneficial to the soul of the wicked creature, who sought to take away her husband from the duties which he owed to the army of the Church. But these punishments are instances of the devotion with which her lay children in Mexico serve her, now let us read, O my brother, and read with pious sorrow, that our lot is so different, how the clerical servants of Ecclesia serve her in the happy land of Mexico in which the spirits of its first noble Spanish conquerors seem again warring for the faith:—

"The above cases bear but an infinitely small proportion to the atrocities that are being daily committed by the Clerical Assassins. The murders of prisoners, sick and wounded, cease to attract attention, so common are they. It was only the other day that VICARIO, one of the sons of the Church, killed in cold blood 400 'plutos,' or southern men, who surrendered to him. LOSADO, another son of the Church, skinned the soles of his prisoners' feet and made them dance upon sharp stones. MIRAMON's brother is said to have burnt two of his prisoners alive, and certain it is that he assassinated a father for endeavouring to save his own daughter * * * * * *. In fact, volumes would not suffice to recount the deeds of horror that have been committed by the Holy Church faction since they came to power, and every one shudders to think that these deeds are done at the instigation of the ministers of religion."

"So write these blinded heretics, my brother, of that which they understand not, but we will take their evidence, though we repudiate their profane reasoning. Let us, my brother, join in petitions to S. S. Moloch and Herod, that the hands of our brethren in Mexico, lay and clerical, may be strengthened for the good work. We have done what we could, as Perugia and Naples, and a hundred other places can testify, but the sons of Zeruiah have been too strong for us, and the demon Liberty rides rampant through the temples of Zion. But our hearts are with our Mexican brethren, what they do *in majorem Dei gloriam* we would do if we could, and though now Revolution rejoiceth that she hath tied our hands, they may yet be loosed, when, O Mexico, thy divine example shall be remembered.

"Till when, O my brother, your prayers.

"Thine, in the above named Saints,

"*Rome, Nov. 5. (St. Guido.)*" "ANTONELLI."

A HANSOM FARE.

THE EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH in a "common street cab"! What a shock to Snobbesses who think it "not genteel" to ride in one! What a lifting up of hands must there have been among fine ladies when their husbands called their notice to this startling Court intelligence! What shrieks of "Did you *ever?*" from their feminine acquaintances who think it vulgar to read newspapers, on being made acquainted with the appalling fact!

Well, after this we hope that we shall hear of no more nonsense being talked to struggling husbands who can't afford a carriage, about ladies losing caste by being seen in common cabs. At any rate, when ANGELINA hints at her reluctance to enter such a vehicle, EDWIN may without fear of SIR CRESSWELL CRESSWELL make reply, "My pet! The EMPRESS EUGÉNIE once rode in a street-cab, and what an Empress, love, has done, surely, sweetest, *you* may do!" Indeed, seeing how the EMPRESS has always led the ladies' fashions, it would not much surprise us if soon it became vulgar to ride in private carriages, and if our fine ladies paid their calls and did their shopping in a "common cab."

Is it known, we wonder, whether the street vehicle in which the EMPRESS rode was a Hansom, or four-wheeler? As the fact is now historical, that EUGÉNIE *did* take a cab, it ought to be recorded what sort of one she took. We half incline ourselves to guess it was a Hansom, and we think whoever drove her certainly had never a more handsome fare. Clearly he, in future, ought to charge a double mileage, for his vehicle has now obtained a place in history, and something extra surely should be charged for riding in it. Indeed, we think it would pay well to make a public exhibition of it. We are confident that thousands would pay a willing shilling for the privilege of seeing where an Empress once has sat, and a shilling more to be allowed themselves to sit there. Yes; *Punch* gives all honour to his pet, the EMPRESS; and of all his Court acquaintances, proclaims her *la plus vaillante*, as well as *la plus belle*. The Triumphal Car of CÆSAR will henceforth stand in the same rank as EUGÉNIE's Triumphal Cab; the Cab wherein she rode over the shams of false gentility, and bravely triumphed over the mock rules of etiquette.

Dundonald in Westminster Abbey.

November 13, 1860.

Ashes to Ashes! Lay the hero down
  Within the grey old Abbey's glorious shade.
  In our Walhalla ne'er was worthier laid,
Since Martyr first won palm, or Victor crown.

'Tis well the State he served no farthing pays
  To grace with pomp and honour all too late
  His grave, whom, living, Statesmen dogged with hate,
Denying justice, and withholding praise.

Let England hide her face above his tomb,
  As much for shame as sorrow. Let her think
  Upon the bitter cup he had to drink—
Heroic soul, branded with felon's doom.

A Sea-King, whose fit place had been by Blake,
  Or our own Nelson, had he been but free
  To follow glory's quest upon the sea,
Leading the conquered navies in his wake—

A Captain, whom it had been ours to cheer
  From conquest on to conquest, had our land
  But set its wisest, worthiest in command,
Not such as hated all the good revere.

We let them cage the Lion while the fire
  In his high heart burnt clear and unsubdued;
  We let them stir that frank and forward mood
From greatness to the self-consuming ire,

The fret and chafe that wait on service scorned,
  Justice denied, and truth to silence driven;
  From men we left him to appeal to Heaven,
'Gainst fraud set high, and evidence suborned—

We left him, with bound arms, to mark the sword,
  Given to weak hands: left him, with working brain,
  To see rogues traffic, and fools rashly reign,
Where Strength should have been guide, and Honour lord—

Left him to cry aloud, without support,
  Against the creeping things that eat away
  Our wooden walls, and boast as they betray,
The base supporters of a baser Court,

The crawling worms that in corruption breed,
  And on corruption batten, till at last
  Mistaken honour the proud victim cast
Out to their spite, to writhe and pant and bleed
Under their stings and slime; and bleed he did
  For years, till hope into heart-sickness grew,
  And he sought other seas and service new,
And his bright sword in alien laurels hid.

Nor even so found gratitude, but came
  Back to his England, bankrupt, save of praise,
  To eat his heart, through weary wishful days,
And shape his strength to hearing of his shame.

Till, slow but sure, drew on a better time,
  And statesmen owned the check of public will;
  And, at the last, light pierced the shadow chill
That fouled his honour with the taint of crime.

And then they gave him back the Knightly spurs
  Which he had never forfeited—the rank
  From which he ne'er by ill-deserving sank,
More than the Lion sinks for yelp of curs.

Justice had lingered on its road too long:
  The Lion was grown old; the time gone by,
  When for his aid we vainly raised a cry,
To save our flag from shame, our decks from wrong.

The infamy is *theirs*, whose evil deed
  Is past undoing; yet not guiltless we,
  Who, penniless that brave old man could see,
Restored to honour, but denied its meed.

A Belisarius, old and sad and poor,
  To *our* shame not to *his*—so he lived on,
  Till man's allotted four-score years were gone,
And scarcely then had leave to 'stablish sure

Proofs of *his* innocence, and of *their* shame,
  That had so wronged him; and, this done, came death,
  To seal the assurance of his dying breath,
And wipe the last faint tarnish from his name.

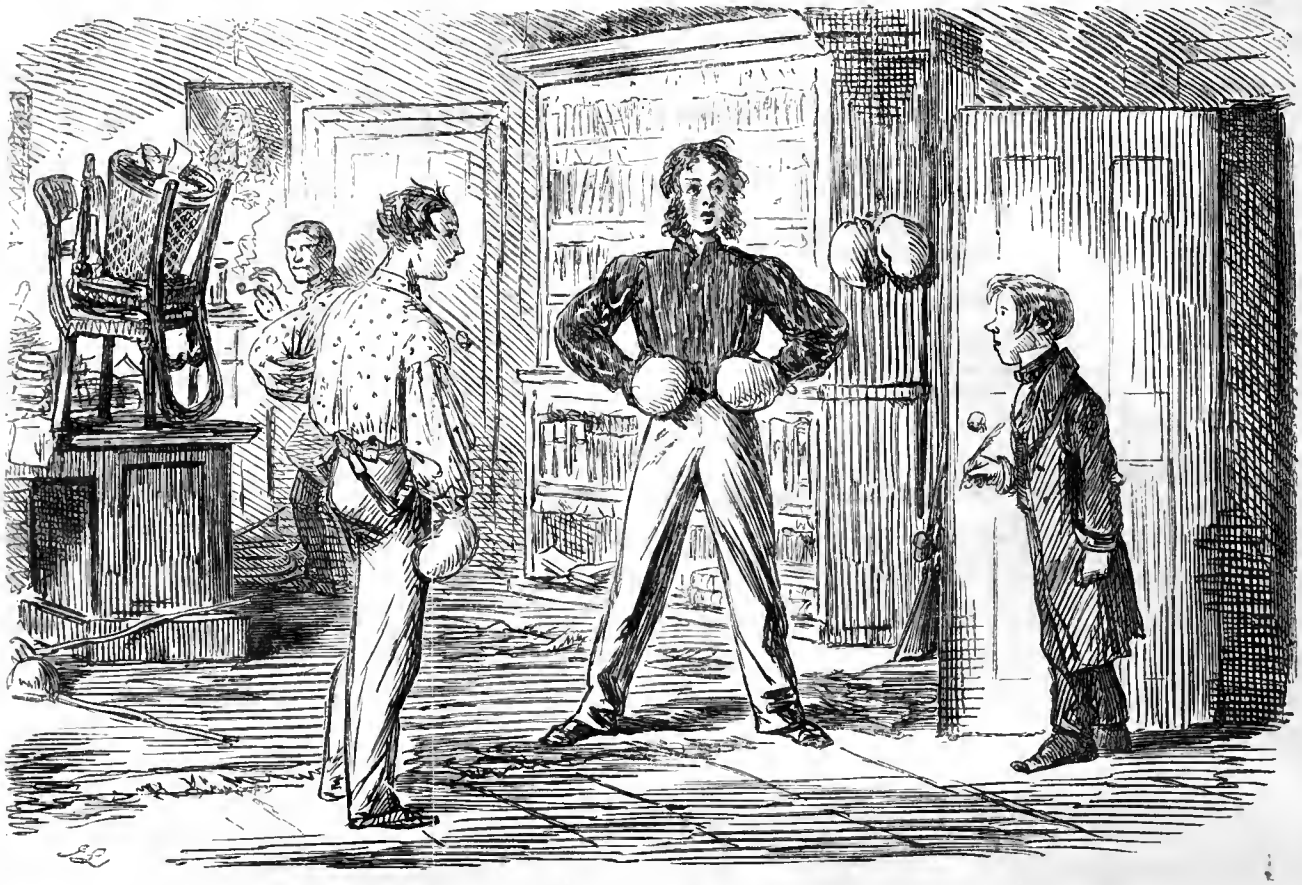
At last his fame stands fair, and full of years
  He seeks that judgment which his wrongers all
  Have sought before him—and above his pall
His flag, replaced at length, waves with his peers'.

He did not live to see it, but he knew
  His country with one voice had set it high;
  And knowing this he was content to die,
And leave to gracious Heaven what might ensue.

Ashes to ashes! Lay the hero down,
  No nobler heart e'er knew the bitter lot,
  To be misjudged, maligned, accused, forgot—
Twine martyr's palm among his victor's crown.

MODESTY AND MUSIC.

The modesty of *Mr. Punch* is as world-known as his genius, but it clearly must not hinder him from calling public notice to whatever may enhance his exalted reputation. Now that Zadkiels and Table-turners and other impudent impostors have taken up the calling, *Mr. Punch* but seldom condescends to prophesy; but to prove that he is competent to do so when he chooses, he occasionally inserts a prediction in his print. The last with which the world was favoured and astonished was published in his number for the sixth of last October, and predicted that the clear-voiced Clara Novello, whose "farewell performance" had taken place the previous week, would be heard again in London ere the ending of November. This marvellous prediction created great sensation in the musical world, and heavy bets were laid that it would fail to be fulfilled; for that a "farewell performance" should prove *not* to be a farewell, was a thing of course unheard-of in the annals of the art. Nevertheless, the day which sees these words before the world will see another laurel added to the prophet *Punch's* crown, and his last wonderful prediction faithfully borne out. On the evening of Wednesday, November 21st, while every club and coffee-room, every street and dwelling-house, is ringing with his praise, in St. James's Hall will issue the last notes that our Clara will bring out for us Londoners before she takes her well-won rest. All ye who music love and would its pleasures prove had better change your gold and silver for these notes, for they are the last with which your ears by her will ever be enriched.



CHAMBER PRACTICE.

Messenger (from Studious Party in the floor below). "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, MASTER'S COMPLIMENTS, AND HE SAYS HE'D BE MUCH OBLIGED IF YOU'D LET HIM KNOW WHEN THE REPAIRS WILL BE FINISHED, FOR THE KNOCKING DO DISTURB HIM SO!"

A SONG WITHOUT WORDS.

From our Idle Contributor.

"DEAR PUNCH,

"I HAVE been to hear the *Night Dancers*, a delightful opera by MR. LODER, which has just been capitally revived at Covent Garden, by MISS PYNE and MR. HARRISON. If LODER were not an Englishman, I would say that his opera is replete with grace, melody, tenderness, harmony, colour, sparkle, *chic*, *élan*, *ensemble*, and *verve*, but of course all those pretty words (and whatever they mean) must be reserved for Frenchmen and Italians. I will only say, just you take *Mrs. Punch*, and *Judina*, and *Tobina*, and see if they are not delighted. MR. LODER has, of course, been kept in his proper place, that is to say, entirely neglected, by managers, for many years, but that is no reason why, if an Englishman has somehow contrived to knock out a fine work, we should not go and enjoy it, meaning, I am sure, no disrespect to M. M. VERDI, FLOTOW, HALÈVY, ALARY, and the rest of the deities of music.

"But my principal object in writing to you is to say that those Fatal Fairies, the *Wilis*, are the agents in the drama of this opera, and that a capital notion came into my head. We have not had the *Night-Dancers* for several years, and it has been a loss to the stage. Could not a good parody be written on one of those black songs, and be called

"O *Wilis*, we have missed you!"

If so, hadn't you better tell one of your young men to write it. You can't expect me to find the notion and the poetry too.

"I am, dear *Punch*,
"Yours affectionately,
"*To Mr. Punch.*" "SALLUST LAZYTONGS."

THE WAY OF FOOLS.—When an argument gets into such a dreadful fog, that it is impossible to see one's way through it, it may be owing to the absence of the necessary Links.

SOUTHWARK ELECTION.

WE are happy to learn that Southwark has no intention of yielding to the base dictation of those who invite her to neglect her own inhabitants, and seek to be represented by some mere statesman. Mud is thicker than water, and we have no idea of setting aside local men for the sake of giving a seat to somebody who is nothing to us, and probably never waded through the Borough in all his life. We are gratified to state that if MR. RHYND, our eminent Cheesemonger, should find it incompatible with his duties to take our representation upon him, and the health of MR. YOUNG CODLINGS, our distinguished Fishmonger, should induce his indefatigable medical attendant DR. SMITH to forbid his standing, MR. TRYVETTS, our celebrated Ironmonger, has nobly declared that he will not abandon old Southwark at her need. Each of these gentlemen has ample pecuniary means, and though it is a base libel on Southwark to write, as has been written, that it costs £10,000 to keep her publicans in good humour, and to seat a candidate (for we know, from vouchers, that it does not cost nine-tenths of that sum), we are proud to believe that the neighbourly claims of our enlightened constituency will not be forgotten by any of the gentlemen we have named. We need neither MR. LAYARD, MR. HELPS, MR. WENTWORTH DILKE, nor MR. MIALL, while we have citizens like those we have mentioned, and we beg to assure the scoffing critics and the sneering press that the "Southwark snobs" know on which side their bread is buttered. —*Southwark Sentinel.*

A Maiden Effort.

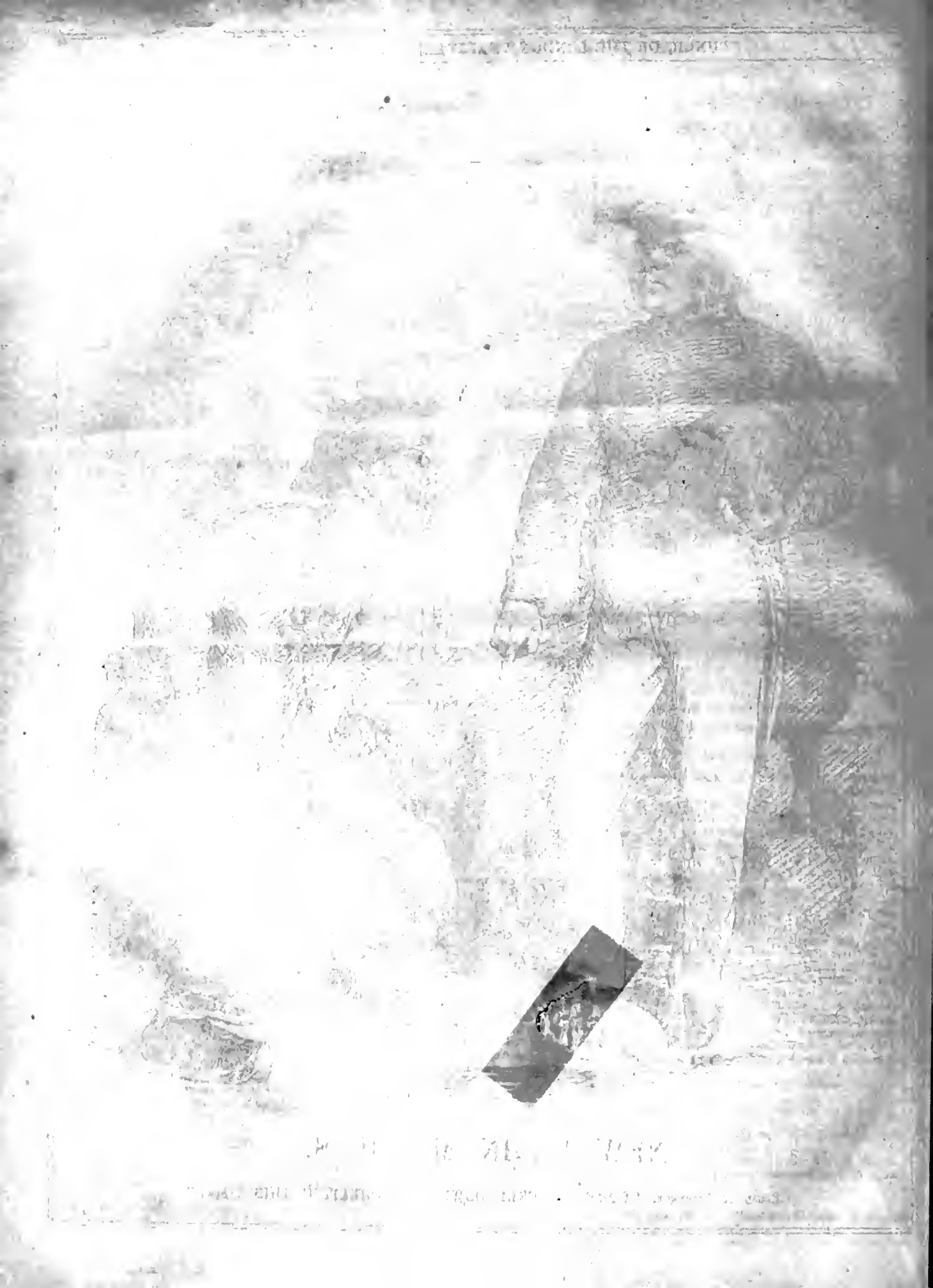
"I SUPPOSE," inquired the courteous Duke, "that amongst the Coast Defences, Plymouth will be included?"

"Of course," replied the young Prince, who, we are glad to state, reads his *Punch* regularly, "it is a wise policy that makes Plymouth Safe as well as Sound."

"COMPANIONS OF THE BATH."—Soap and Towels.

NEW ELGIN MARBLES.

Elgin to Emperor. "COME, KNUCKLE DOWN! NO CHEATING THIS TIME!"



FROM OUR CHINESE CORRESPONDENT.

(*A Letter written from the Seat of War to the Pekin Penny Trumpet.*)

ING a song of triumph! Again our arms are victorious! Again have the Barbarians (may their grandfathers eat dirt!) fled, routed and dismayed, before the gingals of our braves! Again will his Serene Effulgency, the Offspring of the Sun (may his pigtail never grow less!) clap his hands, and grow his finger-nails in safety and in peace, and offer votive victims to our battle-god!

"My last letter informed you how the enemy had effected a landing from their war-ships, which, as I remarked, are clumsy ill-constructed vessels, and not to be compared for speed or power with our junks. By advice of our commanders, the landing was permitted to be made without attack; for the old spider knows better than to frighten away the blue-bottle that is fluttering to his web. Having let them disembark their handful or so of men (at the most, it is computed that they number but five millions), GENERAL SANG-KO-LIN-SIN calmly waited their arrival at the Taku forts, which to lure the silly infidels safe into our jaws, it had been resolved that they should carry by assault. To achieve this clever stratagem, a masterly backward movement was effected by our braves; and with the exception of some six thousand or so, who to keep up the pretence, were suffered to be killed, all our troops retired without hindrance or confusion, and in as perfectly good plight as when they left Pekin. The enemy it is true attempted to annoy us by letting off his cannon at us on our march; but the only damage done to us was that our sides grew rather sore, with our agonies of laughter at his absurd attempts.

"Their warfare is still waged upon the ancientest of methods, such as WANKI-FUM, or SEE-DI-JIM, or any other of our Generals would deem only fit for babies, and, if they prize their peacock's feather, would not dare to use. Plain, straightforward fighting is all these fools have yet been trained for, and they apparently know nothing of trickeries and stratagems, and all those finer arts of warfare, in which our officers and ministers are so surpassingly well versed. The well-known maxim of FUN-KI (the great authority upon Celestial military tactics) that—

"He who fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day,"

they either foolishly ignore, or else have never heard of; and so far does their brute courage carry them away, that they often fall a sacrifice to its stupid sway.

"To make sure of the Barbarians, and prevent their running away, an order has been issued to destroy their fleet; and as a couple of our junks have been commissioned for the purpose, there will be the utmost ease in effecting its accomplishment. As far as all our spies have yet been able to discover, the Barbarians (may the bones of their great-grandfathers be grilled!) are perfectly unconscious of the fate that is in store for them, and unsuspecting of the snare which has so cleverly entrapped them. At their present rate of marching, you may expect them at Pekin in the course of the next week, so bid the executioners to have their saws in readiness. GENERAL SANG-KO-LIN-SIN, with his victorious army, still heads them on the march, and, to avoid the chance of contact, keeps his rear six miles in front of the Barbarian boots."

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

(*Private and Confidential, and not meant for Public Print.*)

"O, my JI-MI-NI CRI-KI, we are all as dead as tea-leaves! The Barbarians have landed from their world-conquering fleet. Such ships, O JI-MI-NI CRI-KI!—Monsters made of iron, with fiery dragons chained inside them, tamed by the barbarians to do their bloody work! These dragons, it is said, are fed on coals and boiling water, so you may conceive they have no bowels of compassion in their bodies, and are, even in their slavery, the most hot-tempered of brutes. Their breath steams up like smoke from their long stiff black proboscis, their every snort is like a thunder-clap, and when they scream, they make one faint.

"The arms, too, of the enemy are as fearful as their fleets. They have giant guns that roar as though it were a whirlwind, and that shake the mountains like a mighty earthquake. The balls they carry weigh a quarter of a ton, and these monster shot are fired with such power and precision, as to hit the smallest humming-bird at a dozen score of miles!

"What mortal might can stand against such murder-bringing monsters? In five minutes and three seconds they took the Taku Forts, defended though they were by the bravest of our braves. Our gingals were no more to them than baby-guns and pea-shooters. Unharmed by our fire (for they bear a charm about them which renders them ball-proof), they slaughtered, hand to hand, three millions of our men. HUMP-TI is no more; DOMP-TI sleeps in peace; even the brave FUN-KI lies numbered with the slain! SANG-KO-LIN-SIN is indeed the only warrior who has escaped. Thanks to his lucky star (as well as his long legs), he hath lost his peacock's feather, but hath saved his life.

"What need I tell you more? Be warned in time, O friend! Pack up your tea at once, and prepare your toes to stretch. If you value your existence, leave your valuables behind you. They will terribly impede you, and if I survive, you may rely I will take care of them. Moreover, I would recommend you to cut off your long finger-nails. The less you have to carry, the quicker you will travel.

"I remain, expecting every moment to be roasted,

"THE WRETCHED ONE WHO USED TO SIGN HIMSELF YOUR OWN CORRESPONDENT."

"P.S. Before you go, dig a hole beneath the China rose-tree in your garden, and hide me the cash due for my last quarter's salary. On second thoughts I hope to keep my head on by shaving off my pig-tail, and by becoming a Barbarian perhaps to save my life."

BADAHUNG TO BOMBINO.

(The KING OF DAHOMEY'S original offer of an asylum to the EX-KING OF NAPLES.)

GORRAWARRA BOMBALILLY, gosh, gurroo,
Butchee-wutchee, blockchop, hang!
Ching! tamarambo, tonga, boo;
Marrabonee bosco bang!

Yolly-olly, gogo, yah! fo-fum!
BADAHUNG hab den for tudder:
Debble long a debble, hi, chum-chum,
BOMBALILLY buckra brudder!

THE IMMENSITY OF THE LORD MAYOR.

A MOST imposing idea of the greatness of the LORD MAYOR OF LONDON will be given to any Frenchman into whose hands may fall a number of the *City Press*, wherein is quoted a description of the jewels of the Civic Sovereign, derived from the interesting and instructive pen of MR. TIMBS:—

"The collar (date 1534), is of pure gold, composed of a series of links, each formed of a letter S; a united York and Lancaster (or HENRY THE SEVENTH) rose, and a massive knot. The ends of the chain are joined by the portcullis, from the points of which, suspended by a ring of diamonds, hangs the jewel. The entire collar contains 28 S's, 14 roses, 13 knots, and measures 64 inches. The jewel contains in the centre the City arms, cut in cameo of a delicate blue, on an olive ground. Surrounding this, a garter of bright blue, edged with white and gold, bearing the City motto, '*Domine Dirige Nos*,' in gold letters. The whole is encircled with a costly border of gold S's, alternating with rosettes of diamonds, set in silver. The jewel is suspended from the collar by a portcullis, but when worn without the collar is suspended by a broad blue ribbon. The investiture is by a massive gold chain, and when the Mayor is re-elected, by two chains."

The ends of the LORD MAYOR'S chain are joined by a portcullis. *Ex pede Herculem!* What must be the size of that chain which has a portcullis for its clasp! The great LORD MAYOR OF LONDON is surely distinguished by a physical greatness nearly proportionate to his dignity. Fancy a man walking about with a portcullis on his breast! Are not the Aldermen of London sons of ANAK? These will be the natural exclamations of intelligent foreigners, on learning that a portcullis is one of the jewels of the Civic regalia. Our neighbours across the Channel have heard of the City Giants. They will suppose that there are many more than two of these; and they will conclude that the LORD MAYOR is a big brother of Gog and Magog. What sort of a castle must the Mansion House be to contain an inhabitant who wears a portcullis, as a common man would wear a hook-and-eye; and besides this portcullis, an enormous jewel set in gold hanging at it, suspended from his collar? Would the LORD MAYOR'S portcullis serve to close Temple Bar? Would an army marching on London by the Strand be arrested by the LORD MAYOR'S portcullis? Such are the questions which France will propose to Europe for solution; and she will further demand to know, whether the 250 tureens of real turtle, and all the many kilogrammes and hectolitres of food and drink of every description, consumed at Guildhall annually on the ninth of November, are principally consumed by the great LORD MAYOR for his own dinner?

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—THE REIGNS OF EDWARD THE FIFTH AND RICHARD THE THIRD.

RICHARD THE THIRD, FROM THE PORTRAIT BY RICHARDSON, IN THE COLLECTION OF THE LATE BARTLEMY FAIR, ESQ.

S the first of these two sovereigns only reigned three months, it is not very surprising that we find but little change of costume in his reign. Nor were the two years and a quarter which saw the "sly and bloody" RICHARD on the throne, prolific in new fashions, either military or civil. But with the reign of HENRY THE SEVENTH, we enter a new period in the history of costume; and we have something more to say about the fashionable marvels of the Yorkists and Lancastrians before we turn our pen to the wonders of the Tudors.

That KING RICHARD was a dandy is an historic fact, although our playgoers may not have seen much cause to credit it. The "crook-backed tyrant" is in general dressed somewhat dowdily upon the stage, and has more of the heavy villain than of the heavy swell about him. Yet, we learn, when Duke of Gloucester he was the most fashionable dresser of his day; and that his love of finery survived his coming to the throne, is pretty evident from a mandate to the keeper of his wardrobe which is extant among the Harleian MSS., and which they who can decipher it are welcome to peruse. This letter he dispatched from York on the 31st of August, 1483, and it contains a curious list of the dresses he wished sent to him, and in which he was desirous of exhibiting himself to his subjects in the north. As his favourite, the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, was equally notorious for his gorgeous apparel, we may presume that fops were mostly in favour at his court; and we can fancy how the Yorkshiremen rubbed their eyes, and "danged their breeches," to see "t' foine fwoak" who came to them from "Lunnun."

RICHARD THE THIRD, WITH ALL THE LATEST IMPROVEMENTS.

Familiar as we are with the *Richard* of the stage, it is difficult to credit that the RICHARD of reality could have looked other than a ruffian. Yet that there was more of beauty than of an ugly beast about him, is proved by no less an authority than the COUNTESS OF DESMOND, who danced with him when young, and described him to her friends as "the handsomest man in the room, except his brother, the King." This exception seems to us in some measure to account for the Countess' opinion; and we incline rather to fancy, that if RICHARD had not had a title to his back, she would not have shut her eyes to its deformity.* As the poet says, or might have said:—

> "If to his lot some ugly features fall,
> Look at his rank and you forget them all."

Some slight notion may be formed of what sort of a figure the King cut in his State robes, when we mention, that the day before his coronation he rode in a procession from the Tower down to Westminster, in a doublet and stomacher of blue cloth of gold, wrought with nets and pine-apples (a pattern often seen in drawings of this epoch), a long gown of purple velvet furred with ermine, and a pair of short gilt spurs. Still more gorgeous was his get-up on the day of coronation, when he came out *coram populo* (no, Cox, we don't mean in Great Coram Street) in a couple of State suits; one of crimson velvet furred with miniver, and having an extremely rich embroidery of gold, and the other of purple velvet fringed with ermine fur. His *sabatons*, or shoes, were covered with crimson tissue cloth of gold: his hose were of crimson satin, as also were the shirt, coat, surcoat, hood, and mantle in which he was anointed. Fine feathers these; but surely all this crimson plumage must have rather given RICHARD the look of a flamingo, if it did not make him look more like *Sam Weller's* swell friend, "*Blazes*." Perhaps the King, however, wished to symbolise his bashfulness by wearing a red suit, which might have served to show how he blushed all over at the honour that was done him. This may seem a foolish fancy, but history in some measure bears us out in entertaining it. For instance, GOLDSMITH tells us, that when the Mayor and Aldermen waited upon the Protector with an offer of the crown, "he accepted it with seeming reluctance," as though he wished them to imagine he was too modest to take it. A pretty subject this for a fresco in St. Stephens, and we almost wonder that our artists have not thought of it. RICHARD, nine feet high, with one hand hiding a smile and with the other grabbing the crown, represented with a sort of "Oh-no-I-couldn't-think-of-it-Pray-don't-ask-me" air about him, would form an interesting addition to the series of subjects which have been taken lately from the lives of English Kings.

Whether the dandies of this period were gifted with good legs, is a question which we have not leisure to debate, but which naturally suggests itself at sight of the exceedingly short jackets that were worn, whereby the lower limbs were left completely unconcealed. The only things that covered them were long stockings or hose, which, in fact, were the same garments as the ancient Norman *chaussés*. These extended up the thigh like the thread tights of an acrobat, and were tied by points or laces to the doublet, much in the same manner as our roley-poley suits. The short jackets we have mentioned were worn over the doublet, and were made plain at the sides, but full of plaits upon the chest as well as in the back. Sometimes they were edged with fur, and at the waist were tightly belted with a narrow girdle, from which a dagger generally depended in the front. Their sleeves were large and full, padded at the shoulder to give broadness to the chest, and slashed to show the doublet, or even shirt, beneath. For this purpose, apparently, they were often slit entirely from the shoulder to the wrist, and the edges laced together about three inches apart. This slitting, combined with the swollen appearance of the shoulder, must have made the wearers look as though they had their arms broken, and were obliged to walk about with a poultice in each sleeve.

YOUNG GENT IN THE HEIGHT OF THE FASHION. TEMP. RICHARD THE THIRD.

Coming fashions, like events, sometimes cast their shadows on before them: and we find that these short jackets were somewhat giving way in RICHARD's time to the long and sober gowns which came in with his successor. But for several years previous, long dresses had been worn at times as commonly as short ones. In fact, variety was as charming in these days as in ours, and persons of distinction were as frequently distinguished for their oddities of dress. The modern pork-pie hat, with a slightly higher crown and with a single feather leaning forward from the back, was a common form of head-cover throughout the fifteenth century, and Jews, for aught we know, may have seen nothing wrong in wearing it. Other eccentricities were equally conspicuous: and among them we may mention a gentleman depicted in an old illumination, who wears a shoulder-belt or baldrick slung to reach down to his knee, having a peal of little bells looped all along its length.

* Wags have tried to make out for the purpose of a joke that KING RICHARD was a hunchback, and that the street boys of the period, when the King happened to pass them, used to take delight in giving him a military salute, significantly shouting as they did so, "Shoulder *humps!*" But it is wrong to imagine that RICHARD had a hump. ROUS, who knew him personally, says of him in his history: "He was of low stature, had small compressed features, and his left shoulder higher than his right." For thus setting us right respecting his left shoulder, the *Ghost of Richard* clearly ought to cry out, "Bravo, Rous!"

THE MIRACULOUS CABINET.

UNDER the above head an extraordinary work of art has been exhibited by a Pole at the Egyptian Hall. It was only five feet high, three wide, and eighteen inches deep, and yet it seems to have contained a whole Pantechnicon-full of furniture. No carpet-bag of the most caoutchouc capabilities ever held so much. It accommodated inside its rapacious interior no less than 150 pieces of domestic apparel, and of the same size as those that are generally found in the miscellaneous wardrobe of a house. There was a bedstead with hangings, big enough for PAUL BEDFORD to have slept in—there were chairs whose legs would not have given way under the weight of DANIEL LAMBERT, in his offallest days. There was a dining-table that LORD COWLEY might have invited all his friends to dine round two or three times a week, besides a chandelier that he could hang over it, to dazzle them with the light (for we are perfectly aware that expense is no object to his Lordship) of twelve of the very best *étoile* candles. It would require one of DEBENHAM'S catalogues to enumerate the multitudinous articles stowed away as close as cabinet secrets in this miraculous cabinet.

Two young persons about to marry would find everything in it to make their turtle-dovery that snug nest of comfort that they have so long been dreaming about. They would discover something fitting to the taste of each. There would be (that is to say, if turtle-doves ever think of such things) a smoking-table for the gentleman, and a baby's swing-cot for the lady. This enchanted cupboard is a house complete in itself, and has the further advantage of being about the only house in which there is no skeleton, for the simple reason, that there is no room for the smallest skeleton to hang out in it. Were he as small as LORD JOHN even, the skeleton would not be able to procure standing-room even, much less a seat. This miniature mansion is replete with plate, linen, crockery, even down to toys for the little ones, and footstool for Grandmamma. What a beautiful present to make a bride on her wedding-day, only perhaps the twenty-eight covers and plates might teach her to be extravagant! What a convenient portmanteau to give to an emigrant! He could move about with his domicile on his back as easily as a snail; and if sleep overtook him in the desert or the backwoods, he would only have to pull out his bed and tuck himself in for as many comfortable forty winks as the wild beasts or the gold-diggers would allow him. When next we remove, we shall certainly send to MR. NADOLSKY to ask him if he can pack up all our furniture in about the same portable size. Ladies should take lessons of him in the art of packing, and then they would be able to travel with at least one-half their present quantity of luggage.

THE COMFORTS OF CONVICTS.

"PUNCH, "*on Her Madesty's Servitude giblerhalter novemb* 1860

"r and w Imp ia my hentry in the Prisin cattalog rede and rite impurfecly witch You must Scus misteaks. don't you be gamon'd by them acounts like that as peared tuther day in The *times* About the good Livin they alows Huss conwix. Caufy?—wot is caufy and So much meet conclusive of Boan Wot Then? oo's to Heat boan I shud like to No like a Dogg. i ashure you ita werry ard lines for we pore coaves no hegg for brekfast no bloter no Tung nor Nothink. No bear wind nor sperits. Has to backy 'tis hall comon Shagg no cavendish nor never a Bit of latterkeer, and Nott wun Siggar ave I add hall the blessed time as ive Bin in Quodd. Nare a foul nor a mossel of gewse nor duck no poltry wotsomedever no fish nor hysters, and no soup of any flaviour—nuthink but sollid substanshall bredd and mete befe beaf beefe and muton mutton muton day arter day. We dont starve yule say—no hif we did ow cud we wurk? —hif you wants to starv a coave and wurk im too put the begar into the Workus and kepe im hon akilligolea and se ow much work yule get out on im on that Diett. I'me thankfull, has the Chapling says, that I ain't yet redooced to the Degradid state of a Porper.

"We aint a got no comfits for the tilet no sented sope no odicalone nor ile for our croped eds.

"i Take the horportunity of ritin this by prigin a pen an Hink and sheet of the Chapling's paper, witch avin soped im well oaver i expex my ticket of Leaf in no long time but meenwile i doo ope yule yuse yure inflence not for hus conwicks for to be Cutt down to sitch short alowance as is the Fair of them misrabel creturs as gose crorlin and cryin to the Parish Hunion for Relief In sted of tryin to elp their-selves or be Lag'd in the Atempt and gett Cumfortably quodded like yure afectionit Bruther in bonds "OBADIA."

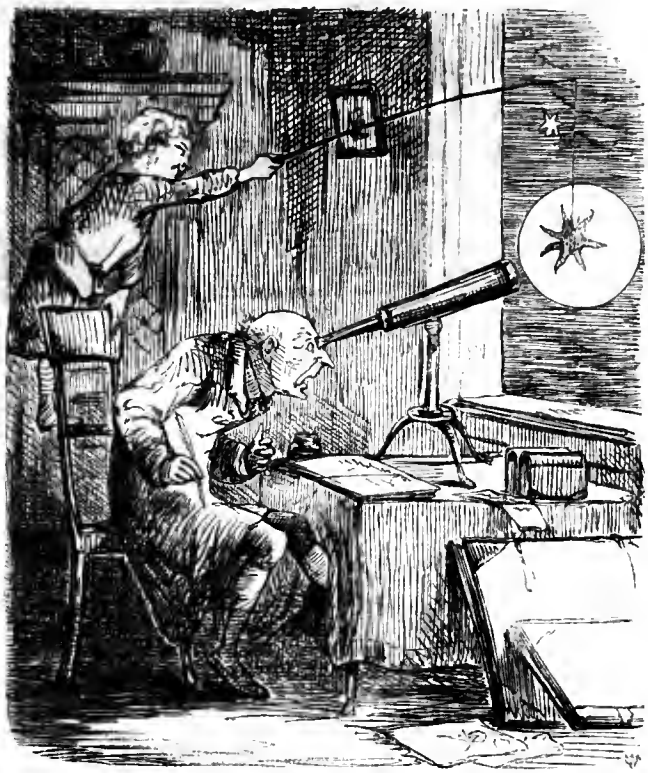
"P.S. Hitt's galus Ard Work. i doo sincearly Wish i adn't Bin cort Hout. A Repentant siner. O!"

EARLY RISING.—Hungary is trying to get itself into the habit of early rising. It is only to be feared, if Hungary does succeed in rising early, that it may have the effect of disturbing the rest of the Austrian dominions.

JOHNSON FOR EVER.

"HONOUR" or "Honor?" That is the question which has lately been raised by a stupid inscription on an ugly monument. "Honour," certainly, and not "Honor." Why should we not write "Honor" as well as "Error" and "Terror?" Because "Honour" is not only the older spelling, but also the more customary. We may as well prevent any further degeneration of the English language, and as the line of limitation must be drawn somewhere, let us draw it under the standard orthography of the present day. Any lower descent to the gulf of phonetic writing than that which has been already accomplished will thus be arrested.

Another very good reason for eschewing "Honor" and "Favor" is, not only that those words, like "Defense," and "Offense," are pedantic Yankeeisms, but also that they are especially employed by puffing tradesmen and other quacks, and are commonly adopted by snobs who affect to talk fine, and who are accustomed to pronounce their last syllable "or" just as they write it, or as rhyming with "for." Let us hear no more of leaving the *u* out of "Honour" and "Favour," and concede neither "Honor" or "Favor" to these pompous gents.



VENETIA AT THE HAMMER.

A WORD to the wise is sufficient, and the following words ought to be enough for even the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA. They occur in GARIBALDI'S parting address to his comrades:—

"By the side of King Honest Man, every feeling of rancour must disappear. Yet, again, I repeat to you my cry—'To arms! all, all!' If in the March of 1861, I do not find a million of Italians in arms, alas for poor Italian liberty—alas for poor Italian life! Oh, no! I cast from me a thought hateful as poison. The March of 1861, if required, even the February, will find us all at our posts."

Now, then, FRANCIS JOSEPH; now's your time for a bargain. Sell Venetia if you can. Sell Venetia in time. Next March it will be too late, if you then have to deal with GARIBALDI and a million of Italians in arms. You can't put Venetia up to auction; but she is going, going, going—and if you don't look out, in less than six months she will be—gone!

Mr. Punch's New Contributor.

As the *Hero* was short of fuel, the Duke inquired of the Prince whether he should signal to the *Ariadne* for any?

"I should advise you not," was the princely reply; "for they will never be such fools as to send coals to NEWCASTLE."

THE INVALID.

Master. "WELL, SAUNDERS, I SEE YOU ARE NOT ABLE TO DO MUCH WITH THE OLD SOW, AFTER ALL?"

Saunders. "WHY, YOU SEE, MAISTER RICHARD, SHE WARENT TAKEN IN TIME, THE POWER THING, SHE WARENT—SHE'S STRUV HARD TO GET ROUND, BUT THE WEATHER'S AGIN HER, YE SEE. TO-DAY IT SHONE A BIT, AND I THOUGHT IT 'D DO HER GOOD TO GET OUT, SO IN THE WARM OF THE ARTERNOON I PUT HER IN THE BARROW, AND TOOK HER FOR A LITTLE RIDE IN THE SUN!"

ELEGANT MARTIAL EPITAPHS.

IN a letter to the *Times*, "A VETERAN," quotes, as a specimen of unadorned composition, an inscription on a tablet which has been placed in Waterloo Church, in honour of all ranks who fell in that neighbourhood in June, 1815. Certainly, as far as mere recital of fact goes, it is simple enough; but then comes the following aphorism:—

"Glory encircles with the same noble diadem the humble as the exalted."

This bit of sentiment is the only attempt at ornament which the inscription exhibits; and that attempt is surely not a success. Glory neither encircles the humble nor exalted with any diadem at all. It encircles, or causes to be encircled, the heads indeed of the exalted very frequently; in some cases with royal diadems, in others with ducal coronets, or caps of lesser nobility. But Glory does not encircle the head of the humble with anything better than bandages, sometimes, when it has got those heads broken in battle. Even then it is Surgery which applies those bandages; Glory only creates the necessity for them; and lucky are all humble sufferers, maimed in quest of Glory, whose country has the gratitude to bind their wounds. The only diadem with which Glory can be said to encircle the head of the humble, who fight for Glory's sake, is the figurative one of an ideal foolscap.

A WORD FOR OUR STATUES.

"MR. PUNCH,

"LET us not be ashamed of our public statues. They are, no doubt, queer. The best of them are bronze and marble Guys. Our sculptors do contrive somehow to give a wonderfully wooden character to their works in metal and stone. They are, in fact, little better than stone-masons. But then they are free masons. Those whose designs are successful in a competition for a job, are free and accepted masons, and the other masons are free, though rejected; the masons, rejected as well as accepted, are all free. In this freemasonry lies the secret of our inferior sculpture. Our funny statues are among the fruits of our free institutions. We have no tyrant princes in this country to squander upon their artists the revenues wrung out of their slaves. There is no recognised idolatry, creating a demand for images. Our cleverest men have their way to make in commerce and politics; speeches to make, laws to make; above all, fortunes to make—better things to make than statues. The Englishmen who try to make statues, and make them ill, are those who have little ability to make anything else.

"But it is not likely that even our money-makers and speech-makers and law-makers would have succeeded very highly in making statues, if they had turned their hands to that employment. Britons are too robust, both morally and physically, for such fancy-work. Our individual and our national constitutions are much alike. British liberty produces and consumes beef and beer. Hence results a strong but clumsy habit of body and mind. A diet principally consisting of poor soup, vegetables, and sour wine, with frequent restriction to fish, or nothing at all, appears, from the example of unhappy foreigners, to be the necessary nutriment of what is called plastic genius.

"Sir, they tell us that we have no genius. Considering what they mean by genius, we may complacently agree with them. England has produced some men of genius in the large way, but certainly few in the small. We are excelled by our neighbours in every speciality of genius. They surpass us in sculpture, and also in singing and playing music. But this kind of partial genius is very commonly accompanied with general weakness of mind. In most cases, I believe that it is simply the effect of nearly total idiocy, which has occasioned the exclusive cultivation of the only capable faculty of an otherwise deficient intellect. An Englishman cannot put his whole soul into his fiddle, or even into his picture, or his statue. Our statues are monuments of bad taste. Very well. They are also monuments of constitutional government. Our neighbours might be proud of the City Giants, if the PREFECT OF THE SEINE were as independent as the LORD MAYOR OF LONDON. Proud indeed, too, they would doubtless be to possess those celebrated colossal works of civic art and exhibit them in their national museum. But, Sir, I trust they will never have Gog and Magog at the Tuileries. No, Sir; but let us be liberal. We cannot make statues properly; let us employ those who can. We hire foreigners to sing, and fiddle, and dance for our amusement; why not also to decorate our streets and buildings with images?

"I am not a prejudiced or bigoted man, Sir, but

"Your obedient Servant,

"A COSMOPOLITAN."

"P.S. Though foreigners should be engaged to make statues in honour of illustrious persons, there would still be room for native talent. GUY FAWKES should not stand alone. What if a monument were erected in dishonour of JUDGE JEFFERIES? A similar memorial might perpetuate the infamy of that successor of his who sentenced LORD DUNDONALD to the pillory."

Final Floorer for Folly.

"After this, the EMPEROR thinks it will be better not to pursue any further an idea," &c. &c.

THAT ingenious Buffer, MR. ROWSELL,
Whose name M. MOCQUARD can't manage to spell,
Has received a note from the said M. MOCQUARD,
Which must make Mr. R. feel uncommonly orkard:
And the Volunteer Visit, so nasty and cheap,
And foolish and worse, is smashed up in a heap;
Whereat all sensible folks will say,
Hooray, M. MOCQUARD; old ROWSELL, hooray!

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"A PRETTY PROSPECT!"

NATIVE (to our Landscape Painter who has come down to sketch). *"Why, Sir, in this 'ere Valley that you're a goin' to, you may see—ah—Three splendid Viaducts all at once, and one o' the largest Cloth Factories in the West of England!"*

ORATORICAL OPIUM.

PUNCTUAL Church and Chapel goers will derive hopes from the subjoined announcement, which appeared among the news of the week:—

"A deputation from the Anti-Opium Association had an interview with MR. SAMUEL LAING at the Treasury on Saturday."

No doubt the objection of the Anti-Opium Association applies to narcotics generally; and it is to be hoped that their efforts will induce the Government to take some steps for the prevention of those drowsy discourses by which Reverend Gentlemen so frequently induce on their mesmerised hearers a state of coma.

You Know a Man by his Company.

AT the Salters' dinner, a week or so ago, LORD PALMERSTON alluded to his being "the chief of his company," meaning the Cabinet. Now, in every French company—a dramatic company at least—there is always, what is called, a "*jeune premier;*" but of all the *jeunes premiers* within our recollection the youngest is decidedly the Premier of England, LORD PAM himself. Don't talk of his advanced age! With him years count as little as they do in a field of corn. After working all day, our *jeune* Premier can play up to any hour of the night you like, and be ready the first thing the next morning to study some fresh part, such as shall take all Europe by storm.

OUR ROVING CORRESPONDENT.

"MY DEAR PUNCH,

"IN these Præ-Raphaelite days of Art, a man must be pretty accurate about the accessories of his picture. Suppose, for example, I am depicting a scene from the history of the thirteenth century (which epoch you must know I particularly affect) and suppose from inadvertence I paint my hero in trunk hose—what an outcry there will be among the learned critics, directly! Perhaps the style of my knight's armour is a quarter of a century too early, or the 'clocks' on CLARISSA'S stockings a half an hour too late,—*instanter* that eminent *savant* BOREWELL drops down upon me in the *Propylæum*, with 'This absurd anachronism is worthy of—' &c. &c., or 'when will MR. EASEL learn that it is a painter's duty to—' &c. &c.

"Well, it was precisely the dread of such remarks as these which led me the other day into Westminster Abbey with my sketch-book under my arm. I wanted to make a study for a boot 'of the period,' which I was sure I could find on one of the tombs in EDWARD THE CONFESSOR'S Chapel. Admission to this portion of the edifice is charged sixpence per head, in return for which little fee the Dean and Chapter kindly provide a staff of semi-ecclesiastically robed gentlemen who take it in turn to play the cicerone to those country cousins and distinguished foreigners who bestow upon our metropolitan lions their simple admiration. And so well are these faithful laymen trained to their calling that I verily believe any one of them could go through his description blindfold if you only gave him his cue and kept his head clear of the pillars.

"The rapid strides which Civilisation is daily making must have an influence, among the rest of mankind, on Vergers, who I make no doubt are by this time an exceedingly agreeable and well-informed community, but years ago when time was young, and I sat sketching at fair PHILLIPPA'S feet, there was one eccentric member of the fraternity who used to intone his description in a manner which was not pleasant, and as I had to listen to it about five times a day, you may suppose I have not forgotten it yet. His brief, but pithy remarks were as far as I recollect:—

"This 'ere's the Chappul of EDWED THE CONFESSUR. The pavement scomposed of various serts of marvels. And thats the Shrome of EDWED THE CONFESSUR you mussen touch the mosakes; and thats the Toom of EDWED THE FUST there never was no monnyment this way please. That theers the Corrynation Cheer same as QUEEN VICTOYER was crowned in and under its the stone as was brought from Scone palace by EDWED THE FUST and all the Kings and Queens of England 'shin crowned on that stone ever sence. And thats the Screen on which is carved out all the istry of EDWED THE CONFESSUR and deserves a minoot inspection number one's the prellits and nobility a swearing feelty to EDWARD he wasn't born at the time so they swore at his mother instead and number two's his Buth and number three's his Corrynation and number five you see he's blowing up a thief and seven feet long that sword is mum and eighteen pums in weight was carried before EDWED THE THUD into France and thats the Toom of ENNERY THE FIFTH the body was cased in silver and the 'ead was solid silver but its bin all took away down the steps to the leff please for the way hont."

"Ah, my dark robed guide! Ah my voluble and veracious verger! little did you think that your artless words would be reproduced on these pages. I wonder do you still ply your gentle calling on the 'mosake' pavement? Does that solemn fat forefinger of yours still indicate the remains of JOHN DE WALTHAM? Perhaps you have retired from that line of business. Perhaps ere this your sixpences have enabled you to exchange your cloister life for one more befitting an active mind for something, let us say, in the licensed victualling way—who knows?

"Occupied with these speculations, and having finished my sketch, I wandered listlessly among the tombs and monuments. What a queer old fashion-book of exploded tastes and byegone conceits one reads in in them! Just as this terrestrial sphere spins round on its own axis, so the World of Art revolves on its own æsthetical pivot, and we find this and that style turning up in its appointed place as surely as the recurring decimals in MR. COLENSO'S interesting little treatise. Good heavens! was there ever a time when yon grinning sheeted skeleton emerging from a marble tomb amidst clouds of the same material inspired the spectator with any feelings but those of ridicule and horror? Is it possible that MR. JOSEPH ADDISON, as he calmly sauntered over this ground in a Ramillies wig could have seen anything to admire in those plethoric cherubims who hover over the DUKE OF SOMERSET'S sarcophagus? And yet no doubt His Grace's monument was considered a masterpiece in its day! That was a time for urns and cenotaphs, and reversed torches, and slobbering cupids. The Olympian deities had their reign, but it is past, and the symbols of their dynasty are out of fashion; English Art is taking another direction. We have long laughed at those quaint old stiff-legged mediævalists, with their black-letter scrolls, forgetting that they might have been as active and written as good a hand as ourselves if Fate had but clothed them in

modern pegtops, and allotted them Bath post at sixpence a quire. May we not learn something from that Præ-Raphaelite, that præ-riff-raffaelite age? They were fine fellows after all, those Early English Heroes. Take RICHARD CŒUR DE LION—I am influenced by no private prejudice, but I ask any one—I ask TOM SAYERS what his opinion is of a man who could cut a sheep through at a single blow, and made no more of cleaving a bar of iron in twain than my grandmother would of breaking a knitting needle? There's a man for you! and haven't we MR. OLIVER GOLDSMITH'S direct testimony that RICHARD generously forgave the wretch who caused his death at Chalus? There's a hero for you, and where is his monument I should like to know?

"Just as I reach this point in my soliloquy, a sharp shrill sound uncommonly like a railway whistle, strikes on my ear. What can it be? There it is again, louder and nearer, accompanied by the short energetic puffs of a locomotive. I look inquiringly at my friends the vergers who glance interrogatively at each other, and then we all run out of Poet's Corner together, and look down towards Parliament Street, where a crowd of people have assembled. Lo! whose is this giant form which stands out dark against the London sky and makes the Hansom cabs seem very pigmies? Who is this mail-clad warrior with haughty mien and outstretched arm, riding like a god above the crowd? Volumes of steam surround his charger's head, and we seem to hear the noble beast snorting as he prances by. We all stand still and wonder. Street boys throw up their caps and cheer. Even the cabmen for a brief moment forget their fares and pull up to have a look. Can I be mistaken? Those handsome bronzed features—that steed of mettle yielding to an iron sway. No! It is RICHARD of the Lion Heart riding triumphant into Palace Yard.

* * * * * *

"By this time you will doubtless perceive that I have been describing in my romantic style, the arrival of MAROCHETTI'S equestrian statue of the great Crusader which has just been set up at Westminster. The wondrous snorts and steam emanated I admit not from the warrior's horse but from one of BRAY'S traction engines which dragged the statue to the spot. Now was not this a sight to see! The twelfth and nineteenth centuries thus linked together. To see CŒUR DE LION preceded by a locomotive! Bravo, MAROCHETTI! Bravo, JAMES WATT! Science and Art go hand in hand. Slowly and majestically they approach. A great scaffold has been prepared for hoisting the Warrior King, and presently a stout mechanic leaps upon his shoulder. Another is astride the horse's head, and a dozen more are at work below. For a few minutes the Lion heart has to submit to a little indignity, and is bound with ropes and chains; at last the mass begins to move; rises gently; swings in mid air; ah! if I had designed that noble group what would have been my feelings at that moment? an unsteady hand, an unseen flaw—one slight defect in that ingenious machinery, might have sent the whole seven tons of metal thundering to the earth, and the labour of years would have been lost. *Dii avertite casum!* We hold our breaths while RICHARD sways to and fro. A little pull that way towards the pedestal, and the danger is past.

"Unwind the ignoble hemp—strike off his chains—RICHARD's himself again. Yours faithfully,

"JACK EASEL."

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—A SECOND SIGHT (WITHOUT CLAIRVOYANCE) AT THE LADIES OF THE 15TH CENTURY.

FROM A BEAUTIFUL WOOD-ENGRAVING OF THE TIME OF EDWARD THE FOURTH. (VERY SCARCE.)

QUEERLY quaint as were the fashions in the first half of this century, those which followed them perhaps were even more preposterous. This, although of course it is distressing to reflect upon, no doubt the philosophic mind will be prepared to hear. The highest height of folly is not quickly to be reached, any more than is the lowest depth of baseness. The trite maxim that "*nemo repentè fuit turpissimus*" is no less true in millineries than it is in morals; and when once an era of bad taste begins, it is not in a hurry that the worst may be expected. Other parts of their costume appear ridiculous enough, but in looking at a portrait of a lady of the period which we have now to write about, extending from the reign of EDWARD THE FOURTH to that of RICHARD THE THIRD, we cannot help first smiling at the head-dress that she wears, which, if not the height of folly, certainly goes far to reach it. Gigantic and absurd as were the horned and heart-shaped head-dresses which we saw in our first look at the ladies of this century, they were not half so large and ludicrous as the high-crowned steeple-caps, that came in fashion just before the death of HENRY THE SIXTH. These erections were constructed of cloth or other fabric, and were built about as high as three of our men's hats. They, however, had no brims, and fitted closely to the head, gradually diminishing in width towards the top. These sugarloafy structures (which the ladies very likely regarded as "sweet things") were worn at a slight angle inclining to the back, and were ornamented sometimes with a couple of gauze flaps, which projected like the wings of a gigantic butterfly. Either covering the cap or else fastened to its top, was a scarf or veil of lawn that hung down to the heels, and for comfort's sake in walking was tucked under the arm. This scarf was somewhat similar to the lirripipe or tippet, which still continued to be worn among the middle classes; who, as they could not afford to make themselves ridiculous by wearing the high steeple-caps, did the best they could by coming out in hoods made somewhat flattened to the head, and at the sides adorned with projections like apes' ears. The monks of course objected to these monkeyish appendages; and one may fairly think that women had more on their heads than in them when one finds them apeing the appearance of an ape.

Tourists who in quest of finer weather than we have had in England have taken a week's scamper into Normandy this summer, may have seen caps approaching to the size of these huge head-dresses; and there is little doubt, we think, that the fashion was originally taken from the French, for English ladies then were just as imitative creatures, it would seem, as they are now. We have ample proof indeed that the mania for these monstrosities raged with even greater fury in France than it did here. Among other clinching evidence, MONSTRELET relates a highly edifying story of a "perambulating friar" by name THOMAS CONECTE, who must have been the terror of the women of his time. This perambulating preacher (who, for aught we know, may have preached from a perambulator) started so determined a crusade against high head-dresses in France that the ladies did not dare to wear them in his presence.* Besides other brutalities, 'he dyd excite ye smalle boyes to pule downe these monstrous headificies, so that ye maides were forced to sheltere in some place of safetye, untyl their loveres or their lacqueys did come to their assisttance." The sensitive mind shrinks from picturing the scrimmages and scuffles that took place, and gallantry compels us to entertain a hope that the beadles now and then had the whiphand of the boys. We however find that for a while the holy father triumphed and made a bonfire of big head-dresses in front of his *al fresco* pulpit. But, proceeds the chronicler:—

"This reform lastedde not long; for like as snails when any one passeth by them do drawe in their hornis, and when daunger seems ouer do put them forth againe,† so these ladies, shortly after the preacher had quitted their countrye, forgetful of his doctrine and abuse, began to resume their former head-dresses, and wore them even higher than ever."

It is difficult to decide whether the ladies of this era were great church-goers or not, and whether if they were, they wore these steeple caps to signify the fact. If they did, it would have been but yet another proof of the weakness of the sex.

"A daw's not reckoned a religious bird,
Because he keeps a cawing from a steeple:"

nor, we apprehend, could a lady well establish a character for church-going, on the ground that she persisted in wearing steeple-caps. How they possibly contrived, in such Brobdingnaglike bonnets, to creep

* ADDISON, in the *Spectator*, speaks of the steeple head-dress as a "Gothic building," and gives it as his opinion that the ladies would most probably have carried it much higher but for the attacks of the friar CONECTE. "This holy man," he says, "travelled from place to place to preach down these monstrous structures; and succeeded so well in it that, as the magicians sacrificed their books to the flames upon the preaching of an apostle, many of the women threw down their head-dresses in the middle of his sermon, and made a bonfire of them within sight of his pulpit. He was so renowned that he had often a congregation of 20,000 people: the men placing themselves on the one side of his pulpit, and the women on the other, that appeared like a forest of cedars with their heads reaching to the clouds."

† It is not much of a compliment to compare ladies to snails; but when they wore horned head-dresses, the simile was made so often that they must have grown quite used to it. Endless was the playing by the punsters on these horns. One can hardly read a line in the satires of the period without coming across such phrases as "they deem their horns a hornament," or "their horns they have exalted."

under the low-arched doorways of the period, is more than we at present are able to conceive. Nor can we comprehend how, when they had their Sunday caps on, which were doubtless taller than those worn during the week, they managed to get into the street-cabs of the period, which no doubt were not much roomier and higher than ours now. Perhaps, indeed, for their express accommodation, the cab-roofs were constructed so as to lift up; but we doubt not sundry squabbles occasionally occurred. A cabby must have frequently demanded "somethin' hextry" for carrying "that 'ere luggage," as in his anger and irreverence he may perhaps have called a couple of these caps.

FROM A MS. IN THE FAMOUS SMITH COLLECTION. TEMP. RICHARD THE THIRD. HOUSE OF THE PERIOD.

In the score of years succeeding the death of HENRY THE SIXTH, the shape of ladies' dresses was but very slightly varied, being as ugly at the outset as well could be imagined. The form that was most fashionable was to have the front left open from the neck down to the waist, with a turnover roll collar, made of a dark colour, bordering the aperture. A stomacher of cloth or linen covered the breast beneath, and occasionally the gown was laced together over it in the mode of the Swiss bodice. A fringe of fur was often added to the dress; and the sleeves, which fitted pretty closely to the arm, were furnished with deep cuffs of either fur or velvet, reaching not unfrequently to the finger roots. The gowns were so capacious both in their length and width, that as they hung limp round the legs (for crinoline, we should remember, had not been invented), the ladies were obliged to hear them slung over their arms, as Dianas do their riding-habits at the present day. A broad silken band was worn about the waist, the wives of persons of less income than forty pounds a year being forbidden to wear girdles of foreign manufacture, or adorned with any broidery of silver or of gold. Figured satins, furs of sable, and the richer cloths of velvet were also prohibited to ordinary women, such as the "wives of esquires and gentlemen, and of the knights bachelors," though how in the name of wonder knights bachelors could have wives, the writer whom we quote does not condescend to state.

The following quaint lyric, which has obviously been parodied in one of our most popular songs, suggests a pretty picture of a gallant of the period casting sheepseyes at his sweetheart, and affords some indication that the finery of the women did not find much favour in the eyesight of the men:—

"When first I saw swete Meggie,
'Twas on a Sonne hys dayr,
At Church shee satt in a steeple hatte,
Ye gayest of ye gaye;
Shee wore a gowne ye furredde,
More gaudy far than nete,
And ye skirte as longe as a woman's tongue,
In ye dirte trailed at her fete,
And she wore a grete steple hatt,
Which ye little boys poke fun att,
Crying 'Crikie! my eye! Lookee 'ere at ye Guye
In ye belltoppere Steple Hatte!'"

A Jesuit's Bark.

THE Superior of the Jesuits (though any honest man is entitled to that name) has published a furious protest against the Order being expelled from Italy. He tells KING VICTOR EMMANUEL that in the event of the Jesuit petition being rejected on earth, the Superior will address it to a Higher Tribunal. We are inclined, considering the wickedness of the sect and the insolence of the man, to wish that he may get into the hands of the King, and that the latter may give him an early opportunity of presenting his appeal in person.

A CLASSICAL COMMUNICATION.

"MI CARISSIMA PHILLI, "*Collis Viæ, Sancti Johannis Silvæ.*

"Hoc venit sperans vos esse bene ut linquit me ad hoc presens. Habeo eventum narrare vobis, quem referam in nostrâ caninâ Latinâ, ut siquidem meæ literæ cadant in manus quorumlibet humanorum non possint intelligere eas. Mei dominus et domina iverunt altera die pro quod appellant diei delectatione; et sumpserunt me cum eis. Delectationem cum vindictâ! Ego nunquam fueram in vehiculo ante, licet sæpe cupivi; sed sum certus nunquam habebo istiusmodi votum posthac. Simulatque porta fuit clausa abivimus cum maxime horribili crepitanti strepitu, et succutiebar in terribili modo. Valde timeseui, et ascendi super sellam circumspicere e fenestrâ. Vidi diversos felices canes discurrentes solute in vicis, et optavi maxime sociare cum eis; sed semper delapsus sum ad imum vehiculi rursus. Post tempus eximus e vehiculo, Anglice, *a cab*, et ascendimus in alterum; hoc fuit pejus priori, ad minimum pro strepitu. Fecit me omnino ægrotum. Cùm successi nunc et tunc prospicere de fenestrâ, arbores et domi apparuerunt esse prætervolantes in maxime extraordinario modo. Ad ultimum venimus ad nostri itineris finem; habui bonum cursum super gramen et speravi meas turbas fuisse præteritas. Sed eheu! longe ab eo. Descendimus ad fluori ripam, et nos omnes tres unâ cum rudi viro, quem allatravi, conscendimus in longam angustam speciem planæ cistæ cum duabus sellis in eâ; super quas mei dominus et domina sederunt. Vir impulit nos a littore in medium fluminis; et ibi mei dominus et domina delectaverunt se pro horis, tenentes longa virgulta in manibus cum funiculis ad alterum terminum, cum quibus evellebant pisciculos ex aquâ. Ad primum putabam id esse rarum jocum et incipiebam ludere cum piscibus ut saltabant in imo cistæ, quam vocabant *pontonem*, sed reprehensus fui pro faciendo sic, et rudis vir abstulit eos a me et posuit eos per foramen in pontone, ubi arbitror eos secessos esse in fluvium iterum.

"Sed reditus domi fuit pessimum omnium; nam fuit tunc tenebrosum. Ivimus ad locum ubi descensi sumus ante; (vocant id rapaguliviam) et scena erat vere consternans. Ibi erat talis stridor, et sibilus, et sufflatio, et fistulatio (si ita dicam) et omne hoc in tenebris; et immensa monstra rerum circumruentia cum luminibus viridibus, rubeis et flavis; et pallidæ figuræ hominum que circumcurrebant in omni directione. Reverâ timui ut adveneram ad locum ubi mali canes eunt. Post hoc habui ire rursus per omnia tormenta itineris. Attamen rediimus domum tuti ultimo; sed nunquam, credite mihi, ibo delectans rursus.

"Remaneo.
"Vester amantissime,
"*Dominiculæ Phillidi,* "DAN."
"*Casulæ Viæ.*"

ARE UMBRELLAS PUBLIC PROPERTY?

THE second column of the *Times* grows daily more and more surprising. It really sometimes is as much as we can do to eat our breakfast, so strongly are we tempted to keep gaping with astonishment. Just by way of sample, here is one of the last wonders which so greatly have astonished us:—

FOUND, on the 13th instant, a SILK UMBRELLA. The owner may have it on describing it and paying the expense of this advertisement. Apply by letter only to F. W., &c.

Honour among thieves may be perhaps of rare occurrence, but what is it compared to honesty among the finders of umbrellas! Umbrella-stealing generally is accounted as no theft, although we should not advise people rashly to commit it, for it may not so be viewed in British Courts of Justice. Notwithstanding this, however, we should scarce have thought it possible that the finder of an umbrella should actually pay money to advertise the fact. Most people would rest satisfied with finding the umbrella, without making an attempt to find its rightful owner. Indeed, so lax is the morality of men in this respect, that when they spy a stray umbrella, they pounce on it as readily as though it were a mushroom, or any other thing that any finder may pick up. Whether umbrellas can in law be viewed as private property, seeing how the public continually lay hands on them, is a point which we reserve for counsel to decide; and while they are about it, we would moot the further point, as to whether, if proceedings at common law were taken to recover an umbrella, (say, one which has been borrowed for five minutes and not returned within a twelve-month) the proper plan would be to bring an action of trover, or an action on the case.

The Luxury of Liberty.

Bosom Friend. Well, dear, now that you are a widow, tell me are you any the happier for it?

Interesting Widow. Oh! no. But I have my freedom, and that's a great comfort. Do you know, my dear, I had an onion yesterday for the first time these fourteen years?

DIVERSIONS OF DRILL.

CAPTAIN OF VOLUNTEERS. "*Dress back, No. 3, do dress back. Comp'ny! Fours! As y' were! No. 3, Mr. Buffles, how often am I to speak to you, Sir? Will you dress back, Sir; further still, Sir. You are not dressed exactly yet, Sir, by a* ——"

BUFFLES (goaded to madness). "*Bet yer Five Pounds I am—There!*"

THE TWO OLD LADIES.

QUOTH Madame la Banque, "*De l'or que je manque!*
And my rates for discounting I mustn't screw high,
By way of restraining the gold that keeps draining
From strong-room and till, till I'm nearly run dry?

"I've francs here in plenty, but can't issue twenty,
Against a Napoleon; so ere I get shorter,
Perforce to my aid I must call the Old Lady
Who lives in Threadneedle Street, over the water.

"Although we're near neighbours, and link'd in our labours,
Our relations have not been so close, I'm aware,
As relations should be, spite of ten leagues of sea—
Even *if* they involve *cet atroce mal-de-mer!*"

So Madame La Banque called a cab off the rank,
And tipping the driver a handsome *pour-boire*
Took the train, and to Dover from Boulogne steamed over,
In spite of sea-sickness, and other *bêtes noires.*

Her carpet-bag stowed with a cumbersome load
Of new five-franc pieces, to change for *de l'or*,
In the street of Threadneedle, she bowed to the beadle,
Who sports his red cloak at the Old Lady's door.

He ushered her in to the *sanctum* within,
Where sat the Old Lady, sedate and serene;
With Parisian ease, Dame La Banque made a cheese,
That expanded the skirts of her vast Crinoline.

"*Chère Madame*, if you would—be so kind—so ver' good,
A neighbour to help at a pinch, if you please,"
(Here her silver she tugged from the bag which she lugged,)
"*Donnez-moi, chère Madame*, English sovereigns for dese."

Quoth the Old Lady, "Well—I *have* bullion to *sell*—
But as for *exchanges*, they can't well be fair,
With VICTORIA and porter, on *our* side the water,
On *yours* L. NAPOLEON and *Vin ordinaire.*

"Excuse me for hinting—whatever the minting,
Were the one head on silver, the other on browns—
There's no money-changer, be't native or stranger,
Swops *one* British Sov'reign, for *fifty* French crowns.

"And you'll pardon my saying, this game you've been playing
Of buying up gold at a loss scarce can pay—
If your discounts you'll heighten the market you'll tighten,
And not have to beg for help over the way.

"Still, though I won't swop, I agree to a 'pop;'
Take my gold, and in pledge leave your silver instead;
And still may we settle our scores in such metal,
Instead of your Emperor's coin—steel and lead."

Appalling Attempt.

DISTRESSING symptoms of insanity were shown the other evening in the course of a quadrille by a Young Lady who attempted to take her partner's breath away and destroy his peace of mind by asking him this riddle.

Q. Why are the New York girls who have been talking so much lately of H. R. H. the PRINCE OF WALES like more than half the members of nearly all our Rifle Corps?

A. Because you see they almost always have a young heir apparent on their lips.

"REJECTED ADDRESSES."—The Dead Letter Office.

MUTUAL ACCOMMODATION.

Madame La Banque and the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street.

A JOKE AT ST. GEORGE'S-IN-THE-EAST.

ONE day last week some very good fun occurred at a meeting of the vestry of that ecclesiastical bear garden, St. George's-in-the-East. MR. HOWELL, the Vestry Clerk, having related the particulars of an interview with the BISHOP of LONDON—

"MR. BARRETT said he could not help thinking that the Bishop was acting courteously; but what he might be doing spiritually was a very different thing. He tried to please the people, but so would a mountebank. (*Oh, oh, and uproar.*)"

MR. BARRETT had never perhaps had occasion to transcribe, in his early days, the aphorism which declares that "comparisons are odious." A gentleman capable of comparing the BISHOP OF LONDON to a mountebank, would be likely not to have been very highly educated; indeed, to be an offender against decorum of the class "R. & W. Imp." The similitude insinuated by MR. BARRETT was, if rather objectionable, still highly comical, as anybody will acknowledge who recollects the bishop's photograph, and endeavours, by its aid, to imagine him grimacing in motley, or even making a fool of himself at a Puseyite altar. Scandalised, however, rather than diverted by the irreverent absurdity which his colleague had just perpetrated—

"MR. LITTLEJOHN protested against the Bishop being likened to a mountebank, and moved that the statement of MR. HOWELL be entered upon the minutes of the vestry.
"The motion was agreed to."

Very well; but MR. BARRETT's comparison ought to have been recorded, as well as the statement of MR. HOWELL. Oh, that somebody had been there to write down the Bishop a mountebank, according to MR. BARRETT, and to write MR. BARRETT down a British Vestryman! The convocation of parochial authorities in which that worthy distinguished himself by the above quoted sally of broad but disrespectful humour, is called, in the report of it, an "Extraordinary Vestry Meeting." In point of intelligence, wisdom, and refinement, however, it seems to have been characterised by just the ordinary features of that species of assembly.

TURNING-POINTS?

WE read that an action for damages has been brought for some "turn-tables." It turned out that they had been supplied to a railway company, but at first we thought that these "turn-tables" had been ordered by our friends, the Spirit-rappers, and were some of the rotary instruments by which they help to turn the heads of the credulous fools who place their faith and bank-notes in them. By the bye, will any Spiritualist, whose sight is deeper than most of his far-seeing fraternity, have the kindness to inform us whether KING ARTHUR and his knights, as they sat round their circular table, were in the habit of turning it? It might be a handy practice for sending the bottle round. We should, also, like to be informed by the same obliging gentleman, whose sight, we are sure, is not deeper than his sagacity, whether we should be justified in calling, and whether he would take any offence if we did call, this old trick of turning the tables a round game. The game of Spirit-rapping, the rapacious sums that are rapped out of fools, we should think went by the name of cribbage.

A Fatal Sentence.

"LIBERTY is fatal to the Bourbons." So said the father of the present, or rather the ex-KING OF NAPLES. But supposing the son is caught, ought he not, as tried by the sentence above, to be locked up for life. If "Liberty is fatal" to a Bourbon, the most generous, the most charitable thing would be to deprive him of it. The Castle of St. Elmo, we suggest, wouldn't be a bad residence for him. He couldn't object to try what he had so often recommended to others.

LONG LIVE THE LORDS!

"EXTRAORDINARY LONGEVITY OF THE PEERS" was the heading of a newspaper paragraph which lately appeared, containing a statement of the advanced ages to which several members of the House of Lords have attained. The longevity of their Lordships, however, is not extraordinary. They are almost all of them born with the peculiar advantage of having in their mouths, at birth, a wonderful instrument, ensuring the best possible nutrition. This is that bountiful provision, which, in the vulgar tongue, is denominated the Silver Spoon. By means thereof the very best of food and drink that may be desired can be introduced into the system, and when that is out of order, also the best of physic. Change of air and scene, recreation of all kinds, and all manner of enjoyment are at the command of their Lordships generally, and they are exempt from cares which kill other people, either by directly wearing them out, or by inducing them to drink gin, and smoke inferior tobacco. Good wine and first-rate cigars, in which they are seldom driven by depression and misery to indulge too freely, tend much to prolong their noble lives.

The old Law-Lords, who were not provided with a congenital silver spoon, have contrived, however, to butter their bread well early in life on one side, and afterwards to get it thickly buttered for them on the other. None of the Peers are obliged to live in the constant practice of self-denial, and also in the fear of ruin, and a destitute old age. They are exempt from dread of bailiffs, and have no bills to meet, except those which tradesmen send in at Christmas, which they can afford to pay, or which come up from the Lower House, which they are free to reject. In legislation, moreover, they carefully observe the truly constitutional rule which prescribes early hours. No marvel they live so long as they do. The only wonder is that most of them do not outlive OLD PARR, and that many of the Peers do not reach the years of the Patriarchs.

A TRIFLE FROM THE HAYMARKET:

IN the which are a pretty little theatre, with a pretty little name, (the *Bijou*) and a neat little company, and everything to help out a pleasant evening, except one thing. And as *Mr. Punch* has no idea either of being deprived of the French Play or of being suffocated while at it, he begs to apprise Mr. E. T. SMITH, or M. TALEXY, or the responsible party, that he, *Mr. Punch*, took a little gherkin in his pocket, the last time he went to see MADAME DOCHE, and that the fearful heat so operated upon the vegetable, in a forcing point of view, that it grew into a cucumber big enough to supply supper to his party of five, on their reaching Eaton Square, besides leaving two large knobs to shy at the cabmen as they drove away with his guests three hours later. *Mr. Punch* trusts that this appalling anecdote (for the truth of which he vouches) will induce the management to supply the one thing wanting at the little *Bijou*, namely, ventilation. As *Iachimo* says:—

"I beg but leave to *air* this Jewel."

"Another Victim to Crinoline."

So many are these victims, that we think every newspaper establishment must keep the above heading standing to meet the demand. Another poor girl has been burnt at Warwick. The Hindoo widow used to sacrifice herself on the funereal pile out of love for her husband. The fanaticism of the English maiden is not less sad, for doesn't she sacrifice herself to the flames out of love towards an absurd fashion? The authorities have nearly suppressed the first wicked absurdity; why doesn't the Government interfere with the second one, and try to put it down? If it were only on account of these frequent accidents, we think we should be warranted in denouncing Crinoline as A BURNING SHAME.

A VERY HANDSOME PRESENT.

"There, Thomas, be very careful not to injure the creature, as it's a very fine specimen of a full-grown lively Viper."

Justice not at Home.

So Government proposes to erect, between Carey Street and the Strand, a grand new building, comprehending all the chief legal tribunals, under the name of Palace of Justice. Let it not be called by this new-fangled title. Palace of Justice is a Frenchified phrase, and, moreover, the so-called Palace will be one in which a very different inmate from Justice will reside. To denote the distinctive character, as well as the nationality of the edifice, style it not Palace of Justice, but Court of Law.

A Fair Return.

EVERY effort is being made at the present day by the men to enlarge the sphere of woman's employment. If woman is only commonly grateful, the very least she ought to do in return would be to diminish the sphere of her dress!

THE MONEY MARKET AND THE FUNNY MARKET.

CONSIDERABLE agitation has been of late prevailing in the monetary world by reason of a little squabble between those highly influential and respected personages, Madame la Banque of France and the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street. So far as we can gather, the row arose in consequence of the behaviour of Madame, who, on finding her long purse was getting short of gold, created what is called an artificial run for it. This she partially achieved by buying up as many bills on London as she could lay her hands on, and sending them over here to be prematurely discounted; an operation that occasioned the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street considerable annoyance, and made her more than usually tetchy when applied to. Matters were at length indeed brought to such a pass that she tied up her old stocking in which she keeps her gold, and declared that she'd be "dratted" if she'd send out any more of it: adding, that if her neighbour wanted gold, she ought to raise her rate of discount, and not come bothering over here and running off with all the gold that she could grab from us. For *her* part the Old Lady said she wouldn't have demeaned herself by stooping to such practices, and if Madame did not know the proper way to go to work, it was high time that she were taught, and while she was about it, the Old Lady was determined to give her a good lesson.

Madame la Banque of course felt some uneasiness at this, which she tried her best to hide by affecting indignation. She knew too well, however, that it would not suit her interest to quarrel with the Old Lady, and so she compromised the matter by begging for a loan of two millions of gold to be secured by a deposit of an equal sum in silver, of which it seems that she has plenty stored away in two or three old china teapots in her safe. This request, as is well known, was graciously acceded to; but those behind the scenes are aware there was some trouble in getting it accepted, for although upon the whole of a kindly disposition, and ready to do all within her power to accommodate, the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street is rather apt to grow cantankerous, especially when her old stocking is threatened to be touched. It is not generally known, but we conceive there is no harm in our publishing the fact, that her gracious acquiescence to the French lady's request was mainly owing to the ready tact of *Mr. Punch*. Being by far the most considerable capitalist in Europe, that gentleman felt naturally some slight feeling of anxiety to see the symptoms of a monetary panic put a stop to, and he therefore did his best to make the old ladies shake hands upon the bargain which, it seems, had been suggested by his wisdom, and of which the ablest of financiers had approved. As an inducement, then, to part with her two millions of gold, he generously offered to place at the disposal of the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street the same number of copies of his, *Mr. Punch's, Pocket-Book:* a work which all his readers tell him, is "as good as gold," and which has been stamped as sterling by the public press. This *Mr. Punch*, who is all goodness, volunteered to do, without receiving further recompense than two million half-crowns, at which absurdly low quotation he allows his book to issue; and he was liberal enough to add, that he was willing to send over on precisely the same terms two millions of his *Pocket-Book* to his friend Madame la Banque. By these means the old ladies will be abundantly supplied with a new circulating medium, which if not gold itself, is allowed to be as good as it. When it is remembered that the *Pocket-Book* is valued at some hundreds of puns, and that of the precious gems of poetry it abundantly contains nearly every other line will be found to be a golden one, some notion may be formed of how enormously by *Mr. Punch's* operation the Banks of France and England will be mutually enriched.

"MOOSICK!"—A CRY FROM THE GALLERY.

WE read in our favourite publication, *The Musical World*, that the municipal authorities of Baden-Baden, have been christening, out of compliment to the illustrious composer, one of their new promenades *L'Avenue Meyerbeer*. We suppose that all the trees are covered with nothing but leaves of music, which the wind, as it runs its weather-eye through them, plays at sight, the result being a most delightful series of glees, ballads, cantatas, and songs without words. What a glorious *Jubilate* they would all strike up as their worthy godpapa walked musingly through them! We wish some obliging correspondent would oblige us with a stave or two out of this harmonious avenue. We would have them made into flutes, or *bâtons* rather, and present one to each of the most renowned *Maréchaux* of the orchestra. By the way, when shall we be christening any of our public thoroughfares after our favourite composers or singers? In our dull imagination, it will be a rare long time before we shall ever have a Balfe Square, or a Wallace Crescent, or a Macfarren Avenue, or a Webster Lane, or a Punch *Arc de Triomphe*, or a Clara Novello Park. How the nightingales, Swedish as well as those of other countries, would cluster in the latter! It would be one immense bird-cage, and Night, as it threw its black mantle over it, would alone have the power of putting a stop to the singing. You would see the whole atmosphere shaking like ALBONI, with gushing melody—every breath of air, we can fancy, would bring with it an air of music.

A CONSERVATIVE AGENT.

RAIL! Who is MR. FRAIL? Come, nonsense. Everybody knows MR. FRAIL, and if anybody knows him a little better than anybody else, it is LORD DERBY, inasmuch as MR. FRAIL is one of the men of all work for the Tory Opposition; an agent for the Carlton Club. MR. FRAIL'S services to his party have been extraordinary, and for fear that the last service he has done his party should be insufficiently recognised, *Mr. Punch* extracts the following charming and graphic record thereof from the *Montgomeryshire Mercury*.

MR. FRAIL was charged, before the trembling Magistrates of Shrewsbury, with having come up to a gentleman named SOUTHAM (who was conversing with a friend in a street of the said town), and having used unto the said gentleman language of an exceedingly potent description, so potent indeed, that like very high game, it could not be brought under the noses of ordinary persons. In four lines of the language sworn to, there are seven words which are only heard (except in Shrewsbury and from the Carlton agent) from persons in that condition of drunken violence which justifies their immediate incarceration. Well, it is further sworn that MR. FRAIL, not unnaturally astonished that he did not receive instant chastisement, proceeded to intimate his ideas to MR. SOUTHAM as follows, omitting oaths:—

"FRAIL. I'll give you a —— good lick in the mouth; you are a —— coward, or you would knock my head off; but you know it's all true.
"SOUTHAM. I don't choose to make a blackguard of myself in the streets.
"FRAIL. I will knock yours off.
"SOUTHAM. If you touch me it will be the most expensive job you ever did.
"FRAIL. I will give you a good licking before the Mayor yet."

MR. SOUTHAM kept his head on, and also kept his temper, and invited the Conservative gentleman to meet him, as proposed, before the Mayor. There the foregoing scene was proved, and then the agent of the Carlton proceeded to cross-examine his accuser:—

"FRAIL. Did I say it was not the first lie you had told, and had to apologise for?
"SOUTHAM. You did not. I never had to apologise.
"FRAIL. Not to MR. KEATE, when you told a lie about him.
"SOUTHAM. I never told a lie about MR. KEATE, and never apologised to MR. KEATE.
"FRAIL. Did I call you a vendor of squirt and British brandy?
"SOUTHAM. You did not.
"FRAIL. Did I call you a bandy-legged baboon?
"SOUTHAM. You said nothing of the sort.
"FRAIL. Did I say your breath was worse than poison?
"SOUTHAM. No.
"FRAIL. Did I call you a punter? (*A laugh.*)
"SOUTHAM. I suppose all this is part of the mud you said you would throw at me if the case came into court?
"FRAIL. Now, open your ears and shut your mouth, and listen unto me."

It is to be supposed that the worthy Magistrates of Shrewsbury desired that the case should be established out of MR. FRAIL'S own mouth, and therefore permitted him to insult the witness, as it is not to be imagined that a Mayor of Shrewsbury and his friends stand in any awe and terror of the eminent Conservative. Their clerk certainly interfered, but was in his turn insulted by MR. FRAIL, and was not supported by his more subtle and far-seeing chiefs. Their wisdom was rewarded, and they had some fun into the bargain, for MR. FRAIL, after justifying the use of the potent language, proceeded pathetically to narrate the following anecdote:—

"MR. SOUTHAM would have everybody look up to him, and when he stands up, as I often see him in the council, he wants everybody to look up to him as a mighty man—a second DISRAELI. Why did he not tell you what happened in the summer months; he prepared his speech upon the new market, walked out of his drawing-room with his two children, took them into a field occupied by MR. ROCKE, and addressed them as babes in the wood.
"MR. SOUTHAM. I distinctly say that is untrue.
"MR. FRAIL (continued). Addressing his children as babes in the wood, he commenced his speech by saying, 'Mr. Mayor and gentlemen,' and when he concluded he said, 'Come along, my little dears; your father has often told you he was the DISRAELI of the Town Council.' I appeal to him if he did not take the two children with a large telescope, and a cow in the distance, and say, 'What a splendid creature.'"

This story MR. FRAIL supposed would be a plea in arrest of judgment, and he was not entirely wrong; for after a good deal more of what a harsh judgment might term vulgar buffoonery, by MR. FRAIL,

"The Magistrates retired, and after an absence of about a quarter of an hour returned, when the Mayor said, 'We fine MR. FRAIL £3, and require him to be bound in his own recognisances for £50 for three months.'"

They doubtless felt that MR. FRAIL'S own conscience would tell him whether he had done anything out of the way. They never hinted at such a thing, but merely complied with the letter of the law, and without remonstrance or rebuke, inflicted a nominal sentence on the eminent Conservative. Their meekness was too much even for MR. FRAIL himself:—

"MR. FRAIL to MR. SMALLWOOD (with a look of assumed surprise)—Is that all? I thought it would have been more!

One would have thought so, even if the more had only been a severe rebuke to a self-convicted blackguard. But the Shrewsbury Magistrates doubtless know their own business best. *Mr. Punch* has merely to point out MR. FRAIL'S last service to the Conservative party in showing of what kind of stuff a Carlton agent may be made.

DON'T LOOK ALIVE.

WHAT a dreadful hurry the victors of Delhi and Lucknow are in for the reward of their valour. Why, such of them as are still alive have not waited much more than three years! Is that a time to make a fuss about? If they think so, let them be ashamed of their impatience, and read the following advertisement, which is official. It appeared in the *Times* newspaper in June last:—

"NAVAL PRIZE MONEY.

"Department of the Accountant-General of the Navy,
"Admiralty, Somerset House, June 16.

"Notice is hereby given to the officers, seamen and marines, and to all persons interested therein, that the distribution of a moiety of the proceeds of certain piratical junks, captured on the 11th of May, 1853, by HER MAJESTY'S Ship *Rattler*, will commence on Monday, the 25th of June, 1860, in the prize branch of the department of the Accountant-General of the Navy, Admiralty, Somerset House."

There! a heroic deed is done in May, 1853, and nobody thinks of rewarding the heroes until 1860, seven whole years later. As the man says in the *Antiquary*, "Oh, it's a beautiful thing to think how long and how carefully justice is considered of in this country!"

But, mind! where there are reasons for being rapid, our admirable authorities can be as fast as steam or even telegraphs. It is only the lower order of heroes who have to wait for what is due to them. Their betters are served the instant they have done their work. For instance, though the Rattlers have waited seven years, and the Indian warriors have waited three years, the return mail took out (and very properly) the guerdon to SIR HOPE GRANT for his services the other day at Taku. So let us have no sneers, or allegations that the authorities can't be rapid—the fact simply being that they won't.

A Trifle from Oxford Street.

COMING out of the Princess's Theatre, after *Ruy Blas*, a friend who had the honour of attending *Mr. Punch* remarked (as everybody who really understands acting must remark after witnessing that play), "M. FECHTER is an artist of exquisite finish." "You are right, my dear friend," said PROFESSOR PUNCH, "in FECHTER'S performance, there is no case of *re infectâ*." They then adjourned to the American Stores and liquored.

QUESTION FOR SPIRIT-RAPPERS.—Are spirits smuggled under the table, and can they be removed without a permit?

MONKEY, UNCOMMON UP, MASSA!

IN consequence of the election of ABRAHAM LINCOLN as President of the United States (bravo, hooray, O my brothers!), it is announced that South Carolina, in an ecstacy of slave-owner's rage, has ordered a solemn day of humiliation, on which all the slaves in the State are to be flogged, and all the copies of the Scriptures burned. Moreover, she calls a Convention, and declares that she is going to separate from the Union, and be an independent State, and have representatives of her own at the Courts of Europe. We hear that her first demands on England are, that to show our sympathy in her hate of the President, Lincoln Cathedral be pulled down, the County of Lincoln be re-christened and called Breckenridge County, that all Lincoln and Bennett hats be immediately smashed in, that LORD LINCOLN be transported, and that when *Falstaff* in the play speaks of "thieves in Lincoln green," he be ordered to say "PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S black thieves." Anything to please the lovely Carolina.

OFF WITH HIS HEAD!

HOORAY! we have not had a good sight lately, and the execution of a Lord, on Tower Hill, will be a refreshing stimulant. We hope that the streets will be laid down again by the time the fatal scene comes on, and we suggest to the Trinity House to do something useful for once, and have the Hill nicely gravelled. We bespeak front places in the best red cloth gallery for all our young men, and as criminals from the lower class are finished off at a time which suits their friends, we really trust that similar courtesy will be extended to the aristocracy, and that justice will be done, in this case, about two o'clock, so that one will have time to breakfast and get to the execution comfortably.

The nobleman whose head—such as it is—now totters upon his noble shoulders, is GEORGE HENRY ROPER CURZON, 16th Baron Teynham, who was born we don't know when, but created in 1616. He will have to bring his block-head to the block for the following High Treason.

He has objections to the present system of taxation, (and so have we for that matter), and thus the unfortunate TEYNHAM addresses the Northern Reform Union:—

"A House of Commons that cannot carry the people's measures needs that the people should carry it. Are the people as weak as their representatives? Do we dwell in Lilliput? If not, let them arise upon their feet, stretch themselves to the full stature of men, and have a solemn proclamation read, ere they march to fight for freedom once again. Look, Britons! to the kind men of your fathers, who were colonists in North America, taxed, or attempted to be taxed' being unrepresented. They petitioned Parliament that it might not be so, and the prayer of their petitions was rejected. Under these circumstances they asked their hearts what should freemen do, and the reply was, *ask your swords*. These gave them freedom."

That is to say, that if the Government does not take off the taxes, we are to proclaim a Republic, with TEYNHAM for our WASHINGTON. That will not pay, and we very much prefer the other alternative, namely, TEYNHAM'S having his head taken off as aforesaid, in the presence of a brilliant and distinguished circle of spectators, and by the express desire of several persons of distinction. Therefore, GEORGE CURZON, make your arrangements for taking a chop on Tower Hill, at an early date. You need not bother about your will, because, even if the above insane address did not show that no will made by you could be valid, you may remember, GEORGE, that all your property is forfeit to the Crown. We have ordered a new opera-glass, of double power, to see how you behave yourself, and we cannot think that you will have much to grumble about, for the ceremonial will leave you much as you are, seeing that you can have got no Head at present. So,

"Sharp be the blade, and sure the blow,
And short the pang to undergo."

and if you have got any watches, jewels, or anything in that line, don't keep them for the BISHOP OF OXFORD or any other prelate who may attend your last moments, but send them by Parcels' Delivery Company to 85, Fleet Street, and mind and pay the carriage.

POPE NAPOLEON.

REMEMBER, remember, the MAN OF DECEMBER,
Coup d'état, stratagem, plot;
There's very good reason why, just at this season,
He never should be forgot.

With Red men outrageous, and growing contagious,
He seized on the sceptre, to cope:
'Tis said that, to quiet the Priests running riot,
Now the EMPEROR means to be POPE.

That point our EIGHTH HARRY was able to carry,
When need and occasion concurred;
He knocked the Priests under, in spite of Rome's thunder,
And so may NAPOLEON THE THIRD.

Proud clergy to trample KING HARRY'S example
May lead him, so far as to chop
Off their alien head, just to reign in its stead,
But there let us hope he will stop.

HOORAY FOR NINEVEH!

MR. LAYARD stands for Southwark. That is well. Now, opposed as *Mr. Punch* is both to Bribery and Intimidation, he intends to practise both upon the present occasion in the most unblushing manner. And first in regard to bribery, he hereby gives the Southwarkians notice that if they nobly lift their borough out of local mud by returning MR. LAYARD, *Mr. Punch* will take the borough under his care, and make it his pet. He will send a special correspondent over in two Hansoms, and have the place explored and praised, will show that Horsemonger Lane Gaol is superior to the Hanging Gardens of Nineveh, that High Street is far more elegant than the same street at Oxford, and that strangers ought to come from all parts to examine the dirty old inns with the galleries whence the guests used to look down on bear-baits and private theatricals. In fact, *Mr. Punch* will invent Southwark, as GEORGE THE FOURTH invented the now evil-scented Brighton. But, on the other hand, for Intimidation. Let MR. LAYARD find, on canvassing, that Southwark offers him no chance, or let him be second on the poll, and *Mr. Punch* solemnly pledges himself to take care of Southwark in another sense. He will say no more—except that twelve months from the day on which he declares war, a decent Christian shall sooner admit that he lives in Holywell Street, Strand, than in the Doomed Borough. Now, Southwark, *utrum horum mavis accipe*, which it may be convenient to you to have translated—Return MR. AUSTEN LAYARD, or what Nineveh is now, you shall be at Christmas 1861.

A WRAP-RASCAL.—A Spirit-Rapper.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, December 1, 1860.

HOW HE OUGHT "NOT" TO LOOK.

EXCITED PROMPTER (*to the Ghost of Hamlet's Father, who is working himself up to the most funereal aspect he can assume*). "*Now then, Walker, LOOK ALIVE!*"

JOLLY OLD FELLOWS.

AMONGST things not generally known, is the existence of anything in common between the British Peerage and the Society of Friends, except two legs, two arms, and the other particulars which constitute a common humanity. Longevity, however, is a peculiarity in which the Lords partake with the Quakers, and wherein the plain Quakers even hold a rank above that of the noble Lords. Whereas the average life of the Peers is seventy years, that of the Friends is thus stated in a letter to the *Times* signed JOSEPH ALLEN:—

"Permit me to enclose you the following ages of some deceased members of the Society of Friends during the present year, taken from the obituary of the *Friend*, a Monthly journal, published by that body. They are as follows:—84, 84, 85, 85, 85, 86, 86, 87, 87, 88, 88, 89, 89, 89, 91, 91, 91, 91, 91, 91, 92, 92, 93, 93, making a total of 2,128 years, with an average for each life of rather more than 88½ years.

"Fifty lives in the same period give 4,258 years, with an average of 85 per life."

The Quakers are said to be dying out; but if their average duration of life is as great as that above given, they are likely to take some time in decaying. The decline of Quakerism will operate to the disadvantage of Life Assurance Offices, if it is the custom of the Friends to insure their lives, as feelings of friendship might prompt them to do, even those who have no relations. The various Provident Societies should endeavour to provide for the dissemination of the doctrines of the Society of Friends.

As a general rule, the Quakers bear a high character; but in some cases, as regards pecuniary transactions, this assertion must perhaps be discounted. Their characteristic morality may in some measure account for their long life, but that seems to be in a greater degree due to the good living, for the practice of which they are equally celebrated. They cultivate a cheerful equanimity together with the main chance; and being for the most part rich, or in easy pecuniary circumstances, take all other things easy, as we all ought to do, and probably should do, if we could afford it. Care may have killed a cat, but it does not kill Quakers, who appear to quake very little with anxiety and mental perturbations.

The affluence and comfort to which the longevity of the Lords and that of the Quakers may perhaps be ascribed cannot be readily supposed to account for that of paupers, which another correspondent of the *Times* proves to be extraordinary. Paupers are not certainly affluent, and they can hardly well be imagined as being comfortable. But in a workhouse wherein a proper warmth is maintained, and the diet is sufficient, a pauper who is no epicure, has no pride, and no affections, might manage to lead a contemplative life of considerable ease and enjoyment. He would be better off in every respect than a monk; and the discipline of the Union would not involve the occasional flogging to which he might be liable in a monastery. On the whole, therefore, it is conceivable that the rich Quaker and the noble Peer may be sometimes equalled or even exceeded in happiness and consequent longevity by the philosophical pauper. The man, therefore, who is ushered into the world with a silver spoon in his mouth, may, in some cases, not have much the advantage of the one who enters it with a wooden one.

THE BEGINNING OF SLAVERY'S END.

THUS far shall Slavery go, no farther:
That tide must ebb from this time forth.
So many righteous Yankees are there,
Who Good and Truth hold something worth,
That they outnumber the immoral
Throughout the States, on that old quarrel
That stands between the South and North.

The great Republic is not rotten
So much as half; the rest is sound.
Most of her sons have not forgotten
Her own foundation; holy ground!
The better party is the stronger,
And by the worse will now no longer
Bear to be bullied, ruled, and bound.

The nobler people of the nation
The baser sort no more will stand,
Nor cringe to truculent dictation
Enforced, with strength of murderous band,
By ruffians, for example, brawling
In Congress, who knock statesmen sprawling,
To back slave-soil against free land.

Their higher-minded fellow creatures
Of all these brutes are tired, and sick
Of slavery's blaspheming preachers,
That snuffle texts with nasal trick,
To justify the abomination
That 'a cherished by their congregation,
Whose feet these canting parsons lick.

Enough of frantic stump-haranguing,
Invectives of a rabid Press,
Tarring and feathering, flogging, hanging,
To stop free mouths; the mad excess
Of human-fleshmongers tyrannic,
Who rant and revel in Satanic
Enthusiasm of wickedness!

This is America's decision.
Awakening, she begins to see
How justly she incurs derision
Of tyrants, whilst she shames us free;
Republican, yet more slaves owning
Than any under Empire groaning,
Or ground beneath the Papacy.

Come, South, accept the situation;
The change will grow by safe degrees.
If any talk of separation,
Hang all such traitors if you please.
Break up the Union? Brothers, never!
No; the United States for ever,
Pure Freedom's home beyond the seas!

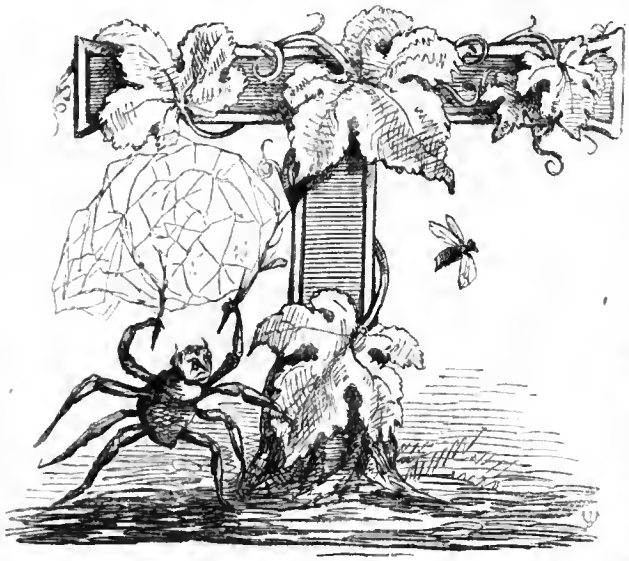
The Portraiture of the Times.

WE expect to see very shortly houses opened all over the country, at which will be held out the following refreshing announcement:—"A GLASS OF ALE AND A SANDWICH, AND YOUR PHOTOGRAPH, FOR FOURPENCE!"

A DESIGNING CHARACTER.—An Architect.

AN IMPOSING CHARACTER.—A Magistrate, when he fines you.

A BOON TO BRITISH TOURISTS.



THERE has been a project started for providing English tourists with the means of being worried, fleeced, insulted, mobbed, douaned, and done while travelling, in the most approved and common Continental manner, without their having to cross the Channel and incur the pangs of sickness for it. A company of millionnaires, who are so much at a loss to employ their surplus cash, that they have actually consented to lay it out in charity, have conceived the happy notion of purchasing a tract of land not many miles from London, and of converting it forthwith into as close a copy of a Continental country (say, for instance, Prussia) as it is possible to fancy. The frontiers of the district will be guarded by a custom-house, which will be officered by persons of most aggravating insolence, and made extremely difficult and time-wasting to pass. Every box marked "fragile" will be knocked about and stamped upon, and, if the words "with care" be added, will most probably be smashed. The searchers will pry into the most private books and writing-cases, and unless they are well bribed will blab forth to the public whatever they spy out. A sovereign duty will be charged upon a pennyworth of biscuits, and on lollipops there will be levied a five-pound-note apiece. Moreover, to make things even more unpleasant, the tariff of forbidden articles will extend to all such articles as tooth-brushes and hair-combs, which no one but an Englishman would look upon as necessaries; and any one attempting to introduce into the district such un-Continental luxuries as good tobacco and good soap, will at once be handed over to the Staats Procurator, to be dealt with as the law (as he may twist it) may direct.

To further the resemblance to a Continental country, and increase the torment and annoyance of the tourist, touters and commissioners will dog him at each step, and tread upon his heels until he either kicks them round or else engages one of them to defend him from the rest. In the former case, however, he of course must run the risk of being dragged before some functionary of what is mis-called Justice, and being blackguarded from the bench as well as fined for the assault. In the same way he will always have the law dealt out to him, if he refuses to submit to an exorbitant extortion, or gets into a row in any public room or vehicle, where any impudent intruder may tread upon his toes or coolly oust him from his seat. He will be told such incivilities are the customs of the country, and instead of, as a foreigner, being treated with some courtesy, he will be jeered at for the grossness of his ignorance in not knowing them.

In order to make tourists feel as wretchedly uncomfortable as they generally do when they first get away from home, and have not grown reconciled to foreign ways of living, the district will be furnished with hotel accommodation of the fifth-rate German class, such as Englishmen when travelling have too often to put up with after vainly seeking entrance at every decent house. Here the tourist will be tortured with every inn-convenience, and will get the worst of everything by paying the best price for it. His days will be made wretched by bad cookery and glazed floors, such as British boots unvaryingly and inevitably skate upon; and his nights will be made hideous by every kind of torment, from sweltering quilts of eider-down to tribes of creeping things. To keep up the resemblance, he will find his bed-room furnished with those copious and extensive arrangements for lavation, consisting of a slop-basin and cream-jug full of water, for which Continental places have been long and justly celebrated: and if he express himself in any way dissatisfied he will grandly be informed that His (olfactorily) Highness the DUKE OF DIRTISHIRTZENBERG has his bath-room fitted up on precisely the same scale, and of course no common tourist can expect to be supplied with greater luxuries than Dukes.

It having been observed that, as a rule, an English gentleman never seems so ill at ease as at a *table d'hôte*, of course this form of taking meals will be the only one obtainable. Persons who object to eat and drink in public, where they are liable to be annoyed by every kind of travelling bore, will be allowed no opportunity of having quiet dinners served in private rooms. Care too will be taken to make the *table d'hôte* as long and tedious as possible by having too few waiters and too many ill-served *plats*. For this purpose the cooks will be selected from the worst of those on board the Rhenish steamboats, and among their other blunders, special pains will daily in particular be taken to send round the *poulet* a considerable time after the stewed plums have been consumed. Cheap home-made wines turned sour will be supplied in foreign bottles, and be charged for as Johannisberg, Rudesheim, and Asmanhausen; while to complete the misery of the unfledged British tourist, the reckonings will be made in foreign dialect and money, and the waiters will speak nothing but their own peculiar polyglot, which we will defy the most accomplished linguist to understand.

Besides fleecing them with every possible extortion, proper means will be provided to ease tourists of their money by having gambling tables opened at every stage and stopping-place, say for instance, on the average at every half mile. Ball-rooms will be attached, after the manner of the Continent; and the luxury of dancing will nightly be permitted in an atmosphere of bad tobacco, blazing gas, and blaring brass. Masters of the Ceremonies will be ready in attendance to introduce the stranger to the doubtfullest of partners. In fine, no pains will be spared to make the Tourists' District equal to the Continent in every respect; and as it must assuredly be better for Great Britain that Englishmen should lay out their spare five-pound notes at home, instead of going abroad to do so, it appears to us that every lover of his country of course must wish the project every possible success.

SPIRITUAL LUXURY AND DESTITUTION.

IN an account given by the *Post* of what we may take the liberty to call a mass-meeting of Puseyites belonging to the Propaganda of St. George's-in-the-East, held in the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, Munster Square, Regent's Park, on the 27th ult., appears the following statement:—

"At a few moments past eleven, a procession of priests and choristers, all habited in surplices, emerged from the vestry, at the east end of the south aisle, then moved along the south aisle, and down the middle aisle to the altar, on which two large burning candles were placed, and a golden cross."

The BISHOP OF LONDON the other day made some judicious remarks about existing spiritual destitution. In the presence of that, his Lordship's attention is respectfully invited to the above case of spiritual luxury. Burning candles in the middle of the day! What spiritual extravagance! They were not dips, either, or even composition; wax no doubt. It is deemed unbecoming of clergymen to smoke cigars in public; and what could they have wanted with lighted candles of a morning in church? If to fumigate the place with incense, they were guilty of indulging in the most heterodox form of smoking. Perhaps they smoked the golden cross which they put upon the altar, that is, incensed it, in which case they will incense the Bishop if he smokes their cross and them. Let them go to the Golden Cross, Charing Cross, if they want to smoke, or to some other respectable public-house, and take their lights there, or if they want to amuse themselves with fireworks, let off their Roman Candles on the Fifth of November, the Feast of St. Guy Fawkes, in some more suitable place than church.

Times Change, and so do Fashions.

WE think it was SWIFT who said that "young ladies troubled themselves a great deal more about making nets to catch men than cages to hold them." However, the Dean would have changed his mind, if he had lived at the present day, for we think the Crinoline is much more of a cage than a trap; or might it be looked upon as a combination of the two—both trap and cage rolled into one. There may be some truth in this, for there is no doubt that many a man has been hooked by a woman's Crinoline strongly against his will, and detained there much longer than was agreeable to him.

Chinese Poetry.

IT took a three hours' fight,
It cost four hundred men,
To change the Forts Tak*u*
Into the Forts Tak*en*.

THE BRITISH EMBASSY AT PARIS.—There was no addition to the Ambassadorial dinner-party to-day. His Lordship dined alone.

PUPPY PLAYGROUNDS.

WE saw it proposed not long ago by some ladies, whose benevolence exceeded their good sense, to found a refuge for poor dogs who were seen about the streets in a destitute condition, and either had no home to go to, or did not know their way to it. Care for the canine species almost seemed in this proposal to be carried to extremes; but it really falls far short of what is being done for the comfort of the hounds which have the happiness to be hunted by the Honourable MARK ROLLE, a young gentleman who has not long since come into his—and man's—estate. Among other highly valuable and interesting particulars, the *Western Times* informs us that—

"The kennels stand on an acre and half of ground, and are built in the Elizabethan style of architecture. There are three lodging-rooms in each compartment for the dogs, which at present number a hundred, and there are also an enclosed yard, a boiling house, feeding ditto, a whelping room, an hospital, granaries; cottages for the huntsman, first whip and kennel's man, and an abundant supply of fresh-water at every point. Last, though not least, there is a puppies' play-ground, a hundred feet square, which is enclosed with iron palisading, and where the young dogs can disport themselves on the green sward, to the delight of their canine hearts, without fear of molestation from envious dogs of larger growth. MR. MCKILVIE, the clever landscape gardener, arranged the ground, and he has converted an almost barren spot into a fertile piece of play-ground, in which hundreds of children in towns and cities would be glad to recreate themselves after school-hours. The dogs are very much better lodged and cared for than many of our agricultural labourers; for the hounds' dwellings are clean, warm, and well ventilated, and they have plenty of fresh air, pure water, and good food. It is a great reflection on some landlords—both in this and other counties—that labourers on their estates are certainly worse housed, and perhaps not anything like so well fed as the Stevenstone fox hounds. We should like to see the same attention bestowed on the Agricultural Labourer in those districts—where his comfort is so obviously overlooked—as is bestowed on the Nobleman's Hounds."

"Happy dogs!" will be the exclamation of the reader when he has perused this interesting paragraph. The notion of providing Playgrounds for his Puppies surely does great credit to the person who first thought of it, and if the Honourable MARK ROLLE be that person, let him have the credit which, surely, he deserves. We mean nothing offensive when we speak of credit; nor would we hint that in this instance there may haply be some need of it. The Honourable MARK ROLLE is doubtless rolling in riches, or he would surely not have thought of squandering his money upon Playgrounds for his Puppies. So, we repeat, let him by all means have the credit he deserves, for doing what no other man that we have ever heard of has ever done, or wished to do.

But surely the Honourable MARK will not stop here. After carefully providing for the comforts of his dogs, he will surely throw a crumb or two of comfort to his labourers. If we believe the *Western Times*, and we don't see why we shouldn't, their condition is not quite such as their friends would wish to see it, and something might be possibly suggested to improve it. If the Honourable MARK ROLLE would but treat his pack of labourers as he treats his pack of hounds, there really would be nothing left for them to ask of him. Clean kennels—that is, cottages—commodious and warm, a hospital, and plenty of pure water and good food, what more could the heart of labourer desire? and when to this is added a Playground for his Puppies—we mean to say his children—the list of his requirements is more than well complete.

Very Obliging.

WHEN a man wants money, or assistance, the world, as a rule, is very obliging, and indulgent, and—lets him want it.

THE PRIZE OF FOLLY.

FIELD-MARSHAL MR. PUNCH has for some time cherished the idea of originating a Great Fool Exhibition, with prizes for the most distinguished and remarkable folly. But he has been almost turned from his purpose, by observing that there would be little or no fair play in the competition. There is one person who, as far as *Mr. Punch* can perceive, would infallibly sack all the prizes. And that person is the Gaol Chaplain. The F.M. never takes up a paper without reading some evidence that the Gaol Chaplains would make the chances of other candidates quite infinitesimal. For instance, here is a bit from the *Daily Telegraph*:—

"JAMES MILES, a ticket-of-leave man, was placed at the bar at Lambeth, charged with carrying on a regular system of plunder on children, a species of offence for which he has been already subjected to three terms of imprisonment of three months each, in addition to three years' penal servitude. He was caught putting his hand into the pocket of a boy named STEWART, and taking a shilling. When taken to the station-house a number of children attended and identified him as the person who had robbed them of various small sums of money and other property; and amongst them was a little child nine years of age, and off whose ears he tore a pair of earrings of the value of 5*s*., and at the time the poor little thing's ears were bleeding from the torn wounds in the flesh."

Well, for this MR. MILES, all things considered, F.M. *Mr. Punch* would have prescribed, first, an opportunity of becoming very intimately acquainted with that interesting object of natural history, the Nine-Tailed Cat, and then, when medical attentions should have overcome any little excitement that interview might have occasioned, MR. MILES should have been requested to devote the next ten years of his valuable life to some such work as the cleansing old sewers, and old cesspools (like those which poison Brighton), always under such superintendence as should ensure his not neglecting the interests committed to him. But *Punch* and Chaplains do on this divide, for see here:—

"When searched there were found on the prisoner his ticket-of-leave *and a letter written by the Chaplain of Dartmoor Prison to a gentleman in town, recommending the prisoner as a proper subject to be sent abroad.*"

"Sent abroad." His ticket of leave exchanged for a passport duly *visé*, and this interesting MILES remitted to plunder little French children, we suppose, or little Australian children, or little American children, or to tear earrings out of the bleeding ears of little Dutch children, who are rather famous for such ornaments. This is the Gaol Chaplain's notion. He may well reply to *Mr. Punch's* proposal for the Great Fool Prizes, by quoting *Achilles*:—

"Prizes which none beside ourself could gain,
Should our immortal courses take the plain."

CALLING NAMES.

WHERE are the old familiar names?
JOHN and JANE and MARY and JAMES?
We never hear of a SUSAN now,
And it's not BILL, but FREDERIC, who follows the plough.

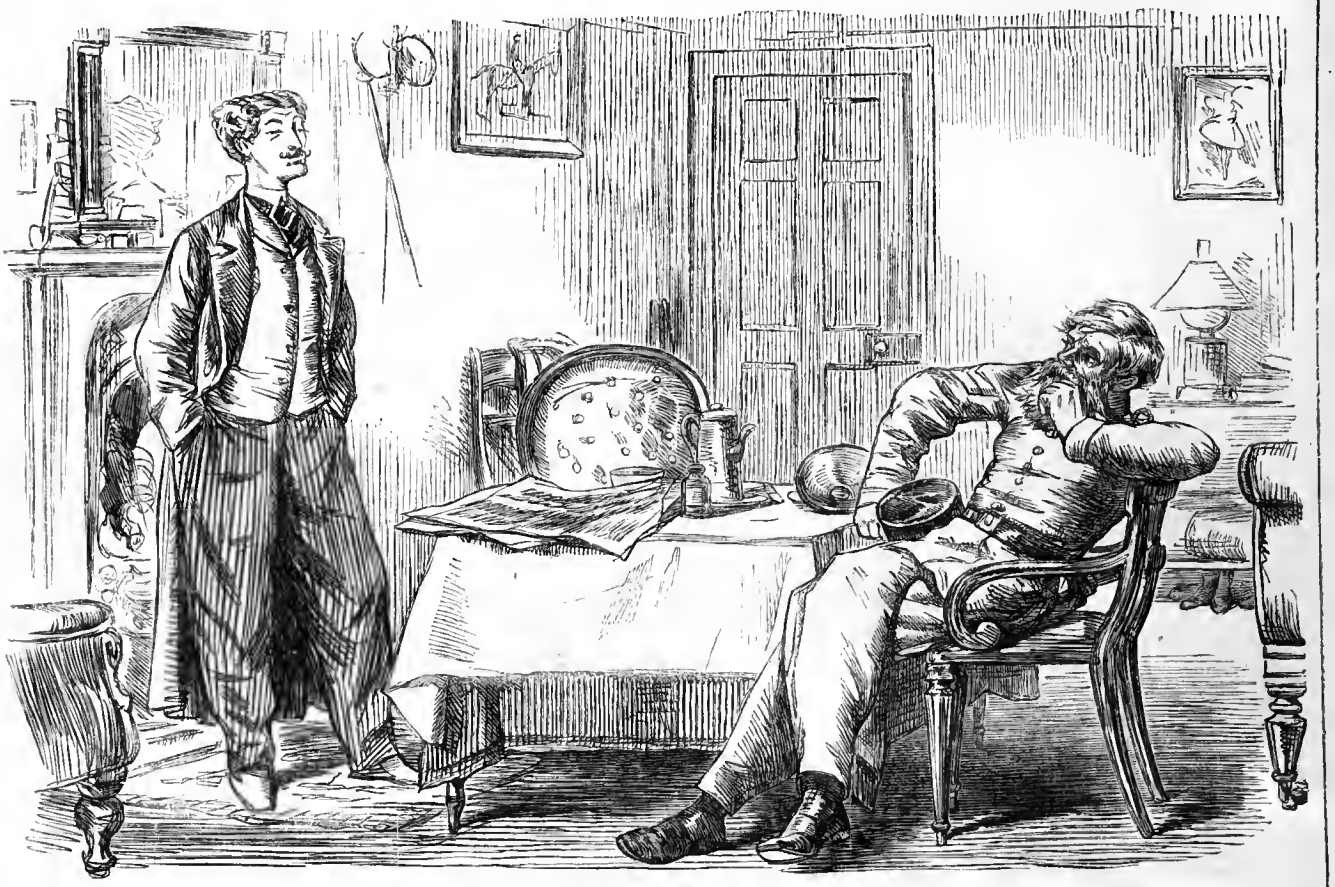
You'll not travel far by Second Class rail,
But you are sure to encounter some FLORENCE pale,
With much aspiration towards fashion in dress,
But with never a trace of loveliness!

Our laundress's infants have no great charms,
Yet they have an EUGÉNIE in arms;
While VICTOR ALBERT swings on a gate,
And munches his bacon in village state.

'Twould be hard to say there is any blame,
There is no monopoly in a name;
But it strikes one sometimes as rather absurd
That contrast between the child and the word.

And what will it be when years have flown?
And these finely-named damsels are women grown?
When EVELYN ADA must polish the grates,
While EDITH AMELIA is washing the plates!

Think of it then, ye sensible mothers,
Before you arrange fine names for the others;
For though not to-day, nor perhaps next Sunday,
It will happen as sure as my name's MRS. GRUNDY.



PROMOTION.

YOUNG SKYMPEY (*the greatest Swell and laziest Muff in our Corps*). "*Oh! then, Timmins, you've not heard of my luck; by Jove, Sir, I've been promoted to*——"

CORPORAL TIMMINS (*horribly jealous; for a clever Drill and an ambitious is Timmins*). "*What!*"

SKYMPEY. "*Fact—Thought you'd be pleased, Timmins; I was surprised myself, for I've never thrust myself forward, I'm sure. Modest merit, you see, 's seldom overlooked in the long run. Yes, I got a letter from the Adjutant this morning, informing me I was appointed*——"

TIMMINS. "*Well, all I can say is*——"

SKYMPEY. "*An HONORARY MEMBAR!*"

PUNCH TO SOUTHWARK.

NOW, Southwark, look alive. You have had one awful warning from *Mr. Punch*, and this second is given in pure charity and kindness. *Make* LAYARD *safe*. That's all. As for the other candidates, the fact that they did not instantly withdraw, with apologies, the moment *Mr. Punch* pronounced for Nineveh, fatally proves them to be utterly unfit for any employment whatever, except perhaps carrying about sandwich placards with "LAYARD for Ever" on them. MR. FAWCETT is the best, but as the gentleman is unfortunately disqualified from examining the pictures in *Punch*, it is clear that he can never be in a condition exactly to appreciate the position of important questions. As for the Conservative, he is simply and absurdly in the way. And as for a MR. SCOVELL, the third party, who seems to rest his claim upon having done something to bring more barges to the wharves of his friends on the Southwark side, he may be a very good Bargee, but has no claim to be a Senator. We observed that one of his most strenuous supporters cried out that "they didn't want none of LAYARD's Roman stones there," and the intellectual observation shows the calibre of the Scovellian set. Come, Southwark, throw over the trio of incapables, and exalt yourself among boroughs by electing a Scholar, a Gentleman, and a Statesman, who moreover has been a Minister, and (mark) will be a Minister again.

By the way, some folly has been uttered about the "refutation" of MR. LAYARD's statements as to the wicked system by which our soldiers were destroyed in the Crimea. So they were refuted, and thus: A man says "I saw twelve black men on the pavement." It turns out that one of the twelve was on the kerb stone, and one was a sweep. Thus he has been refuted. That was what the military pettifoggers did when they tried to refute MR. LAYARD. And the Reforms he demanded were subsequently effected. That is another refutation. Once more, Southwark, do your duty, or _____.

THE SPREAD OF FASHION.

(*An Extract from a beautiful and fashionable Young Lady's Letter.*)

"I MUST tell you, dear, that I have got such a capital Crinoline. I wish I could send you the pattern. It is a perfect love—the most angelic thing I ever saw—so light, and graceful, and easy, and so comfortable that one feels as though one was swimming through the air with it. Of course, it is thoroughly French. I got mine at Boulogne in the Grande Rue. It is beautifully made, and with an extra case, which unbuttons down the front, and allows the steels to slip out, as easily as you would pull a pair of scissors out of their leather sheath. There is no stitching to the steels, I need not tell you. This is a very great convenience, as it enables a lady to send her Crinoline to the wash with the same ease as she would an ordinary petticoat. The body is deeply gored all the way down on both sides, &c., &c."

[*And so the letter runs on for twenty lines more, but we think we have printed quite enough to warn the gentlemen to prepare themselves for a very Severe Winter.*

A Current Conundrum for Universal Circulation.

WHY can the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH never be POPE?

Because by the simple fact, it is impossible three crowns can ever make one Napoleon.

THE ELDEST SON OF THE CHURCH.

THE BABY IN THE HOUSE.

By POVENTRY CATMORE, *Author of the "Angel in the House," &c.*

I.

The Doctor.

"A FINER than your newborn child,"
The Doctor said, "I never saw,"
And I, but half believing, smiled
To think he thought me jolly raw.
And then I viewed the crimson thing,
And listened to its doleful squeal,
And rather wished the nurse would bring
The pap-boat with its earliest meal.
My wife remarked, "I fear, a snub,"
The Doctor, "Madam, never fear,"
"'Tis hard, Ma'am, in so young a cub
To say." Then Nurse, "A cub! a Dear!"

II.

The Glove.

"'Twere meet you tied the knocker up,"
The Doctor laughed, and said, "Good-bye,
And till you drown that yelping pup
Your lady will not close an eye."
Then round I sauntered to the mews,
And Ponto heard his fate was near,—
How few of coachmen will refuse
A crown to spend in beastly beer!
And then I bought a white kid glove,
LUCINA's last and favourite sign,
Wound it the knocker's brass above,
And tied it with a piece of twine.

III.

The Advertisement.

"But, Love," she said, in gentle voice,
('T was ever delicate and low,)
"The fact which makes our hearts rejoice
So many folks would like to know.
My Scottish cousins, on the Clyde,
Your uncle at Northavering Gap,
The ADAMS's at Morningside,
And JANE, who sent me up the cap.
So do." The new commencing life
The *Times* announced, "May 31,
At 16, Blackstone Place, the wife
Of SAMUEL BOBCHICK, of a son."

IV.

The Godfathers.

"Of course your father must be one,"
JEMIMA said, in thoughtful tones;
"But what's the use of needy GUNN,
And I detest that miser JONES."
I hinted BROWN. "Well, BROWN would do,
But then his wife's a horrid Guy."
DE BLOBBINS? "Herds with such a crew."
Well, love, whom have you in your eye?
"Dear MR. BURBOT." Yes, he'd stand,
And as you say, he's seventy-three,
Rich, childless, hates that red-nosed band
Of nephews—BURBOT let it be.

V.

The Godmother.

"We ought to ask your sister KATE,"
"Indeed, I shan't," JEMIMA cried,
"She's given herself such airs of late,
I'm out of patience with her pride.
Proud that her squinting husband (SAM,
You know I hate that little sneak)
Has got a post at Amsterdam,
Where luckily he goes next week.
No, never ask of kin and kith,
We'll have that wife of GEORGE BETHUNE's,
Her husband is a silver-smith,
And she'll be sure to give some spoons."

VI.

The Christening.

"I sign him," said the Curate, HOWE,
O'er SAMUEL BURBOT GEORGE BETHUNE,
Then baby kicked up such a row,
As terrified that Reverend coon.
The breakfast was a stunning spread,
As e'er confectioner sent in,
And playfully my darling said,
"SAM costs papa no end of tin."
We laughed, made speeches, drank for joy:
Champagne hath stereoscopic charms;
For when Nurse brought our little boy,
I saw two Babies in her arms.

PUNCH'S PLAN FOR PREVENTING WAR.

(*Registered Prospectus.*)

EVERYBODY knows why there is now no Duelling. People may sometimes talk nonsense about the world having grown more sensible and humane, or they may talk other nonsense about its having been time for gentlemen to discard duelling when it descended to the lower orders, *e. g.* the celebrated case where the barber fought the linendraper on a question of honour, and the shaver of beards winged the shaver of ladies. The law may have had a little to do with it, but the law is not always regarded with the reverence due to it, ladies smuggle lace, peasants occasionally poach, and gentlemen gamble behind iron-doors. There was something more than civilisation, pride, or respect for the law required to put an end to private war.

Life Assurance did it.

Every decent man's life is assured, and policies are declared forfeit if the decent man is put out of the way by a duel. So nobody challenges anybody, or if any wild Irishman, vicious Frenchman, or any other valueless life were to invite an assured life to the combat, the assured life would knock the other life down, and then assign him to the police.

Why not try this excellent remedy on a large scale.

Let a Company be formed to be called the THRONE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

But as kings never die, the object of the Society must be to make a king comfortable in his circumstances by paying him a *bonus* at specific times, and by advancing him money on the usual conditions of assurance offices. His reign would then be always happy and comfortable.

But, if he goes to war, the Policy shall be void, and the Throne Company is to have a right to confiscate his taxes, and send the other kings, who have been his securities, to quod.

The speculation would answer uncommonly well, for subjects would be too happy to see that the premiums, which preserve them from the miseries of war, were regularly paid up.

The Office would not be liable if a King were kicked out by his own subjects, as a Sovereign with the command of money ought to be able to make his people perfectly content.

Sovereigns would of course have to submit to the usual examination. A King proposing to assure might be asked:—

1. How about your Constitution?
2. Have you ever been afflicted with Divine Right, or any other insanity?
3. Have any of your ancestors died violent deaths, as by the block, guillotine, private strangulation, &c.
4. Are you subject to Priests, or any similar affliction?
5. Give the name of your political adviser, and say how long he has known you.
6. Are you assured in the Holy Alliance, or any other old office?

Further details will be published in due course. In the meantime, *Mr. Punch*, Provisional Director and Manager, invites the consideration of Capitalists to his scheme. It appears to him to be a noble idea, entirely in conformity with the spirit of the age, and highly calculated to bring about the Millennium.

N.B. The valuable service of MR. JOHN BRIGHT will, if possible, be retained for the Actuary's Department.

A STINGING HEAD-DRESS.

WE read in one of the Magazines of Fashion as follows:—

"Pretty little caps are worn of a round form encircled with a *ruche*."

Now, from what we recollect of our French, a *ruche* is a hive, and we can hardly imagine that as being about the most becoming straw bonnet that a lady could wear. We know that many of the beautiful sex carry their love of the fashions to a degree of madness, but still to encircle one's face with a hive, would be decidedly so certain a method of getting "a bee in one's bonnet" that we cannot believe any woman in her senses would think of lending her countenance to it. It is true that bees delight to live in the neighbourhood of flowers, such as gallantry delights in poetically supposing bloom perennially on lovely woman's features; nevertheless, it is doubtful whether the most floricultural beauty would like to expose the roses and tulips of her countenance to the risk of being stung, even if she could be sure that from the honied result there would be distilled for her the very "sweetest of bonnets."

Attempt by a Negro.

THERE were two learned negroes in Kentucky, of whom one was named after the great founder of the Roman Empire, and the other bore the name of his assassin. BRUTUS, smoking a cigar, was accosted by JULIUS CÆSAR. "What—you smoke?" asked the latter nigger. "I do," said BRUTUS, offering his friend a whiff. "*Et chew*, BRUTE?" was the exclamation of CÆSAR.

The Sheddon Case.

ASK you what's the case of SHEDDON?
"Was a certain pair a wed one
Seventy years, or more, ago?"
Fourteen days the brave MISS SHEDDON
And the lawyers talked and read on:
Then SIR CRESSWELL answered, "No."

TO "MAKE ASSURANCE DOUBLY SURE."—Don't take advantage of the days of grace.

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—CONCERNING THE CIVILIANS IN THE REIGN OF HENRY THE SEVENTH.

FASHIONABLE GENT IN THE MOST APPROVED "DUCK-BILLS" OF THE PERIOD. 1485.

SEVERELY accurate as our descriptions hitherto have been, they will henceforth be immeasurably surpassed in that particular. For our knowledge of Costume we have no longer to rely on broken-nosed old effigies, and half-illegible black-letter chronicles. The paint brushes of HOLBEIN, of RUBENS and VANDYKE will henceforth, says a writer, "speak volumes to the eye:" and as these volumes will be further enriched by the descriptive pencil of our artist, they will surpass all that has hitherto been added to the history of costume by our pen.

According to the chroniclers, the clothes worn at the close of the fifteenth century were so foolish and fantastical that, with persons of distinction, it was difficult to distinguish one sex from the other. This indeed might have been said with almost equal truth of other eras in our history, but in the time of HENRY THE SEVENTH it was specially made applicable, not merely by the fashions, but by the very names of the garments which were worn, and which were called, as well as cut, the same for male and female use. Thus in a curious old manuscript called *Ye Boke of Curtasye*, the chamberlain is ordered to provide against his master's uprising "a clene sherte and breche, a pettycote, a doublette, a long cotte, a stomachere, hys hozen, hys socks, and hys schoen." The order in which these articles were usually put on is indicated in another writing called "ye Boke of Kervynge," which, in language somewhat culinary, gives the following quaint recipe, whereof the title might be written *How to Dress a Dandy.*

"Warme your soverayne hys petticotte, his doublett, and his stomacher, and then putt on hys hozen, and then hys schone or slippers, then stryten up hys hozen mannerly, and tye them up, and then lace hys doublett hole by hole."

It may not be unfairly questioned whether *en revanche* for the betaking of their husbands to wear stomachers and petticoats, the ladies now and then were tempted to try putting on the breeches; in which practice there perhaps may not have been such peril, when there was no such refuge extant as SIR CRESSWELL CRESSWELL'S Court.

A curious cargo of descriptions of the dresses then in fashion is conveyed to us in BARCLAY'S famous *Ship of Fooles*, which was launched in print by PYNSON in the year 1508. Among other particulars concerning the nobility we hear of "gorgeous parties" (as they would now be called)—

"Whose necks were charged with collars and with chaines,
In golden withes, their fingers full of rings:
Their necks naked almost unto the raines,
Their sleeves blazing like unto a crane's wings."

Besides their almost feminine passion for fine jewellery, the gentlemen of this age were vastly proud of their fine linen, and to show their shirt sleeves used to slash their coats. Another way in which they effected this display was by severing their coat-sleeves into two or more divisions, which were tied together by means of "points," or laces, between which the shirt sleeve, being made quite loose and full, was suffered to peep out. The hosen too were sometimes slashed and puffed above the knee, or differently coloured there to the portion underneath: a fashion that foreboded the severance of the hosen into stockings and trunk hose, which division in the course of the next century took place.

Instead of the long shoes of the last preceding reigns, the feet were now encased in enormously broad beetlecrushers, the toes whereof says PARADIN, "did oftentimes exceed the ye measure of a good foote," so that men who had good feet could hardly have walked with comfort in them. Clumsy as they were, however, they must at least have been more comfortable than the long-toed shoes, which sometimes for convenience were chained up to the knees, so that dancers must have jangled like the men at minor theatres who do hornpipes in stage fetters. Indeed, for aught we know, the dandies may have danced to their own music, for we have said that peals of bells were sometimes worn upon the baldrick; and when their jingling was added to the jangling of the knee-chains, we can fancy what a promenade concert was produced. One of the old balladists draws notice to this fashion, in lines which have been parodied by some more modern poet, but which were originally printed in black-letter, thus:—

"Ride a coach-horse to Charinge its Crosse,
And see Lord Tom Noddie figged out in fulle force:
With bells on hys baldricke and chaines to his toes,
Yee shal have musick wherever he goes."

We should add that as a sort of stepping place between the long shoes, and the wide ones, a shoe had been in fashion about five fingers in length, and at the toe extending to nearly a hand's breadth. In some of the old manuscripts this shoe is termed a slipper, and in winter doubtless the name was not inapplicable. From their shape these shoes or slippers were denominated duck-bills; but as far as we can learn, there is no proof extant that volunteers made use of them in practising the goose-step.

NOBLE SWELL DRESSED FOR THE PROMENADE. TEMP. HENRY THE SEVENTH.

To jump from toe to top, it must be mentioned that the nobles wore their hair so long that it fell below their shoulders, thus reviving the fashion of the time of HENRY THE FIRST. Faces, we are told expressly, "were shaved clean," and it is just possible that they were sometimes washed so: of which fact, however, in the absence of good proof that the nobility in general were then well off for soap, we must entreat their spirits to suffer us a doubt.

Apparently the hood had almost disappeared, though in outlandish country places it doubtless was still visible; just as now-a-days one sees in the ball-room at Old Fogyborough, the blue coats and brass buttons which were once the go at Almacks. For head-cover the dandies wore broad felt hats and caps, and things which were called bonnets, made of velvet, cloth, and fur. These bonnets were scarcely more commendable for elegance than are their spoon-shaped namesakes of the present day. They chiefly were conspicuous for the absence of good taste, and the presence of a monstrous plume or bunch of feathers, which made a dandy's head look almost like a peacock's tail. That these plumed head-dresses were purchased quite as much for ornament as they were for use, may be inferred from the fact that they are very frequently shown slung behind the back, covering it completely from the shoulder to the knee. In these cases the wearer, or we should more rightly say the bearer, perched on his head a little cap about as large as a muffin, or else covered his crown with a few inches of gold net.

Peculiar also to this period was a peculiarly shaped cap, which card-players will hardly need us to describe, for a drawing of it is shown on each of the four knaves. Other queer-shaped hats and caps were likewise then in fashion, some of which our artist, with the help of his old manuscripts, has been able to depict. From these glimpses at the truth we think our readers will be quite as much prepared as we ourselves are to credit the old chronicler, who informs us that "ye small boys did make fun of ye grete folke, and when a dandy passed them, dyd crie out 'Who's youre hattere?'"

Positive and Comparative.

"I DECLARE," said CHIEF JUSTICE COCKBURN, losing for once his good temper, "that woman is more stubborn than a mule," alluding to a certain lady's maid, who is always bringing actions against everybody, and who is the terror and *bête noire*, in consequence, of both Bench and Bar; "Yes, I repeat that that poor misguided woman is more stubborn than a mule." Glad of the opportunity, BARON BRAMWELL immediately remarked, "Exactly so, Brother COCKBURN—the comparative of Mule is of course *Mulier*."

ORGANS AND ORGAN-PLAYERS.

THE art of (street) organ-playing, dear *Mr. Punch*, has attained to such a degree of popularity at the present day, especially in the suburbs of London, that, knowing as I do from a constant perusal of your pages the great interest you take in the subject, I venture to offer a few suggestions for your consideration; and my remarks will perhaps have greater weight if I mention, with all due modesty, that I am myself a performer of some experience on that noble instrument, as I have frequently in my younger days, by the offer of small coins, induced the gentleman who attended our house to allow me to turn the handle of his organ.

"I would suggest that, with regard to the performance of the most favourite airs,—as, for example, *Il Balen*, or the *Power of Love*,—it should not be considered necessary to play them oftener than about twenty-five times each in any one place, as a more frequent repetition occasionally produces a feeling of monotony; and if the organ should happen to be revoltingly out of tune, as might sometimes be the case, the performer should consider himself limited to a fifteenth repetition of those ever-fresh and beautiful melodies. In cases where the player accompanies the organ with his voice,—where a pedal passage is introduced,—where there is a monkey *obbligato*,—in short, where any gesticulation is required from either performer,—the duration of the entertainment should be limited to half an hour before each house, as a longer performance is an unreasonable tax on the physical powers of the executants. In case of sickness in any house which he might visit, I think it should certainly be left to the judgment and good taste of the performer to determine how long he should play; and no remonstrances ought, under any circumstances, to be offered by the inhabitants. I trust that these few suggestions will be received in the spirit in which they are offered by those whose arduous business it is to perambulate the streets for our gratification, and I hope that they will meet with due consideration from all admirers of the Italian school of organ-playing.

"I remain, dear *Mr. Punch*, very truly yours,

"A LOVER OF THE 'DIVINE ART.'"

KILT, NOT KILTED.

THE *Tralee Chronicle* has a remarkable conclusion to its record of a recent interment. We have simply altered the names of the place where it took place, and of the deceased:—

"The remains were deposited in the family tomb at Blunderbuss Castle, which, of the many warm hearts we have known in life, now slumbering in its time-honoured cemetery, holds not one which beats with a warmer or a kinder pulse than that of TIMOTHY THADY MULLIGAN."

How the *Tralee Chronicle* justifies the interment of a gentleman whose heart is still beating with a warm and kind pulse, or indeed what the above elegantly complicated sentence means at all at all, *Mr. Punch* knows not, and merely submits the scrap as a Curiosity of Irish Literature.

THE THREE TAILORS—TO WIT.

WE are three Tailors of Tooley Street, and trusty men are we,
And of the people of England we claim the mouthpiece to be—
Of the people of England in general, and of Southwark in partic'lar,
And we do hereby of our principles make this confession auric'lar.

As touching this here election, that's just about coming off here,
We don't want never no FAWCETTS, and no LAYARDS to come and scoff here
At our eminent local wharfingers, and westry respectabilities,
Which to us, the Three Tailors of Tooley Street, has showed the utmost civilities.

We thinks as how APSLEY PELLATT was the likeliest man for our money,
Wich the bloated aristocrats in the 'Ouse they may have considered him funny,
'Cos his righteous indignation at times to such lengths bore him,
He's been knowed to bonnet the hon'rable gent upon the bench before him.

But since we can't have PELLATT, why as next best we'll have SCOVELL,
Wich the rights and wrongs of the borough in course he's sure to know vell,
And if he han't dug up bulls with wings and uniform 'scriptions Ninnyvite,
He's a tradesman aginst whom nobody hasn't nothing to insinivite.

He ain't like to trouble the 'Ouse oratorically or wocally,
But what's the odds of that, if he does the right thing, locally?
We don't want a flighty Member, to talk about Milan or Moussul,
But a party as can say ditto to LORDS PALMERSTON and JOHN RUSSELL,

And the more he says ditto to them, why the better they're sure to like him,
And the less inclined to say no if any chance should strike him
In the way of a nice little job for Tooley Street or the Borough—
(Wich we're all independent westrymen and likes to see things done thorough).

Then this here LAYARD's as poor as a mouse, and SCOVELL he is rich,
And in course at an election time he's safe to behave as sich,
And to open the public 'ouses and pay canvassers, agents, and runners,—
(Wich *we're* independent westrymen, and scorns to be any man's dunners).

Then this here LAYARD's always a gettin' hisself in hot water,
And a goin' in at the big-wigs, and, in course, mostly catching a Tartar,
But SCOVELL will mind his own business—wich that's Southwark, and nothin' but it,
And where there's a shindy he'll behave like a sensible man and cut it.

For our part we haven't no confidence in your learned men and writers:
There was old CHARLEY NAPIER was all very well,—though he was one of your fighters,—
But still he was pleasant and affable, and hadn't no pride about him,
But as for this here LAYARD,—we don't know, but somehow we doubt him.

He's been a sort of a rolling stone; and we haven't a great opinion
Of a man that spends his time digging rubbish, not worth an 'inion,
Instead of sticking to business, like SCOVELL, and making a fortin',
And spending it on his Constituents—a thing this here LAYARD falls short in.

So altogether, as leaders of opinion in the Borough,
We recommend the Electors to give SCOVELL their confidence thorough,
And the motter we put on our banners, and the ticket on which we start is,
"Here's SCOVELL the Local Candidate, and no *Extraneous* parties."

Their First Introduction.

THERE is a respectful distance between the DUKE OF YORK, as he stands on the top of his brazen column, and the Victory that is distributing plaster of Paris crowns from the top of the Guards' Memorial half a cab-stand behind him. As was his wont, the Duke is turning his back upon Victory. They might have pulled him round, just to have allowed him to see what Victory was like.

REACTION.

GENTLEMAN (*to great Swell*). "*Why, Sid, what the dooce makes you carry such a Thing as that?*"
GREAT SWELL. "*Aw, the fact is, you know, every Snob, you know, has a Little Umbrella now, you know; so I cawwy this to show I'm not a Snob, you know.*"

AUSTRIA IN RAGS.

HERE 's a pretty mess the thrones are in upon the Continent! Nearly all the Royal treasuries have stuck over their doors the words "Suspension of cash payments!" The POPE has scarcely a crazia, the SULTAN hardly a piastre, and the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA scarce a kreutzer at his banker's. What'a to be done, and who? that is the momentous question. Well. Here, let us see. The POPE sends round his old tiara to beg for a few pence; the Turk borrows a few millions at doubled interest from the French: and the Austrian, yes, this is how he hopes to raise the wind: readers of the *Daily News* had the account last week thus stated:—

"A decree dated Schönhrun, Nov. 17, and signed 'FRANCIS-JOSEPH,' authorises the issue of notes of the value of fourpence. These bits of paper are to have the character of a new Austrian money, and their falsification or forgery is to be punishable according to the laws of the currency of higher denominations."

Well, these little bits of paper will serve, at all events, to show how the wind blows, although they mayn't much help to raise it. Fancy, what would people say if the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street were reduced to such a state that the Government had to issue fourpenny bank notes for her! Imagine the disgust of a Brompton 'buss conductor on receiving a small scrap of rather dirty paper, and being told it was a legal equivalent for fourpence! (By the way, the slang for this sum is a "Joey." So the notes are not unaptly signed by FRANCIS-JOSEPH: only FRANK is short for FRANCIS, and a note which passes current for a Joey and a Franc, should be worth fourteenpence we think instead of fourpence.) Certainly, the Austrians must be on the brink of bankruptcy, or they would not be driven to such desperate expedients to keep their heads above water. Their credit must indeed be a tottering concern if they have nothing but such flimsy props as fourpenny bank-notes for it. In spite of all their careful cooking of the national accounts, it cannot be denied, that they are done to rags when we find the State is issuing fourpenny bank-notes.

WOOD DEMON.

"MR. PUNCH,

"I HEAR a great deal of Spirit-Rapping Mediums and 'Table-Turning'; in fact, I hear of little else; for up our way—that is, Islington—we have several societies more or less devoted to the mysteries of a *séance*. Now of the rapping I know nothing, nor of the Mediums either, except that my boy GEORGE, who learns Latin, tells me the word means 'a go between,' which information quite reconciles me to my want of acquaintance with such folks. But of tables you may—when I tell you I am an auctioneer and broker—believe I know something. Lor, bless me! what lots of tables I have had under my hands: tables of all sorts—and there 's a tolerable variety. There 's the universal round, the economic Pembroke, the family dining, the frequent loo, and others that are only occasional. How often have I seen a bevy of brokers standing round, say, a 'rosewood loo,' leaning more or less heavily on it as they considered its value or tested its workmanship, each doubtless thinking of turning it over to some customer; and yet all this so frequently have I seen without one eccentric attempt on the part of any table to turn or move!

"Now, *Mr. Punch*, to speak in a brokerly way, I am a 'man in possession' of my senses, and I want to know why a committee of brokers should not be called to give evidence as to their belief in the disposition of tables to turn, so that their convictions on the subject may throw some light on the seeming choice that spirits have to affect tables above all other articles. In the meantime the Spiritualists might refer to their Mediums for information on the same point; and really if they don't give some satisfactory reason, the sooner the tables are turned upon them and their nonsense the better, for with us brokers the matter is getting to be serious. One old lady, last week, refused a splendid mahogany square because it 'ran' easily on its castors, being, as she affirmed, afraid it had been in a 'turning family.' Now, *Mr. Punch*, you can easily see this is likely to affect our business materially, so I do hope you will do all you can for us, and

"I am, *Mr. Punch*, yours to command,
"A. PRASER."

PAYMASTERS OF THE INDIAN ARMY.

ONE day last week a respectable looking man named ROWLAND MUCKLESTONE was indicted at the Central Criminal Court for having "applied to his own use a cheque that had been intrusted to him for a specific purpose." He was found guilty—guilty of felony!

Many people will be astonished to find that the appropriation by one person of money given him with a commission to administer it to others is so serious a crime as that which felony amounts to.

Not but what everybody who is any better than a rogue feels embezzlement to be a peculiarly bad sort of theft, because it is not merely dishonest, but also dishonourable. But then it is sometimes practised by gentlemen who hold so decent a position!

There are certain persons notorious for being bad paymasters, of whom it is commonly said that the money which passes through their hands sticks to their fingers. In other words, they commit a temporary embezzlement. Yet many of them shuffle on without being even shunned and avoided. Some even fill very high situations.

The Delhi prize money remains unpaid. It is in the hands of parties who, like MR. MUCKLESTONE, though not convicted of felony, have been intrusted with that money for a specific purpose—the purpose of distributing it among the soldiers who won it three years ago. Who are the official rogues that are at present embezzling the Delhi prize money? Who are the swindlers in Government situations of whom it may be affirmed, to their infamy, that the money due to brave men, who won it with wounds and blood, by unexampled heroism, is sticking to their fingers?

Spirituel, and Spiritual.

WHO is the most extraordinary "Medium" in England?
MR. GLADSTONE; because he has *raised spirits* all over the country.

A REGULAR "OLD DOG" *Trait*.—Fidelity.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 14, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, December 8, 1860.

QUITE IN LUCK'S WAY.

"An uncommonly likely place, that, for a Jack, underneath the Willows there; and what's more, I don't think any one has been here this morning to Disturb the Water."

A Rare Pack to give Tongue.

MR. MARSH informs us that out of the vocabulary of the English language, which now consists of nearly a hundred thousand words, the generality of intelligent people contrive to get along with not more than three or four thousand. If that is the usual consumption of an ordinarily intelligent person, we should like to know how many words does the verbal appetite of an average-minded M. P. prompt him to devour before his voracity is satisfied? We should think that a Member with pretensions to anything like wealth of garrulity, was well worth his thirty or forty thousand, at the very least. With MR. AYRTON and others, who are regular Rothschildren of words, it would be absurdly impossible to compute what they were worth.

OBSERVATION OF A UNIVERSITY TAILOR.—It is not always the gent who takes the highest honours that gets the most credit.

SUICIDE AND MANSLAUGHTER.

YESTERDAY, at an extraordinary meeting of the Society for the Amendment of the Law, a paper was read by *Mr. Punch, Q.C.*, on the subject of "Crowner's Quest Law." The learned gentleman began by directing the attention of the Society to the subjoined verdict of a Coroner's Jury touching the death of an unfortunate man who had died by his own act. The deceased, THOMAS BATES, aged sixty-one years, a cabinet-maker, disabled, out of work, and destitute, had applied at the Shoreditch Workhouse for admission as an in-door pauper. He had been turned away with an order of 1*s.* 6*d.* per week and a four-pound loaf. This was all he had to live upon. He hanged himself.

"The jury found—'That the deceased committed suicide by hanging: and the jurors do further say that the act was committed while he was in a state of unsound mind, through his feelings being operated upon by being refused admission into the workhouse of Shoreditch."

Mr. Punch then reminded the Society that only the week before, in the case of JOHN WATSON, sixty-three years old, starved to death in the streets, another Jury had agreed to a special verdict to the effect—

"That the deceased died from the effects of exhaustion and the want of the common necessaries of life, produced by exposure in the public streets, death having been accelerated by the great neglect of the parochial authorities of St. Leonard, Shoreditch, when the deceased was in a state of utter destitution and without a home."

With these cases before them, the Society would be prepared for a proposition that an enactment should be framed for the better regulation of the verdicts of Coroners' Juries. If the driver of a locomotive engine, or a railway guard, happened, by the smallest oversight or least want of precaution, to cause the loss of human life, a verdict of manslaughter was returned against him. A surgeon who had the misfortune to kill his patient by an error in judgment, incurred, in the event of an inquest, the same impeachment. This was, it should be, on the principle which some gentlemen avowed, that punishment should regard acts, and not motives. At least this was as it should be, so far as it went. But it did not go far enough—on that principle, everybody who had the misfortune to kill another ought to be hanged. Hang misfortune. There ought to be no such thing as homicide by misadventure. Hang unlucky individuals for the protection of the mass; hang consideration; hang justice and all that twaddle! However, a new law would be required for this purpose: a law which would declare the accidental killing of anybody wilful murder.

There was this difficulty in the way of such a law; that it would put and an end to the railways and abolish the medical profession. The anxiety of gentlemen to enforce responsibility would deprive them of engineers, guards, and doctors. As regards these persons it would be best that the law should remain as it was. Unfortunately it generally turned out that indictments for manslaughter in cases of homicide by misadventure could not be sustained, and the accused got off, after temporary anxiety and incarceration, with mere ruin. An express statute, therefore, might be passed declaring all acts whatsoever, of casual omission or commission, resulting in any one's death, manslaughter. The only objection to this step was derived from cases such as those of the Shoreditch paupers of whom one died, and the other was driven to self-destruction by the neglect of workhouse authorities. The projected law might subject officials to a charge of manslaughter for every wretched pauper whom they turned away from the workhouse to starve in the streets. This would never do. All law was primarily intended for the protection of the ratepayers; and relieving officers and poor-law guardians should enjoy a special exemption from liability under the new Act. He would add exemption from liability under the existing law; for if coroners' juries are empowered to return verdicts of manslaughter against careless railway servants and doctors, they also have the right, if they choose to exercise it, of sending negligent officials of workhouses, at whose doors lie the deaths of paupers, to take their trial, at least, for felony.

Mr. Punch concluded by suggesting another alteration in "Crowner's Quest Law." He would ask—Did a man, who, knowing what he was about, jumped out of a burning ship into the waves and perished, commit an act of *felo de se?* If not, what should his drowning himself be legally described as? "Justifiable Suicide?" Juries might perhaps be allowed to return that verdict in the case of a pauper who had hanged himself at once in preference to dying slowly of cold and famine. Verdict of respectable Coroner's Jury of the Future—Justifiable Suicide! If you hold all suicide unjustifiable, you should make starvation impossible.

Sir C. C.'s Last.

WHAT DENISON makes seems to turn out but ill:
There's a flaw in his bell, and a *dent* in his will.

Court of Probate. CRESSWELL CRESSWELL.

PITY THE POOR POPE!

"WORTHY Gentleman, drop a tear of pity for a Sovereign Pontiff, who hardly has a shilling wherewith he may bless himself, which I haven't touched a fi'-pun' note, your honour, lawks! I can't say when; for it's them low blayguard fellers who say they're my *protectors* as takes care of all my property, and it's gospel-true they've eatin' of me out of house and Rome, and here am I reduced to try and earn my living in a foreign land, which it's hard on a old man to sleep upon a doorstep, while Emperors as should know better snaps their fingers in my face, and acts as though they had been born with a tiara on their heads, 'cause I'm the rightful owner, as you know, kind Gentleman, and they've robbed me of my crown, and not left me so much as five shillings in my pocket; so drop a tear of pity, if you please, kind Gentleman, and drop a copper too, and receive my benediction, for you see my Peter is a getting dreadful slow in the col-lection of his Pence for me, and I'm growing a old man, and when I wants a crust of bread it's hard to have to work for it by lying on a flag-stone; so drop a tear," &c., &c.

Such, done into plain English, may be the words in choice Italian that, ere many months are past, may meet the ear of loungers in Lei-ces-ter-r-r-r-e Squarr, and attract their generous notice to a seedy but still rotund and sleek-faced elderly person, who has been sketching loaves and fishes in chalk upon the pavement. The circular letter lately issued for collecting Peter's Pence shows clearly that His Holiness is on his last financial legs. A man must be getting hard-up, when he has to beg for coppers; and if this circular letter fails to square the POPE'S accounts, Leicester Square, we fancy, is the only resource left him. Persons who can't raise the wind generally prescribe themselves a sudden change of air; and if with all their brass his Cardinals can't get tin for him, the Holy Father, speaking figuratively, will be forced ere long to hook it. Without money of course he cannot pay his mercenaries, and without their help he cannot long retain his throne. If the POPE can't fill his purse he must vacate the Holy See, and come—as *Punch* predicted in his Fourteenth Volume (see page 146)—sailing in his cockboat across the British Channel.

Other reasons than financial ones there are, too, for his going. Of those whom he still calls the "true sons of the Church," there are not a few who wish to see him farther; and would if need be lend a hand, or a foot even, to send him there. Besides, the world is growing wiser than it was, and Popes no longer are necessities of spiritual life to people. Here is the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH taking a leaf from English history, and threatening to take any Pope's Bull by the horns that enters his dominions. LOUIS, like our HENRY, seems thoroughly prepared to try on the tiara, and if the cap fits we have small doubt that he will wear it. "Every Emperor his own Pope" will be soon the pope-ular motto, and as for poor old PAPA PIUS we fear that his rebellious sons will play a little game with him of "no child of mine," and get up a collection of more kicks than Peter's Pence for him.

OUR WONDERFUL ALLIES.

AMONG the people whom PRINCE ALFRED lately had the honour of being introduced to in his Visit to the Cape, was a native who, according to the *Times* and other newspapers, rejoiced in the imposing title of "KING MOSHESH." Now there is something in a name, despite *Miss Juliet's* seeming doubt of it; and as that of "MOSHESH" may possess somewhat of interest to some few of our readers, we propose, as we have nearly half an hour to spare and nothing else we want to do in it, to furnish a few details concerning this KING MOSHESH, who has been exchanging salutations with our Prince.

By a Black Book, which is studied in high Hottentot society with scarcely less avidity than our Red Book is in ours, it is stated that KING MOSHESH sprang from Negro extraction, and that on either side his family is of very ancient date. One writer pretends to trace in a direct line the genealogy of this black sovereign up to our BLACK PRINCE; while another strives to strengthen this preposterous assertion by showing how KING MOSHESH levies black mail on his subjects,—a practice which was once pursued extensively in England, and which proves that certain of the ancestors of MOSHESH must have had acquaintance with the customs of that country, if indeed they were not of true British blood and birth. Other allegations, equally absurd, have been made to prove his Majesty of right royal descent; and several of the allegators appear inclined to shed some rather crocodiley tears at their failing to establish this important point. We regret we cannot say much to assist them in the matter; but seeing that his skin is somewhat of the sootiest, we think that there are certainly some grounds for the conjecture that KING MOSHESH is remotely connected with the potentate now known as *Old King Coal*.

A Portrait of KING MOSHESH has recently been published in a Blackamoor *Book of Beauties*, which, we believe, has an extensive Caffre circulation, and has portraits of the chief celebrities of Fashion at the Cape. If the King be half as black as he is painted in this picture, he need not fear that London smoke would injure his complexion; and as fresh *troupes* of Niggers are continually coming, it is not impossible he may be induced to visit us. According to his portrait, KING MOSHESH'S Court costume combines Simplicity with Elegance in a remarkable degree. It consists of a dress coat and pants of the last century, worn over a suit of bears'-grease. For crown, KING MOSHESH usually sports a porkpie hat.

News for the Fancy.

THE Directors of Exeter Hall are evidently alive to the requirements of the Ring. "A Serious Boxer" was allowed to exhibit in the revered edifice a few nights ago, and a smiling one, perhaps our friend MR. TOM SAYERS, or the Infant, may hope for his turn next. With the "Corinthians" on the platform, and the Umpire in the chair, the next battle for the Belt might be fought out delightfully in the Hall. Only we suggest the erasing "Philadelpheion," and resuming the title of Exeter Change.

ON AN EJECTING BISHOP.

ONE hopes he's a PLUNKETT, and yet there's a doubt.
It's the very first time that a PLUNKETT *turned out*.

CAMPBELL, C.

Electoral Analysis.

THE electors of Southwark have been divided into two classes—the Ninnies, and the Ninevehs; the latter are friends of MR. LAYARD, and those who have been opposing his return, are, of course, the Ninnies.

"A VICIOUS CIRCLE."—A Guardsman's Belt.

A NEW LINE OF ART.

OOK, *Mr. Punch.* I'm a plain man, and I come of a plain sort. My father was a tailor, and so, Sir, am I. He was not ashamed to own it, and no more am I: and nowadays, it isn't everyone who keeps a tailor's shop, I think, can say as much. This advertisement, at any rate, appears to me to prove so:—

BENJAMIN BOUNCE, No. 1, Swells Street, W. By Special Appointment to the QUEEN. And Breveted by the EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH, Artist in Draping the Real Figure. Court, Diplomatic, Military and Naval Uniforms. Practical experience, combined with a scientific knowledge of external anatomy and the definite proportions and forms of the human figure, gives him confidence in soliciting patronage.

"Merely altering the name (for I don't want you to puff a rival in the trade, or, as MR. BOUNCE would doubtless call it, the 'Profession') I copy this verbatim from a late number of *The Journal of the Society of Arts*—rather a fine vehicle for a tailor's advertisement, but as an 'artist,' MR. BOUNCE, of course, has claims upon its columns. Being a plain man and not having the 'confidence' or brass of MR. BOUNCE, I own I should have feared to publish such a notice, lest somebody should question me about my education, and examine me to see how far I really had a title to the titles I assumed. For instance, might not one inquire in what studio MR. BOUNCE formed his acquaintanceship with art, and acquired his proficiency 'in draping the real figure?' And when one finds him bragging of his 'scientific knowledge of external anatomy,' might not one inquire, without being thought rude, under what physician his studies were pursued, and in what dissecting-room the 'practical experience' he boasts of was obtained? I confess that for myself, I should not much have liked to run the risk of such inquiries, which through the medium of *Punch* or any other ugly customer, are certain to be put. For fine words fail in general to hide a false pretence, and no more serve to butter customers, than they do to butter parsnips. Besides, Sir, after all, an 'artist in draping,' is but another phrase for 'draper,' and in spite of all the chaff about a man in our trade being but the ninth part of a man, a 'tailor' is every bit as good and high-born-sounding a title as a 'draper.'

"At least, so thinks your obedient, humble servant,

"SNIP."

"P.S. With all his genius for fine language, I wonder what new phrase MR. BOUNCE could find for 'cabbage?' Does he bid his shopmen—I beg pardon, his *employés*—only mention it as 'greens?'"

White Slaves.

AT the Repeal meeting "The" O'DONOGHUE complained "that the Irish in Parliament were obliged to adopt the habits and manners of the English." It is sad tyranny. The Hibernians are expected to wear whole coats, and to speak the truth, and we blush to say that most of them have truckled to English dictation—upon the first point.

A BOTTLEHOLDER'S ADVICE TO HIS JOHNNY.

BEING AN INTERCEPTED LETTER THAT SHOULD HAVE REACHED THE F——N S——Y THE DAY BEFORE HE RECEIVED THE DEPUTATION ON SPANISH INTOLERANCE.

"MY DEAR JOHN,

"I SEE that you have promised to receive a deputation of serious blokes who feel aggravated because a couple of Spaniards, one a soldier and the other a hatter, are being persecuted in their own country for taking to Protestantism. Now, as your Premier, I am particularly desirous that you should, if possible, avoid making another mull just now; and therefore 'this letter comes hopping' (as the woman said), that you will be pleased to mind what you are about. My having recently declared you to be rather, on the whole, superior to SOLOMON in wisdom, and to HAMPDEN in patriotism, entitles me to speak a friendly word to you, to say nothing of the increased responsibility which I took upon myself by that generous declaration.

"I am the more nervous about it, because there is a theological elephant—element I mean—in the business. You always get into a mess when you have to deal with such matters. Between friends, one may talk of oneself, and there are few people who have my happy knack of dealing with theology. You can't forget how I knocked over the orthodox doctrine, and instructed my hearers that all babies were born good. Well, if you had said this, the Archbishops would have torn their wigs, and there would have been a row in Exeter Hall that you might have heard at Woburn. But I smashed the Article as neatly as you would—or rather would not—smash the pipe of Aunt Sally, and with as much applause. I wish I had to see these Anti-Spanish-Popery bloaters to-morrow.

"Now, please JOHNNY, don't promise anything. For I declare to you that I will not have a row about a hatter and a soldier. As for the hatter—O, JOHNNY, I *ought* to have seen the deputation. What a capital bit I should have got out of him! 'Without wishing to display levity on a serious subject, the noble Lord went on to say, it was really enough to make one as mad as a hatter to hear of such tyranny (*laughter*), and whatever the poor fellow's hats might be, his convictions must indeed be felt (*great laughter*).' Hey, JOHNNY, ho, JOHNNY, you can't afford epigrams like those, and therefore you do wisely in not attempting them. But confound the hatter, why doesn't he attend to his business, instead of muddling over theology? We can't get up sympathy for a hatter at any price, my boy, so do you take the matter uncommonly easy.

"I need not tell you that you may go the entire animal about liberty of conscience, *auto da fé* (mind you pronounce it right) TORQUEMADA, PHILIP THE SECOND, and all that kind of thing. That is in your way, and if you like a retrospective shy at SANGUINARY POLLY, I do not know that anybody will object, except MR. FROWDE. But be sure that you do not give any undertaking to remonstrate with the Spanish Government, for if you do, I shall be obliged to repudiate the obligation. I know that you would like to write a despatch like NOLL CROMWELL's about the Waldenses, but you musn't. Times are changed, and if the Spanish people like to roast a heretic soldier and hatter, I cannot think that the true spirit of civilisation permits the English to object. I said something of the same kind the other day, when they wanted me to send out ships and prevent the KING OF DAHOMEY from cutting off a couple of thousand of his subjects' heads, by way of spending a pleasant birth-day. We won't interfere. You know that I have always been celebrated for never interfering in anybody else's business.

"I confess I am in a fidget about you and this deputation, because it affords just one of the pegs on which you delight to hang a blunder, and really you must not. Of course I acquit you of any such nonsense as caring a farthing whether all the hatters in Spain were hung to-morrow, with your friend DR. CUMMING's last book tied to their necks; but you have a Dissenting twang about you, and you always want to make yourself acceptable to the *Non-Cons.* All very right, in its way, but Dissenting admiration may be bought too dear, and decidedly any pledge to try and deliver these Protestant coves would be an extravagant price for a cheer at the next Missionary Meeting. Suppose you did commit us to anything of the kind, and I let you write the sort of despatch you would like, protesting against the persecution of Spanish Protestants. Don't you see that it would be giving the other side the most splendid opportunity of telling you to mind your own business? It is just what Spain would like to do just now, being still sore about having had to pay us our money, and being also in a state of sympathy with your friend the POPE, whom we have treated so kindly. You would have back the most insolent answer that could be devised, and it would come like a potatoe with a stone in him, as my Irish friends say, because it would have a backbone of common sense. Please, JOHNNY, don't expose us to such a missile.

"Now get to work on your Reform Bill, and bother all Spanish hatters, converted and unconverted. Get your details right this time, and don't give EDWIN JAMES another step towards the Solicitor-Generalship. Try and make a coherent bill, and if you can't do it yourself, humble yourself before BETHELL a little, and get him to do it for you. He'll make waterproof work of it, and if you can make him take an interest in the affair, he'll stand by you like a brick. Think of that, which is really your business, and ease off these serious bloaters as soon as you can. Bless you, my dear JOHN.

"Ever your devoted "P."

"*The Treasury.*"

A VIEW OF OUR VOLUNTEERS AS THEY WILL NEVER BE SEEN BY THE ENEMY!

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

THE Star-spangled banner that blows broad and brave,
O'er the home of the free, o'er the hut of the slave—
Whose stars in the face of no foe e'er waxed pale,
And whose stripes are for those that the stars dare assail—

Whose folds every year, broad and broader have grown,
Till they shadow both arctic and tropical zone,
From the Sierra Nevada to Florida's shore,
And, like *Oliver Twist*, are still asking for more—

That banner whose infantine bunting can boast
To have witnessed the Union's great charter engrossed;
Which at Boston saw Freedom's stout struggle begun,
And from WASHINGTON welcomed its victory won—

For our fathers in rebel defiance it spread,
But to us it waves brotherly greeting instead;
And Concord and Peace, not Bellona and Mars,
Now support England's Jack and the States' Stripes and Stars.

Can it be there are parricide hands that would tear
This star-spangled banner, so broad and so fair?
And if there be hands would such sacrilege try,
Is the bunting too weak the attempt to defy?

Alas! while its woof Freedom wove in her loom,
She paused in her work, and the Fiend took her room,
And, seizing the shuttle that Freedom had left,
Threw Slavery's warp across Liberty's weft.

How the Fiend laughed and leaped, as the swift shuttle flew,
With its blood-rotted threads, the fair weft running through,
"Now cut out your web—it is broad, it is long—
Twixt Fiend's work and Freedom's, let's hope it is strong!"

And now that the blood-rotted warp is worn bare,
The flag it is fraying, the flag it may tear;
For the Fiend cheers on those who to rend it essay,
And the work he's had hand in is apt to give way.

Now Heaven guide the issue! May Freedom's white hands
'Ere too late, from the flag pluck these blood-rotted strands,
And to battle and breeze fling the banner in proof
That 'tis all her own fabric, in warp as in woof.

If this may not be, if the moment be nigh,
When this banner unrent shall no more flout the sky,
To make fitting division of beams and of bars,
Let the South have the Stripes and the North have the Stars.

A BENEDICTION FOR OLD BUCKS.

THE command of the Austrian army in Italy has been given to GENERAL BENEDEK. What of that? Let us hope that BENEDEK will lead his rascals where they will be well peppered—you say. Yes but the announcement of BENEDEK's promotion is accompanied by a contemporary with the following agreeable remark:—

"BENEDEK is still in the flower of his age, having just completed his fifty-sixth year."

This statement is so calculated to give pleasure to our senior readers that we gladly afford it the benefit of our enormous circulation. Happy shall we be if we shall thereby succeed in rousing any despondent middle-aged gentleman, who thinks that he is getting old, and is delivering himself over to the blue devils, out of his arm-chair, and shall induce him to grasp his walking-stick, and start forth in good spirits for a wholesome "constitutional." Many young fellows, who fancy themselves old fogies, on learning that BENEDEK, past fifty-six, is in the flower of his age, will begin to discern that they themselves are still in the bud. Not a few, perhaps, though aware of their inability to reach the condition of BENEDEK the General, will be encouraged to recall hopes which they had long abandoned, and to entertain the expectation of attaining to the dignity of BENEDICK the married man.

A FRIENDLY VISIT.

ENGLAND. "HOW FRIENDLY! WHY DON'T YOUR HUSBAND CALL IN THIS QUIET WAY?"

A BIT OF REAL BURLESQUE.

As Christmas is approaching, the writers of burlesques are busy looking out for subjects; and it perhaps may be refreshing to their facetious faculties if they cast their comic eye on this suggestive paragraph, which a correspondent sends us from a weekly Plymouth print:—

"STRINGENT LAWS AT PENZANCE!!—The authorities, acting, it would appear under regulations adopted for the proper government of the Market, caused MR. PETER JOHN RICHARDS, an old and well known butcher of the town, to be summoned on Monday last, for appearing in the Market and carrying on his business without having on a clean apron and sleeves. It appeared from the evidence, that this respectable tradesman wore a blue frock or blouse, and that such had been his custom for 47 years. He refused to change to the new fashion, contending that there was no law to compel him to do so. After a remonstrance from the Mayor the butcher said, 'If convicted, I shall carry it to a higher court. A nuisance, indeed! You may see if I am a nuisance' (raising his blouse); 'my trousers, shirt, and drawers are all clean; the Bench may strip me if they please and see whether I am a nuisance,' (*loud laughter*). MR. PEARCE, the officer of the Court. 'You must not insult the Court.' The Mayor. 'The blouse you have produced is not an apron and sleeves.' Defendant. 'Better still, it is an apron and sleeves all in one, and it is perfectly clean.' In reply to the Mayor, the Beadle said, all the butchers in the Market appeared with sleeves and aprons. The Mayor. 'MR. RICHARDS, we must carry out the law, and you are fined 1s. and the expenses.' Defendant. 'My case does not come within the meaning of the Act, and I won't pay a penny.' The Mayor. 'I am sorry even to mention the alternative, but there is seizure of goods and imprisonment provided by the act for those who won't pay.' Defendant. 'Not a penny will I pay. You may incarcerate me, you may make me drink the waters of affliction and the bread of punishment, you may take me to the Green Market, tie me to a stake, pile up the faggots, and burn me to a cinder before I will pay' (*loud laughter*). The Mayor. 'Oh! our remedy inflicts no martyrdom; the unpaid fine only requires a distress warrant.' Defendant. 'You may take away my bed, if you like; you'll have to answer to a higher court. MR. TOM BOLITHO told me you missed your point in taking out your warrant.' The Mayor. 'It is time for you to learn better.' Defendant. 'Well, Sir, I shan't be much longer in the market.'"

It would need but slight invention to make a really first-rate funny scene of this. Were it adapted for a pantomime, of course the part of Butcher would be played by Clown, while Pantaloon would figure with his brethren on the Bench. An attitude of digital defiance to the law, presented by Clown's stretching out his fingers from his nose, would doubtless draw a roar of hearty laughter from the Gallery; and if, to close the scene, he bonneted the Beadle, and then touched up the Mayor with the point of a hot poker, the pantomime would certainly achieve a great success.

The scene might also quite as fitly be used in a burlesque, or, if need be, might be spun out into a whole piece of the extravaganza sort. The First Act might be occupied with the usual fairy business, with *tableaux* of little incidents in the hero's early life. We should see him in the cradle, at school, and making love, and then, through means of the Bad Fairy, getting his ears boxed and being sent about his business. To him, moody and disgusted, and meditating suicide by swallowing "South African," should come in the Good Fairy to set him up in trade, giving him the Magic Blouse, warranted by her to last clean without washing for "forty-seven years." At the moment of investiture, the Bad Fairy should appear in the form of an Old Magpie, and should intimate by pantomime of pecking at the Butcher's boots that, though she could not stop the gift, but little good should come of it, and that if the Blouse were worn the wearer would be brought to grief. Here the music might be borrowed from the celebrated trio in the *Mountain Sylph* ("This magic-wove Blouse," &c., &c.), after which the Magpie should be hooted and hop off, and to a Chorus of Congratulation the corps of *ballet*-Butchers might bring the act-drop down upon a Dance of Delight.

In the Second Act we ought to see the Butcher in his blouse, prosperous and happy, and on the point of being married to the Princess who had jilted him, and had boxed his ears. On the day before the wedding she might come to him to buy some beefsteaks for the breakfast, and this would nicely give occasion for some sentimental business, with the usual admixture of MOZART and Nigger Melody, terminating, of course, in the usual comic dance. Then the *Magpie* should hop in and aggravate the Butcher by indulging in a furtive wink at the Princess. Vowing vengeance for such impudence, the Butcher then should chevy the Magpie with his cleaver, and at last succeed in chopping off its tail. With a meaning croak of mischief away would fly the bird, and the happy lovers would resume their comic dance, too soon, alas! to be cut short by a Policeman, who, with a rattle in his hand and the Magpie at his back, should arrest the blissful Butcher for having been a "nuisance," because he had been seen at market in his blouse. Into the details of the scene in Court we need not enter, for the report which we have quoted suggests them clearly enough. Nor need we take the trouble to describe the language that might fittingly be used, for anything more funny than the words which we have cited it would puzzle the most clever of burlesque-wrights to invent. The scene of course might be a parody of those so often witnessed in our trans-Thamesian melodramas, where threats are hurled, and fingers snapped, at all legal authorities, where justice is defied and judges are denounced in the huskiest of voices and the haughtiest of struts. As a specimen, for instance, a portion of the Butcher's speech on hearing condemnation, might run thus:—"Ha! Minion!! You may rack me with the tor-r-r-ments of the torture-chamber, you may load these legs with fetters and these limbs with ir-r-r-on gyves,—you may haply make me drink the bitter waters of hafliction, and hemaciate my car-r-r-r-case with the coarsest prison fare, but know you that beneath the blouse of the poor butcher there beats an 'eart as 'aughty as that of any spangled noble in the land!"

We have said enough, we think, to show how well *The Blue Blouse; Butcher, or Peter of Penzance* would do to be placarded as a Christmas piece. Whether we have also said enough to show how justice is occasionally burlesqued in country courts, and with what trifles the "authorities" of our old beadle-ridden boroughs often trouble their wise heads and allow their precious time to be engaged, our readers at their pleasure and their leisure may decide.

STALE BEER!

GOOD people all, on you I call
To lend me a patient ear,
Whilst a song I sing of a horrible thing;
A brewer supplying stale beer!
Now I honour and revere
The purveyor whose ale is sincere;
But do despise the brewer who tries
To do a poor man with stale beer.

He had bought the drink, fit to throw in the sink,
From a certain trade-compeer;
But not paying his friend, was sued, in the end,
For the price of the bad stale beer.
Now I honour, &c.

This case of hum into Court did come,
In the *Times* it doth appear,
Where the story you'll find of the man of low mind
Who is noted for selling stale beer.
Now I honour, &c.

A dead take-in is swipes too thin:
When 'tis likewise flat and queer
The brewer who puts such stuff in his butts
Should be drowned in a butt of stale beer.
Now I honour, &c.

This trash in beer's shape had a narrow escape
Of costing our soldiers dear;
To Gibraltar it went, then back was sent;
For the troops wouldn't stand stale beer.
Now I honour, &c.

Hog-wash by right, at half-price not quite,
The plaintiff sold it here:
For Christians' supply what a shame to buy
That nasty and cheap stale beer!
Now I honour, &c.

In future Jews I'll ne'er abuse!
A fellow, Thames Walton near,
Deserving stripes, buys villanous swipes
To mix with the haymakers' beer!
Now I honour, &c.

To trifle with thirst of all crimes is worst,
Most cruel and severe.
How the people will shout, as that chap goes about,
Crying, "Who sold the mowers stale beer?".
Now I honour, &c.

COPPERS FOR THE TRIPLE CROWN.

THE subjoined telegram is calculated to reassure the faithful:—

"£65,000 of Peter's Pence have arrived from America."

The POPE complains of persecution; but he seems to be making a very good thing of it. His paternal heart may be sadly grieved by the attacks which are made on the see of Peter, but must derive no small consolation from the Peter's Pence which flow into his paternal pocket. The pocket of the Holy Father may be said to be lacerated no less than the heart; at least there is a hole in it at which all the money runs out to pay troops and purchase ammunition. This might soon be mended if he would renounce bayonets, abjure guns and gunpowder, and send his army to the right about. His Holiness would then be both pocket-whole and heart-whole, and would no longer give the incorrigible scoffer occasion to call him more holy than righteous. No reasonable man would grudge the POPE any number of Peter's Pence that his flock may be willing to drop into the tiara of their pastor; but if the money is spent in soldiering, that application of Peter's Pence will be even more objectionable than robbing Peter to pay Paul.

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER XL.—SHOULD BE READ BY ALL TRAGEDIANS BEFORE THEY DRESS FOR RICHARD III.*

RICHARD THE THIRD. FROM A SKETCH TAKEN AT THE BATTLE OF BOSWORTH FOR AN ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER OF THE PERIOD.

THUS far into the history of costume having marched on without impediment, we come now to describe the arms and armour of a period which must interest every reader who is conversant with SHAKSPEARE, and they who are not, are, of course, unworthy of our thought. As the Wars of the Roses ended with the battle of Bosworth Field, and on the crook-back tyrant's death grim-visaged war awhile removed his wrinkled front, and left fair England to be smiled upon by smooth-faced peace, the reign of RICHARD THE THIRD, may be viewed as being the climax of a period of slaughter, in which the arts of shooting, swording, stabbing, spearing, sticking, slitting, spitting, smiting, smashing, slashing, and in other ways destroying, attained the greatest height of excellence to which such evils could be brought. We who have the happiness of living in a later age, have the advantage of appliances a million-fold more deadly; and the spears, and swords, and matchlocks of the fifteenth century, sink into insignificance beside our Armstrong guns, and Miniés, and other

"Mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread terrors counterfeit."

In RICHARD's time, however, gunpowder was little known, and, perhaps, less trusted; and plate armour, which was cast aside when better guns were cast, was wrought, and sought, and bought at figures as extravagant as the wearers of it cut. What sort of Guys they looked when "cased from head to foot in panoply of steel," the pencil of our artist will tell better than our pen, and we need only direct the notice of the nation to such points in his drawings as chiefly mark the period which they represent.

One of the first things to observe is, the covering of the body from the waist down over the hips with flexible and horizontal plates of steel, which it appears were called either taces or tassets. To the lowest of these, in front, were affixed two pendent plates that hung to shield the thighs, and "were called tuiles, from their semblance to the tiles of a house," a statement which, if true, serves to show that tiles were quite as differently shaped then as were hats, to the housetiles and silk "chimney-pots" which are now in use.

Other points to notice are the great size of the shoulder-plates, called otherwise the pauldrons, and the still vaster proportions of the pointed elbow-pieces. These were generally fan-shaped, and so large that at a front view they looked like little shields. Their long projecting points were sometimes hooked like lion's claws, and were mostly made so sharp, that it could have been no joke to get a poke in the ribs with them by a funny man who wanted to emphasise a jest.

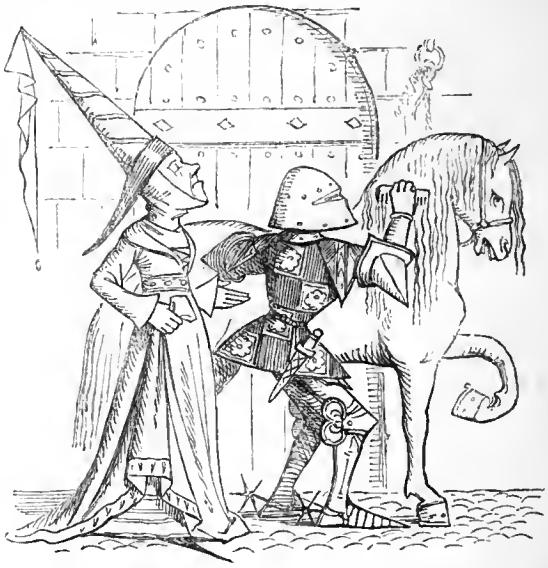
Apparently, the Knights in these old days were rather proud of the distortion which in fashionable language is known as a "good figure," for their effigies are sadly small about the waist. This elegance, however, they in some cases concealed by wearing a loose tabard, or emblazoned surcoat, upon which their armorial bearings were displayed. But we sometimes find the tabard made to fit tight to the body, so as not to hide its fashionable slimness, whereof an instance is still visible at East Herling Church in Norfolk, in a window representing the good knight SIR ROBERT WINGFIELD kneeling at his devotions, with spurs at least a foot in length projecting from his heels. This fashion of covering the armour with a surcoat was a revival of the custom in the reign of EDWARD THE FOURTH. We may suppose that knights kept generally a change of tabards in their wardrobe, just as their descendants keep a change of coats; but how much more costly were the former than the latter may be inferred from the letter we have previously quoted, written by KING RICHARD while at York to his Clothes-Keeper, wherein he orders "three coats of arms, beaten with fine gold, for our own person." RICHARD, we may repeat, it is historically certain, was a swell of the first water; and tragedians who present him as "lamely and unfashionable," and "scarce half made up," will show they have read SHAKSPEARE more than they have read ROUS. This old writer was a chantry priest at Guy's Cliff, near to Warwick, where he resided from the time of EDWARD THE FOURTH to that of HENRY THE SEVENTH. He commands our admiration as being one of the earliest of English writers on Costume, *Mr. Punch* being acknowledged as the latest and the best. For the benefit of readers who look to us for funniment more than they do for fact, we may add that ROUS at one time earned the name of "Bravo ROUS," from his habit of purloining good bits from other writers without ever condescending to notice their true authorship. Among the tales he thus appropriated were several of KING RICHARD, whom the old chroniclers concur in describing as a restless and uncomfortable person, always drawing his ring off and on, or continually sheathing and unsheathing his dagger, while he was engaged in thought or conversation, as if his mind was so unquiet that it would not let his fingers rest. The same uneasiness, says ROUS, he showed when trying a new coat on, or walking in new boots: indeed in later life his clothes were invariably altered a dozen times or more ere he would own they fitted him. One of the stories tells us that, after winning a new hat in a wager with the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, who had bet him that he would not woo and wed the LADY ANNE, KING RICHARD sent the hat back sixteen times to be made bigger, and every day just after breakfast used to ride down to the maker's and roar out in blank verse, which he always spoke when angry:—

"What! is my beaver easier than it was:"

During this period the dagger was as usual attached to the right hip, while the sword was belted so as to make it hang almost in front, the top of the hilt being about level with the waist. By inclining the point a little towards the left, the wearer saved himself from getting the blade between his legs; but it must have knocked his knee at every step he took. The admirers of SHAKSPEARE doubtless would contend, if the point were only mooted, that it was in obvious allusion to this fact that in the play of *Richard the Third* he makes RICHMOND use the phrase:—

"Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath."

The salade still continued the helmet most in use, and was generally surmounted with the wearer's crest and *chapeau*, or else surrounded with his colours woven in a wreath, and having at the side a feather made to match. RICHARD, on his great seal, is represented with a *chapeau* over the salade, surrounded by the crown and surmounted with the lion, which was his kingly crest. The *chapeau*, we should add, was a chaplet, not a hat, so readers must not fancy the King looked like an



FROM THE RARE OLD BALLAD HERE MENTIONED. WRITTEN AT THE CLOSE OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

old clo'man, because he wore three head-covers, *chapeau*, helm, and crown, which latter, you remember, was knocked off at Bosworth and discovered in a bush.

To close our description, we may mention that the feet were still encased in long steel sollerets, or shoes of flexible plate; and that to shield the neck was worn a steel gorget, called a "hausse-col," which

* As in point of date this Chapter ought to have preceded Chapter 39, we may explain that it was written mainly to oblige a valued correspondent, who thought that for the benefit of future playgoing generations, the military properties of the reign of RICHARD THE THIRD ought to be correctly pictured in our Book.

sounds as though it bore some connection to a horse-collar, and provokes a misquotation of the sadly hackneyed phrase:—

"At least we'll die with harness on our necks!"

Unlike the horsecollar, however, the hausse-col could have hardly been big enough to grin through; at least we judge so from the effigies and other figures bearing it, that look as though they were garotted and were very nearly choked. Some such an appearance is presented in a portrait of the *Lord Lovel* of SHAKSPEARE, who, in the tragedy of *Richard III.* has but two lines of speech allotted him (see Act iii., Sc. 7) which hardly afford the actor much insight to the part. The curious, however, may learn more about his character from an old ballad which has lately fallen into our hands, and which, so far as we can learn, has not been previously in print. Of this the first two verses run, or halt, as follows:

"Lorde Lovel hee stode at hys Castel doore,
A combyng hys Whyte Surrie,*
When up to him stalked hys mothere-in-lawr,
Whom he didn't mochе care to see-see-see.
Whom he didn't mochе care to see.

"Now whrre are you going, Lorde Lovel," she said.
"I'm a goingg to townr," quoth hee:
"And you needn't sitte up, but hie thee to bedde,
For I've taken my Chubbe hys latch keye-keye-keye.
I've taken my Chubbe hys latch keye!"

* This allusion to the fact that *White Surrey* was a charger belonging to Lord Lovel surely justifies our thinking that, besides his other virtues, KING RICHARD was a horse-stealer. We merely throw out this suggestion to tragedians who wish to take a new view of his character, and strike out something original when they undertake the part.

A GHOST STORY FOR GIRLS AND BOYS.

How sceptical soever we may be on the subject of ghosts, yet when a story of an apparition is authenticated by evidence taken before a Magistrate, we must not allow our preconceived ideas about things of that sort to prevent us from allowing such testimony its due weight, no matter to what conclusion it may point. Now, really, there seems no just reason for doubting the truth of the subjoined statement, openly made the other day at the Thames Police Court, in the presence of MR. YARDLEY, by Captain JOSEPH HOSSACK, master of the ship *Cyclops*, trading between London and Hong Kong. It should be premised that an entry had been made in the ship's log book of the disappearance of PETER PETERSON, the dead steward below alluded to, who was lost in a gale of wind, and believed to have fallen overboard and perished in the waves. Eighteen days after this the second mate, who was in the cabin, stumbled over an obstruction, which felt in the dark like a man's feet; and upon obtaining a light he discovered under the table a human form resembling that of the departed steward. It may be as well to mention that PETERSON was a black man, a circumstance which may be supposed likely to render his identification under the conditions stated, difficult if not impossible; but subsequent events leave no room for question as to this particular. These are Captain HOSSACK's words:—

"The mate called out to the man at the helm, saying, 'BILL, here's the dead steward!' BILL came to look, and was so terrified that he rushed back, and though one of the strongest men in the ship, he went into a fit, and was ill for four days afterwards."

So far, to be sure, the facts of the case might be admitted, and ascribed, as usual, to imagination. But let us proceed:—

"He thought he had seen the steward's ghost. A Newfoundland dog, which came down at the same time with BILL, was struck with terror, ran back howling, and jumped overboard and was drowned."

How is this manifestation of terror on the part of the Newfoundland dog to be accounted for? Indisposition might be a cause sufficient to produce the appearance which presented itself to the mate; a figure which he naturally took for that of the defunct steward. Mental contagion, operating through a nervous system, which, although that of one of the strongest men of the crew, may probably enough have been under the influence of grog, and affecting a mind perhaps as weak and superstitious as the frame which it actuated was powerful and robust, would afford a possible, if not a satisfactory explanation of the transference of the mate's hallucination to BILL, and the consequent terror, fit, and illness of that seaman. Had the mate and BILL, or to give him what most likely was his proper name, WILLIAM, been the only witnesses of the apparition under the table, the mere evidence of their senses would be inconclusive. But what frightened the Newfoundland dog? Was the poor animal nervous, or superstitious, or drunk, that, "struck with terror," it "ran back howling and jumped overboard and was drowned?" What has incredulity the most determined to say to that?

Proceeding in the examination of the Police Report, we find that—

"It turned out that the steward had been all the time in the bread-locker, where he had lived concealed, but he had gone out at night and procured food for himself."

So, then, the Newfoundland dog jumped overboard to no purpose, except that of proving himself to have been a very dull dog to mistake a skulker for a ghost. This foolish act of his must tend to cast great discredit on the evidence of other Newfoundland dogs; indeed, on the whole accumulated testimony of the canine species to the objective reality of spectres. In connection with ghost-stories, this Newfoundland dog seems to have thrown all dogs overboard together with himself. All that can be said for the sagacity of *Nero*—if that was the name of the unhappy dog—is, that the faithful creature perhaps lost himself in astonishment at the steward's deceit. The most incredible part of the story remains to be told. MR. PETER PETERSON, after having played the crafty trick above described, and been, at the unanimous demand of the ship's crew, put in irons for the same, had the audacity to summon Captain HOSSACK to the Thames Police Court for the amount of his wages at £5 a month=£24! He had thrice before been guilty of playing a similar trick in other vessels. He had made a pigstye of the bread-locker, wherein he had secreted himself. It is needless to say that the Magistrate dismissed the summons of this nigger. Dogs are supposed to have an intuitive perception of character; and it is possible that when the Newfoundland dog caught sight of MR. PETERSON under the table, he was immediately frightened out of his wits at seeing such a monster of impudence, and threw himself overboard in a paroxysm of canine madness.

FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

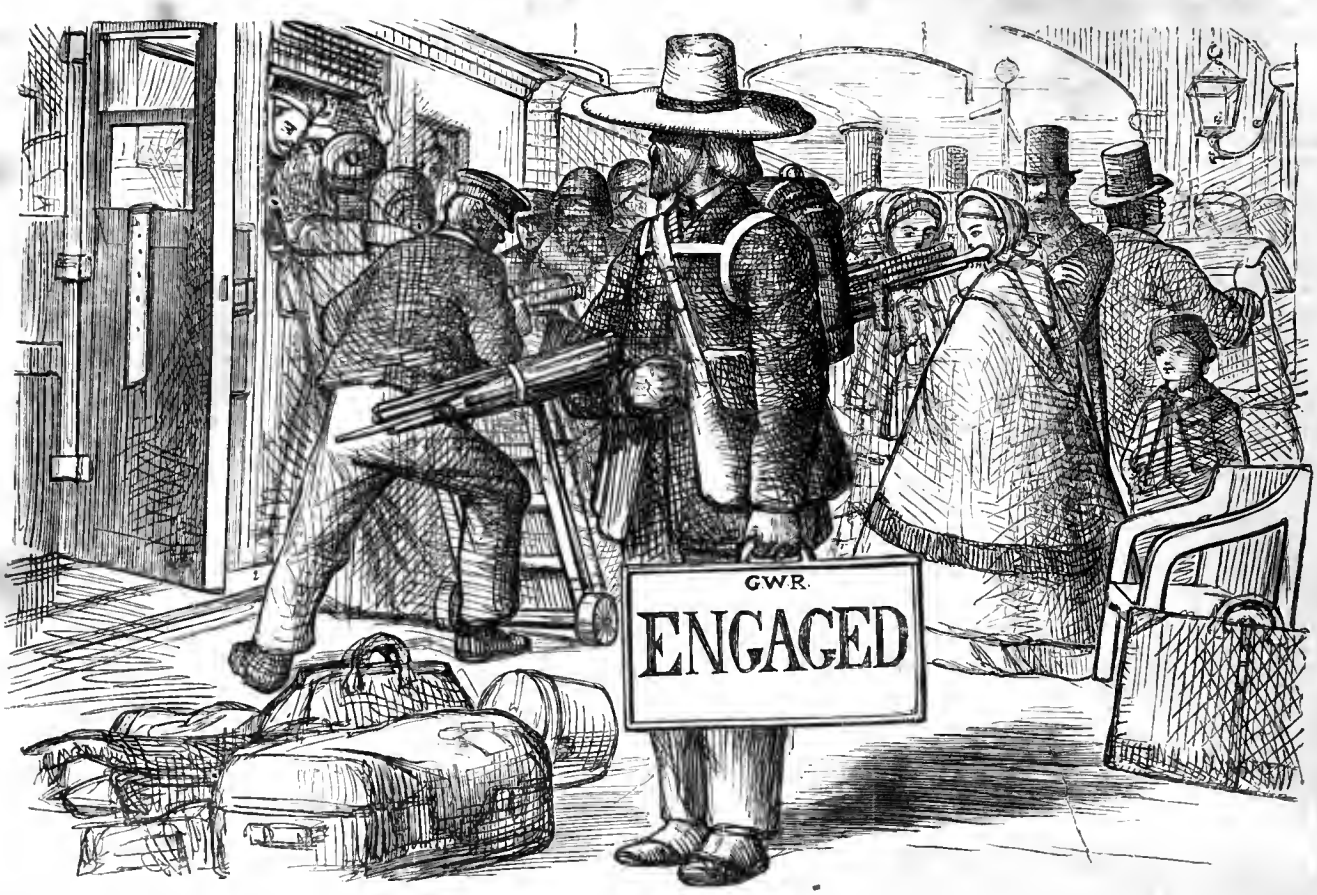
THE mildness of the season, evidenced by an extraordinary variety of still blooming flowers, is also attested by a corresponding profusion of brilliant novelties in dress. The paletot is now decidedly in favour. It is made to button over a ruche, and is trimmed with a negligé. The revers of the pardessus are made with small sleeves of which the favourite material is bouillonné, and a biais of guipure at the back gives it an elegant appearance.

Dresses are made with taffetas waists, open in front to disclose the basquine which is composed of tulle illusion. The Brandenbourg, looped and trimmed with pompadours, is considered very stylish. The skirts are, in some cases, edged with fichus, which is still more distingué.

We have seen some coquettish bonnets of guipure and moire antique, of which the curtains are green velvet, and which are beautifully adorned with wheat-straw, periwinkles, and oystershells.

PILL-MAKING AND BILL-MAKING.

ARE the Homœopathic Doctors homœopathic in their fees? Do they, after dosing you with microscopic medicines, send in microscopic charges for the cure? Are their bills as infinitesimal as the globules they serve out to serve in lieu of pills? Because, if so, we really should be tempted, the next time that we feel a little out of sorts, to pay a visit to a Homœopath instead of to an Allopath, on the ground of the less fee that we shall have to pay for it. It is bad enough to bear the torments of an illness, without having the infliction of a big bill at the end of it. And really some doctors run up such wondrously long bills that had they been born lawyers they could scarcely have made longer ones. For instance, in the case of DENISON *v.* DENT, the Surgeon's little account for not three months' attendance was in evidence alleged to be £962; and this, be it remembered, was merely for attendance, and was exclusive of the charge of £76 14*s.* 3*d.* that had been brought for pills, wherewith the wretched patient during that brief period had nightly been besieged. Surely such a bombardment of boluses as this is enough to frighten anyone of ordinary nerves; and when one thinks of being charged well nigh a thousand pounds for some ten weeks' attendance, one instinctively determines to do all within one's power to keep oneself in health. There is no denying a good Doctor in one's need is a friend indeed; but we cannot help exclaiming, "Save us from such friends!" when we find such cause for fear that, dearly as we prize them, their prices may still prove them to be dearer than we think.



Isn't it melancholy and ridiculous to see poor Hodge, our Artist, Walking about the Station with that Railway Notice in his hand, instead of his Portfolio of Sketches! He suffers dreadfully from Absence of Mind, and has no idea of getting Married at all, yet this Placard proclaims to the world on one side that he is "Engaged," and on the other that he is "Unclaimed Baggage" !!!

REPEAL AND LIBERTY.

THE Greeks of old Greece, says the poet, LORD BYRON,
Were governed by Tyrants when happy and free;
The fetters they wore were of silk, not of iron,
For their countrymen then were their Tyrants, says he.
As it was with the Greeks that we read of in story,
So it is with the Romans, those blackguards, just now.
Which our gallant Brigade, winning honour and glory,
Have vainly been fighting to make them allow.

So 'twould be with yourselves, if, the thraldom rejecting,
And the yoke of a base constitutional throne,
And the men of your choice for your rulers selecting,
You served under masters and lords of your own.
The burdens that they would impose your proud backs on,
By your leave and consent, you would willingly share:
But the liberty wrung from the heretic Saxon,
Being not what you want, is too heavy to bear.

Your priests might prohibit free speech of opinion,
But then if they did you 'd know what they were at;
And if you were free from VICTORIA'S dominion,
Losing all other freedom, you wouldn't mind that.
When we see foreign nations around us rebelling,
Be aisy we can't; but with patriot zeal,
Let us go about howling, and shrieking, and yelling,
Native Tyrants for ever! Hurrah for Repeal!

Any Alteration would be Welcome.

WE are told that "Habit is second nature." We wish, then, that some ill-natured persons we know would get into some such habit, for we must say a "second nature" would be a great boon to them as well as a great blessing to their friends. In fact, any nature would be preferable to the one they possess.

THE ANATOMY OF SLAVERY.

AMONG the American news in the *Times*, the other day, appeared the following paragraph:—

"A Meeting of the Southern medical students in New York was held on the evening of the 9th at the Breckenridge head-quarters on the Broadway, opposite Astor House, to take action as to whether they should go home or remain, since MR. LINCOLN had been elected. The Hon. MR. CLINTON, of Mississippi, DR. SIMES of this city, CAPTAIN MORGAN of Tennessee, COLONEL DICK of Maryland, and GENERAL BYNAM of Tennessee, addressed the meeting. The spirit of the assemblage was decidedly in favour of disunion, and of Southerns leaving the city immediately. Speeches favouring these views were applauded, whilst those advocating milder measures were hissed down."

What is there in the prospect of moderate anti-slavery legislation that can be so peculiarly distasteful to Southern medical students? Of all men in the world medical students ought to know, because anatomy teaches them, that there is no essential difference between white men and black men. Physiology instructs them to infer that niggers are men and women from the knowledge that there are such people as Mulattos and Quadroons. Therefore it is impossible to entertain a certain supposition, which alone seems adequate to account for the hostility of medical students to even the most distant idea of acknowledging the humanity of the coloured race. Otherwise that feeling on their part might be referred to a consideration, which, if not anatomical, is connected with anatomy. If negroes have no souls, they differ only from the ape tribe in affording the anatomist better subjects than monkeys. Surely the Southern medical students are not afraid that the result of MR. LINCOLN'S election may be a law to prevent them from having niggers knocked on the head, or strangled, or smothered, to obtain bodies for dissection?

Members for Rome and Repeal.

THE O'DONOGHUE and MR. MAGUIRE wish to dismember the Empire, do they, by Repeal of the Union? Certain gentlemen would do much better to dismember the House of Commons by accepting the Chiltern Hundreds. It would be a good riddance of bad rubbish.

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CONDUCTOR (loq.). "*Going to get in, Mum?*"
LADY (hesitating). "*Why! There isn't room.*"
CONDUCTOR (derisively). "*It'll be a long time, Mum, afore you gets a hempty bus. Go on, Bill.*"

A MORAL BACCHANALIAN SONG.

SCENE—*A College Room.*

Oh! haste to the wine-cup, my boys,
And drown all your sorrows in noise,
There's nothing like drinking
To cure one of thinking—
Mortals should laugh at care! Hurrah!

(*Echo in opposite room.*)

Alas! what a sorrowful noise,
To me is the mirth of those boys,
There's nothing like thinking,
To cure one of drinking,
Mortals who laugh! Beware!

Fill again, for there's bliss in the cup,
As you'll find when you've drunk it up,
Oh! talk not of reason,
He's quite out of season,
But we'll give him a parting shout. Hurrah!

(*Echo in opposite room.*)

Ah! you'll find, when you've drunk it up,
There's bitterness in the cup,
Till late in life's season
You'll call upon reason,
Regretting you drove him out.

Bright visions are closing our revels,
We'll dream not of duns, or blue devils,
Or if they attack us,
We'll call upon Bacchus,
For he's the best friend of Man.

(*Echo in opposite room.*)

Long visits from duns and blue devils
Will close the bright scene of your revels,
Till you say to old Bacchus,
'Tis you that thus rack us—
Most treacherous Foe of Man.

A Pasha in Pawn.

SINCE the Viceroy of Egypt, SAID PACHA, was hooked into the acknowledgment of liabilities to the tune of three millions, on account of M. DE LESSEP's Suez Canal Bubble, he ought to change his name from "Said" to "Done."

OUR WONDERFUL CABINETS.

EVERY one has heard—for has not *Punch* announced the fact? of a Wonderful Cabinet that is being here exhibited, and which is really quite a marvel of constructive ingenuity. The maker is a foreigner, one M. NADOLSKI, and as foreign art is always patronised in England, his exhibition doubtless will achieve a great success. While, however, we award him all the praise he merits, which really is not small, for the credit of our country we ought not to forget that several Wonderful Cabinets have been constructed of late years, by makers who are purely British born and bred, and lay no claim to foreign parentage or genius. Some of these Cabinets, such as those, for instance, which were constructed not long since by LORDS ABERDEEN and DERBY, have been wonderful not merely for the oddities that they contained, but for the rapidity wherewith they came to pieces. Others have been wondrous for a quality just opposite, for they have held together somehow in spite of flaws and splits, and all attempts to disunite them; of this sort is the Cabinet constructed by LORD PALMERSTON, who perhaps is the most skilful master of the cabinet-making art. Among his other strokes of cleverness, his Lordship shows great skill in hitting the right nail upon the head when it is needful, and this assists him much in keeping his Cabinet together. Not long ago it was reported that there had been a split, and that the Foreign Office hinge was not working very well, and was getting rather rusty; but LORD PALMERSTON in quick time set all this to rights, and now his Cabinet seems stronger and more durable than ever.

Perhaps, however, the most wonderful of all the wonders of our Cabinets is their exceeding elasticity and power of prehension. ANY one who has had experience in packing politicians knows how difficult it is to make them go together, and fit their angular opinions with those of their next neighbours. Our Cabinets, however, are so caoutchoucic in construction that the most wonderful of combinations are sometimes found to be contained in them. Tories, Whigs, and Peelites, Conservatives and Radicals, are somehow crammed together in our Wonderful Cabinets, and everybody marvels how they could have been got into them. Being so got in, another wonder is that they should keep together: but their adhesion is accounted for when one thinks what glue it is that binds them with such marvellous tenacity to office. Even politicians will stick like wax together, when they find that by so doing something is left sticking to the lining of their pockets, which is quite enough to make them disinclined to split.

CREDO, QUIA IMPOSSIBILE EST.

MR. PUNCH observes the following advertisement in the *Times*:—

SHOULD this CATCH the ATTENTION of a CAPITALIST whose faith in three per cents. subserves the better creed, a Catholic gentleman, a convert, would be glad to confer with him. Address Credo, &c.

"There is much matter in these convertites," says *Jaques*, and we should like him to have "conferred" with this amusing party. The "better creed" is most likely a misprint for the "better's creed," and the advertiser is, in all probability, a starved-out racing prophet, who always sent the right horses for every race, only somehow they never came in first. He wants to try a new field of spooneyism. "Credo, &c." must mean, "I believe you, my boy." We wish the converted buffer all the luck he deserves.

How many Different Varieties of Riots are there?

WE read in the police reports of a "serious riot" that took place last Monday at Knightsbridge Barracks. It is the word "serious" that tickles us. We confess we never heard of a "comical riot," unless indeed it is an Irish Pat-riot, such as that great burlesque actor, The O'DONOGHUE, has been giving us an amusing specimen of in Dublin. We hope he will soon repeat the performance of his comical Pat-riotism.

FAVOURITE FRENCH MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.—The Loot.

WEDNESBURY STATION.

FIRST COLLIER. "*Trains leave for Birmingham*, 10·23 A.M., 6·23 P.M."
SECOND COLLIER. "*What's* P.M.?"
FIRST DO. "*A Penny a Mile, to be sure.*"
SECOND DO. "*Then, what's* A.M.?"
FIRST DO. "*Why, that must be a A'penny a Mile.*"

KING O. AND KING MAC.

MR. SMITH O'BRIEN refused to subscribe to the MCMAHON sword. He considers that the presentation thereof as "intended to be an intimation that MCMAHON would be welcome" in Ireland "at the head of a French army." He does not relish the idea of KING MCMAHON. For, he demands in a letter which has just been published by the *Irish American*—

"What is MCMAHON? It is true he belongs to an ancient Irish family—is in fact a scion of the race to which I myself belong—but he has neither done nor suffered in the cause of Ireland. He is simply the agent of a military despot, and he dares not even accept the sword which you offer him without the permission of that despot. Yet the Irish people are encouraged to look upon MCMAHON as the future King of Ireland."

Are Irishmen really the warm-hearted people they have so long had the credit of being? Is gratitude a sentiment which glows in the hearts of Irish patriots with any high degree of ardour? Here is MR. SMITH O'BRIEN, who has both done and suffered in the cause of Ireland. He has done what he will not be such a fool as to do again; and he has suffered less than he deserved, and more than he will venture to deserve a second time. Yet here are all the traitors of Ireland forgetting SMITH O'BRIEN and running after MCMAHON. Not one of all those rascals has proposed to give SMITH O'BRIEN a sword, or even a knife to cut cabbages with. On the contrary, adding impudence to ingratitude and insult to neglect, they invite him to subscribe to a sword for MCMAHON, —for a mere scion of that race to which somebody else belongs. Is MCMAHON the representative of the ancient Irish Royal Family that the Irish people are encouraged to look upon him as the future King of Ireland? If the Irish people really looked at MCMAHON in that character, they would be open to the charge of base ingratitude. They will not have that pretender to reign over them. The sovereign of their choice will be SMITH O'BRIEN, in case they should ever have the opportunity of electing him, which would be afforded by a default of succession to the Crown of the United Kingdom occurring in MR. O'BRIEN'S lifetime. In the meantime, O'BRIEN will, no doubt, be guided by the remark rather than the example of *Macbeth*, considering that if chance will have him King, why chance will crown him without his stir, and therefore he won't stir, but bide his time like a caterpillar under the shade of his greens.

A BRITISH FARMER'S PHILOSOPHY.—The philosophy of Bacon.

THE APPETITE OF LONDON.

HERE is an appalling fact for Vegetarians to ponder over. We take it from the *Times* reporter on the Cattle-show:—

"The enormous appetite of London is fed every year by about 270,000 oxen, besides 30,000 calves, 1,500,000 sheep, and 30,000 swine. Of the dozen different breeds and sorts of beasts, fully one-third are shorthorns, one-sixth are of cross-breeds; next in number come the foreign supplies; then the Herefords, then Irish breeds, then Irish crosses, then the Devons; while polled Scots, Highlanders, Welsh runts and longhorns make up the remainder."

When to this account are added all the venison, hares, and rabbits, grouse, partridges, and pheasants, ducks, chickens, geese, and turkeys, which annually go down the "red lane" of the metropolis, it must be certainly acknowledged that however much the votaries of Vegetarianism may have increased, there still survives a portion of the London population at present unpersuaded to live upon green meat. It says something, we think, for the health of the metropolis, that such a prodigious quantity of good, substantial food, is every year consumed in it. A good appetite is generally a sign of good condition, and a city that can put away three hundred thousand oxen and a million-and-a-half of sheep, must have a pretty healthy digestive apparatus. We have sometimes heard it said, that it is easier for some men to find appetites than dinners. If so, they could not well do better than come and live in London; for, to judge by the above quoted account of its consumption, at no place in the kingdom can good food be more plentiful. But, be this so or not, a person must indeed be born of a "cross-breed" who would not at Christmas-time be put in a good humour by the picture of good living this paragraph presents.

THE BEST PLACE FOR MR. SCOVELL, AS A M.P., TO GO IN FOR NOW.—"Lethe's Wharf."

A TRIP TO KISSINGEN.

IN the *Newburyport Herald*, which is an American paper, and where *Newburyport* is, the reader of course knows too well for us to tell him; and, supposing that he does not, we recommend him to apply to the nearest Government clerk of his acquaintance, or else to send a letter on the subject to LORD MALMESBURY, who will be sure to send him an answer, "with his compliments,' by return of post; well, as we began by stating, it was in the *Newburyport Herald* (please exchange) that we read the following fact, which has an agreeable smack of romance about it:—

"One time when HENRY CLAY came to New York, he kissed a mile and a half of women."

We thought that the proverb assured us that "every miss was as good as a mile," but in New York (happy city, where travelling is carried on by busses!) it would seem that the Misses ran to the extent of a mile-and-a-half—and every Miss, too, was as good as a mile. The New World seems to go further in everything than the Old World—even in kissing. By the bye, with all due respect, the proper locality for the above little incident should have been the Mississippi.

Apropos of the New Turks.

THE project on the market's thrown,
And now the question I'd inquire is,
Will MIRÈS float the Turkish Loan,
Or will the Turkish Loan swamp MIRÈS?

THE MERMAID'S SERENADE.—"*Comb è Gentil.*" ALFRED MELLON'S First and Last.

THE FIRST BRIEF.

A BALLAD OF THE TEMPLE.

SIR BRIEFLESSE he sate on his leather-back'd chair,
With statutes and books at his side;
And pen, ink, and paper before him all lay,
And a dusty old dummy or two for display,
Round which the red tape was tied—was tied,
Round which the red tape was tied.

But nathless unopen'd the law books were,
Unopen'd the Statutes at Large;
And his pen it was dry, and his paper all white,
For he'd nothing to read for, and nothing to write,
And what's worse, he'd nothing to charge—to charge,
And what's worse, he'd nothing to charge!

CLERKE TAPE he sate in his little back-room,
And mused on his country's wrongs,
As he read by the light of the *Morning Star*,
How bloated the proud aristocracy are,
To whom all the power belongs—belongs,
To whom all the power belongs.

But a terrible smile there play'd o'er his lips,
As he read of his country's oppression;
For the thought of one Champion, y-clept JOHN BRIGHT,
Who could act ev'ry body and ev'ry thing right,
If the Lords were put down and the duty were quite
Ta'en off from our paper next Session—next Session,
Ta'en off from our paper next Session.

Each morn SIR BRIEFLESSE he rang at his bell,
And he rang each eventide;
"Has any one called, CLERKE TAPE?" he would say.
"No, Sir, no one has called, I think, to-day,
Except a few duns which I sent away;"
Was all that CLERKE TAPE replied—replied,
Was all that CLERKE TAPE replied.

"This never will do!" SIR BRIEFLESSE he said,
"This never will do!" quoth he;
"'Tis strange that attorneys can't find their way here;"
Quoth TAPE, "Sir, it certainly is very queer,
That such talent unnoticed should be—should be,
That such talent unnoticed should be."

One day there came a rap at the door;
And a strange little rap was there;
It wasn't the postman, who comes Rap! Rap!
Nor a dun who calls with a different tap,
Concerning that leetle affair—affair,
Concerning that leetle affair.

CLERKE TAPE rose up, and he open'd the door;
SIR BRIEFLESSE he chanced to be out;
For a summons within him, unknown by few,
Used to solemnly warn him each day at two,
To go for his oysters and stout—and stout,
To go for his oysters and stout.

CLERKE TAPE had a paper thrust into his hand;
'Twas a scroll right fair to see;
Outside, a few words endorsed had been,—
"Exchequer—*re* JENKINS—Instructions within,
SIR BRIEFLESSE—*five guas*," which I'm told means the tin,
That professional men call the fee—the fee,
That professional men call the fee.

SIR BRIEFLESSE returned to his legal retreat,
And seated himself on his chair;
When in walk'd CLERKE TAPE with his usual grace,
The scroll in his hand and a smile on his face,
And thus spoke with a *nonchalant* air—air, air,
And thus spoke with a *nonchalant* air.

"A Clerk, Sir, has called with these papers to-day,
To which your attention's desired.
I told him I thought you *might* find a spare minute
To examine the case and the points that are in it,
If dispatch were not greatly required—required,
If dispatch were not greatly required."

Uprose SIR BRIEFLESSE and eyed CLERKE TAPE,
And his colour it went and came.
"And is it a Brief, at last?" he cried,
"Or is it a phantom my fate to deride,
Which appears when all is departed beside
In hope's still flickering flame—hope's flame,
In hope's still flickering flame."

Then he clutch'd at the brief, and he look'd at the fee,
And he cried, "By Jove! It's a topper!"
And *something* he said, as he gave it a swing;
It should have been "Dash it!" which means the same thing,
And which isn't thought quite so improper—improper,
And which isn't thought quite so improper.

Then he toss'd the brief up high in the air,
And he bang'd his books on the floor,
And seizing the poker with all his might,
He poked till the heat of the fire was white,
And TAPE soon thought he was crack'd outright,
And began to retreat to the door—the door,
And began to retreat to the door.

"For this," cried BRIEFLESSE, "each morn and eve
Have I prayed on bended knees;
And now it has come! and I see my way,
I shall be Chief Justice, I know, some day."
Quoth TAPE, "Sir, I only hope you may
Preside at the Common Pleas—the Pleas,
Preside at the Common Pleas."

But many a day glided slowly away,
As he paced the road of fame.
Perhaps on a hoarded store of fees,
CLERKE TAPE and SIR BRIEFLESSE are living at ease,
For upon the bench of the Common Pleas
I haven't yet seen his name—his name,
I haven't yet seen his name.

A FLASH OF TELEGRAPH-LIGHTNING.

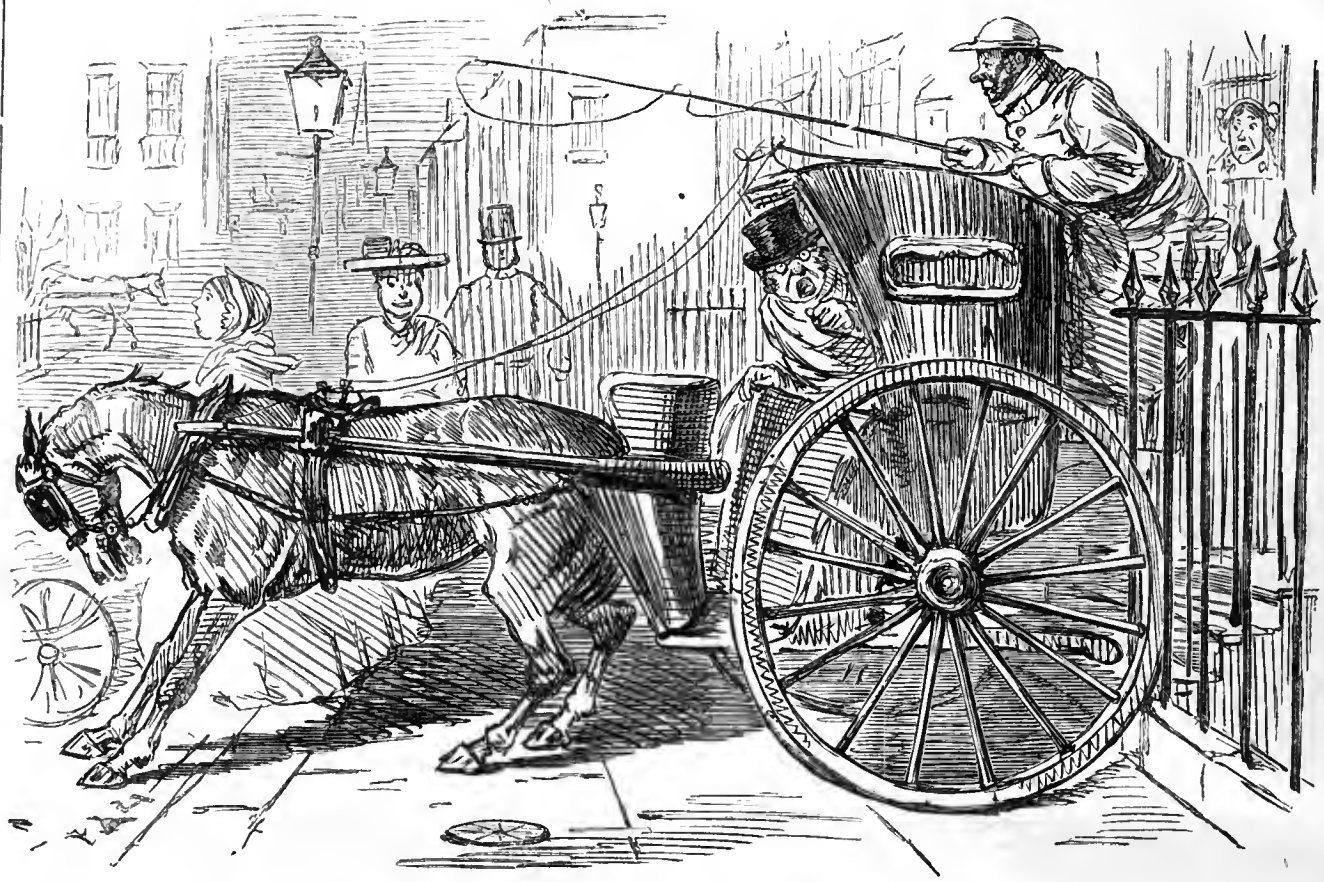
THE other day, one of REUTER'S telegrams, conveying Chinese intelligence, was couched in the terms ensuing:—

"The Emperor's Palace was looted on the 6th of October."

Everybody knows that "loot," plunder, and the verb "to loot," to pillage, are terms derived from the dialect of Sepoy mutineers and robbers. It must be pleasing to the Swell Mob to see these expressions getting adopted in military despatches and official returns. The rogues and rascals of our native land may now cherish the hope that their own peculiar phraseology will soon be honoured with employment in public documents by commanding officers, and other gentlemen in high and honourable situations, and will pass into the language of Government and diplomacy.

"I have much pleasure in informing your Excellency that we have whopped the enemy into fits. Our men fought like bricks. We have lagged no end of prisoners, and collared several guns. Besides the tin which was secreted in the cellars, all of which we nabbed, we have prigged a precious sight of gimcracks, and boned some valuable toggery. Our covea also grabbed a variety of grub, which they shared with their pals; but the brads and all the rest of the swag were carted into the citadel, into which we quietly walked when our antagonists hooked it. All serene; and I have the honour to be."

This is the style in which we shall soon have our generals reporting the exploits of the British Army; for if they descend to the use of Sepoy slang, why should they not pay other thieves the compliment of expressing themselves in thieves' Latin?



Cabby. "YOU 'VE NO CALL TO GIT OUT, SIR! HE 'S ONLY A LITTLE OKARD AT STARTIN!"

HARSH TREATMENT OF A HEBREW.

WHAT funny things one finds in the papers. Did *Mr. Punch's* readers see this police report in the *Daily Telegraph?*—

"MANSION HOUSE.

"A cunning-looking middle-aged Jew, named ABRAHAM MOSES, was yesterday brought before the LORD MAYOR, charged with an attempt to defraud HENRY HARRIS.

"The complainant, a very young man, but who appeared in the sequel to have been much more than a match for the Jew, stated that on Sunday evening he was in Bishopsgate Street, when MR. MOSES accosted him, and wanted to sell him what he described to be a real Australian gold ring and a silver chain for a sovereign. The complainant, being in the service of a pawnbroker, he at once discovered the articles to be almost worthless, and he gave the prisoner into custody. He now stated, in addition to his former evidence, that since the prisoner had been remanded he had tested the articles in question, and had ascertained that the ring was made of copper, slightly washed with gold, and the chain was also of copper washed with nitric acid and quicksilver."

But why does such a thing appear among the police reports? It ought to have come in among the "*Facetiæ*," or should have been headed "A Hint for the Pantomimes." So thought the amusing MR. MOSES; for when—

"The LORD MAYOR asked the prisoner, whether he wished to make any answer to the charge?—

"He replied that all he had got to say was, that he was a dealer in the articles, and that what he had tried to do was done every day in Petticoat Lane and Houndsditch, where the Jews every day sold brass articles for gold.

"The LORD MAYOR told the prisoner he should commit him for trial.

"The prisoner wanted to know what he was to be committed for?

"The LORD MAYOR said for falsely pretending that the ring was made of Australian gold.

"The prisoner said that all he told the young man was, that the ring came from Australia, and this was the truth; it did come from Australia—a very long way from it—it came from Houndsditch. (*A laugh.*)"

Laugh—of course. A mere bit of Mosaic-Arab fun; and *Mr. Punch* protests against the dulness of a Magistrate who could take such a thing *au sérieux*. Why, according to the *Times* report, this unfortunate *farceur* added, that "if all the Jews who did such things were to be taken up, the gaols would be full of them." This may or may not be, MR. MOSES may be more competent to say than *Mr. Punch*, but never will the latter willingly see a bit of fun treated harshly, and he begs to remonstrate with the LORD MAYOR, who seems to have no perception of humour, and who actually sent MR. MOSES for trial. Christmas time, too! Oh, LORD CUBITT! LORD CUBITT!

SOUTHWARK, PUNCH LOOKS TO-WARDS YOU!

THAT *Mr. Punch* can eject or inject anybody for anywhere is a truth too universally acknowledged to need iteration. It is the consciousness of his gigantic strength that prevents his interfering, save rarely, in the quarrels of the lower creation. But he regarded it as a matter of importance that Southwark should be lifted out of the mud of local interests, and should be assisted to elect a Member of European and Asiatic name and fame. Therefore, unlike Hercules in the case of the Carter, he descended from Olympus, and gave the Nineveh Car an immeasurable shove, which sent it rolling over the necks of all the prostrate jobbers, bribers, publicans, Bumbles, and boobies of the borough, and drove it, with AUSTEN LAYARD in it, right up to the door of the New Palace of Westminster. *Mr. Punch* has triumphantly returned MR. LAYARD, just as *Mr. Punch* indignantly hurled MR. COX of Finsbury into the abyss of obscurity. MR. LAYARD will therefore take *Mr. Punch* as his guide, philosopher, and friend, and (which is tautology) pursue the brilliant career before the Honourable Member. In the next place, *Mr. Punch* hereby shakes hands with every one of MR. LAYARD'S voters, kisses (paternally) the feminine portion of that voter's family, and pats his washed children on the head. He promised to patronise Southwark in the event of its doing its duty; and although all election promises are not invariably kept, *Mr. Punch* never broke his word. As soon as the weather is at all decent, he will make a triumphal entrance into the borough. Meantime, he drinks the health of Southwark and its new Member.

The Battle of the T's.

THERE has been a great struggle between single *t* and double ditto on the new penny-pieces. Is it to be *Victoria Brit. Regina*, or *Victoria Britt. Regina?* The Doctors have at last decided that *Brit.* is short for *Britanniæ*, meaning England alone; while *Britt.* is the classical abbreviation for *Britanniarum*, which includes England and Ireland also. So MR. GLADSTONE is right to a *t*, after all.

AN INEVITABLE CERTAINTY OF CATCHING A COLD.—Being asked to sing.

WHAT WE OUGHT TO DO IN CHINA.

GRUB FOR THE MIND.

WHAT do you think? At a meeting of the Linnæan Society the other evening, MR. LOVELL described "a parasite grub found inside of humble bees, but not in the intestinal canal, which he had minutely examined." It is strange that humble bees should be infested with parasites. Such creatures are more commonly associated with proud drones. The grub that is found inside the bees but not in the intestinal canal, is evidently a case of grub that has gone the wrong way. No doubt the learned naturalists of the Linnæan Society greatly enjoyed the grub which MR. LOVELL placed before them. That grub must have afforded them a high treat and a rich intellectual repast, and they ought to be much obliged for it to MR. LOVELL, who had evidently taken some trouble to cater for them.

A DITTY BY A DOCTOR.

Written in the Prospect of a nice Unhealthy Winter.

HURRAH! 'tis drear December,
It snows and blows like fun,
Abroad is influenza
As sure as any gun;—
The fogs are growing yellow,
There 's jaundice in the air,
And ague, cramp, and asthma,
To earth will soon repair.

Chorus.—All among the bottles
Who would not be gay?
While physic for some throttles
Is wanted more each day!

The spring is not a bad time
When hooping-cough it brings,
The summer is a glad time
With fever on its wings;
If autumn be but sickly
Our profits are not small,
But in winter far more thickly
Complaints around us fall.

Chorus.—So, all among the bottles, &c.

"The Soldier Tired."

WE fancy that every soldier, who was either at Delhi or Lucknow, must be pretty well "tired" by this time of waiting for the prize money that is due to him.

COSTERMONGERS AND CHERUBS.

THE Costermongers of the City of London met a few days since to get up a petition to the Aldermen for the discontinuance of the Police persecution to which they have lately been subjected. These are times of progress, and obstructives ought to be forced to move on; but when you tell the Costermonger to get on with his barrow, you invite him to bring his business to a stand-still. Popular preachers and performers cause obstructions in the streets, consisting of lines of carriages, which are more in the public way than vegetable carts and apple-stalls. It does not lie in the mouths of the Corporation, blocking up the thoroughfares annually with their Lord Mayor's Show, to bid the Policeman say "Move on," to the Costermonger. Live and let live; live on buck's haunch and green fat, and let live on 'taturs.

A street nuisance, for which the Costermonger's barrow would be an acceptable exchange anywhere, is the perambulator. That and Crinoline are the Scylla and Charybdis of the streets. You avoid the hoops of the fashionable, or unfashionable female to get your foot crushed under the wheels of a machine with a heavy baby in it, propelled by a blundering nursemaid. And what remedy have you under these painful circumstances? None, except you are a savage old fogy and can read with delight the letter lately written by an eminent physician in the *Morning Post*, wherein he disinterestedly protests against the practice of taking children down from a hot nursery and wheeling them about the streets in the most inclement weather, the result being their seizure with "dyspnœa, hooping-cough, mumps, bronchitis, aphthæ, or whatever name you may please to affix, which, in the great majority of cases, soon terminate in death." All these effects of the employment of perambulators, except just the fatal termination of the diseases thence resulting, must be advantageous to doctors; and therefore it is very liberal of a physician to publish them. The Policemen who order Costermongers to move on with their stock in trade would be much better employed, and would confer a real blessing on unthinking mothers, as well as on the pedestrian public, in obliging nursemaids with their pestilent perambulators to move off. If parents make idols of their children, they ought not to expect that other people will worship them by submitting to have their toes smashed beneath the cars in which stupid servant-girls drag about these little Juggernauts.

Anglo-Mania.

THE latest *Nouveauté de Paris* is a strong reaction in favour of the English. In proof of this, a rich London November Fog went over there a week or two ago, and the whole town, with the exception of a single house, illuminated in its honour during the whole time of its stay! As a further testimony of respect, we may also mention, that business was almost entirely suspended so long as the fog remained in the lively capital.

DRAW THE CORK, SCOTLAND!

Now that, thanks to *Punch*, the Spiritualists have found their occupation gone in London, we almost wonder that they do not try their luck across the Border, and see what business (and believers) they could do in Edinburgh, or any other place where the Thistle is the crest. It may be that the Scotch are too far North and canny to be taken in and done as many Southerns have been lately by spiritual conjuring and clairvoyant second-sight. We, indeed, can scarcely picture a party of cool, cautious, calculating Scotchmen, sitting gravely round a table and expecting it to move. Such a process would at best be deemed a waste of time, with the risk, nay, utter certainty, of being made a fool of, from both of which results the mind of a shrewd Scotchman instinctively would shrink. Yet, that Spirit influence is largely felt in Scotland, this extract from a Parliamentary return will surely show:—

"While England, with its 20,000,000 of people, consumed 17,000,000 gallons of spirits last year, Scotland, with its 3,000,000 of population, took 5,600,000; and Ireland, with perhaps only its 6,000,000 of inhabitants, very nearly that precise number of gallons; so that in England we do not take quite a gallon of spirits a year apiece, but Scotland drinks the deficiency for us, so as to bring the consumption of the United Kingdom up to about that rate."

Clearly, no one who reads this will doubt that there are lots of people now in Scotland who are once a-week, at least, under the influence of spirits. Instances of second-sight, or of persons who see double, are by no means rare in London on occasions, such for instance, as a Southwark Election; but they must certainly occur much more frequently in Scotland, where the spirits yearly called from the vasty deep of whiskey-cellars, are at a double rate per throttle to what they are with us. We may add, to show our learning, that DR. DEE and other ancients raised spirits by the aid of what they called a Magic Crystal, whereas, in our more modern time, no magic is required, and a common piece of glass suffices amply for the purpose. Merely with the aid of an ordinary wine-glass, any Scotchman can raise spirits as high up as his lips, which everybody knows is a sufficient elevation for anyone whose aim is simply to get elevated.

Adieu to the Empress.

(For the "Moniteur.")

THE EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH quitted London for Paris on Wednesday last, by the South Eastern Railway, saluted with an ovation.

Her Imperial Majesty was attended on the platform by an enthusiastic multitude, and a large number of illustrious personages, at the head of whom was *Mr. Punch.*

EUGÉNIE took her departure amid cries of *Ourée! Vive la France! Vive la Crinoline!*

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER XLI.—BIDS ADIEU TO HENRY THE SEVENTH AND AU REVOIR TO HENRY THE EIGHTH.

FLUTED ARMOUR, TEMP. HENRY THE SEVENTH. FROM A SUIT IN MR. PUNCH'S COLLECTION.

THE first of these two sovereigns was peaceful, we are told, because he was penurious; and the other was less famous for fighting than for flirting. It is therefore not surprising that, however much the civil costume may have changed, we find in neither of their reigns much novelty to notice in the military equipment. As the royal fingers failed to give the necessary fillip to it, the armourers no doubt found their trade grow somewhat slack; and so long as their old stock remained upon their hands, it is not very likely that they troubled their heads much to think of new improvements.

It seems childish to inquire whether it was because the knights were fond of playing the flute, that their armour in these days was generally fluted. But inquiries as ridiculous have ere now formed the subject of the learnedest discussion, and the point which we have mooted may for aught we know be used as a sort of mental pickaxe to bring to light long-buried and most interesting facts. Whatever were its cause, however, fluting became generally adopted at this period, and all parts of the armour were more or less thus decorated. That the beauty of the ornament might not be obscured, the tabard, or emblazoned surcoat, was discarded; the arms or badges which it bore being in some cases engraved upon the armour. An instance of this is shown in the suit which was presented by the EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN to KING HENRY THE EIGHTH, by way of souvenir upon his marriage with KATHARINE OF ARRAGON,* whose badges are engraved with those of her bad husband, their initials being united by a true lover's knot. Such of our young readers as in their Christmas holidays may have their minds improved by being taken to the Tower, should beg the beefeater to pause in his rapid act of showmanship, and give them time to get their breath before this interesting suit. It has the credit of being the best specimen existing of the period now under notice, and must especially command the admiration of the ladies when they remember the occasion for which it was expressly made. Besides the badges and initials, it is tastily adorned with engravings which are chosen from the Lives of the Saints; an ornament as fitting to our virtuous KING BLUEBEARD, as is the decoration of the true lover's knots.

The enormous elbowpieces which were worn in the last reign were pretty nearly out of fashion in the time of HENRY THE SEVENTH, and the sword which had been slung in front for a brief period, was now restored to its usual place as a side-arm. To guard the neck from lance-pokes, plates which were called passe-gardes were appended to the shoulders, rising perpendicularly on each side of the head, and giving wearers somewhat the appearance of the Quakers, who used to show that they belonged to a stiff-necked generation by the way in which their coat-collars were cut so as to stand up. For further shield, the helmet was frequently provided with flexible and overlapping plates or ribs of steel, which fell upon the neck; so that the blow that is in schoolboy parlance called a "rabbiter," could have hardly caused much hurt if given only with the fist. The helmets for the most part took the shape of the head, and had sometimes a serrated ridge upon the summit, looking not unlike the coxcomb worn by many of our Clowns. Somewhat in the fashion of the hats of the civilians, they were adorned with an extremely long and flowing plume of feathers, inserted in a pipe just where a pigtail would have sprouted, and streaming down the back sometimes below the waist. It is stated by authorities whose truth we dare not question, that these helmets were called burgonets, because they came from Burgundy: an assertion which seems scarcely more supported by the words, than if we said that trousers were commonly so called because they came from Troy.

As presenting a good picture of the armour of this period, we may direct the nation's notice to the brass of "RICHARD GYLL, late Sergeant of the Bakehouse,* wyth KYNG HENRY THE VII., and also wyth KYNG HENRY THE VIII." This old worthy died in the year 1511, the second of the reign of his latter king and master, and his brass is still preserved in the church of Shottesbrooke, Hampshire, which it may be be enriched with some few handfuls of his tin. From this figure it will be seen that the sollerets, or steel shoes, were worn no longer with long toes, but had them broad and rounded instead of coming to a point. The passe-gardes we have mentioned are also clearly visible, and notice should be taken of the horizontal plates, called taces, extending from the breastplate to protect the hips. As we have seen in the last reign, two small pointed plates, called tuilles, are affixed by straps in front to the lowest of the taces, so as to give a further protection to the thigh; and underneath them there is visible a short tunic of mail, which, we thus learn, still continued in military use. In this respect, however, SERJEANT GYLL was certainly old-fashioned in his dress; for instead of tuilles and taces, skirts of steel, which were called lamboys, were coming into vogue as being more convenient. These lamboys (a name doubtless corrupted from *lambeaux*) were narrow plates of steel which hung in fluted folds, covering the body from the waist to the knee, and looking at a distance not unlike a highland kilt.

BURGONET. TEMP. HENRY THE EIGHTH. SUPPOSED TO BE THE IDENTICAL ONE WHICH FELL INTO THE COURT-YARD OF THE CASTLE OF OTRANTO.

CAPTAIN OF HEAVY DRAGOONS. TEMP. HENRY THE EIGHTH. WITH THE STEEL PETTICOAT OF THOSE DAYS.

They are shown in a small way on the Great Seal of HENRY THE EIGHTH, which represents him seated on a prancing wooden rocking-

* We often read of presents being made of armour, and had the mania for giving Testimonials existed, doubtless beadles and Lord Mayors, and other public benefactors would have been presented with a neat suit of plate armour, just as now-a-days they are with a neat service of plate.

* In the next course of Law Lectures delivered in Lincoln's Inn, we trust that full light will be thrown upon this ancient office, and that students will learn how the "Sergeant of the Bakehouse" was officially connected with the Master of the Rolls.

horse, brandishing with his right hand a formidable sword, and having quite a forest of feathers at his back.

With regard to the arms which were used chiefly at this period, we reserve for the present a particular description, and content ourselves with merely noticing the fact, that the arquebus was introduced about this time, being an improvement on the hand-cannon, or gonne, invented in the reign of KING EDWARD THE FOURTH. Its novelty consisted in having a sort of lock with a cock to hold the match; and that this appliance was suggested by the cross-bow, may be reasonably inferred from the name of arc-a-bouche, which the Britannic tongue, of course, soon corrupted into arquebus. It seems the military authorities were not much quicker then than now in adopting innovations, for we find that though the arquebus and other firearms had come in, the ancient bow and arrows had not yet gone out. When that formidable body, the Yeomen of the Guard, were established in the year 1485, they were armed half with the bow and the others with the arquebus; just as until *Punch* brought his cudgel into play, part of our army had the rifle, while the others were left harmless by being armed with old Brown Bess. The parallel, however, is not quite correctly drawn, for the first fire-arms were scarcely an improvement on the bow; indeed, what with their clumsiness and aptitude to kick, we may doubt if they were much in favour with the troops. Bows, however, had been brought to a very perfect state, as even the best shots among our riflemen must own, when they read of hitting bullseyes at three hundred yards range, and splitting rival arrows by striking on their notch.

DANCING CHRISTIANS.

HERE are people to whose mouths the Early Closing Movement had need to be applied, to prevent their doing damage to the doctrines they whole-hoggishly endeavour to support. Such a person is a recent correspondent to the *Record*, who, in giving his opinion upon "Social Amusements," denounces dancing as a devilish and irreligious practice:—

"I fear that many a so-called Christian will set me down for an ascetic, because I condemn *in toto* this fascinating but ensnaring amusement. . . Whatever may be said of dancing, abstractedly, as an innocent and healthful recreation, it is a well-known fact that praying dancers have never yet made their appearance in this world; the species is altogether unknown. An earnest humble spiritually minded dancing Christian is a phenomenon not yet brought to light. Apologise for the practice as we will, all evidence tells us that Satan has never yet devised a better instrument than dancing for filling the heart and mind with every principle opposed to the religion of the Bible."

There is a smack of strained facetiousness in the idea of "praying dancers," which makes us doubt whether the writer intended to be serious in the rest of his remarks. Indeed, the levity with which such persons often treat the most solemn of subjects would sadly shock a sinner, though it might not offend a "saint." That there are dancing dervishes everybody knows—except the gentleman who states that they "have not yet made their appearance;" and that there are Christians who are capable of dancing and likewise of being devout, each at the right season, nobody, save fools or fanatics, can doubt.

As to calling dancing an invention of the devil, and saying that "all evidence" proves it is opposed to the religion of the Bible, we know that general assertions are generally fallacious, and "all evidence," if sifted, might turn out none at all. That dancing *may* do harm, under some conditions, we are ready to admit. For instance, at Casinos it becomes a recreation neither innocent nor healthful; and the sooner such ensnaring places are abolished, the better will it be for the morals of our sons. But to confound such dens of vice with virtuous English drawing-rooms is to slander the fair name of every lady in the land. The mind that can see evil in the exercise of dancing as practised in society at the present day, must be morbidly alive to the terrors of the evil one, and dead to the enjoyment of any healthy pleasure. We know that there are men who are so weak in will that they dare not drink one drop of wine lest they be tempted to get drunk; and similarly imbecile are they who dare not enter the most innocent enjoyment for fear it should excite them to plunge headlong into vice. They see peril and temptation where purer eyes see none; and as they pass their lives in looking out for sin, for their credit's sake they feel they ought to find it omnipresent. We, who hold a healthier faith, maintain that there is far more good in life than evil: and a much less rare phenomenon than a Christian who can dance, we hold to be a so-called "saint" who can keep his tongue from slandering, and his heart from thinking badly of his fellow-creatures.

THE BUMPKIN AMONG THE BEASTICES.

MY dwellun is in the Zouth-West countree,
Wherein I farms zome yeacres o' ground;
I heer'd of an ox as there was to zee
In Lundun, nine foot four inches round.
Ri too ral loo, &c.

Zo up to Town I resolved to go,
To ha a look into the Cattle Show,
And zee that there live mountun o' beef.
'Tis a zayun of old that zight's belief.
Ri too ral loo, &c.

Straightways to Lundun Town I come,
Havun left the old ooman whilat I was gone,
To look arter the men and the maaids at whoam,
And to mind and observe how things went on.
Ri too ral loo, &c.

Well, off I started droo Temple Bar;
And thence I manidged to rache Long Yeacre.
Then I blunder'd on to the Hoss Bazaar,
Turnun out o' a atreet o' the neam o' Baker.
Ri too ral loo, &c.

And there I zee the wonderful ox,
Which I couldn't believe until I zeed un,
And all the pride of the herds and vlocks,
As won the prizus for beauty and breedun.
Ri too ral loo, &c.

I zeed the machines for tillun the earth,
Which zum on um was to me a puzzle.
For my shillun I got a shillun's worth,
What wi' Swedes and coal-rabby and mangle-wuzzle.
Ri too ral loo, &c.

But of all the picturs as there I zaw,
I wus pleased wi' the pigs the most of any,
Lyun snortun and squeakun among the straw,
As fat as butter and clean as a penny.
Ri too ral loo, &c.

How 'tis to be a pig! I cries,
The zight must meak our labourers jealous.
To be aure they must envy them swine their styes,
Which is palaces like to their homes, poor fellers.
Ri too ral loo, &c.

'Tis a credit to fat up hogs that big,
And to keep um that clean and sweet and pleasant,
But if you meaks so much of a pig,
You med meak zummut more than you do of a peasant.
Ri too ral loo, &c.

An Explanation Quite as Good as any Other.

MR. BERNAL OSBORNE, who for some time held a good appointment in the Admiralty, has been kind enough to send us the following:—

Why are there so many deserters in the British Navy?

The reason is plain—no man gets his proper desert in it, and so he goes elsewhere to seek it.

Bravo, BERNAL! We shall be happy to hear from you again.

Free Soil all Over.

IN the United States the North and South seem to be resolving themselves, on the Slavery question, into absolutely opposite poles. Could not they compromise the matter in dispute by a mutual arrangement in which both sides would engage to concede something to the demands of Liberty? Suppose the South consented to accept Negro Emancipation, whilst the North agreed to adopt Free Trade?

A DEPLORABLE MISTAKE.

IT is no end of pities that MR. BECKETT DENISON's name is EDMUND. Why wasn't it WILLIAM? His friends would have been sure to have called him, if it was only for the abstract of the thing—*Will.*

LA MODE.

Rude Boy. "OH, IF 'ERE AIN'T A GAL BEEN AND PUT ON A DUSTMAN'S 'AT!"

MUSKETS FOR THE MILLION.

ARM, brave Italians, arm now while you can.
No tyrant your freedom could atifle,
If all your young fellowa were armed, every man,
And each a dead shot with the Rifle.

Soon from fair Venice you then might expel
The Austrian whippers of women,
You being such marksmen as Switzerland's TELL,
But weapons auperior to him in.

Then you the French might invite to go home:
Perhaps they would go ere invited.
Unity's banner would float over Rome,
And Italy's wronga would be righted.

POPULAR AMUSEMENTS.

THE KING OF NAPLES is still continuing the game of *Prisoners' Base* that he has been playing now for some considerable time. He has had a good long innings, but we do not see how he can avoid being eventually turned out. He would not have kept in so long as he has done, if he had not had the French on his side. However, we must in fairness compliment the King on his admirable running. Very few BOURBONS, quick as they are in that respect, could have done it better. The game of FERDINAND *v.* UNITED ITALY promises to be one of the most interesting in the Italian *Bell's Life* of popular sports and amusements. The only regret is that GARIBALDI, who, at one time, had the whole field to himself, should have retired at so early a period from the game.

An Unexpected Return.

WE have the greatest pleasure in congratulating MR. SMITH O'BRIEN upon his sudden return to reason. The return is all the more welcome, as it was totally unexpected by any one of his friends, the Honourable Member not having given to a single soul the slightest intimation of his happy recovery. Every one was taken by surprise, and no one more so than ourselves.

IN THE NAME OF HIGH-ART!

To Mr. Punch.

"SIR,

"MY hair stood on end eight days ago (and has ever aince obstinately refused to lie down) as I read in last week's *Spectator*, in a review of a New History of EDWARD THE FIRST, the following passage, for which I can only find the epithet 'Outrageous:'—

"In a credulous age fictions will grow up; but in an incredulous age why should they be repeated? We would ruthlessly extirpate all 'graceful fancies' and 'beautiful legends' from history, making them over to the poets, to whom they properly belong. When they are admitted as *facts* into the historian's page, they sometimes falsify and pervert reality to a degree that justifies any amount of indignation. *Among these picturesque lies, we believe*, are now included the story of ROSAMOND and her Bower; the story of ELEANOR's heroism in drawing the poison from EDWARD's wound; the tale of QUEEN PHILIPPA and the Citizens of Calais; the murder of the Bards; the tale of CANUTE, &c. &c."

"Really, *Mr. Punch*, it is difficult to retain one's patience at such profanity. Is the senseless miscreant who penned the above, blind to the fact, that if there *be* incidents in history which come home to men's businesses and bosoms, they are precisely those which he has the impudence here to describe as 'picturesque lies?' Is he not aware that they are exactly the subjects invariably selected by our historical painters (from the Royal Academicians upwards) for their illustrations of the History of England? Does he not know, or must I tell him, that at the great competition of the cartoons in Westminster Hall, there were no less than four ELEANORS, three PHILIPPAS and six CANUTES sent in? Need I inform him, that there is no Exhibition of the Royal Academy but has treatments of these soul-inspiring subjects sent in by the score—though the majority of them are, of course, rejected by the venal stupidity of the council? Will he allow me to state that I have myself in my own studio (102, Newman Street, first-floor bell) at this moment, designs for these very five incidents—with CARACTACUS, ALFRED founding Trial by Jury, ditto Burning Cake, and Discovery of the body of HAROLD)—as portions of my series of colossal subjects from the History of England, intended for the decoration of Westminster Hall, so soon as the direction of the Fine Arts of this country is transferred from the hands of an irresponsible German-ridden clique, and a toad-eating, tuft-hunting Academy, to men capable of discovering and rewarding real genius? And am I to be told that facts on which my youthful imagination has feasted—I designed a PHILIPPA and Citizens of Calais in their shirts, at thirteen, in chalk on the garden palings (which excited the astonishment of all who saw it till erased by a brutal and soulless incoming tenant)—occurrences which have employed the research of a GOLDSMITH, the picturesqueness of a PINNOCK, and the glowing periods of a HUME and SMOLLETT—actions which have inspired the pencils of our noblest painters from the gigantic but ill-requited FOGGO, down to the writer of this letter, whose name, though not yet inscribed in the scroll of fame, cannot, I feel, long be excluded from its place there, by any efforts of fashionable namby-pambyism, or titled and salaried imbecility—am I to be told that these subjects are 'picturesque lies?'

"On what, I ask, is the Historic Art of this country to feed, if these favourite themes of its glowing aspirations are to be rudely snatched from its lips by the daring pen of hebdomadal insolence, or crushed under the audacious hoof of Germanising rationalistic criticism?

"I trust, *Mr. Punch*, that in signalising such un-English irreverence for all that truly historic and artistic minds hold most dear, I am ensuring a universal and overpowering protest from the national heart, to which no louder or more emphatic utterance can be given than by instantly subscribing for the production—by line engraving in the best manner at £10 10*s.* artist proofs before letters; £5 5*s.* ordinary proofs; and £3 3*s.* selected impressions of each subject—of my colossal series of designs from English History, above adverted to, and which are always on view at my studio at the address already given, but which I subjoin for the convenience of your numerous readers.

"I have the honour to remain, your faithful servant,

"MICHAEL ANGELO MAULSTICK, S.B.A."

102, Newman Street (First-floor bell).

Our Court Circular.

WE have not the slightest regret in stating that the KING OF NAPLES is still confined to his castle in which he has been laid up now for some time. He is suffering from a violent blow dealt to him by one GARIBALDI on his crown. His recovery is extremely uncertain—almost as uncertain, we should say, as the recovery of his throne.

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SOUTHERN CHIVALRY.

AUDACIOUS JOHN J. PETTUS, the Governor of slave-holding and repudiating Mississippi, in his Message to the State Legislature, makes the following proposal, among other suggestions for organising rebellion:

"I recommend that a coat of arms be adopted for the State of Mississippi."

There's chivalry for you. The like of it has been seen since the Crusades, but not since the extinction of the British chivalrous Ministry that opposed Free Trade. Freedom was the enemy with whom the Derbyite chevaliers contended. The foe of the Mississippi chevaliers is also Freedom. Our native knighthood struggled against commercial liberty. Their brethren of the American order are contending against the liberty of man. Such sons of chivalry ought, by all means, to have a coat of arms; as the Commandant of the Mississippi branch or chapter of the order rightly suggests. A slave-owner rampant azure, on a field argent, between a nigger sable, fettered, at work, and an Abolitionist proper preaching on a stump of the same. Crest: a cowhide, gules. This blazonry would, perhaps, meet the necessities of the case, and answer the requirements of Transatlantic heraldry. The motto of the Mississippi shield might be *Fiat Injustitia, ruat Cœlum.*

The conclusion of knight-errant SIR JOHN J. PETTUS's address is a fine specimen of the knightly faith and devotion characteristic of his peculiar order of knighthood:—

"Can we hesitate, when one bold resolve, bravely executed, makes powerless the aggressor, and one united effort makes safe our homes? May the God of our fathers put it into the hearts of the people to make it."

The Crusaders invoked ST. MARY when they charged the Saracen or rushed to the slaughter of any other fellow-men. Bolder in blaspheming is the champion of slavery.

PUNCH AND PLAUTUS AT WESTMINSTER PLAY.

WHEN *Mr. Punch*, a year ago, complained of having to pass Christmas without going to Westminster Play, he felt sure that the authorities would pay due heed to his complaint; and he begs now to remind "Old Westminsters" in general that it is to him their thanks are mainly due, for reviving an old custom which was threatened with disuse. "All work and no Play" was about to be adopted as the maxim of the School, when, happily, the just wrath of *Mr. Punch* was aroused, and by a timely word of warning he saved many a future JACK from becoming a dull boy through the fate that seemed impending. *Mr. Punch*, who is all modesty, would not have hinted at this fact, but that there are people who are painfully unconscious of it, and who, when "*See, the Conquering Hero comes,*" was played the other evening upon *Mr. Punch's* entrance (arm-in-arm with his good friend the Head-master of the School), were not aware that it was to the former learned gentleman that the compliment was paid, for his bravery in conquering the giants Whim and Prejudice, who had succeeded, for a time, in prohibiting the Play.

Could old PLAUTUS have obtained leave of absence from the Shades, and brought his opera-glass to Westminster, for a look at his *Trinummus*, he would somewhat have been puzzled to recognise his offspring, so much was it improved and so decent was its dress. JUSTUS LIPSIUS, the reader knows, called PLAUTUS the Tenth Muse; but it is not every one would echo JUSTUS LIPSIUS, who might rather be called SLIPSIUS, for having made so great a slip. Were PLAUTUS to write now, his jokes would not be listened to in any decent society, and their point would scarcely even be thought sharp enough to do for a burlesque. The wit of the old playwright is a great deal more remarkable for breadth than for its depth; and, in spite of their good scholarship, it would puzzle the young Westminsters to translate his plays entire, if their mothers or their sisters asked them so to do. It must, however, be remembered that, in the classic age, the world was not yet blest with the presence of its *Punch*, and had therefore not yet learned the lesson he has taught,—that it is possible to be most exquisitely funny without offending either good morals or good taste.

"'Tis sixty years since" (to quote the title-page of *Waverley*) a play of PLAUTUS has been played before a British audience; and, clearly, the revival must not pass unnoticed in the columns of so classical a journal as is *Punch*. But space is here so precious, that an inch or two is all which can be spared to tell the universe that, thanks to a judicious use of the pruning-knife, the *Trinummus* has been fitted for the modern stage, and acted with such success, that *Punch* really half expected to hear the cry of "Author!" raised at the conclusion, and to see the ghost of PLAUTUS bowing his acknowledgment from a private box. The old man eloquent, *Charmides*, the comic servant, *Stasimus*, the good young man, *Lysiteles*, and the *Charles Surface Lesbonicus*, carried on their conversation with such extreme vivacity, that one could hardly believe one's ears were hearing a dead language; while many a "heavy father" of the trans-Thamesian stage might have fitly learned a lesson from the *Messieurs Megaronides*—a character so ponderous that it took two actors to sustain the part.

Nor can *Punch* pass the Epilogue without a word or two of praise. Especially he owns, he was tickled with the passage describing the position of Westminster School, and the privilege of its scholars to attend the House of Commons during a debate:—

"Thamesis hic refluit vitreis argenteus undis,
Et placido lintres fertque refertque sinu:
Atque ubi vicinas prætexens Curia ripas
Vertici multiplici tollit ad astra caput,
Audit quanta fori facundia, quanta Senatûs,
Discit et eloquii fingere verba puer."

The notion of its nearness to the "glassy waters" of the "silver Thames" being cited as a reason for not rusticating the School, struck *Mr. Punch* as being most deliciously facetious; and when he pictured the young Westminsters learning eloquence by listening to such speakers as the WISCOUNT, *Mr. Punch* broke out at once in such a choking fit of laughter, that all the ladies in the stalls had to pat him on the back, before he could succeed in recovering his breath.

A DISTINCTION FOR LORD ROBERT MONTAGUE.

A WHIP, we know, the Tory party needs,
Now JOLIFFE's vigorous hand has grown enervate,
"LORD ROBERT MONTAGUE," say some, "succeeds,"
"No," says the *Press*, and hints he don't deserve it.

Now, in his Garibaldi-letter's name,
Let not LORD ROBERT's budding fame be nipped,
His Lordship to the lash has clearly claim—
If not to whip, yet surely to be whipped.

FOLK LORE.

THE custom of putting the Yule Log on the fire at Christmas originally arose from the inclemency of the season, and the want of coals. It is now practised chiefly in places where coals are dearer than wood, for the purpose of saving them.

Mistletoe was suspended from the roof-tree, because it grows upon other trees, and also because of a superstition connected with it. This parasitical plant was supposed to protect children from the thrush, which feeds on its berries. The reason why mistletoe is now hung on to the ceiling is too ridiculous to be mentioned.

Holly is stuck about the house on account of the holydays.

A Capital Bad One.

IF prizes were to be given for bad conundrums, we think the following would infallibly and triumphantly win the biggest prize:—

Why is the Electric Telegraph no new invention?

Because it is precisely the Same-afore (*Semaphore*).

The prize adjudged accordingly. It is a copy of MARTIN LUTHER FARQUHAR CONGREVE TUPPER'S *Proverbial Philosophy*, bound in extra calf.

Finished HIM Off.

IMPROMPTU by *Mr. Punch*, on his being asked to read MR. GILFIN'S speech:—

CHARLES GILPIN is a Minister
Of credit nor renown;
And what he says on any point
Is not worth writing down.

A FEE SIMPLE.—The guinea given to a homœopathic physician.

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER XLII.—IN WHICH WE TAKE ANOTHER SIGHT AT KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

HENRY THE EIGHTH. FROM A RARE PORTRAIT BY WHOLEBINE. IN THE PUNCH COLLECTION.

BLUFF KING HAL, the British Bluebeard, whose more flattering appellation was "The Rose without a Thorn,"* is known to people who read history before they were at school from the picture books containing his "livelie effigy," taken from the woodcut which was done by his own artist, and which affords us a fair sample of the drawings of the time. The portraits of kings previous, wherewith our histories are furnished, are all as vague and visionary, and almost as much alike, as the ghosts seen by *Macbeth*. Indeed, so strong is the resemblance between their "gold-bound brows," that one feels tempted to exclaim, with him, "Why do you show me this?" It is a pity that the pliant and retentive mind of childhood should be stamped with such absurdly false impressions of our sovereigns; and some time or other, when we have a month's leisure (a period which may arrive when they have paid the Delhi prize-money, and put up NELSON'S lions, and the monument to WELLINGTON in the Cathedral of St. Paul), we mean to write a *Book of British History for Babies*, in which the kings shall all be dressed in the costume of the period, their portraits being copied with the utmost pains and nicety, from photographs supposed to have been taken from the life.

HALL, the noted chronicler, who lived in the sixteenth century, thus describes KING HARRY'S "get-up" at a banquet held at Westminster in the first year of his reign, which, our readers may remember, was the nineteenth of his age:—

"Hys Majesty dyd wear shorte garments reaching but little beneath ye pointes, of blew velvet and crymosyne, with long sleeves, all cut and lyned with cloth of gold, and ye utter (*i.e.* outer) parts of ye garments powdered with castles and sheafes of arrowes (the badges of his Queen, CATHERINE) of fyne dokett (ducat) golde; the upper part of the hosen of like sewte and facion; the nether parts of scarlet, powdered with tymbrelles of fine golde. On hys head was a bonnet of damasske silvre, flatte woven in ye stoll, and thereupon wrought with golde and ryche feathers in it."

The sovereign clearly thought no small change of himself when he carried on his person such a lot of gold and silver. But it was not merely by the richness of his dress that the young monarch displayed his love of being in the fashion. The "shorte garments of blew velvet" were a recent innovation, probably from Paris, at least, if we may trust to the authority of SHAKSPEARE, who makes *Sir Thomas Lovell* quote a proclamation, bidding all the travelled gallants of the Court, that they must—

"leave these remnants
Of fool and feather, that they got in France, * * *
(Out of a foreign wisdom) renouncing clean,
The faith they have in tennis and tall stockings,
Short blistered breeches, and those types of travel."

These breeches extended to the middle of the thigh, and were slashed and stuffed and puffed so as to give a rather swollen appearance to the hips. They were made of velvet, silk, and satin, coloured and embroidered cloths, or gold and silver stuffs, and were attached by points or laces to the doublet, just as small boys used to have their trousers buttoned to their jackets, when they wore those frightful "roley-poley" suits. Properly, these breeches were called a "pair of hose;" a name which must not be confounded with the long close-fitting stockings which covered the remainder of the leg down to the feet. The writers of the time not being so in fear of critics as they might be now, applied the term of "hose" to either of these garments, and have thereby greatly puzzled the wise heads of many antiquaries. We must, however, caution people against fancying that the stockings which were worn beneath the hose were a whit like what we buy as hose, or stockings, now-a-days. In an inventory of the Royal wardrobe (kings were much more careful then than even commoners are now, we think, for we know no one who would dream of keeping a Best Clothes list), we find an entry of "A yarde and a quarter of grene velvet for stocks to a payr of hose for ye king's grace," and another of the same quantity of "purpul satin to cover ye stocks of a payr of hose of purpul cloth of gold tissue for the kynge."

The first use of the word "waistcoat" occurs in an inventory towards the close of this reign, and the garment which it designated was made apparently to supersede the stomacher and placard, which had been previously worn as a protection to the chest. The waistcoat, like an ostler's, had a pair of sleeves, but, unlike an ostler's, was made of rich materials, such as "cloth of silver, quilted with black silk, and tuffed out with fine camerike," as cambric was then called. It was worn under the doublet, but was visible, no doubt, through the slitterings and slashings wherewith all the upper garments were disfigured at this period. Illustrating this queer fashion, CAMDEN, in his *Remaines*, tells a "merrie jeste" anent a shoemaker of Norwich, who was named JOHN DRAKES, and deserved, as we shall see, to have been called a goose! Of this worthy we are told that—

"Coming to a tailor's and finding some French tawney cloth which had there been sent to be made into a gowne for one SIR PHILIP CALTHORP, he dyd take a fancy to ye colour, and dyd ordere ye taylour to buy as much of ye same stuff and make a gowne for him precisely of ye fashion of ye knight's. SIR PHILIP, coming to be measured, dyd spy this piece of clothe and dyd ask ye snip who was ye knave that ordered it. 'JOHN DRAKES,' replied ye tailor, 'and heo will have it made ye selsame facion as your own.' 'Well, well,' growled ye knight, 'so in good time be it. I will have mine as full of cuts as thy shears can make it.' Both garments being finished according to ye order, ye shoemakere on seeing his was slashed almost to shreds dyd begin to swere most lustilee, but said to him ye taylor, 'I have done but what you bade me, for as SIR PHILIP'S gowne is even soe have I made yours.' 'By my latchet!' groaned ye cobblere, 'I will stick to my old clothes, then, and will never seek to dress as a gentleman again.'"

The gown which is here mentioned was worn over the doublet, and was a short garment with sleeves, stuffed and puffed so as to give a great breadth to the shoulders. These sleeves were made detached, and were fastened on by means of points or buttons, the latter often being of the finest gold, begemmed with pearls and precious stones. The words jacket, coat, and jerkin were indifferently applied by way of synonym for gown; and we find in the king's inventories mention made of several descriptions of coats, such as long coats* and short coats, demi-coats and tunic coats, riding coats and walking coats, leather coats and coats with skirts, which show the gown or coat was capable of change in cut. Judging from his clothes' lists, King Bluebeard must have been as fond of changing coats as he was of changing wives, and we can fancy how he used to call upon his tailor, and order "some more coats," in the manner of the exquisite who, to pass an idle hour, used to dawdle about town, and order "some more gigs."

COSTUME OF THE NOBILITY. TEMP. HENRY THE EIGHTH.

To finish our description, we may add that shirts were worn by those who could afford them, a qualification which an Act of Parliament defined to be the having of an income of a hundred marks a year. They (we mean the shirts) were embroidered very frequently with either silk, or gold or silver, and were made plain or plaited, which was then called "pinched." Cloaks and mantles are described by HALL of wondrous great magnificence, the former being sometimes slung baldrick-wise across the chest, so as not to hide the gorgeous under-garments. Slashed shoes of velvet, with very broad round toes, making their wearers look as though they had the gout, are the form of pedal envelope peculiar to this period; and—to jump from toe to top—the broad slouched hat of HENRY THE SEVENTH, with its gigantic peacock's-tail-like spreading plume of feathers, gave place in this reign to a small flat cap or bonnet, which looked like a smashed gibus, and was adorned with a single ostrich feather at the side. We may add, too,

* This title HENRY gained on coming to the throne, being then, says SNOOKE, "in ye flowere of hys youth, and not having shewed hys thorne by sticking it intoe people in ye shape of taxes." The words were out of compliment stamped upon his coin: just as "PUNCH PROTECTOR" should have been on the new penny.

* It seems from this that long coats were not solely the distinction of the clergy, as might be inferred from the *Earl of Surrey's* speech to *Cardinal Wolsey*, which doubtless every play-goer must quite well recollect:—

"By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you: thou should'st feel
My sword i' the life-blood of thee else!"

that while the face was either shaved or not, according to the pleasure or the nature of its owner, the hair upon the head was compulsorily cropped; for King Bluebeard (who perhaps was blessed with a short crop) issued the most peremptory orders to his Court, that the long hair which had been in fashion in his father's time should be worn no longer. How the Absaloms of the period relished this new edict, history omits to state; but we think they must have gone as regretful to the polling-place as an elector who is voting to oblige his Tory landlord, and has therefore to decline a liberal offer for his vote.

☞ *With this Chapter* MR. PUNCH *closes, for the present, his History of Costume. This he is impelled to do purely by the fear lest he should overwhelm his readers with the mass of erudition he has weekly been imparting to them.* MR. PUNCH, *however, hopes ere many volumes pass, to give a second course of lectures on the subject; to which completing series, all the pupils he has had, will be privileged to subscribe, as will any body else who is competent to pay for it.*

CHARACTER OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

A LEADING article in the *Morning Post* contains the alarming statement subjoined:—

"It is no doubt more difficult to maintain discipline in the British than in the Continental armies, for this among other reasons—that for the most part the man who enlists in the British army is in general, as the DUKE OF WELLINGTON said, 'the most drunken and probably the worst man of the trade or profession to which he belongs, or of the village or town in which he lives.'"

If this declaration of the great Duke's still holds true, we are in a bad way. We have an army consisting of blackguards, whom we have no Iron Duke to keep in order, though the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE seems to manage them pretty well. The above-quoted passage relative to the components of the British Army quite surprises us. We thought the British soldier enjoyed the certainty of three meals a day, well cooked; was housed in warm but well ventilated barracks, provided with clean and comfortable dormitories, in which the married men were all separated from the single—dormitories furnished with every convenience. We believed that the soldiers were clothed and armed, as well as fed, wholly and entirely at the public expense, which would fully account for the Income-Tax. In addition to all gratuitous necessaries, and some comforts, equally free, we imagined them to be in the receipt of a daily shilling pocket-money. If it is indeed still true that, for the most part, the man who enlists in the British Army is not, contrarily to what the DUKE OF WELLINGTON once said, one of the best men of his trade or profession, we shall begin to think that we were mistaken in our ideas of the soldier's lot, and shall be led to fancy that he must be ill fed, ill lodged, and supplied in a great measure at his own cost, having his pay subject to various stoppages, which reduce it to a figure considerably under fourpence a day.

THE POPE AND THE BALLET.

THE Pontifical Government, according to the *Times*, allows the Roman opera 18,000 crowns a-year. A good many Peter's-pence, therefore, go into the short petticoats and pink tights of the ballet-girls, unless their petticoats are as long as those of his Holiness himself, who also, like the *danseuses*, wears white satin shoes. The POPE patronises the ballet, like a good old gentleman. Fancy the Jolly Father going behind the scenes, and imparting his paternal benediction to the *coryphées* by poking them in the waist with his thumb and two first fingers.

A New Musical Movement.

WE have already had *Songs Without Words*. Now, as the words of an opera are never heard, and, moreover, as the libretto of an opera, when heard, is not, nine hundred and ninety-nine instances out of a thousand, ever worth listening to, would it not be a great gain to have an *Opera Without Words?* No one would miss the absence of the latter, and the omission might probably be an additional inspiration to the composer, inasmuch as he would not be hampered by the nonsense to which he is generally called upon to wed immortal music. The public would gain largely on that score.

The New Bishop.

"A GOOD appointment? No, it's not,"
Said old beer-drinking PETER WATTS,
"At Worcester one but hears 'PHIL-POT,'
At generous Exeter, 'PHIL-POTS.'"

A Rale Splitting Compliment.

IT is not often we pay compliments, especially to Americans, but we confess we do like complimenting an honest man, when by chance we meet with one. We suggest, therefore, with great pride and pleasure, that the White House at Washington should change its name, and henceforth—out of honour to the President elect, and as a graceful record commemorating his election—be called LINCOLN'S Inn.

DIZZY TO THE RESCUE.

WHEN British Bucolicals cowered in dismay,
As COBDEN and PEEL struck the Corn Laws away,
Who lifted the flag they had dropped in the path,
Gave voice to their vengeance, and wit to their wrath,
Set flame to the fire that they hid in their hearts,
With poison and point tipped their impotent darts,
Though in BURKE'S *County Gentry* his name was unknown,
Though no rent-roll he showed, called no acre his own,
Though he ne'er handled ox, nor knew barley from rye?
"Who," *Vivian Grey* may ask proudly, "but I?"

And now, when the Church in alarm looks around,
When its canons are rusty, its mitres unsound,
When its synodals rive, and its articles rend,
And the garrison squabble that ought to defend,
When Neology scales e'en the citadel's walls,
And Heresy whispers in grey College Halls,
When tolerance holds to Dissenters the hand,
And Church-rates by tott'ring majorities stand,
Who springs to the helm, at the ship's deepest lurch,
And summons to quarters the crew of the Church,
Though one whom no Oxford nor Cambridge has nursed,
With orthodox swaddlings unblessed or uncursed,
Who from Abraham's bosom his nourishment drew,
In name, as in look and lineage a Jew—
Who, with alien hand the Church flag lifts on high?
"Who," *Vivian Grey* may ask proudly, "but I?"

The Political Chess-Board in America.

THE game is still going on. It is for Black to make the next move, and White is waiting with the greatest anxiety. Thousands are dependant on the result. Some say that White must win, whilst others contend just as confidently that Black, if there is anything like fair play, must sweep the board; but the knowing old players, who are up to every turn of the game, and have calmly calculated the chances on both sides, declare, without the slightest hesitation, that it will be a drawn game. Our good wishes are all on the side of White.

AN IRISH "BRADSHAW."

SCENE—Westland Row Station, Dublin.

BRITISH SWELL TO NATIVE INHABITANT. (loq.) "*Haw, haw, pray will you direct me the shortest way to Baggot Street, haw?*"

NATIVE INHABITANT. "*Baggit Street, yer honor, yis, yer honor, d' ye see that sthreet jist forninst ye? Well, goo oop that, toorn naather to yer right nor to yer lift, till ye khoom to the foorst toorn, and when ye khoom to the foorst toorn, don't toorn down that ayther, but walk sthrait on and that'll lade ye to the place* Igs-actly."

SUPERCILIOUS SAXON. "*Haw, thank yaw, haw!*" (And walks off more mystified than ever.)

A CANZONET FOR CHRISTMAS.

BY A POET WHO LOOKS ALWAYS ON THE BLACK-DOSE SIDE OF THINGS.

HAPPY ye who gaily go
'Neath the joyous mistletoe,
Or enjoy life's giddy whirl,
Waltzing with a lively girl.

Happy ye of riper age,
Who in the dance no more engage,
But deem of Christmas joys the chief,
Its turkey, pudding, pies, and beef.

But ah! The mistletoe looks grim
When you see *her* there with *him!*
Nor is there vast delight in dancing,
When on plaguy corns you're prancing?

And ye who feast on Christmas fare,
The pangs of biliousness beware,
Lest haply one for draughts and pills
May help to swell your Christmas bills.

CIVILISATION IN RUSSIA.

THE Deuce is not so deep of dye as painters have represented him, nor are the Russians so barbarous as they are commonly supposed. Fools and bullies are discouraged from duelling as far as possible by heavy penalties. Nevertheless, a duel was fought the other day between two blockheads in the Russian army, LIEUTENANT PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF and LIEUTENANT BARON FITINGHOFF. The name of the latter fool or ruffian was, we trust, a nickname which he acquired by his fire-eating propensities. He got his bellyful this time, however: he was shot. Three other numskulls acted as seconds and participators in this affair of folly. The surviving duellist has been deprived of his orders and reduced to the ranks. The two more culpable of the seconds are imprisoned in casemated barracks, one for four and the other for six months. These are commuted sentences. The bullet-headed fools had incurred social as well as military degradation, and eight years' confinement in a fortress. They manage these things in Russia better than in France, where society is at the mercy of practised assassins, whom it permits to hold a pistol to the head of anybody they may wish to murder, and demand his money or his life.

LATIN UNDER THE LASH.

A SCHOOLMASTER, in giving a boy a flogging, waited about a minute between the cuts of the rod. *Bis dat qui citò dat*, cried the victim to the tormentor.

JOHN BULL'S CHRISTMAS-BOX.

Go on only as you have been going of late,
And, NAPOLEON, you'll get named NAPOLEON THE GREAT.
The new freedom you've granted Debate and the Press
Is a move in the right line, JOHN BULL must confess.

Of Passports he thanks you for setting him free,
And is glad to accept from your hands a latch-key,
Right oft his vast shadow will darken your door,
Now his visit you've rendered exempt from a bore.

In another point also he owns you've done good;
In giving France free trade—as free as you could.
And gratitude under his great waistcoat glows,
For the Treaty of Commerce, as far as it goes.

Now if you will only recall your troops home,
And let Italy deal with Gaëta and Rome,
We shall say that you've nobly wound up a good year,
And your health drink in claret—exchanged for our beer.

From "The Hue and Cry."

THE Pugilists boast that they often give effectual assistance to the Police. We never heard of their really doing so, until the other day, when they published a picture said to contain capital likenesses of all the habitual Patrons of the Ring.

PILLARS OF THE PAPACY.

ACCORDING to telegram:—

"The Pontifical Zouaves have re-entered Rome.'

Just the men to sustain the Papal chair on the points of their bayonets! The late LADY MORGAN's revelation touching ST. PETER's chair, showed that if PETER owned that chair, he probably bought it at some Mahometan sale, or was presented with it by a Mussulman convert; moreover, that PETER thought fit to retain the inscription on the chair, which acknowledged MAHOMET for the Prophet. As ST. PETER could not have possessed that article of furniture consistently with chronology, the fact of his chair is, of course, a miracle; and accordingly, the chair ought to support itself as well, at least, as one of MR. HOME's tables; but, if not self-sustaining, this Ottoman-chair of PETER can have no better support than the bayonets of Zouaves.

Holy Vestments for the Church.

THE attention of every one is requested to the fact, that there exists a Society for supplying the Clergy with cast-off clothes. Please copy the address, 345, Strand. It is really the fact, and no mistake, and no joke—except at the expense of the opulent Bishops and rich Deans who permit the Society to exist.

BEST TOP-DRESSING FOR CARROTS.—ROWLANDS' Macassar.

A SENSIBLE MOVE.

Emp. "THERE, M'SIEUR BOOL! NO MORE NONSENSE ABOUT PASSPORTS. HERE'S A LATCH-KEY, AND COME AND GO WHEN YOU LIKE!"

LARGE ENGRAVINGS:—

SMALL ENGRAVINGS:—

LONDON:
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.